

Autumn Day

by Sina Mashek

The wind whispered through tree branches and the underbrush with little fanfare. Trees creaked and moaned in response, their branches rattling together like the bones of a reanimated skeleton's hands. Leaves of all shapes and colors skittered across the ground as if they were trying to escape the grasp of a monster unseen.

Nearby, a small brook continued its low murmur, carrying the leaves away with its current, careful to not pull any under. Seedlings twirled around in the air, letting themselves be carried away by the hushing wind.

Above the trees, raindrops began their casual descent toward the ground, clinging to anything they landed upon. Determined to escape, the leaves continued their flight to the brook, no longer just skittering, but dancing and twirling about.

Seedlings, unable to dodge the impending onslaught of raindrops, continued on their course while water-bound leaves deposited themselves all along the edges of the brook on both sides. The wind howled and trees bent to sweep up the frantic leaves.

Raindrops began to thunder through the trees and onto the ground, impeding on the progress of the leaves. Many leaves were battered and stuck to the ground, and could only watch as the others passed them by.

The brook began to swell, becoming larger and larger, all the while capsizing the free floating leaves. It seemed hungry and yet the leaves that could, were still heading for it with a pace that only kept increasing. Some leaped over the brook and continued on while the rest were swallowed by the now monstrous river of water.

Moving rapidly now, the seedlings crashed into bushes and trees, then slid and tumbled across the ground.

Quicker than it came, the howling faded and everything became still. Everything was silent, except for the book, which continued to babble.

