



The Storm

There was a forest filled with mighty oaks covered in vegetation, but the forest was cursed to toil in an unending storm and its soil was contaminated. Nevertheless, a little flower began to grow in the midst of the forest. The flower struggled against the wind's violent attacks, and the torrent's flurry was relentless. Sadly so, the little flower's roots didn't have a chance to become strong with the nutrients of life, so its body fell to the eroded ground. Yet, the flower miraculously grew in the storm, but its stem was lame, its leaves were withered, and its petals were never given bloom. Those that saw the flower couldn't see the beautiful rose that it could be; all that appeared were its sharp thorns and its scared body. The precious flower became nothing more than a beaten weed. It was trapped in this ongoing cycle, and its survival was doubtful. The storm delivered its wrath, and the flower could find no shelter from the rain, and the sun shined not so that it might be given life instead of death. So the precious flower perished in the storm amongst the might oaks, and the sun did shine.

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