

Holding Aspen

The sun shone down on the crispy fall leaves. It was a calm morning. The beavers still sleeping, The birds up in their nest perched quietly. All you could hear was the faint breath of four brown bears, beasts. Quiet, quiet, quiet. . .

“It's fall, it's fall!” A fox howled.

“Uggh” a beaver moaned from his lodge. “Yawn, you s-said that yesterday. And the day before and the day before that.” His muffled voice moaned. “Now Aspen be quiet!” He yelled loudly.

Aspen is a fox, the fox causing all this racket. A fox that is energetic and. . . annoying, but most of all a trouble maker. He tramples berry bushes, the bears don't like that one. Aspen also attempts to run across the Beaver's dam and even tries to eat the birds. He loved running too. It made him feel alive, so Aspen did to awaken the other side of the forest to remind them that it's Fall. . . again. He loved the breeze brushing across his face when he'd run, with cooling air drying his eyes until emotionless tears would stream down his fur. As he ran it seemed the trees were

clapping for him in the wind. He ran through meadows, galloped through fields, leaped over streams and darted past trees. Crunch crunch crunch the leaves sounded. Crunch crunch. BOOM! Branches whip Aspin as a tree toppled over crushing his spine. His head smashed a creature into the Earth. Birds flew. Aspin lay motionless under a fallen tree. Quiet. . .

Birds chirped happily the next morning. The Beavers were having a fine morning. Everything seemed perfect, to perfect.

Aspin was not having such a fine morning. He woke up not knowing where he was. He didn't realise he was under a tree until he tried to get up. Pain stunned him. It crawled up his back. Sounds were muffled except a sharp ringing that he felt would never leave. Scouting out his surroundings, Aspin noticed an arch like a ravine but smaller, about five feet high, that dropped off into a sparkling stream. It looked as if the stream was perfectly in that spot for Aspin, the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. Perfect angle, the reflection of the clouds resting on the water. Another wave of pain shocked him. He moaned as the tree

shifted down his back. Aspin lay waiting for the pain to leave,
Waiting.

The next morning Aspin woke up to the sound of thunder. It was pouring rain lightning flashed nearly blinding him. He closed his eyes. The rumbling sound of thunder shook the Earth. Crack something exploded, Lightning. Aspin started to feel mud absorbing his body. Surrounding him, swallowing him whole. There was a loud boom of thunder before Aspin was fully buried in mud.

Thoughts of his life exploded in his mind, most of them were mean. Aspin realized he was selfish, mean and annoying. He saw who he really was.

He couldn't end this way, he couldn't, not now. Aspin pushed against the tree physically and mentally, holding his breath, he managed to pop his nose from the mud. His back was now throbbing. But that did not stop him. Aspin pushed until his spine seemed to snap but that did not stop him. As he pushed his paws dug into the mud and then would slip out from under him, slip. All he had to do was slip out from under the tree. Aspin dug

a hole in the mud the size of him. Aspin pulled viciously at his tattered body scratching scars through his fur. Pain did not stop him. Aspin came up for another breath pulling for air. His body came loose and started to slip. Crack more lightning struck the area, nearly hitting Aspin. But hitting the tree. It snapped in half. Aspin... was free. free From that tree free from death. He fell to the mud with a splat and passed out.

Aspin woke up in his house trying to figure out if he had been dreaming. His den was clean. It smelled of leaves and berries. His bed of moss seemed new and clean. Aspin looked at his paws. They were covered in scars. He turned to the side and a sharp pain attacked him. He winced. A beaver stepped in, Mrs Beaver.

“Pain is normal. Did you know the tree you were crushed by was an Aspen tree.” She said

Aspin looked confused. “What?”

“The tree you were crushed by was an Aspen tree. She said

“No, how did you know I was under a tree?”

She looked at him grinning

“You saved me?!” He tried to yell

“Let's just say we saved you. Everything felt empty without you. Now rest you need it.”

Shy walked out.

Quiet quiet quiet.

The End.