

The Journey of a Single Snowflake in the City

Taraeyah Scott, TR Bagpipe Reporter

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High in the sky, floating above the city of Chicago, a soft cloud releases a single snowflake. It sways its way through the clouds, drifting toward the glowing streetlights and buildings that complete our skyline. It sways slightly left while sirens echo and the heat from the city's breathing quickly rises. No one looks up. Everything just keeps moving—fast, loud, and careless. In a city built for strength and speed, the snowflake's silent journey reveals what happens to delicate things that exist where no one slows down to notice them.

As the snowflake sways lower, the city begins to close in around it. The wind blows it between towering buildings, allowing it to experience the warm air from open windows. The cars speed under the snowflake as people on the sidewalk rush through the cold. "Why does it have to be this cold?" they ask. The snowflake moves slower, as if those words were meant for it, still hoping someone would notice its fall. "I'm already late," the snowflake listens. The people are focused, eyes forward, never looking up. In a city that speaks of nothing other than time and work, the snowflake realizes how inconvenient it is; yet, it continues downward, carrying its quiet beauty through a city too busy to care.

The snowflake reaches the warmth of the city streets where it disappears almost instantly. Yet, still, no one stops to notice because no one cares; the city keeps moving as if nothing ever fell from the sky. Still, the snowflake's journey was not meaningless. It existed fully, observing the world from a place that was never meant to hold it. Though it went unnoticed and was only temporary, its presence reminds us that even the smallest and most fragile things carry beauty.