From The Woods

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A boy who explores the wood above his town to find an alarming but pleasant surprise.

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Once there was a girl. A beautiful girl who lived in a wood. She was rarely seen. She slipped through trees, giggling and swinging from branches, she moved so quickly, so fleetingly, that the common people in the village beneath the wood thought she had wings.

Then one day a boy walked through this winged girl's wood. He was the only one who did; the locals were afraid of the wood. The boy spent every day sitting on a tree, and every now and again he'd hear a laugh flitting through the trees, running through the air like water, a lustrous golden honey to his ear. He slipped off his branch and followed it. He caught glimpses, splashes of red, the fluttering of what sounded like wingsâ ¦

The boy came to a clearing. The dappling sun kissed the dewy grass underfoot, giving it a crystalline appearance. The clearing was littered with large mossy rocks, and half carved images of the wood, of bears, of birds.

He wheels about on his heels to face an arrow glistening in the sun, resting in a bow held by a girl. The girl has short, cropped hair, eyes as golden as the laugh heard through to trees, a sharp defined jaw line, yet still graceful. He backs away and she draws the bow further. His hand darts to his pocket clutching at a small object the size of a large walnut. She cocks her head and laughs. She opens her arms and lowers her bow in her hands as he slowly draws his from his pocket and pulls out a wooden elliptical box. He holds it in his palm and it opens. From it, a small hummingbird flies. It goes to the girl, swirls around her head, examining her, "sniffing" her before landing on his shoulder, placing its beak in its ear and whispering something no one knows, but whatever it was makes him step closer to the girl.

The girl steps closer too. They both do. Around them the wind blows stronger and stronger, making the trees gossip. They draw closer and closer. Through the girls hair sparks fly, bathing her face in intermittent light, making her face dramatically beautiful.

They grow closer still. As they do the boy hears music, soft and forlorn, a melody which resonated through him and woke something primal, something half-forgotten, striking chords in his humanity. He knows why the laughter brought him here. It was hers, her laughter. He went closer still, barely inches from her.

They kiss. It was long and beautiful. They were made for each other.

They go off on an adventure, crossing borders, sneaking. They set up a tribe of themselves, just them. They spend their days singing and being happy, being together.

And when the sun sets you can still see the sparks fly from her hair. They always do, as long as they're together.

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