

Normally, Rudy felt right at home during the wintertime.

His soft fur, something he felt lucky to have, normally kept him nice and toasty during these times. It meant that he could frolic wherever he wanted in the snow - all while feeling just as warm as any regular plush dragon would feel beside a fireplace. It made snowdragon building, snow angel making, and snowball fights a breeze. But this day... something was off.

He felt it right when he bounded outdoors, ready for another day of play. But to his surprise, instead of being met with a light but pleasant chill, he felt something deeper. The kind of cold that made him shiver once he took that first step outside, something that seeped right into his bones.

It was a new, unknown feeling to him. Even on the coldest winter nights, the closest he'd gotten to this feeling was just a few nips of cold - this was more like a bite, a wild snowstorm that hit everything with a sharpness that didn't discriminate between furred or not.

He tried to continue forward, to push through the blizzard that was brewing, but the harder he tried, the colder it got. The snow clung to his fur in a way that could only be described as hostile, and the wind picked up, practically blowing him backwards.

So, he did what he was being suggested. He turned around, scampering back into his home, back to warmth, back to safety.

Curiosity on the phenomena burned at the back of his brain, the one thing still warm, but for now, he would have to rest...