

## The Cabin

By Leah Shosteck

Nova walked down to the cabin with the wind brushing through her hair, twirling the black curls across her face. The snow was stinging her skin as her frostbitten hand turned the doorknob.

*I should have planned better*, she thought to herself as she piled wood onto the fireplace. Lost in the mechanical movements of starting the fire, she started to think about all the monsters that were chasing her through the woods. The ones with animal masks and long black cloaks. The ones with long fingernails and bright red face paint.

They always seemed to come during the winter months when her village was depressed and weak.

Suddenly, she felt a tapping on her shoulder. Her heart dropped. She turned around in a panic only to find Finn's grinning face staring back at her.

"You're insane, you know? I thought you were *one of them*," Nova exclaimed as the images of the monsters flooded her brain.

"Sorry, it's just too easy," Finn said with a smirk. Finn helped Nova with the fire as the breeze of the winter wind knocked against the door.

Nova and Finn sat down on the sofa, admiring their work. They stared at the fire for at least an hour, watching the flames dance amongst the ceiling of the wood-carved cabin.

Eventually, they will fall asleep, but the monsters will not go away. Maybe Nova and Finn have accepted this reality, or maybe they are too scared to admit it. Either way, they both know deep down they cannot stay in the cabin forever. They will have to trek up the mountain

and back to their village where the monsters burrowed. Until then, they'll play games and read books, hoping the storm will pass.