Fimbulwinter*

Not a *feeble*-winter, throwing a quick layer of snow and running to make way for the heat of spring. Not a *thimble*-winter, small and manageable. No, Fimbulwinter, *great*-winter, after the myths died the name sticks on the lips of the North when the cold makes a liar out of the almanacs and the clouds swallow the sun. Chattered when it feels like ice is the only surface the world knows, when birth and life are little cruel ideas — a stubborn nut that refuses to fall from the branch, a gaunt dog pawing at the backdoor. When logic cracks, and words like *thaw* and *harvest* are as likely as a rainbow bridge or a mountain troll. When the wind drags tears from the eyes and freezes them as tribute. When snow claims every shoulder, field, and rooftop. When winter can only lead to winter, when the season is too harsh for even gods to survive.

*In Norse mythology, fimbulwinter, or *fimbulvetr*, is defined as three consecutive winter seasons uninterrupted by summer. This phenomenon is believed to portend Ragnarok, the end of the gods.*