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love in the summer

1. Verb - Past Tense _____
2. Noun _____
3. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction _____
4. Noun _____

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Brigit's eyes shimmered-changing from the blue of a summer sky to the color of ocean waves-as she watched Boreas from a distance. She felt certain his motorcycle _____Verb - Past Tense_____ as it skimmed along the road, but from that distance, her laughter was the only _____Noun_____ in the air. He said it was one of the things he loved most about her, and _____Preposition or subordinating conjunction_____ she could never quite identify what made Boreas say that, she knew that the laughter lived and bubbled inside her, like a cool, clear spring. Boreas once told her that because of it, wherever she went, the birds sang.

He drew near, cut the engine, and smiled as he took off his helmet. Had his face always looked so pale, and his beard so unkempt? Well, it had been many months since they'd seen each other. Brigit attempted a stern frown, but the smile in her voice gave her away. "So ... Boreas, are you letting your beard grow so that people will think you're ZZ Top?"

In response, he began humming the tune to "La Grange" and pretended to pick the notes out on a guitar. Then he chuckled, and Brigit flushed with _____Noun_____ at the deep masculine sound that made her think of the muted rumble of distant thunder.

As he dismounted from the bike, the sun dipped in the horizon and as happens sometimes at sunset, a chilly breeze blew across the meadow where they stood and the grasses waved in the wind. Boreas gathered Brigit in his

arms, his eyes searching hers. "After all this time apart ... do you still love me?"

She shivered slightly, and he asked, "Has your love grown cold?"

"No, no, Boreas. Never. I love you with all my heart, as I always have since the dawn of time. And I always will. It's only the evening air that makes me shiver." She placed his hand upon her heart. "My love for you is what keeps me alive."

He nodded, "And the same is true for me. Without you, my heart would be cold as ice."

Silence overtook the two of them and they watched as the sun continued on its downward journey and the velvet blue of dusk wrapped itself around them like a down comforter. They stood together until dawn, when the sun inched into the horizon, its rays warming the earth with a strength not noticeable the day before. Then, Boreas released her. "It isn't fair that we love each other, and yet that our differences keep us apart."

Brigit stood on tiptoe, kissed his lips, and as she did, a rose-colored blush spread across his pale cheeks. She brushed back his hair and said, "We share this moment in time, and I will love you for eternity. That's more than some have."

He

nodded and a tear slid down his cheek, seeming to turn to ice with the sorrow he felt. Then, after a final, fierce embrace, he jumped astride his bike and Boreas, the God of Winter, roared down the road.

Brigit, the Goddess of Spring, waved farewell. Her tears fell for a few moments and their warmth watered the trees and grasses around her, awakening them from their winter slumber. Then her heart gladdened-as was her nature-and she started on her way. And wherever she walked, tulips and daffodils bloomed at her feet, and the sound of her laughter made the birds sing.

(Author's note: Boreas is one of the Greek gods of winter, and Brigit is one of the Celtic goddesses of spring. Although the two were never connected in mythology, I thought it would be fun to create a love story with them and set it in more modern times, because after all, the mythological gods and goddesses are eternal.)

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