

# SNOW GLOBE

*Siobhan Cooney*

She willingly gifted him her heart: a snow globe. Fragile, crystalline, asking to be handled with care. She allowed him to wrap both of his hands around it, though perhaps he was unaware of the power of his hold.

But soon, flurries catalyzed into blizzards and she found herself drowning in a sparkling swirl of hope and heartache. Held in sweet, suspended animation was an indescribable feeling in the pit of her stomach. It was there for barely a moment. It was there just long enough to nurture the enchantment before everything else fell around her. Little pieces of herself broke off and assimilated into the snow, sustained by the water of an ethereal winter ecosystem. Inside, she craved spring.

But what is the fate of a snow globe if not to be shaken? Otherwise, it sits on a shelf collecting dust. When he looks in, he does not see the tempest he created. All he can see is the aftermath. The brilliant, cryonic calm.



*I consider myself an empathic storyteller, using narrative not only to express my own thoughts and emotions, but also as an outlet to connect with others. I hope that the readers can find me there as the ink on the page and forever between the lines.*

*This is my third year serving as Editor-in-Chief of Brushing, and I have loved being able to bring the stories of the campus community to life.*