

Humans

Samuel Atkins-Turkish

Monday 24th February, 2014
2014-2-24T02:03:03Z

Even the wind was careful as to the direction it was blowing in order to avoid my stinging hairs. My leaves were flowing in the direction of the wise wind, unable to sting it, minding their own business. We were idly basking in the sun, me and my brothers. We were swaying to the gregarious lullabies of the bees and the birds. We were draining the waters that once belonged to the clouds but had been stolen from the thirsty soils.

We were innocent.

The sun left before paying its debt to our lands—which was strange. It had never done so before; we had never been left in darkness before our time. The swaying came to an abrupt halt, alongside the wind and the succouring songs of the birds and bees. No sun, no wind, no song.

Little feet interrupted the eerie silence, making the hairs on our body stand with the intentions to defend this mighty throng. Giggles escaped the creature's lips, screaming simplicity Each skip was executed without care. We all sharpened our needles, not intending to hurl them at the creature but to intimidate it—to say, 'Me and my brothers will not fall without a fight!'

With every step, we felt the earth rumble and our neighbouring insects burrow deeper into the safety and comfort of the darkness. They burrowed until they reached an undisturbed area of earth. We couldn't do that for our bodies were engraved upon the soil that we previously stood upon. We were denounced soldiers at birth without a choice; unlike the rest, we cannot run. We cannot hide.

As he approached us, he began to march—a soldier sent by the human race.

Standing before us, the assassin had a twinkle of curiosity in his eyes and a demeaning smirk upon his face. His pale exterior stood shamelessly unhidden as if to show lack of fear. He raised his heavy leg, aimed at us and stabbed us, taking down my powerless brothers before my eyes. Soon after, his balance failed him and his bare shell started an onslaught upon my brothers. The curiosity that twinkled in his spiteful eyes were now more visibly twinkling blood red as blisters on his pastel-coloured skin.

He was defeated and unlike a fallen soldier in a battlefield, he hastily departed, streaming a salty substance, contaminating our environment. We could not run, nor could we get back up after our spine was disfigured by the ponderous giant.

The sun returned from hiding in hopes of resuming as normal. Not soon after, we were bathed in the shadow of the commander himself who was blinded by the fury of his soldier's skin being breaded with blisters. He took out a large blade that glowed with hunger for blood and began to hone the weapon. We honed our needles, readying for war.

He approached us and drew out his blade and began dismembering my brothers who could not put up a struggle. I watched, awaiting by doomed fate. After the screams of my brothers died down and the blade's hungry flame was satisfied by the blood of my brothers, the man headed back into camp with his head held high.

Now I lay here with my brothers piled upon me. I lay here as the leaves that once belonged to my brothers have been dismembered and cling onto me. I lay here, cursing humanity.