



**SFT.rtf**

**Zach**

# The SnowFall Trials

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# Chapter One

The snow falls heavy on the stone streets of SnowFall. Somewhere a rooster cries waking me from my sleep.

“Another day in Paradise” I sigh warily. I walk over to my house mate Drago, a reptilian; not many of his kind in this part of the world, but he’s a good friend.

“What?” Drago growls groggily as I open the shades letting in the light.

“It’s time to wake up; we got an hour before we have to be at the Wall.”

“By the Gods Midas, can’t you let me sleep another fifteen minutes, all I have to do is get dressed, it only takes three minutes to get there!” Drago bellows bitterly.

“I don’t care. If we’re late one more time we will be fired and we are barely making ends meet as it is! Now get up, I’ll make us some food.” I try to be optimistic. I can tell from his glare it’s not working.

I retreat into the small cramped kitchen, if you could even call it that. The room consists of a small wooden table barely holding its own weight and two chairs to match. There used to be third chair but after a night of heavy drinking and cards; well let’s just say reptilians don’t have a very good reputation when it comes to gambling and their temper; and now I know why. There is a small counter for preparing food set against the wall, starting to warp and rot from old age. An old cupboard whose door is barely hanging on by a hinge, hangs above the pump where we retrieve our water. I’d say the only nice part about our little hovel is the fireplace. Still mostly intact with only a few bricks falling out here and there, most houses in these slums don’t have a fireplace. The fire roars and warms my fur as I walk by.

I make my way over to the cupboards and take out two bowls and fill them with some oats.

“So, what’s for breakfast?” Drago asks. His voice is always so deep, I wonder if it was just him or if all reptilians have loud booming voices.

“Oats, like always. What else would it be?” I answer as I put a pot of water over the fire to boil.

“I’m telling you, we should just try our luck up north, there are so many more opportunities for work, and the living accommodations are so much better.” Drago says trying to convince me.

“Okay let me just go get all the money I don't have to pay the toll to pass through the Main city, and hire an escort to protect us from the bandits and murderers littering the roads between here and there.” I spat sarcastically. Drago remained silent for a moment before saying.

“Why are you worried about death? I thought cats had nine lives?” He laughed at his own little joke. I only glared “I'm not a cat! Well I mean, technically I am but it's not the same! Shut up!” I yell my ears pinned back.

“Now now kitty cat no need to get your whiskers in a knot.” He teased with a grin.

“You're a real asshole sometimes Drago.” I hiss.

I pour the now steaming water into our bowls filled with oats.

“Milk?” I ask as I pour some into my own bowl, licking my lips. If there's one thing I love on a cold snowy morning it's a nice warm meal and milk!

“Just a splash.” he says as I handed him the milk pail.

“You know...Michael is looking for someone to do a job for him, and he pays well, maybe not well enough for an escort but more than enough for some decent cloths and a pass into the city.” Drago speaks cautiously.

“Yeah...but is it really worth the possible jail time? Almost every job he has to offer includes the more than likely risk of jail.” I reply finishing my oats and Milk “I'm just saying it might be worth hearing him out.” My reptilian friend throws on a heavy wool coat and pulls on some gloves and boots. I grab my boots and we head out onto the bitter freezing street.

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