

# Enchanted Valley

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*umm..it's a one shot thing that I had to do for creative writing. It's about a tree watching two lovers. It's in the POV of the tree ^\_^*

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# 1 - Enchanted Valley

I could hear them coming again. Their joyful laughter being carried by the soft wind. I let some flowers and leaves go on said wind as I watched the two lovers walk to the lake's edge.

Oh, they look so sweet, so happy. I always wanted to know what it would be like to be young and human...To be able to run along the soft, green grass around this place. It would be so wonderful, feeling the air through my...Well, I think it would be called 'hair' if I was human.

But, I'm stuck as a tree. A stiff, wooden cherry blossom tree. I have always envied those two lovers, sitting on the grass with my soft pink blossoms falling on their hair and all around them, their laughter and voices carried on Lady Wind's back, the smell of the sandwiches and potato salad and other delicious foods they packed for their picnic. Sometimes they would swim in Sir Lake, splashing water playfully at eachother, their hair drooping like my leaves and branches in the strom from the wetness.

The young woman is standing up now, letting her arms stretch out, the cold wind whipping across her smiling face as the young man watches her with his loving gaze, feeling something in his pocket, thinking...

Oh, what it would be like to be in love! I heard so many things about it from the humans that vist here...How it hurts, how it heals, how it could change and dissapear, or appear in an instant...But these two...These two are the best image of love I have ever seen. Oh, they aren't always nice to eachother...I have seen them in terrible fights...But they always make up with eachother in some way...I wish I could be human for one day so I can feel what a human feels and see what a human sees....I feel two birds on my branches...They have made a nest, and the nest has eggs which the female bird is sitting on. I can feel the sticks of the nest poking my hard bark, with the weight of the eggs and birds pushing them down a bit. It's not uncomfortable, oh no, anything but. It's a nice presence, there so that I know I'm not alone....But I will dread the day they leave.

I turned my attention back to the lovers. The young man is standing now, whispering things to the young girl, whose face was blushing lightly, pink as my flowers, while she smiling even brighter then the sun.

For some reason, the young man was on his knees, the grass making damp green marks on his pant leg. The young woman's eyes were wide in surprise as the man took out a tiny, black velvet box that looked like it would be soft. He opened it, revealing something bright and shiney that seemed clear and asked the young woman something, causing bright tears to go to her eyes. I could taste the salt in the tears as they hit the ground, my roots sucking up the moisture. The young woman hugged the young man, picked up the shining thing from the velvet box and placing it on her finger. Sitting down on the ground, the two tounge lovers held eachother till the warm sun went down behind the valley and hills in a series of reds, oranges, yellows, and pinks. Then they packed everything up and left, leaving behind them a scent of happyness and joy...And a feeling of lonlneyness...But I guess I could wait for the next lovers to come over to my enchanted valley...