

Varmints

Once, there lived an elegant, tranquil meadow. All that could be heard there, were the sounds of nature. Such as birds whispering their beautiful songs and moles chattering under the surface. People who admired and valued nature took their time and sat and just listened to the sounds around them. But there was always one little creature who really had nature in the palm of his hands. He would be willing to save nature in any situation.

But once, he did have to save to save nature. Suddenly, the varmints came. They caused cacophonies of noise everywhere. The smoke was strangling the bright blue sky, and the sounds of nature were LOST. The creature began to amble home. "I protected that meadow like my life depended on it" he thought to himself, bubbling with anger. As he walked through the huddle of zombified animals, oceans of thoughts came to his head, he was worried "will I ever see my meadow again" he thought.

People all over town dreamed that night, dreamed that they would yet again be playing and smiling in that dreamy meadow. They dreamed of harmonious birdsong; they dreamed of the murmuring moles. But suddenly, something could be heard, something that was never heard before - silence...

The creature sprung out of his bed, his body fizzing with excitement. He was praying that the varmints had gone, and that they had took their silly buildings with them. But the unexpected happened: they HAD gone. And they had took their buildings with them.

The creature sprinted down the stairs to see what was happening. There were orbs in the sky in the brightest of blue. But he realized something. He realized that the orbs had everyone's wildest dreams inside, he tried leaping into his orb. And he discovered something that he would never forget...

Once more, there he was, in his place. That was where he truly belonged. It was his meadow.

Once, there lived an elegant, tranquil meadow.

THE BEGINNING :)

By Billie