

As my seed hit the soft Earth, I already knew my grim fate. Standing alongside my old parents, nothing but faint stumps as the rest of my family, I grew to be alone. I had grown to learn they had served their purpose. However, unlike my ancestors, I wish to stray away from that path. Rather, I intended to never end up tossed in a fire, nor carved into a weapon of death. Instead I wished to be the path of life, shining with the sun.

Just like today, my days were quite normal.

Around midday, a boy would show up with his father, running along my trunk yelling in laughter, "Just you wait Papa! I will fly this kite higher than you someday!" The Father would give a proud chuckle as his mother smiled through the windows of her kitchen.

While the sky turned to a crescendo of fiery and cool colors, the world began to get ready for slumber. Cars began to pull up in the driveway, kids began to go home, and the streetlamps began to flicker on.

As dusk painted the sky with its fiery paint, a young couple rushed under my branches, Aster and Maria. They had often come to me for solace due to Maria's strict family. However, Aster always knew how to soothe her. Taking his violin out, he played a melancholic tune, their love blooming greater until dawn, and they would leave like nothing happened.

At sunrise, an old woman would approach me, resting against my roots as she felt that she had all the time in the world, just as she did as a child.

Today was another normal day.

Except the little boy stopped coming. His kite now laid lifelessly in my branches. His father was nowhere to be seen, assuming he was sent to serve, and his mother no longer smiled through the windows, only fearing the worst would come to her husband as it did for her child. His father wasn't holding his kite, and his mother was no longer watching from her kitchen.

The strangers in this land held their weapons, riding in their tanks. Their uncanny smiles even made me wonder if they were even human.

My heart ached as all I could do was watch them scream in pain, cry in horror, and silent in numbing grief.

Did they even deserve this?

Slowly, no one came to me.

Not the little boy, nor the couple, or the old woman.

I understood that my purpose had been lost, right after I was decorated by the people who had once adored me.

Later, I was ripped from my roots, losing the warmth I used to feel once before.

In the end I found myself burning, alongside the lifeless kite, memories, and decorations that hung on my grimly.

I knew this would happen.

Besides, it's just a normal day.

Word Count: 483