



THE BLIND DATE: HEAT MEETS ICE

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Recovered diary entry — Glazzier residence, date unknown

I agreed to meet him because Mother said it was “good optics.”

A Velyas boy. Sunburnt smile. Teeth too white. Smelled faintly of salt and citrus, like he’d been sweating margaritas all afternoon.

We met at the Ice Gallery.

He walked in wearing linen.

Linen.

The temperature inside the Gallery stays at thirty-two degrees by tradition. The Glazziers believe courtship should begin in discomfort — it reveals character. He lasted seven minutes before his hands started shaking. I offered him a fur. He declined. Pride thing.

He kept asking if we could “go somewhere warmer.”

I told him warmth was earned.

We were meant to tour the Crystal Wing, then dine beneath the Frost Chandeliers. Instead, he suggested hot springs. I laughed — actually laughed — which echoed terribly off the ice walls. He looked wounded, like I’d slapped him.

“You people don’t feel anything,” he said.

I wanted to correct him. We feel everything. That’s why we freeze it.

When he touched my wrist, the room cracked. Not metaphorically — the east wall fractured. Ice split clean down the center like it had been waiting for us to disagree.

The curator pretended not to see.

He left soon after, muttering about dry heat and tequila and how Wraithful Resorts wasn’t built for people like him. I stayed behind, watching the crack widen, frost blooming outward like a white bruise.

Later, Mother asked how the date went.

I told her: Incompatible climates.

She nodded.

Another rift logged.

Another boy who won't come back.