

# FEATHER

Dainty, delicate feathers fly into the air of the park. They fall elegantly and gently onto the silky grass blades. A feather lands onto crispy bark that blankets the tree. One feather watches the world. The morning after that, warm sun beams down, soothing the skin of a lady resting her body on a fuzzy towel. Peering over the branch the feather can see a little boy grabbing a long, brown stick then whizzing it with the wind. “Crunch!” goes the stick when a fluffy bronze coloured dog catches the stick in its mouth and then trots over to the little boy dropping it joyfully. Through the air it goes again.

Looking away the feather can see a man in a black and white tuxedo holding a beautiful and delicate red rose. He walks nervously over to the lady lying in the sun and muffled words come out. The feather can see lips moving, unfortunately cannot understand the human language. Studying the posture of the man and the look of interest from the lady, it appears the man is nervous due to sweating and anxious shaking. A loud cry pulls the attention from the feather, man, and lady to all glare at the little boy crying with scarlet liquid oozing out of his finger, probably caused by the small chip of the stick that’s stuck deep into multiple layers of skin. The boy sobs with the dog under his arm. The man inspects the wound, plucking out the tiny twig and wrapping a small strap of fabric and cotton around his finger. The boy momentarily hugs the man and muffles a word that the feather has heard a few times “thank you.” After the warm embrace the man speaks a few more words in the strange language and indicates his watch, then a car. The boy and man leave in the car and the lady packs up her things and rides on her rusty bike.

One morning, many seasons later, the feather awakens to a large yellow beak. It opens and snaps down onto the feather. Fear shrivels down the stem of the feather as it lifts into the air. Pain stretches through the feather from the quill where the beak has caught it. Wedged tightly in the outside rim of the nest, the feather worries. The wind blows angrily. The feather feels a loosening of the grip from the sticks. The feather is released. Gliding through the air the feather lands on the fluffy bronze dogs nose. Sniffing hard, a gush of sticky, wet air blows the feather past the little boy with the long, brown stick and lands on a red, furry case open to reveal a diamond in a ring of gold held by the man in a black and white tuxedo. He is on one knee facing towards the gasping lady that normally lies in the sun. Floating slowly to the ground the feather stares at the sky. Watching the

clouds, thankful for the journey.