



Quiet Snow, Silent Streets

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The smartphone screen lights up in portrait mode, recording a completely silent, freshly snowed-over suburban street at dusk. Soft orange streetlamps cast a warm glow onto untouched white sidewalks, where the long, soft shadow of a girl wearing an oversized knitted sweater sways gently across the snow with each step.



The camera slowly pans across an empty public park blanketed in unbroken snow, where a single set of swings hangs perfectly motionless beneath heavy white caps. The dark silhouette of Maya holding her phone upright glides across the glistening powder, revealing the textured pattern of her cozy snow sweater cast long against the white canvas.



Walking onward down a deserted residential lane, the phone camera captures the quiet mystery of closed garage doors and glowing front porch lights softly misting in the cold air. Below the frame, Maya's shadow sways gently, her knit cuff briefly stepping into the lower corner of the lens as she adjusts her grip on the phone.



The camera view tilts downward slightly, following a single set of fresh footsteps being pressed into the deep, crunching snow along a silent bus stop. The shadow of her figure, wrapped in a plush cable-knit sweater, stretches far out across the icy pavement under the bright LED streetlight overhead.



The vertical video pans smoothly across the glass window of a closed neighborhood corner store, displaying empty, dimly lit aisles and faint reflections of falling snow. The soft outline of Maya's silhouette and her phone camera is visible in the dark glass reflection, wrapped warm and motionless against the winter chill.



Continuing past a row of silent, snow-dusted suburban houses with closed blinds, the quiet street opens up into a wide, quiet cul-de-sac illuminated only by amber light. The camera holds steady, capturing the peaceful stillness as Maya's shadow walks slowly into the center of the road, long sweater sleeves visible in the low ambient light.



The lens glides past a snow-covered wooden bridge over a frozen, silent creek, where no human footsteps have disturbed the fresh powder. Shadows of tree branches interweave with Maya's long sweater shadow on the snowy handrails as the camera slowly sweeps from left to right.



Underneath the warm yellow glow of a solitary streetlamp near an empty parking lot, the camera pans in a slow circle to capture the quiet, open space. The long shadow of the teen girl, wearing a thick patterned sweater, turns smoothly with the phone held steady, capturing the endless expanse of undisturbed snow.



The phone camera slowly tilts up towards the deep twilight sky where gentle, heavy snowflakes drift down quietly through the warm glow of street lanterns. Maya's hand in a soft winter glove briefly enters the bottom of the portrait frame to wipe a tiny stray flake off the phone lens.



The video comes to a gradual stop at the top of a quiet, snow-capped hill looking down over the slumbering, glowing neighborhood lights in the distance. The sharp silhouette of Maya holding her phone high captures the peaceful liminal beauty of the sleeping town before the recording ends.