

*Limited third person narrator, character experiencing something for the first time, stuck mainly to the point of view from one character. Narrator has some light aspects of omniscient narrator, mixed tone. – week 5 Abouela revision (it isn't exactly the same as the sample piece or exercise asked for)*

He saw her feet dangling just above the ground, his legs were relaxed and spread out over the gravel. Separated by an apple and a bar of chocolate, they sat together on the wooden bench. Winds blew through high trees, brushing leaves, rustling the air. Birds sang little songs, hovering over the little creek. The wooden bench rested, besides the creek.

“What do you think of that tree?”

“Looks like a small birch to me” she responded.

“Isn't it crazy how it just stands there. All that wind flowing through his branches and leaves. He never moves, he just - is.”

With a subtle grin, she watched the tree's leaves dance in the wind.

“Wouldn't it feel amazing to be a tree and be in the full sun? All that light hitting all your leaves at the same time. That warmth flowing through your entire core”

“And if you get thirsty you can just drink some from the creek” she said

“Exactly!”

He looked in awe at the tree, but his eye subtly glanced at the side of her face. Her little smile warmed him up, flowing *chaleur* along his core.

“This feels nice” she said.

He smiled

“It does.”

As the sun enveloped behind the blanket of pinkish clouds, a gentle breeze swooped over the creek. The sky felt lukewarm, an early summer's eve warm. Brushing over, the breeze brought some freshness to their skin. They both simmered a gentle amber glow.

“I wonder what the previous person sitting on this bench was thinking about.”

“Hmm, maybe they wondered whether the gas was still on?” she replied.

He grinned

“Yeah could be, I hope whatever meal he made tasted nice” he said.

“Or he wondered how it would feel to be a tree in the open sun” she said.

“Pfft, something only a crazy person would say” he replied.

He glanced at her. He saw her hands curling her long brown hair between them.

“It’s so peaceful out here” he said.

“It really is” she replied.

Rustling leaves breathed a moment of silence between them. Fresh grassy smells bristled his nose. And the cold creek shimmered gently, below a fading orange sun.

“I feel safe with you” she said.

Overwhelmed but calm, his eyes sparkled damp. He was moved - but couldn’t move. His arm too heavy to carry over the bench and wrap around her shoulders. The summer’s breeze wrapped them both in its fresh flows, before crossing the creek. Birds sang little songs, and clouds drifted pinkish forth. The sun was fading, the day almost at its end.

There on the wooden bench in the dark, along dancing trees, below sleeping birds and besides the cold creek, two small flickering embers had fallen in each other’s embrace. Glowing an amber lukewarm summer’s eve – together.