

Late into the night, only nature dares to stir the stillness.

Flecks of snow fall lightly onto the frozen ground, old trees devoid of leaves bend with the wind, and the glowing moon rises higher into the dark star-riddled sky. Below the endless canopy of the night, a wispy pillar of warm smoke floats up from a stone chimney stack. The chimney leads down into what looks to be a raised snow bank, but below the snow sits a warm and tidy house. A wooden door lies embedded into the side of the snow bank, next to it resides two windows. Those windows with the curtains drawn back let the orange light from inside the house dance along the snow coated ground just outside the front step. As the snow falls and the wind whirls past, a lone being resides in the house.

Orion Starchaser, a tall CCCat lounges in his plush chair. The chair sits facing the fireplace, but Orion's attention is elsewhere, somewhere beyond the warm air of his home. In one of his hands he holds a mug of herbal tea, steam rises softly from the surface and floats up to the ceiling, soon fading into nothingness. In his other hand he holds a book, the cover is made of dark leather and a stitched on label adorns the front cover. Every stroke of the pen ink flows together to read "Archive of Snow Haven's Particular Flora and Scarce Fauna". This book contains no story, at least not one to be perceived through words. All it contains on every page are the hand drawn pictures and diagrams of what Orion has seen on his frequent walks. This little book of wonders has been Orion's project ever since he came across this frozen and snow covered land. And it has been worth it. It keeps him busy, always on the lookout for new findings, small or large.

Though tonight was not the night to be working, it's been days of constant record keeping without breaks, and the last thing he needs is to get burnt out. Orion closes the leather book with one hand, setting down his mug soon after so he can properly wrap the leather cord around the covers to keep the pages adorned with his priceless scrawling safe and sound.

Orion sets the book down and replaces the weight in his hand with the now cooler mug of tea. The being reclines back in his chair and watches the fireplace's light dim, sipping his tea as the night slowly passes by. Once finished, the light in the house was now provided by moonlight alone, silver and light, it was peaceful. Orion let out a quick huff as he started to get up, his tail flicking as he started to shuffle to his bedroom just down the hall.

Nights like these made Orion's life feel right. The snow fall, warm tea, and all of it was capped off with a perfect moon on a starry night. Now in his humble little nook he finds his room just how he left it. A warm bed with the sheets tucked and pulled to a state of unwrinkled perfection, now it was time to ruin his hard work. Orion reaches down and pulls the covers back, eager to get into his warm and soft bed before the moon sets and the sun rises. He quickly shuffles his way into bed, pulling the heavy and quilted comforter up to right below his chin. The world soon drifts to darkness around him, a sense of light and airy floating rolls over his body. Sleep has always felt so freeing.

The morning always seems to come too fast. The sunlight peers through the closed window curtains, casting its light rays through the small gap in the lazily draping sheets of cloth. As the sun rises, so does the light. The rays grow brighter and slowly creep through the room, crawling and laying across any surface it can reach. The sunlight now lays on Orion's face, a grumble comes from the CCCat as he rustles under the comforter, trying to get the light out of his face. His attempts are as futile as they always are, with the light resting across his face he has no choice but to get up. With one discoordinated movement, Orion kicks his leg with little force and sends the warm and inviting blankets partly off of his body. The cool air in the room sends a slight shiver down his spine, it quickly fades as he starts to move about the room.

Everyday was simple, but it made life feel more alive in a sense. The morning routines, starting the tea kettle, watching the snow, going on long walks, all of it felt alive. It made Orion feel alive. It was odd, against all that this place was, this snow ridden tundra, frigid, harsh, and nearly devoid of life made life feel warm.

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