

Write a story from the perspective of a tree

I stand here, still. I stand here watching as the world evolves. I stand here as time changes, as the blossoms bloom each spring, as my leaves fall in the winter. I have watched the seeds that were buried by squirrels grow into great oaks. I stand tall and watch the little ones who used to swing on my branches grow into their roles in life. Yet, here I am, at a stand still.

Sometimes I wish I was a bird. I'd be able to fly and explore all seven wonders, like a crane migrating from the north to south in the winter, like a whale swimming the vast ocean, unrestricted, like a cloud aimlessly floating in the sky. But these roots that bind me don't define me. I am still able to do the same and more.

The rains of each season help them grow deeper and deeper into the foundation of the Earth. From a small sprout to the mightiest tree on the hill, here I am at a standstill. I've seen many things in my lifetime, borne many fruits, and soaked in all the nutrients a tree my size would need. Even at a standstill, I am not limited by myself.

I imagine myself in the stories of the cranes who come back from migration. I imagine myself in the stories I hear from the humans who have picnics underneath my branches. Each day, I look forward to new inspiration for the stories in my imagination and today was no different.

Higher above the ground, a blimp drifted quietly across the sky. I had learned once that only a handful of them still exist. And yet there it was, marking a day that felt like no other.

Today, I was going to be a blimp pilot

I imagine myself in countless aircraft like planes, jets, machines of every kind my mind could invent. I'd soared on top-secret missions, glided over landscapes bursting with cherry blossoms in bloom. But never a blimp. Never like this.

Today, I was going to know what it felt like to float and move with the sky. The feeling of the air brushing against my leaves, the wind slipping gently through my branches, making them flutter and whisper.

It was a hot, humid day. The sun was shining without mercy, but still, it was perfect.

Below me, the world carried on. People hurried along sidewalks, coffee in hand. Doors opened and closed and quick succession. Lives moved in familiar rhymes, steady routines and obligations. There was a quiet to the urgency of it all.

And here I was, suspended above it, unbounded by the rush. It felt nice to not have to chase time, not be weighed down by expectation. It felt nice to just drift, be present and alive and free. I was savouring life at a standstill.

Word count: 476