

HAUNTED WINE TOUR AUDITION READING: SICKLY SOLDIER

The day was brightest at noon, yet still the sun did not appear in the sky. There are times in your life when you may think you understand the cold. As a child, speeding down snow covered hills on a rusty sled. Or perhaps when you catch a snowflake on the tip of your tongue. But you do not know cold. Not real cold. You try to light a fire against it but that's why the winter takes your hands first. So, you keep moving, sloshing through the muck, hour after hour, hoping your own blood pumping through your veins will keep you warm. It worries you when even that begins to slow, as if freezing within your flesh.