



Tab 1

Day 3

This episode pairs well with Mint Mojito Pu-Erh Tea.

There is something haunting about looking out over the back lawn covered in snow during the blue hours. I can't quite explain it. When people think of snow as scary, they think of a raging storm. This is quiet. This is serene. And yet it scares me. The snow on the gentle slope, the canopy of tree cover making it dark. The idea that you are seeing something that no one else will ever lay eyes on. The snow is undisturbed, but sometimes my eyes see footprints where there are none.

It is a calm night, and yet I cannot stop staring at the snow in the backyard. The haunted feeling transformed into a visceral fear, and yet I cannot explain why. I lock my bedroom door that evening, despite being alone. In the morning, I return to look out over the yard, and despite the fact that it is darker than when I observed it in the evening, the fear is gone. The morning yard is harmless. The snow remains undisturbed.