

From the Ashes

A crackle was heard from the abandoned warehouse, followed by a light burst of flame. Nobody was present to witness the magical moment. A life being born from another's demise. The baby bird, with wings too brittle to open, covered in the ashes of its former body. The phoenix had been reborn. The ancient, youthful bird wandered aimlessly in the pile of ashes. The bright feathers shined as bright as the sun. The second stage. In a blink of an eye, the once small baby had grown into a bird with a wingspan the same as a flat screen TV. The bird spread its wings for the first time- a toddlers first steps. It would've been a sight to see, if the earth hadn't given in to mankind. Maybe the phoenix was a beacon of hope to all the organisms which had survived the apocalypse. Stage three. The mature phoenix took its flight over the polluted atmosphere. The sun, blocked off by the dark grey clouds of toxic gases. Miles on end of unwanted substances. The bird landed abruptly in what may have been a park. Long deserted are the swings, swaying gently in the breeze. Silence. Deadly silence. Cans, bottles, scrap metal, wet cardboard, plastic. Plastic everywhere. The curious bird poked around, searching for a glimpse of soil. The bird finally dug hard enough to reach a patch of dirt. No grass. Dirt. The sunlight hadn't been able to reach the earth. The bird tilted its head. A single sad tear dropped onto the ground. A green sprout slowly peeped through the dirt. Stage four. Heal. Heal the earth. Mend the mistakes. The next day, the bird rose and looked out across the land. Colour had begun to peep through the debris, like an artists first strokes upon a canvas. The bird had completed its mission. Stage 5. Rebirth. The bird buried itself in the ashes once again, awaiting his own demise. The bird could do nothing but wait. His eyes grew tired, his body limp. He doesn't worry. His wings set alight first. No pain. Followed by his body then beak, the ending shined the brightest. The circle of life begins again.

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