

Week 8: a story without characters

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**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

A Gentle Breeze A gentle breeze caressed the trees as the sunlight poured over it, lighting everything around it. The beautiful sound of the chirping of the birds helped create an atmosphere of serenity. A rumbling sound could be heard in the distance. "What was that?" whispered one tree to another. "I haven't the faintest idea" was the reply. "I know what they are!" cried a bird, landing on the first tree. "A new kind of vermin, spreading like wildfire. They destroy everything in their path! And they are huge! As big as one of you, even!" The trees were aghast at hearing those words. "As big as us! How is it even possible!" cried the other tree as the rumbling sound grew slightly closer. "It matters not how they came to be. What matters is they are coming" said the bird in an ever so forlorn manner. "Is there anything we can do?" asked the trees simultaneously. The bird remained silent for moments that seemed like before replying "I...don't know". They all remained quiet, listening to the rumbling sound getting closer. "What are you going to do? Is this not your home as well?" the first tree asked the bird. "I could simply fly away. The world is my home after all. The question is, my friends, what you are going to do?" asked the bird in an almost saddening tone. The trees remained silent once more. As the noise of the rumbling grew ever closer, the bird flew away. He tried not to look back as he heard the sound of his friends being crushed. A tear fell from the sky. A gentle breeze caressed the forest once more, or at least what was left of it.