

## **Just the Way Things Go.**

The monkey would sit on the same tree, at the same time, every day. His feet grasped the tree branch, slowly eating banana after banana, as he looked out over a nearby cliff. In the morning he watched the sunrise, slowly climbing its way up the sky. The monkey likes this part of the day the most. The way the sun slowly comes out from hiding behind the trees, illuminating everything from the leaves to the little frogs that play around him. Little frogs of all colors glistened in the orange glow of the sun. Little frogs play there every day, jumping, croaking, and licking their beady little eyeballs. The monkey always wondered what it would like to be a frog, such beautiful colors, such power as they leap, and no other animal messes with them. Sure they sometimes miss a jump and fall horribly to their death, turning to paste as they hit the ground. But that is just the way things go.

As the sun slowly continues to rise it reaches its peak as the day reaches its hottest. The monkey hates this part of the day, it is almost too hot. The sun violently beats down on everything, and the trees it once illuminated so beautifully start to look oppressed underneath the sun as do the snakes that like to bask in the warmth. The monkey thinks they look like twigs slowly melting back into the branches. Now and again, their slippery tongues slip out from their mouths and slowly slip back in. The monkey wonders how such violent animals could look so peaceful, just before this, the snake had strangled the life out of the rat and swallowed it whole. There is still a lump in its midsection, that the monkey knows will disappear in another 30 minutes. The monkey looks at his belly, he has had a bump for almost two years now and it hasn't gone away yet. The monkey looks back over as a hawk swoops down and snatches the snake from the tree, rips it in half with his large talons, and flies away. Such peace met with such violence. The snake never even saw it coming, but maybe that is just the way things go.

By this point in the day, the sun is beginning its long descent back into the trees. The monkey looks around to see the jungle going to sleep. The snakes and frogs have all gone back to some hole or lily pad somewhere. No birds are circling above to snatch dinner from a tree. The monkey turns to climb down to his sleeping branch when he sees a face he has never seen before. It looks like a monkey with weird legs and the only hair it has is on the top of its head. The monkey looks at it, it looks back at him, and it slowly lowers itself to the ground. The monkey is confused but as it is bedtime it makes sense that it is getting low. The bald monkey pulls a large stick from its back, and holds it in its two familiar-shaped hands, resting a cheek on the butt end of the stick. The bald monkey points it right at him, then there is a flash and the monkey feels something creep into his chest. He looks down, blood is dripping down onto the branch he is on. He falls from the tree like a frog. Is this the way things go?