

The giants in the sky

I have just come home from work and the everyday life grabs me with routines that I repeat day after day. There is so much to do in this normal run of things, so I rarely have time to get bored.

I could turn on the television and disappear into a thriller, or I could turn on my music system and listen to hit songs, or let me get lost in the mystical world of Richard Wagner.

I could also turn on the computer and let me inform about the way of the world via the web's dizzying choice of news and knowledge.

But this afternoon, it is the elements of nature outside my panoramic windows that orchestrate a drama that can only have been

written by one of the really masters of art.

The weather forecast has warned that a blizzard within a few hours will pass across.

The front of the blizzard may now be just above the town. The afterglow from the sun is darkened quickly because of the ragged, black clouds.

The clouds now rise like hot-tempered giants that extend forward and the ground swells from the rough sea already accompany the arrival of the giants.

Within few hours the snowstorm will be the absolute ruler outside, and within few hours, the dark giants in the sky have left a meter-thick layer of new white snow over the landscape.



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