

Chapter 1 : Winter Night Summary - calendrierdelascience.com

Winter Night Homework Help Questions. What effect does the writer's choice of point of view have on the message of the story, "Winter Boyle uses the third person narrator.

She was forced to collect brushwood from the countryside surrounding the village, and celebrated her twenty-second birthday with mild frostbite of the hands. She kept a fire burning in the main room throughout the day, banking it up at night so that a residual warmth and even an ember remained when she rose the following morning. It was just as well that the inn was empty of guests and she did not have to provide extra fires; it would be difficult enough to survive the winter as it was. The bleak, bitter weather reflected her inner state of mind. Her husband, Thomas, had died that autumn, a withered, exhausted man who looked twice his thirty-six years. He had expired in her arms without a word, as if he was glad to give up the ghost of his life. Their last guest of the season, a woman called Marguerite, had left the previous day. The doctor who had come reluctantly from the village had told her that a wasting disease had killed him. Stella knew better, for only weeks before her husband had been a vigorous man in the prime of his life and no disease could act so quickly. But she said nothing, aware that the villagers had never liked her or her husband. The inn lay on the outskirts of the village, but it might as well have been on the moon for all the contact they had had with it. When she and Thomas had taken over the inn two years before, the previous owner had warned them that the villagers mistrusted anyone who sheltered travellers bound to or from the city. They believed the city to be a source of evil; its inhabitants possessed demonic powers, they claimed, and could conjure spirits from shadows, invade the minds of others, turn their enemies to ash with their gaze, and much more. She and Thomas had dismissed these stories as superstition born of drudgery; they had never visited the city, but came from a town in the west where all shades of opinion were tolerated but none blindly accepted. Now Stella regretted their dismissiveness; Marguerite was no ordinary woman but a succubus who thrived by draining the lives of those she seduced. The doctor had departed saying that he would send someone from the village to bury Thomas. But that night the temperature had dropped sharply and there were heavy snowstorms. Thomas was lying in the wine cellar where she had found him dying. The tiny window high in its wall had blown open during the night, and the next morning his body was covered with a layer of snow. Stella bolted the window but did not disturb the body; winter had arrived, the earth would soon be frozen, and there would be no burial for her husband until spring. In the immediate aftermath of his death, Stella wrote a letter to the authorities in the city, telling them what had happened and demanding that Marguerite be tracked down and dispatched as a witch. She trudged through two miles of knee-high snow to post the letter, but on her return had immediately realised the futility of the gesture. Even assuming that the authorities believed her story, she had no evidence that they would act on it; indeed, if such creatures as Marguerite were commonplace in the city, perhaps these very authorities might be numbered among them and would seek to protect their own kind. There was also a more obvious practical difficulty: She spent the dark, chill months huddled around the fire, feeling strangely secure in her solitude. She hardened her mind against thoughts of her dead husband; if she became restless she would wash linen, iron curtains or take a brush to corners of the inn that had not been swept in years. Some nights she would wake to the darkness and the keen wind outside with the fleeting memory of some disturbing dream which faded even as she tried to snatch at it. Then she would remember how Marguerite had mesmerised Thomas from the moment he saw her and had sapped everything vital from him before vanishing. One morning in March Stella awoke to find the air milder and the frost flowers vanished from her window. The ribbon of road which led north to the city was visible in patches, and snow fell from tree branches. In recent years the weather had become violently capricious; as quickly as winter had come, it had departed. Soon travellers en route to the city would start arriving from the south. She removed the caged hooded crow from its winter quarters in a south-facing room and set it on the tall pedestal outside the inn; the bird had been inherited from the previous owner and gave the inn its name. The placing of the crow outside the inn always symbolised the start of a new season, and although she was aware that her responsibilities would be heavy without Thomas, she was determined to carry on alone. She spent the next few days spring-cleaning the guest

rooms. Then, one morning, she was drawn to the window by the fractious cries of the crow and saw a stranger chasing away a small boy who had evidently been throwing snowballs at the bird. When the boy was gone, the stranger turned towards the inn, his long cloak damp at its edges from the melting snow. He was a good-looking, bearded man little older than herself, with dark hair and brown eyes. He gave his name as Simon and handed her a silver coin. Most guests usually stayed no more than a few days, but the coin was offered without expectation of change. He gave a thin smile and a hint of a nod. Later, when she had brought him some cheese and cold pork, she found that the door to his room was locked. He stayed in his room all day, and at dinner she left a bowl of thick vegetable soup outside his door. Late that evening, while she was sitting beside the fire darning a skirt, he entered the room. She nodded to him and he seated himself in the rocking chair opposite her. It was where her husband had always sat in the evenings, drinking wine and regaling their guests with fictitious stories of his exploits as a youth. Simon produced a white clay pipe and a small knife with which he scraped the dottle from the bowl. He kept his tobacco in a leather pouch attached to his belt; its scent was more aromatic than that to which she was accustomed. Intent on her darning, she asked, "Are you bound for the city? Do you live here alone? My husband died last autumn. Stella snipped the woollen thread and inspected the patch. The ground froze before he could be buried. My only concern has been to keep myself fed and warm. But it was not entirely true. She had been lonely. The logs quickly took fire. She saw his image reflected in the curved brass of the coal scuttle. When she heard his door close, she crept upstairs and entered her own room. She knelt at a spy-hole which she and her husband had discovered soon after taking over the inn; the previous owner had evidently been something of a voyeur. She herself wanted to be sure that this man who called himself Simon was just that: She had been chastened by her encounter with Marguerite. When he finally began to undress, she had already imagined that he might reveal a body covered with scales or strange growths. But there was nothing: He withdrew a book from his satchel, got into bed and began to read by candlelight. He was facing her and once, when he looked up from his reading and stared in her direction, she had the uncanny impression that he knew she was there. But the spy-hole was well concealed and he could not have been aware of her scrutiny. Soon afterwards he snuffed out the candle and all was dark. When Stella rose the next morning she found that she had neglected to lock her bedroom door. Simon had already risen and she saw him dragging a fallen birch trunk from a nearby copse into the back yard. She watched him from the window as he went to the woodshed and returned with an axe before stripping down to his undershirt. The axe flashed in the wintry sunlight and the blade bit into the wood. He worked steadily and methodically, tossing the logs into a pile against the wall. Stella went downstairs and took the crow outside. It immediately began to emit its harsh kraaa sounds. Normally she imagined that the bird was soliciting guests when it crowed, but on this occasion the cries seemed less welcoming than admonitory. The fire was already ablaze in the hearth. She put on water to heat for his bath. When he came inside she asked him if he wanted the water brought to his room. She put the bath in front of the fire instead, not wanting him to risk a chill. A short while later she heard him calling her. She went to him. He wrapped it around his waist and climbed the stairs to his room. That evening she also took a bath, adding dried lavender to the water. She was about to take his dinner up to his room when he appeared. She shook her head. Afterwards he sat down in the rocking chair and lit his pipe. She had been tempted to tell him about Marguerite but caution had prevailed. She drained her own glass and filled it up again. Outside, water was dripping from the eaves of the building. She had to bring the crow inside each evening, but the thaw was well advanced now and soon he would be able to spend the night beneath the moon. She drank more wine, studying her taciturn visitor and wondering whether he had a family. Something told her he came from the city, though whether he was travelling to or from there, she could not say. The bottle was empty, and she fetched another from her room, telling him that it had always been their habit to share a bottle or two with their first guests of the season. He accepted another glass, but when that was empty would take no more. She fell to talking of the villagers, telling him of their fears of the city and the strange stories they told of its inhabitants. She was hoping it would provoke some revealing comment from him, but he said nothing, puffing on his pipe and staring calmly at her as she spoke. The wine had gone to her head, and her whole body felt warm. She undid a button at the neck of her shirt.

Chapter 2 : On A Cold Winter's Night A Strange Occurrence Took Place, Short Story | Write4Fun

Read story That Winter's night (really short story) by ThatLittleNerdyGirl with 5, calendrierdelascience.com was a cold winter's night. Everyone in the village of Hayfield w.

Just a wannabe-writer and trying storyteller. Jan 31 Short Story Tales: The listen closely for it comes in a few cycles. It appeared shortly after the sun turned away from us, leaving us in this nightly winter. But it contains a kernel of truth. Sometimes children are picked up by the parade, just like adults. And who would resent them for such a choice? For many a homely hearth and warmth is a matter of course and we try to provide it to those who are otherwise denied these gifts in our halls. If those poor souls choose to go with the Star People, I shall pray that they find their sunshine there. At times I envy and admire those wandering people. They accept and support anybody who wants to go with them. They just put a hand on their shoulders and accept them. We never see those poor souls ever again. But is that truly as dreadful as some of our order preach? In a few cycles, you will hear their drums, horns, and lutes. You will see their eternal banner. You will marvel at their many wagons and how those imploringly stretch towards the heavens. You will gaze upon a wandering nation silently telling its story. Some of them are going to embroider the banner or meander up the wagons. Others are going to wield lanterns and transform the parade into a sea of lights, like the cloudless sky. A third part is going to search for something they lost since the beginning of this night. I wanted to tell you a legend and the Parade of the Star People reminded me of it. A long time ago in a faraway land there once was a radiant king who brought peace and prosperity to his subjects. His reign was stern and benevolent, mainly because of his daughter. For that reason, he led by example and she followed with her own lustre. But alas, fate had different plans. The princess was playing at the edge of a dark cliff with her loyal followers. One unfortunate step was enough and she fell into the blackness. Some of her followers tried to catch her while others went back to the court of the king to deliver the mournful message. Heartbroken he retreated with his court. The followers of the princess, on the other hand, climbed down the cliff with the intent to bring her back to the kingdom. Supposedly, the princess is still wandering alone and without the warmth of her supporters in an eternal winter night. Her followers are still searching for her with a parade in the hope to lead her back to them with lanterns, music and pleading, and warmth for lonely poor souls the meet along the way. In the hope to end this night at one point. Sleep now so we can prepare a few gifts for the Star People in the few cycles.

Chapter 3 : Kay Boyle - Wikipedia

Winter Night. By Kay Boyle. The New Yorker, January 19, P. A refugee child-sitter comes in to spend the evening with Felicia, aged seven. The woman cannot refrain from reminiscing about.

The short story is divided into six sections: Or was he fated from the start to live for just one fleeting instant, within the purlieu of your heart. He loves the city at night time, in which he feels comfortable. He no longer feels comfortable during the day because all of the people he was used to seeing are not there. He drew his emotions from there. If they were happy, he was happy. If they were despondent, he was despondent. He felt alone when seeing new faces. He also knew the houses. As he strolled down the streets they would talk to him and tell him how they were being renovated or painted a new color or being torn down. He lives alone in a small apartment in Saint Petersburg with only his older, non-social maid Matryona to keep him company. He tells the story of his relationship with a young girl called Nastenka a diminutive of the name Anastasia. He first sees her standing against a railing while crying. There is something special about her and he is very curious. When he hears her scream, he intervenes and saves her from a man who is harassing her. The main character feels timid and begins shaking while she holds his arm. He explains that he is alone, that he has never known a woman, so he is timid. Nastenka reassures him that ladies like timidity and she likes it, too. He tells her how he spends every minute of every day dreaming about a girl that would just say two words to him, who will not repulse him or ridicule him as he approached. He explains how he thinks of talking to a random girl timidly, respectfully, passionately; telling her that he is dying in solitude and how he has no chance of making a mark on any girl. Before she can answer, he adds that he will be at the spot they met tomorrow anyway just so he can relive this one happy moment in his lonely life. The girl would tell him her story and be with him, provided that it does not lead into romance. She too is as lonely as the narrator. Second Night On their second meeting, Nastenka introduces herself to him and the two become friends by relating to each other. She exclaims that she has been thinking and knows nothing of him. He responds that he has no history because he has spent his life utterly alone. When she presses him to continue on the matter, the term "dreamer" pops up as the main character explains that he is of that archetype. He begins to tell his story in third person as he call himself "the hero. He dreams of everything in this time; from befriending poets to having a place in the winter with a girl by his side. He states that the dreariness of everyday life kills people while he can make his life as he wishes it to be at any time in his dreams. At the end of his moving speech, Nastenka sympathetically assures him that she would be his friend. She lived with her strict grandmother who gave her a largely sheltered upbringing. The young man begins a silent courtship with Nastenka, giving her a book often so that she may develop a reading habit. One day, the young man invites her and her grandmother to the theater running *The Barber of Seville*. Upon the night that the young lodger is about to leave Petersburg for Moscow, Nastenka escapes her grandmother and urges him to marry her. He refuses immediate marriage, stating that he does not have money to support them but he assures her that he would return for her exactly a year later. Third Night The narrator gradually realizes that despite his assurance that their friendship would remain platonic, he has inevitably fallen in love with her. But he nevertheless helps her by writing and posting a letter to her lover and hides away his feelings for her. They await his reply for the letter or his appearance; but, gradually, Nastenka grows restless at his absence. Nastenka is disoriented at first, and the narrator, realizing that they can no longer continue to be friends in the manner that they did before, insists on never seeing her again; however, she urges him to stay. They take a walk where Nastenka states that maybe their relationship might become romantic some day, but she obviously wants his friendship in her life. The narrator becomes hopeful at this prospect when during their walk, they pass by a young man who stops and calls after them. She returns briefly to kiss the narrator but journeys into the night with her love leaving him alone and broken hearted. Morning "My nights came to an end with a morning. The weather was dreadful. It was pouring, and the rain kept beating dismally against my windowpanes". The final section is a brief afterword that relates a letter which Nastenka sends him apologizing for hurting him and insisting that she would always be thankful for his companionship. She also mentions that she would be married within a week and hoped that he would come.

The narrator breaks into tears upon reading the letter. He however refuses to despair; "But that I should feel any resentment against you, Nastenka! That I should cast a dark shadow over your bright, serene happiness! That I should crush a single one of those delicate blooms which you will wear in your dark hair when you walk up the aisle to the altar with him! Oh no –" never, never! May your sky be always clear, may your dear smile be always bright and happy, and may you be for ever blessed for that moment of bliss and happiness which you gave to another lonely and grateful heart Good Lord, only a moment of bliss?

Chapter 4 : Winter Night Themes - calendrierdelascience.com

It was a winter night and the cool breeze is making animals seek some shelter and a cover on their bodies. The sparrows entered their nests, the rabbits went into their burrows, the parrots went into the holes on the tree trunks, the squirrels hide into the shoots of the coconut tree.

Short Stories, by F. At these times the country gave him a feeling of profound melancholy – it offended him that the links should lie in enforced fallowness, haunted by ragged sparrows for the long season. It was dreary, too, that on the tees where the gay colors fluttered in summer there were now only the desolate sand-boxes knee-deep in crusted ice. When he crossed the hills the wind blew cold as misery, and if the sun was out he tramped with his eyes squinted up against the hard dimensionless glare. In April the winter ceased abruptly. The snow ran down into Black Bear Lake scarcely tarrying for the early golfers to brave the season with red and black balls. Without elation, without an interval of moist glory, the cold was gone. Dexter knew that there was something dismal about this Northern spring, just as he knew there was something gorgeous about the fall. Fall made him clench his hands and tremble and repeat idiotic sentences to himself, and make brisk abrupt gestures of command to imaginary audiences and armies. October filled him with hope which November raised to a sort of ecstatic triumph, and in this mood the fleeting brilliant impressions of the summer at Sherry Island were ready grist to his mill. He became a golf champion and defeated Mr. Hedrick in a marvellous match played a hundred times over the fairways of his imagination, a match each detail of which he changed about untiringly – sometimes he won with almost laughable ease, sometimes he came up magnificently from behind. Again, stepping from a Pierce-Arrow automobile, like Mr. Mortimer Jones, he strolled frigidly into the lounge of the Sherry Island Golf Club – or perhaps, surrounded by an admiring crowd, he gave an exhibition of fancy diving from the spring-board of the club raft. Among those who watched him in open-mouthed wonder was Mr. And one day it came to pass that Mr. Why the devil did you decide just this morning that you wanted to quit? Mortimer Jones over a drink that afternoon. The spark, however, was perceptible. There was a general ungodliness in the way her lips twisted down at the corners when she smiled, and in the – Heaven help us! Vitality is born early in such women. It was utterly in evidence now, shining through her thin frame in a sort of glow. When Dexter first saw her she was standing by the caddy house, rather ill at ease and trying to conceal the fact by engaging her nurse in an obviously unnatural conversation graced by startling and irrelevant grimaces from herself. She drew down the corners of her mouth, smiled, and glanced furtively around, her eyes in transit falling for an instant on Dexter. Then to the nurse: He knew that if he moved forward a step his stare would be in her line of vision – if he moved backward he would lose his full view of her face. For a moment he had not realized how young she was. Now he remembered having seen her several times the year before – in bloomers. Suddenly, involuntarily, he laughed, a short abrupt laugh – then, startled by himself, he turned and began to walk quickly away. Not only that, but he was treated to that absurd smile, that preposterous smile – the memory of which at least a dozen men were to carry into middle age. She stood alternately on her right and left foot. Realizing that the elements of the comedy were implied in the scene, Dexter several times began to laugh, but each time restrained the laugh before it reached audibility. He could not resist the monstrous conviction that the little girl was justified in beating the nurse. The situation was resolved by the fortuitous appearance of the caddy-master, who was appealed to immediately by the nurse. Then she dropped her bag and set off at a haughty mince toward the first tee. He was a favorite caddy, and the thirty dollars a month he earned through the summer were not to be made elsewhere around the lake. But he had received a strong emotional shock, and his perturbation required a violent and immediate outlet. It is not so simple as that, either. As so frequently would be the case in the future, Dexter was unconsciously dictated to by his winter dreams. II Now, of course, the quality and the seasonability of these winter dreams varied, but the stuff of them remained. They persuaded Dexter several years later to pass up a business course at the State university – his father, prospering now, would have paid his way – for the precarious advantage of attending an older and more famous university in the East, where he was bothered by his scanty funds. But do not get the impression, because his winter dreams happened to be concerned at first with

musings on the rich, that there was anything merely snobbish in the boy. He wanted not association with glittering things and glittering people – he wanted the glittering things themselves. Often he reached out for the best without knowing why he wanted it – and sometimes he ran up against the mysterious denials and prohibitions in which life indulges. It is with one of those denials and not with his career as a whole that this story deals. It was rather amazing. After college he went to the city from which Black Bear Lake draws its wealthy patrons. When he was only twenty-three and had been there not quite two years, there were already people who liked to say: It was a small laundry when he went into it but Dexter made a specialty of learning how the English washed fine woollen golf-stockings without shrinking them, and within a year he was catering to the trade that wore knickerbockers. Men were insisting that their Shetland hose and sweaters go to his laundry just as they had insisted on a caddy who could find golf-balls. Before he was twenty-seven he owned the largest string of laundries in his section of the country. It was then that he sold out and went to New York. But the part of his story that concerns us goes back to the days when he was making his first big success. When he was twenty-three Mr. So he signed his name one day on the register, and that afternoon played golf in a foursome with Mr. He did not consider it necessary to remark that he had once carried Mr. It was a curious day, slashed abruptly with fleeting, familiar impressions. One minute he had the sense of being a trespasser – in the next he was impressed by the tremendous superiority he felt toward Mr. Hedrick, who was a bore and not even a good golfer any more. Then, because of a ball Mr. Hart lost near the fifteenth green, an enormous thing happened. And as they all turned abruptly from their search a bright new ball sliced abruptly over the hill and caught Mr. Hedrick in the abdomen. In a moment, however, she left no doubt, for as her partner came up over the hill she called cheerfully: She wore a blue gingham dress, rimmed at throat and shoulders with a white edging that accentuated her tan. The quality of exaggeration, of thinness, which had made her passionate eyes and down-turning mouth absurd at eleven, was gone now. She was arrestingly beautiful. This color and the mobility of her mouth gave a continual impression of flux, of intense life, of passionate vitality – balanced only partially by the sad luxury of her eyes. She swung her mashie impatiently and without interest, pitching the ball into a sand-pit on the other side of the green. Hedrick on the next tee, as they waited – some moments – for her to play on ahead. Sandwood, who was just over thirty. Turning those big cow-eyes on every calf in town! Hedrick intended a reference to the maternal instinct. Hart, winking at Dexter. Later in the afternoon the sun went down with a riotous swirl of gold and varying blues and scarlets, and left the dry, rustling night of Western summer. Dexter watched from the veranda of the Golf Club, watched the even overlap of the waters in the little wind, silver molasses under the harvest-moon. Then the moon held a finger to her lips and the lake became a clear pool, pale and quiet. Dexter put on his bathing-suit and swam out to the farthest raft, where he stretched dripping on the wet canvas of the springboard. There was a fish jumping and a star shining and the lights around the lake were gleaming. The tune the piano was playing at that moment had been gay and new five years before when Dexter was a sophomore at college. They had played it at a prom once when he could not afford the luxury of proms, and he had stood outside the gymnasium and listened. The sound of the tune precipitated in him a sort of ecstasy and it was with that ecstasy he viewed what happened to him now. It was a mood of intense appreciation, a sense that, for once, he was magnificently attune to life and that everything about him was radiating a brightness and a glamour he might never know again. A low, pale oblong detached itself suddenly from the darkness of the Island, spitting forth the reverberate sound of a racing motor-boat. Two white streamers of cleft water rolled themselves out behind it and almost immediately the boat was beside him, drowning out the hot tinkle of the piano in the drone of its spray. Dexter raising himself on his arms was aware of a figure standing at the wheel, of two dark eyes regarding him over the lengthening space of water – then the boat had gone by and was sweeping in an immense and purposeless circle of spray round and round in the middle of the lake. With equal eccentricity one of the circles flattened out and headed back toward the raft. She was so near now that Dexter could see her bathing-suit, which consisted apparently of pink rompers. The nose of the boat bumped the raft, and as the latter tilted rakishly he was precipitated toward her. With different degrees of interest they recognized each other. Dexter sat beside Judy Jones and she explained how her boat was driven. Then she was in the water, swimming to the floating surfboard with a sinuous crawl. Watching her was without effort to the eye,

watching a branch waving or a sea-gull flying. Her arms, burned to butternut, moved sinuously among the dull platinum ripples, elbow appearing first, casting the forearm back with a cadence of falling water, then reaching out and down, stabbing a path ahead. They moved out into the lake; turning, Dexter saw that she was kneeling on the low rear of the now uptilted surf-board. When he looked around again the girl was standing up on the rushing board, her arms spread wide, her eyes lifted toward the moon. III Next evening while he waited for her to come down-stairs, Dexter peopled the soft deep summer room and the sun-porch that opened from it with the men who had already loved Judy Jones. He knew the sort of men they were — the men who when he first went to college had entered from the great prep schools with graceful clothes and the deep tan of healthy summers. He had seen that, in one sense, he was better than these men.

Chapter 5 : A Winter Night, Short Story | Write4Fun

A man goes on a trip that explores his most inner conflicts. Keep in mind, this story is more than skin deep. If you like this story please leave a comment an attempt to calm my grief-fettered nerves, I lit my candles as I have done so many times before.

Raju It was a winter night and the cool breeze is making animals seek some shelter and a cover on their bodies. The sparrows entered their nests, the rabbits went into their burrows, the parrots went into the holes on the tree trunks, the squirrels hide into the shoots of the coconut tree. Thus all those birds and animals settled down to face the chill night. Dove was watching all these animals in the bright moon light from its whole on the nearby rocky hill. By mid night the chillness increased and a couple of crows had fallen seriously ill for the exposure to the severe cold. As the Sun rises all the animals and birds started coming out and assembled at the bottom of the rocky hill. What a cold it was last night. The winter has just begun now. By January it would be very cold. If the cold winds blow like this we will certainly reduce in number” said a crane that lives on the nearby thorn bushes. I could hear the sound of my teeth as I shivered in the night” said a dog. Though we are big we too feel the cold said an elephant. Though I am in my Den I too felt it. Here comes an idea” said Dr. Dove by landing on a big stone. We all know that the Lion lives in a big den in this hill. I have seen another small den that can comfortable accommodate our Lion. It is just on the other side of this Hill. I feel that the Lion can leave this big den and occupy the small one so that those animals that have no home can take shelter in the big den. Thus they can protect themselves from exposing to the severe cold. As soon as Dr. Dove completed telling this, the lion roared and rejected the idea. I need this big den let animals seek shelter in the small den that you had located. Looking at the elephants Dr. Dove said” Dear Lion this is only for the winter months and rainy days the rest of the time you can use this big den. The elephants trumpeted in support of this statement and urged the lion to agree. Seeing the unity and the support Dr. Dove got from the herd of Elephants the Lion said: The animals disbursed in search of food. It was night again. All those animals that have no home gathered in the big den and felt good to be there. As the night advances the cold winds blew more frequently and making the animals shiver even in the Den. Some how they spent the night and gathered again at the bottom of the hill to share their experiences. Since the den is not so deep it can protect us partially from the severe cold. We have to live with it” opined the deer. Having listened to this discussion, Dr. I have another idea to help you keep warm. You all can collect the twigs and our elephant friends can bring dried logs in the forest to the den. As mid night one of you can make these twigs and dried logs into a small heap and set fire. Then the den gets the warmth from this fire. Great idea jumped a monkey. That night the animals make their own hearth and felt the warmth and slept comfortably. The animals make it a practice.

Chapter 6 : Winter Night by Kyra Yates on Prezi

In her short story Winter Night, Kay Boyle writes about a babysitter who has experienced the horrors of the holocaust and who sees a little girl in Felicia, the seven year old she's babysitting, that she took care of at a concentration camp in the holocaust.

A A A Icomment on In an attempt to calm my grief-fettered nerves, I lit my candles as I have done so many times before. Then, after shadows conquered the room, I collapsed onto my desk chair and felt my mind maladies befall me. After releasing a heavy sigh, I rolled my desk chair to my window. Outside the window I saw that the world was dark and there was nothing to be seen, so I let my head fall onto the windowsill where I now rested. Raising my head, I saw a new night illuminated by a full moon. This moon seemed to reflect the snow covered ground in a way that seemed to glorify the snow flurries which fell lightly to the ground to create the source of reflection. The sight calmed every nerve. Captivated in this scenery I began to feel this urge, which seemed to come from the world itself, that told me to follow the calming scenery. With each step I took, my feet were engulfed in the fluffy snow -there is no cold here. For I now found myself upon the yard of my old childhood home. Such a sight usually presented me with wholeful state of unease. But now, it seemed different. Perhaps, it was the calm night which fell upon me like a light blanket that encouraged me to go further to the backyard. Yet, as soon as I saw the yard, the memories surrounded me. This is where I used to play. This is where I used to go to escape. This is where I manifest my most inner-most childhood fears. But now, it was different -there were no fears here-, only a rather delightful scene. A smile soon overtook me as I realized, there was no reason not to play anymore. Again, my feet led me to a location unknown, but this time I kept my eyes down, so I would be surprised. This time they led me to my old high school. My school, where I spent my time assaulted by the judgments of others. But now, it was different -there was nobody else here- The world, which I now obeyed with every force I could give, led me to an auditorium, to the stage looking out upon every abandoned seat. Everything looked the same even the lights which were somewhat dim and created a smoky atmosphere. Everything was the same except for one thing; it was abandoned. Yet, upon the completion of my speech, a voice echoed that which was not my own. Then, my eyes conceived what seemed to be a shadow girl who sat in the back of the auditorium. While, at first, the idea of a shadow girl alarmed me, it soon turned to curiosity. But my words fell, for she left quickly from the room. In both, curiosity and interest, I followed her in almost total blindness of my surroundings. Moments later, I looked up to see a cemetery and, while it made no sense to me, the girl now seemed to be fade. In excitement that she had stopped, I ran to her, but by the time I got to her she had completely disappeared. Then, on my knees, I looked up to perceive the tombstone I feared to see. Every calm neve then changed and constricted me as I realized it was she, the shadow girl. Oh please come back to me! What could I have done? This, to me, was my sign to head my way home and by the time I had arrived, to my sorrow, only few shadows remained. Back at my windowsill, I looked back upon my trip. Only seconds had passed before I came to the realization that I was completely in the dark.

Chapter 7 : Winter Night, short story by theperson

A numb winter night! English Short Story published on January 17, by Edi_nyctophilic Excerpt: All the winter nights I survived never felt so cold until this moment, though the jungle melody is playing a soothing base with the hushing trees;

I was in my room when it happened and I watched it with a pair of binoculars. The sky was unusually dark. Millions of stars glistened and formed constellations. The moon was barely visible. I stared at the stars for a long time, not knowing what next to do. As I stared, a bright light appeared in the sky. I rubbed my eyes but the light was still there. As it became brighter, I began to make out the outlines of the object. It had an ellipse shape and was actually a silvery colour. I tore my eyes away with great effort and went to the closet. I pulled out thick clothes and dressed. Then, I flew through the door and outside into the thigh deep snow. I looked up; millions of stars still blazed in the dark sky but the object was no longer there. Disappointment flooded me and I turned to leave, but my eyes caught the faint silhouette of a round object. I moved towards it, my heart pounding quickly. I do not know how to describe it. It was like a patch of something; a something that the nature of which no human words could describe. As I watched, a figure stepped out of it. It looked like a human and was about centimetres tall. It walked towards me and just then the eclipse ended. A bright patch of moonlight shone onto the creature and I gasped. There was a mouth, a nose and eyes. It was grey in colour and had a mass of dark hair. It seemed to be staring at me. Then it was holding an object which looked like a remote control. I saw it lift the remote with difficulty then point it at me. His mouth opened to make a rasping sound. Every instinct in my body told me to move, but I could not. Fascination, fear and horror welled up inside of me. I tried to scream but the sound stuck in my throat. The creature repeated what he had said and a green light flashed above my head. A branch of the tree behind me broke off. I turned toward the door and ran. The next morning in the daily newspapers there was a picture of a blurry object near the almost invisible moon. I wanted to tell them about it but I knew no one would ever listen to an eight year old kid. The thought angered me. I went outside into the fresh morning air. Thick snow covered the ground. I glanced up, away from the weak sun and into the dimly lit sky. I knew that above us was not just stars, planets and nebulae. We receive an overwhelming positive feedback each year from the teachers, parents and students who have involvement in these competitions and publications, and we will continue to strive to attain this level of excellence with each competition we hold.

Chapter 8 : A Winter Night by Munshi Premchand

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Cold winter night I used to live in a small town called South Park. The town lay just beneath a big mountain near one small river. You could say that people were not very open minded and many of them believed in some strange things. I always used to rationalize things but one strange occurrence changed everything. I used to hang out with my friend Michael back then. One morning he invited me to his place for pizza and video games. Of course I accepted immediately. I set off at about seven. Everything seemed all right until I reached the bridge that separated one side of village. My legs started to shake, cold sweat rushed down my forehead and my heart started pounding. I felt as if someone was watching me. I sped up and was soon on the other side. Everything seemed normal for a while. I stopped and turned back to see who it was but no one was there. I resumed my journey only to see that everything was black. There were no stars in the sky, no moon and no lights. I started panicking, the air was so heavy. I thought that my end was near, as if I was already dead and in some kind of a purgatory waiting to be dealt with. Suddenly, I felt a touch on my shoulder. A stocky man spoke to me. Honestly, you could have knocked me down with a feather. When I looked into his face I was about to scream out of happiness. Everything was so strange, I never get lost. What was he doing there?

Chapter 9 : Short Story Tales: Winter Night Parade – The Creative Cafe

"White Nights" (Russian: Бѣлыя ночи, Belye nochi) is a short story by Fyodor Dostoyevsky, originally published in , early in the writer's career.. Like many of Dostoyevsky's stories, "White Nights" is told in first person by a nameless narrator; the narrator is living in Saint Petersburg and suffers from loneliness.

Nick pulled up this creamy white sheets on his bed to the chin on his face. He was scared out of his brains and his eyes popped out so wide that you could see the pupils in his eyes widen. A screeching noise came from under his bed and Nick started to worry that it was a monster or something else. That noise started to get louder and louder. Nick started to get the courage to take a peek under his bed. He crept up slowly on the side of his wooden bed and pulled himself down so that he was looking under the bed upside down. Nothing was to be seen and no noise occurred. No monster was in site at all so Nick decided to go back to sleep. As he covered his small waisted body with his creamy white sheets a bang on his window thudded the room with sound. Nick jolted up out of his sheets and flung his body upright onto his carpet floor. He saw a shadow that was as large as a monster right next to his window. Nick slowly took a footstep at a time over to his white framed window and took a look outside. A flash of light beamed through the window and this made Nick fall down onto his backside. A strange figure opened the window and stepped inside Nicks small room. This figure said "Can we be friends? This figure was a small girl who had green pail skin, and a shadow that always was attached to her. Nick asked "Who are you? Nick said " Ok sure we can be friend. One day a strange occurrence occurred though. Nicks spaceship started to glow bright yellow. This meant that the spaceship was fixed and ready to go back to herbplanet. She met this boy called Nick and decided she wanted to stay with him forever. Nick wanted this to happen to so Candina covered up her spaceship and left it hiding in the bush in the yard. On a cold Winters night a strange occurrence took place. We receive an overwhelming positive feedback each year from the teachers, parents and students who have involvement in these competitions and publications, and we will continue to strive to attain this level of excellence with each competition we hold.