

Journey Through the Snow.

By: Rally

The Icy winds whipped around Asriel as he trudged through the heavy snow. Flakes of ice stabbed at his skin as he moved swirling around him, finding weak spots to poke. Heavy snow pounded against his head and back, making his head hurt through the journey. He could see the mountains looming in the distance, capped with pure white snow at their peaks. He needed to get there. It was his only hope.

As Asriel made his way through the icy wasteland, getting closer to the mountain, he noticed the bears. Hundreds of them. Polar Bears. Roaming the mountains aimlessly. He had hunted Polar Bears before. He knew what they were like. But this was different. Something was wrong.

An hour or so later, Asriel finally made it to the base of the mountains. They seemed to tower above him like giant pillars blocking his path. Clouds had gathered far to his left. Stormy clouds. Asriel knew by experience that it was a bad sign. His only way to survive was to stay in the mountains for cover.

He began to climb. He climbed and climbed until his arms were burning from the effort and his head could take the pounding snow no more. Asriel collapsed on a ledge, exhausted from the effort. He looked up at the sky. No longer blue, it was filled with the black clouds.

Asriel pulled himself together, filled with determination. He scrambled to his feet, almost falling off the ledge to certain death, and sprinted across the narrow ledge. He finally came across an opening in the mountain, possibly a bear den. He threw a stick in the dark cave. No sound. Nothing was in there, at least not for now.

He went inside, cautious for any sounds that could mean that something was inside. Eventually, Asriel reached the end of the cave. After making sure nothing was coming, Asriel finally settled down on the hard rock floor. He took a gas lamp from his pack and struck a flame.

The cave was immediately illuminated. It wasn't as much of a cave as Asriel had expected, just a narrow passage into the mountain. It looked like a bear's den but there was no sign of any inhabitants. Asriel lay his lamp on the floor and went to the entrance to make some safety precautions.

From his pack, he produced an expandable leather canvas and some nails with a hammer. He nailed the canvas to the opening, making sure to leave enough space for a small trapdoor, which he placed in an opening in the canvas.

As Asriel lay down, curled up in his sleeping bag, he heard the first sounds of thunder outside. The storm was beginning and little did the boy know, someone was on the same side of the mountain climbing it too.

Footsteps woke Asriel even before the sun did. Asriel shot awake, almost leaping out of his sleeping bag. He stood up, suddenly alert and scanned his surroundings.

Nothing had changed from the day before, except for the fact that his gas lamp had gone out, leaving him with no way to see. He lit it again and held it to the door. After waiting to see if anything was happening, he was about to take a look outside when a shape burst through the canvas, tackling him on to the ground.

Asriel hit the ground with a sickening thud, and immediately his reflexes kicked in. Asriel brought his knee up with such force that when it connected with the shape, it went flying across the cave.

He heard a groan, and then nothing more. Asriel quickly deduced that it was a human who had attacked him. He picked up his gas lamp and lit it for the second time, brightening the cave enough to see.

As he had thought, a boy lay in the corner of the entrance, lying on his back. He had curly brown hair, which completely contrasted his sailor's outfit.

Asriel cautiously took a step towards the boy. When nothing happened, he took another step. Soon, Asriel was kneeling at the boy's side, helping him stand. They stood in silence for a while.

Then, the boy broke the silence. "What's your name? Mines Lykourous." Asriel decided to open up and said. "My name's Asriel. How did you get here?" They quickly struck up a conversation, talking about how they got there and what they were doing.

Asriel learned that the boy, Lykourous, was a sailor's servant. His ship had crashed on an iceberg and he was the only survivor. Their goals were the same, so they agreed to help each other reach the top of the mountain.

They talked as they climbed. Up up and up even more. It was better climbing with a friend and that night, when they settled in another cave, he felt safe for the first time in a while.

He pulled out two stamps from his pack as he lay on the floor. They had been presents from his parents when he had left, and they were the only hope he had of seeing them again.

When Asriel saw Lykouros staring at him, he quickly hid them back in his pack. “You have some too?” Lykouros asked. Asriel was disbelieving. “What!!!” he exclaimed. Lykouros pulled two stamps from his pocket. They spent the next hour comparing the stamps and figured out that they were part of a set.

Lykouros and Asriel both exchanged a stamp with each other as a symbol of friendship. Each with one of their own and one of the others. The next morning, they climbed to the peak overlooking the vast expanse of the Arctic.

The sun shone bright in the sky, illuminating the snow and making them look like crystals. The ocean beyond seemed to stretch all the way to the horizon and even further. It was beautiful. The last moment that the friends would be together.

Asriel was sad to have to leave Lykouros, but he knew. He knew that with that stamp, his friend would always be remembered. They parted ways, and Asriel climbed down the other side of the hill, holding the two stamps close to his chest.

Lykouros would always remain in his heart.