

John & Terezi Play In The Snow

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John & Terezi Play In The Snow

by [Classpectanon](#)

Summary

There's a thousand and one ways to describe a snowstorm, depending on a million and one different factors. The temperature, the wind, the size of each snowflake, how they stuck to the ground and the trees and the buildings - or maybe not at all, stacking up until gravity and weight compressed them down into thick bricks of ice. Sometimes, the snow was so thick swirling in the air that you couldn't see a thing three feet past your face, and sometimes it was thin and loose, just coming down in mass quantities, letting you see acres of sunlit white in an overcast day. And sometimes, the quality of the snow was irrelevant to the way it blanketed the world, muffling sound, canceling school days, providing a delight for both dogs and humans alike.

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Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

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Clearly, this was one of those days.

John looked more like a penguin than they ever had in their entire life before this moment, barring the other times when snowstorms had swept through their placid Washington suburb, in which they looked equally like a penguin because they were wearing the same clothing as before. But perhaps the years of puberty had tightened the fit on the large, puffy winter jackets and waterproof, insulated pants, and the three layers ended up making John look more rotund than ever before, sitting on a small plastic sled at the top of a hill. "Alright! I'm ready!"

And John's stalwart compatriot, Terezi Pyrope, could not look like anything other than a sharp-toothed gremlin, no matter how many layers of jacket you put them in. "Three... Two... One... Let's go!" She shouted, dashing through the snow as quickly as she could and jumping onto the sled with John, effectively tackling them down the hill. The plastic sled skipped across the snow for a moment, lifting free from the frozen ground before slapping back down against the hill, now carrying a sudden increase in weight that made it rapidly accelerate forward.

Faster and faster, trees whizzing by, Terezi cackling like the most adorable little witch while John shrieked like a banshee. "We're going too fast! My brains are getting sucked into my feet!" John yelled, now regretting having picked the tallest hill with the longest slope to perform this little amusing stunt upon.

Terezi, for what it was worth, clearly was not of the same mind. Her hands were superglued, white knuckle, to the sled, forming a barrier from which John could not escape without tumbling overboard. "Nonsense! There's no such thing as too fast!" She yelled over the din, the sled continuing to build up momentum until it could finally disperse it, skidding across the declining slope of the bottom of the hill, sending them sailing up over a bump - they even went airborne for a moment, with a chorus of "Whoa!"s.

John continued to squeal like grinding metal as they held on tight to the sled, not daring to let go for even a moment so long as drop of inertial momentum remained to carry them into the distance. Eventually, the end came, the sled slowly lurching to a halt about five houses down from John's house (which was incredible, because they started six houses down in the *other* direction), and John twisted over, letting themselves fall off the side of the stilled sled and immediately sinking into the six inches of snow built up on the ground at the flat part of the neighborhood.

The two of them laughed hysterically and inelegantly, unable to control the amused noises emerging from their throats like ancient curses in unspeakable tongues of happiness. Terezi tried to stand up on the sled and, forgetting that weight was something that had to be taken into account, immediately sunk the back half of the sled into the snow before tripping on her boots and falling down parallel to John. "That was fucking awesome! Let's go do it again!"

"Okay!" John replied, slowly sitting up from their hole in the snow and yanking the sled out from underneath Terezi's feet.

End Notes

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