Through the eyes of the ancient oak

I have stood in this grove for thousands of years, my bark now weathered, my branches now torn. I have witnessed hundreds of summers, felt the fingers of countless children climb my branches. My roots drink from the same stream over, and over again.

It is a pleasure to be reminded of the bond between the earth and I, yet it is a pain to think about the brothers that I have lost, that have stood beside me. Drinking from the same stream.

I remember the hope that I found. It feels like as if it was yesterday. The slightly rounded cap that peeked through the dirt, the stalk that inched higher every day. The skin of my friend, a tinge of green on a pale yellow. When It had grown, I learnt its name. Deathcap.

He took pleasure in pain, each wicked smile more and more inhumane. He sank his roots into the soil, stealing the river. But I reached to the sky, climbing upwards, inch by inch. Slower than before.

I remember how a little girl would come every day, and whisper secrets into my bark. I remember when she brang home the deathcap, she had no idea how I wept for my friend, that has accompanied me all this way. I listened to his silent screams carried away on the autumn wind. Desperate. Helpless.

I remember the girl crying into my branches, sobbing in a language that I could not decipher. “Why… Why? Why are my parents dead?” Then I realised. He wasn’t my friend. The deathcap became my enemy.

The sky did not pity me in the ways that I pitied the girl. It did not rain. It did not shed a single tear. But I still climb upward. Slower than ever.

My roots were frail, loose in the dirt. The slightest breeze culd sway my trunk. My leaves were falling. One by one.

 The sky darkened, taking on an ominous hue. Storm clouds gathered. The wind direction became erratic, shifting unpredictably. Birds flew from their ness, all panicky calls and shivering feathers. Then It was calm. The calm before the storm.

On that fateful day, I was pulled from the ground, torn from the earth. I looked wearily across the horizon, tired. Tired but happy. I was one of the many that were pulled from their homes. Including the deathcap.

For that reason, I laughed. A laugh of wonder and joy, a laugh lasting forever within me. I was dying, but my soul was free. As free as a dove released from a cage. I could now explore the earth, I could do what I was restricted to before.

I knew that I would be remembered. A symbol of hope and peace. At least, for the little girl. But sometimes I wonder if it were true. It was a beautiful thought but quite unrealistic. I wonder, was this just because… Because I saw my life, through the eyes of the ancient oak.