

MESSAGES IN THE WIND

By Jesikah Sundin

The Banshee Wind howls. Not terribly uncommon in this valley as the Harvest Moon rises. Tonight, however, the wind weeps and gnashes, ripping leaf from limb and shredding up earth and homes alike. But beneath the unyielding fury lies an urgent whisper, almost as invisible as its source.

“Run. Run. Run.”

I have never heard the gentler Maiden Wind warn our valley during the Holly King’s reign. This should have been warning enough. When her temperamental twin leaves Summer’s gilded cage, she falls under a spell and slumbers until the Oak King wakes her with a kiss. She sighs, long and slow, as her verdant eyes flutter open, and the valley slow dances and frolics with each blushing reverie of her budding romance. It is welcomed relief. Especially under the sun’s Summer affection when her breath is a cool kiss on fevered brows.

Tonight, her voice is different. Almost unrecognizable.

“Run. Run. Run.”

Bare limbs claw my home. Trees groan in agony. Debris bashes my window, begging to be let in, safe from the storm’s gathering rage. The Banshee Wind screams her torment once more and the entire house shakes with her fury. My window shatters and tiny shards of glass twinkle like glittering stars against the shadows of my room. As I lay curled up and trembling on my straw bed, clutching my blankets while dead leaves, twigs, and pieces of the night sky come rushing through the gaping wound in my house, I realize my grave mistake.

I should have run.



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