

The wind rocked the swings, coaxing a sigh from them as gentle as a forgotten dream. Silent and still, the slide waited patiently, its once-polished surface dimmed by time, while its silence remained heavy with the ghost of laughter that had long since faded. The see-saw gleamed faintly in the pale light, its silver skin worn dull by seasons of rain and the silence where joy was once alive. Anna walked on the peeled pathway, previously painted with all the colours of the rainbow. Time had taken its shine, and now the pathway lay gray and dull, its surface etched with the traces of forgotten afternoons.

A single leaf dropped from a tree, brushing past the groaning climbing frame, casting a shadow of dances on the floor. As Anna lay her fingertips on the metal bars, it gasped for a split second, then stopped, as if it was afraid yet surprised to see her. She perched herself on the giant swing, and memories of her younger brother's voice flashed back, echoing in her ears like a lullaby. She could almost see him standing in front of her right now, his smile bright, urging her to come to the see-saw with him. But the seat of the see-saw remained empty. Still. Lifeless. Miserable.

Maybe all these memories were too much for her. She gazed up at the sky, studying the vibrant colours. Hues of soft gold, flamingo pink, ocean blue and pastel orange smudged the sky, with streaks of lavender purple appearing every now and then, painting the atmosphere with a warm glow as the sun melted into the horizon. She turned to leave, whispering goodbye to the sky and the forgotten equipment. The breeze gave the swing a final gentle push, with her brother's laugh echoing silently behind her. Then, the playground fell silent like her visit had never happened, but waited for the next visitor to come.