Drabbles & Ficlets

- Frost

Frost

The spire was impossibly big. It towered above the spruce trees surrounding the icy clearing, scraping the stars above and parting the clouds. As he gazed, the mysterious man found himself struck with a deep sense of wonder. He'd thought he had traveled so far and wide in the infinite world he was surrounded by that nothing else could catch him by surprise. Yet there he stood, taking it all in.

The spire glimmered in the faint moonlight, the icy structure refracting what little illumination it could like crystal. Monsters groaned and creaked throughout, marring the view somewhat. According to the villagers' reports, the spire had only recently become occupied. With a grimace, the man hefted his bag and resumed crunching through the snow and ice. It'd be a big job to clear them all out, but the pay would be worth it.