

Impact Factor: 6.017

ISSN: 2278-9529

GALAXY

International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

Peer-Reviewed e-Journal

Vol.13, Issue-2 April 2024

13 years of Open Access

Managing Editor: Dr. Madhuri Bite

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Cold Morning

Dikesh Kumar

Research Scholar,

Department of English,

Krishna Institute of Management, Meerut. UP

On a chilly winter morning, as the sun lazily rose over the horizon, I found myself nestled in the warmth of my cozy home. The air outside was crisp and the sky was painted a soft shade of blue. The aroma of freshly brewed tea filled the kitchen, tempting my senses and putting a wide smile on my face.

Today, however, was no ordinary morning. Today, I was eagerly waiting for my sweetheart, Anna, to arrive. She had promised to bring me a special blend of tea that she had discovered during her recent travels. I had heard stories about this tea, how its delicate flavors danced on the tongue, and how it transported you to a world of serenity and joy.

I sat by the window, bundled up in a thick blanket, gazing out at the winter wonderland before me. The snow-covered streets sparkled like diamonds, and the trees stood tall, their branches adorned with a graceful layer of frost. The sight filled me with a sense of calm anticipation, as I imagined sipping the elusive tea, accompanied by the warmth of the fireplace crackling nearby.

As time ticked by, I couldn't help but think of the ships sailing across vast oceans, carrying precious cargo to distant shores. Just like those ships, Anna's tea would soon arrive, delivering a taste that was as captivating as the stories of sailors' adventures. Each sip promised to transport me to uncharted territories, to awaken my senses and fill my heart with a sense of wanderlust.

Finally, as if on cue, a knock at the door jolted me from my daydreaming. With excitement bubbling inside me, I rushed to open it, revealing a rosy-cheeked Anna, her gloved hands gently cradling a box. Her eyes twinkled with delight as she handed it to me and said, "Here it is, the tea you've been waiting for."

I eagerly tore open the box, revealing a beautiful tin adorned with delicate patterns and hints of gold. The enchanting scent wafted from within, filling the room with its intoxicating aroma.



Carefully, I opened the tin, revealing tea leaves that gleamed like precious gems, promising a treasure trove of flavors.

Anna and I wasted no time in preparing the tea. We carefully measured out the leaves and brewed them in a teapot. As the water infused the leaves, a dance of colors emerged, a soothing blend of amber and gold. The tantalizing scent filled the room, making it feel like a sanctuary of warmth and tranquility.

With our cups in hand, we settled in front of the fireplace, our eyes sparkling with excitement. As I took my first sip, a wave of satisfaction washed over me. The tea caressed my tongue, releasing a symphony of flavors — floral notes intertwined with hints of citrus and a subtle sweetness that lingered in the air.

We sat there, warmed by the fireplace and nourished by the ships of tea that had sailed from distant lands, two souls connected by a moment of shared bliss. In that winter morning, as the snowflakes danced outside, Anna and I savored every sip, grateful for the magic that tea can bring and the love that it had brewed between us.