

Perspective Story

The pleasant summer evening came to an end by a resounding crack deep within the tree-lands. The sound caused an instinctive fear to many animals. Man. Man was coming. The forest floor, once quiet and vacant, now bustled with activity. Deer pranced. Birds alerted their brethren of the danger and flew. Even the lightning bugs, solemn and mysterious, seemed restless. I should try and return to my slumber, but in my mind I know that I will not be able to return to my dream-state until the coming moon fades and the new sun rises. With one eye open, I, the mighty hunter, concealed myself in the shadow of my elm tree, unseen and unheard. It was getting late. I lay still as I felt warm light that pierced my fortress of leaves and branches slowly fade as it was replaced by shadow, my ever-present companion. My muscles, once relaxed, stiffened. Two men come into view, carrying what look to be sticks, but I know better. No one can fool me. Those ordinary sticks grafted with metal will shoot a small tongue of flame, followed by a noise to match the largest storm. Although I do not know the effects of these flashes and thunderous noises, I have seen many beasts fall to them within the confines of my tree. Perhaps the stick is a poison shooter. Or maybe it can strike a beast with an illness of some sort. While I took in the sight, I noticed one of the men awkwardly point his stick grafted metal to the heavens and signal his partner to do the same. Then, in unison, they made thunderclaps and small flames at a passing formation of geese. However, no birds fell like usual. There could be a possibility that the poison or sickness only falls upon a worthy host. I returned my attention to the men as their voices rose. They began to curse each other, seemingly unable to string a few sentences together. I was disgusted at the sight. After a while, with their backs turned, they pulled out bottles containing an amber liquid of some sort and drank deeply. This only seemed to increase their agitated behavior and the same senseless argument arose again. The scene before me turned stale, so I unfurled my wings and rose into the sky in search of the meal. I try not to think about these things, for I, the mighty hunter, must only worry about the rising moon and the setting sun. All else is irrelevant.