

# Whispers in the Snow



## Whispers in the Snow

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In a remote mountain village blanketed by eternal snow, the elders shared a chilling warning: never venture into the woods alone at night. They believed that when darkness falls, the wind carries voices that do not belong to the living, luring the unwary into the freezing dark.



Alina realized her little brother had vanished just as the sun began to set behind the jagged, frozen peaks. Driven by desperation, she ignored the village rules and stepped into the dense, sleeping forest where the trees stood like silent black giants.



The deep snow crunched loudly beneath her boots, making the only sound in the eerie, suffocating stillness of the woods. She called her brother's name into the gloom, her breath turning into thick white mist in the biting mountain air.



From the deep shadows of the ancient pines, a soft reply finally drifted through the trees: "I'm here." The voice sounded exactly like her brother, yet there was a strange, hollow quality to the tone that made the hair on her neck stand up.



Alina saw a small, familiar silhouette standing motionless between the frost-covered trunks in the distance. She ran toward the figure, her heart racing with a desperate mix of relief and growing dread as she approached the clearing.



The small figure stood perfectly still with its back turned toward her, draped in a coat that looked just like her brother's. When Alina asked where he had been, the figure whispered in a bone-chilling, empty tone that he was very, very cold.



As Alina reached out to touch the boy's shoulder, she noticed something that made her heart stop in terror. The snow around the figure was perfectly smooth and white, with no footprints leading to where the boy stood.



The figure slowly rotated its body, revealing a face as white and featureless as the snow itself. Its eyes were nothing but dark, empty pits, and its mouth was stretched into a grin that was far too wide to be human.



Terrified, Alina turned and sprinted back toward the village, branches clawing at her clothes as the entity's icy whispers echoed right behind her. She reached her home and bolted the heavy wooden door, staying awake in the dark until the first light of dawn.



At dawn, the villagers discovered two sets of tracks in the fresh snow leading away from the forest and into the village. One set belonged to Alina's boots, but the other set was long and strange, leading directly toward the houses where the people slept.