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The Songbird

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The Songbird

Shirah Mark (Public Relations and Digital Marketing 2026)

There came a sudden whoosh of wind from the chilled night air. Her tiny little birdy body gave a shiver as she ruffled the feathers that would soon learn flight that the others so often did. She squinted her slitted eyes as they adjusted to the darkness when a sparse cloud passed over the full swell of the moon. Around her lay large evergreens that cast vast shadows upon the prickly grass. The aroma of sappy pine cones and sweet, crisp apple revealed winter was not far off. Venomous screeches sounded in the distance as the little bird feebly twisted further back into the nest. When would Mother come back and comfort her with a caress of the head? She yearned for her fearless protector who would shroud her in sheltered warmth. How this enormous blood-curtailing world was created for a baby song-bird like her was something she could not fathom. Different insect chirps sounded all around. And again, a mighty gale rose up and rattled the tiny straw nest built high above on a thinning branch. The night became a dizzy swirl of stars as it spiraled downwards again and again. Not once in her weeklong life had she felt this helpless, doomed almost. It seemed gravity had pulled on her heart, wanting her to stay afloat.

There sounded a fractured CRACK as the ground came barreling up into her head. No more was the sweet sound of crickets. No more was the slivered moon that cast its light upon her. There was only blissful darkness. No joy, no sorrow; it was as if she was swept into a black hole. In a flash she was atop one of the branches looking down at a frail broken body. Its tiny head was contorted in an unnatural manner. Specks of inky blood coated the pink body like freckles atop a paled face. Its eyes squeezed shut as if the bird was stuck in a hellish nightmare. It almost seemed as if the tiny blades of grass impaled the body, like a head atop a spike. She realized that she was looking at herself. She was no more now, yet it seemed like she was swimming in a never-ending bubble, a ghost in her own dream. She understood that she had been slain by a strong gail that night and would never have the sun atop her face, wind through her wings, her mother... She would be childless—always searching for a tiny, pink body that was of her own flesh. Her ghostly form was saddened as it dawned on her that this ghostly world would remain her reality until her carcass became devoured by the creatures of the night. She mourned this tragedy.