A Morning in Northbridge

It was a bitter cold November morning in Northbridge. The sun blazed like an inferno in the sky spreading what little expenditures of heat it could to the cluttered ground below. The trees were naked, surrounded by piles of colorful leaves, the last of them having been torn off by the violent winds in the night before, shaking the trees like a police officer extorting a suspect. A single child stood at the end of a vacant driveway, shivering from the stagnant, freezing winds that would bring a chill to the bare bone. His face held no sign of emotion as these winds and the absolutely freezing temperatures slowly turned him into a frozen icicle.

The once bright, November sun’s rays of light suddenly became overlaid as a gargantuan dark, black, cumulonimbus cloud encompassed it. With it, came the distinct sound of thunder and the slow pitter patter of rain as it hit the ground. A vibrant yellow bus, approached and trailing out of its tail pipe was a thick, grey smoke that spread out and created a dark ferocious monster that disappeared into the thin, morning air. It slowly halted in front of the zombie-like boy. He stepped onto the bus absentmindedly, as the rain turned into sleet from the quickly plummeting temperatures outside. The outside air became thick with moisture. The thundercloud had engulfed the town with its somber arms of darkness, bringing with it the diamond-like crystals of frozen water and rain. It was a stark contrast to the early morning sun and reflected how bizarre and random weather can be. Just as much as life itself.