

The Sun Beamed Rays

By Layla Farmer

The sun beamed rays of warmth upon his skin as he stepped through the flourishing glade. The trees wore leaves painted fresh with the arrival of spring, gowns of sage and chartreuse swaying on their branches. The grass was pampered by the tender breeze and was a pillow for his footsteps as he approached his family. His sister was playing with the corners of the checkered blanket, folding them over daisies as if to wish them goodnight; it was the middle of the day. His parents were arranging the picnic, placing the heavier plates of food upon the plastic wrappers so they didn't join the wind. The dog was chewing its leg. And the boy was content, and happy, and hoping that the picnic included his favourite food.

Later, when he was older and wiser, the boy walked through a dying wasteland. The seasons were replaced by an ever-lasting burn, the result of a world of spite and war. Countries were now deserts; deserts would now boil you alive. He was dehydrated, depressed, and alone in a place where his only friends were the gold of the sand and the blue of the sky. Day was constant, always alive, and he often wondered how there could be so much light in his suffocating darkness. Grains of sand tattooed themselves to his body as hunger ate his stomach and thirst drowned his senses. He wondered if he swept away the sand beneath his feet, how many bones he would find, but his shudder was stolen by the blundering gale. He hoped to find someone else, so he wouldn't be alone in an empty world. He hoped to survive. He hoped for this to end. All he could do was hope, a heavy weight on his mind, or he would collapse and be swept away by the wind.

The sun cried rays of fire upon his ailing skin as he stumbled across a sinking dune.