

FANTASY

Surged

By Avalon Suriano

A crisp breeze passing by gets caught in the tangle of long ebony hair atop a small-framed girl. She shivers as the coolness plays at her now-exposed neck. Goosebumps rise along her almond-coloured skin. Her nose runs slightly with each chilled breath.

Fall is a time of brisk air. The iciness cascades throughout the maze of her organs and bloodstream. Her breath puffs out like a locomotive, breathing in, breathing out, oxygen into carbon. As she tramps through the woodlands, freshly fallen leaves crunch under the weight of each step, dissolving into dust and other fine particles.

As she reaches the top of the hill, every fiber of her body begins to surge with electrical energy that emanates from the metropolis below. She overlooks the glowing city as electricity courses throughout the autumn air, soaking into her skin.

Every building lights up as the sun begins to set. The sky is kept dimly glowing by the company of light pollution, masking the once star-filled sky.

Around her, drab bracken and withered branches lie somber in the twilight. She looks over to the place she calls home: nothing but decay and rot cover the land. Anger oozes off the petite girl. Memories of her once pristine forest, now devastated by pollution, descend on her. Taking a deep breath, she raises her arms, tilts her head back, and exhales. With each new breath, electricity surges. Street lights and building windows zap out one by one. Her strength and power absorb the electrical waves of the city. The static surges trace the maze of her veins as she breathes in the enriching energies. Sparks dance between her fingers like morning dew on a spider's web. Rapture sounds throughout each of her cells as they vibrate along the surface of her skin. Her mind becomes hazy and her eyes glaze over, just as

the city below is cloaked in darkness. Hair whipping back, she sways side to side as she walks down the steep hill into the forest. A shaky breath escapes her lips as the autumn weather bites at her exposed skin, numbing her fingers. She gets to work fast.

Microscopic particles bolt through her finger tips, rejuvenating the surrounding forest with each touch. Spark by spark, the landscape comes to life. Vibrant greens, blues, purples, and pinks kaleidoscope all that surrounds her as unimaginable creatures wake from their slumbers to witness the display. Like watching the colours erupt out of fireworks, the evergreen spectacle of nature comes to life. Each blade of grass glows its own shade of emerald as hundreds of wildflowers begin to emerge from the darkened forest. With each breath, the air grows thick with newly flowered perfumes.

The intensity of the energized matter begins to dwindle within the raven-haired girl as the woodlands absorb the stolen energy source. She enters a small clearing where the pollution of humankind has yet to reach. Stars appear and dot the night sky. Above the girl, their light twinkles gently for the first time in years. Inhaling the cool air one last time, she exhales the last of the electrical energy. Her body relaxes, and her shoulders drop. In one fell swoop, the remaining power pulsating throughout her veins is released. A colour spectrum launches out of her body and is soaked up by the elements of nature around her as all of the city's energy is restored back to the earth. She uses the last of the stolen resource to block out the sounds of the city below, leaving the trees and creatures a peaceful place to rest.

Fatigued, the girl trudges over to her hidden cabin at the foot of another nearby hill. The entrance is cloaked in a curtain of lush emerald vines, while the dirt floor is cushioned by a layer of soft lichen. Beckoning the girl into the corner of the modest dwelling is a bed made of evergreen branches and moss. She shrugs off her clothing and slumps into bed. The soft smell of pine trees invites her into a deep sleep.