

A million pinpricks of light danced around the sky. Rugged tree trunks lit up as they passed, glowing peacefully, then being concealed by the shadows once more. Bushes stirred and rustled; the wind had come along, looking for new playmates. It picked up the branches of the trees, and the flowers of the plants, it held them in its delicate hands, its soft fingers intertwining with the throbbing emerald. At first it gently shook them, slowly encouraging the greenery to play along. But soon it could not contain its excitement, and burst out laughing. It howled as the trees waved like crazed zombies, screamed as the lights floating carefully by were extinguished in split seconds.

Hundreds of whirlwinds began, leaves and petals and sticks zooming around like motorbikes. Animals retreated, scared and frantic, bounding deep into the trees, where they would find hospitality and shelter. The wind closed its screaming mouth, then dragged itself away from the writhing plants, soaring away to find new friends. The forest was left in silence, you could almost hear its beating heart, slowing down to a halt at last, as Mother Nature laid her head down to rest.