



The Wilson's Tales Literary Supper

100 Word Tale

Cold Winds

There's a cold wind from Denmark.

There's a cold wind from the Cheviot.

High walls are a wild place to be looking out from on a February morn.

Up here above the town, Douglas saw squalls blowing and blowing, like breaths from an ice god. Sleet blows in.

A flurry of ice and snow and rain cuts at eyes and cheeks. The gods pause for an intake of breath before their next frightful blast.

Reivers will not be out today.

There's time to go down and see wee Mary Johnstone.

As he entered her door the Vikings entered the town.

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Received 5/11/2020
Published