Moonlight Watcher

certifiableGrimalkin

Leaves waved in the gentle wind. A bush rustled, and then hoped not to garner attention. Moonlight glimmered on the path, spotty after caressing the foliage. An attention-seeking twitter of a night bird resounded, easing the nerves of the bush. 'Last warm cup of tea, for today', thought the bush, 'It should be arriving here, soon.' An imperceptible glimmer of a well worn thermos shone through the leaves and branches. A faint pouring left a puff of steam floating up, only to be cut down by the thirsty, emerald blades the bush was armed with. The herbal smell tried to spread around, but the dew of the late night satiated the cold air with its own essence. An inaudible sipping proceeded.

The cup was three quarters emptied, when the creature arrived in the distance. The bush stopped, and carefully put the cup to the side. It was nearing, it's coat a shining silver against the moon. It looked brilliant in these regions, but in the snowy forests north from here, whereto it was currently underway, it was as invisible as the bush hoped to be this very moment. It walked proudly, unafraid, uncaring of the dangers around. There was an elegance to it's steps, each paw touching the ground gently, lightly, hiding the power the creature could unleash should it need to.

It was getting closer. The bush could see the long fur of the creature shake gently in the light breeze. Nothing was more mesmerising, than the waving fur, following the smoothly erratic movements of the creatures tail. At times, it seemed to the bush as if the silver fur was floating in the air like it was underwater. A dangerous, mysterious beauty, not unlike the sweet scents of flesh-eating flowers, or the glowing lights of creatures of the deep underwaters. It drew everything in, by just existing, and the bush had to remind themself, that they were to remain immobile.

The creature stopped. It was maybe 3 meters away from the bush. The bush hoped that the speedy beating of their heart wasn't betraying them. The creature looked around, its white eyes glowing in the night, piercing through the trees and shrubbery. The bush held still, as still as they could, not blinking, not swallowing, not breathing, only listening to the pulsing of blood from their traitorous heart. They tried to meet the searching gaze of the creature, but it always skirted around them, giving not even the reprieve of fear.

The night bird sang once more, this time, from a greater distance, but just as clearly. The sound carried through the night, and another night bird returned it. They had found each other. The creature stood still, its ears attentive to the sounds around. Then it relaxed its muscles, and took a

step. It stopped for a second more, to see if anything might have warranted its attention after all, but then continued on.

And it passed by, continuing its voyage to the cold lands to the north. The bush gazed upon the last shimmers of its silver fur, as they disappeared in the distance. They picked up the cold cup of tea, and downed the rest of it, and started packing, to return home and to draw, to describe, to write about what they had experienced.