

Song of the Birds

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Chapter 1

Water droplets pour down to make an ocean. One tiny seed grows to make an apple tree. Something so small becomes something so big and vital for many animals and plants.

I slowly turn my head to look out my window. The wind hits the glass with great force, mixing in snow and rain along with it. I inch closer to the window and peak out to see what it going on. I feel like a rabbit peaking out of its hole to sniff out danger.

It seems lonely outside, not a single car crosses by, not a single kid steps outside, not a single bird chirps to warn its fellow group of danger coming.

The town seems pretty lonely, what is usually packed with people and cars going crazy is empty, and maybe that is why Mother Nature is causing a commotion. Maybe she is asking “Where are my people?” “Why have you all left me?” She’s upset and she’s crying down chunks of sleet.

Chapter 2

A knock is at my bedroom door, my body jumps a little in shock. The door opens and mom stands in the doorway, dressed in her summer colors in the middle of November. She wears a long yellow tank top with one of her usual long skirts that flow down to her ankle with vibrant tropical colors. And on her ankles mom wears her collection of anklets and bracelets.

I don’t understand how it is easy for her to be happy. How easy she makes breathing, living look. How easy she makes living with a mentally unstable daughter like me look.

“Come on out Grey” She said to me. “Mr. Perry should be here soon”

I stand up; my legs are numb from sitting in one place for so long. I struggle to walk over to my door and I even hold moms hand for support.

She didn’t bother to tell me that I need to get out of my room once in a while, she was as tired of telling me that as much as I am tired of listening to her say it.

I walk over to the dining room, where all of my books are neatly placed. I sit listening to the howl of the wind and the quite humming of the refrigerator.

Minutes past and I am unaware, but soon Mr. Perry is by my side. He clears his throat to get my attention. I turn around quickly and say good morning.

Mr. Perry was dads pick, and I am thankful that dad took over picking out a teacher for me because if mom had to pick one I would end up wanting to pull my eardrums out and throw them out the window.

Dad said Mr. Perry has years and years of experience in teaching. Anyone who spends just a couple of minutes with him can tell how educated he is.

After a slow hour of sine and cosine and another painful hour of talking about meiosis and mitosis, I was ready to call it a day, but Mr. Perry had other plans.

Mom brought over a cup of tea and biscuits for Mr. Perry and my daily dose of coffee. For a couple of minutes we just blew at the steam rising from our drinks, taking small sips. I start to feel myself gaze off into another world, one with less terror. I drift off to my past.

Back to the days I was a normal girl with a few close friends and failing subjects to worry about.

I remember staring at the clock in my classroom for minutes and minutes, so it seemed but the clock told me otherwise.

When the school bell finally rang to say “the day is over” I would be the first one running out of my class, pushing and showing kinds through the door and hallways.

As soon as I opened the main entrance door, cleansed air would fly into my lungs. It almost made me feel like I could sniff up all the air surrounding me and float up and up, until I could touch the clouds, until every human looked like an ant.

To bad every human isn’t an ant. Imagine how beautiful the earth would still look if we were all just ants. We wouldn’t cause any destruction. The earth would be the most peaceful place.

As humans we seem to think we can have whatever walks by us, stands by us, or floats by us. We are a very selfish kind. We want, want and want but can never satisfy ourselves. We are weak, we are foolish, and we are a danger. We are the tornado of greed, we are the tidal wave of destruction, and we are all just a hurricane of loneliness, emptiness and sadness, who hopes that having something will make us happy.

What’s even worst is that we need to be lonely to find out that we are lonely, we need to be empty to find out that we are empty, we have to be sad to know what sadness is. We must experience it to know it.

I begin to feel a fluid falling down my face, at first I think it’s the steam from the coffee condensing off of my face but then it drops to my lips. I take a taste as I come back to reality. They are tears, big, fat, sad tears, I find out I have been crying the whole time I was thinking. I find that Mr. Perry has been watching me cry. My cheeks flush. I feel my ears get warm.

I feel cool hands touch my cheeks, and instantly mom’s by my side trying to comfort me.

“I think we’ll call that a day now” said mom as Mr. Perry begins to stand up.

I feel claustrophobic. I have never had anyone by my side as I was crying in a long while. I feel uncomfortable. I wiggle to get out from mom’s hand around me. Then I wipe all the tears away as I make a run for it.

I run straight towards my room. I feel as if I am running away from a giant cloud of embarrassment and shame.

When I see my light blue walls, gloomy grey bed, I begin to feel relaxed. I plop on my bed and get a blanket over my body and sob over my pillow.

When did I become so weak? It all happened in a flash, a loud bang, a fearful cry, and a thought of danger. I am unable to think anymore, my mind is a fearful place.

How can the mind be a place full of such good and beautiful things and have such terror at the same time? Nothing can be worst than your own mind. It’s the only place you can’t escape from.

Chapter 3

I am in a dark room, I can't see anything or anyone. I can't even tell if my eyes are opened or closed. I begin to hear faint noises in the distance, but as seconds past by they become louder, and louder. Soon I begin to realize what the sound is, it makes my stomach turn, lips dry, and palms sweaty. I close my eyes and try to forget what the sound is, to never have known what a gunshot really sounds like what it smells like. But I do know.

I hear a women scream, a loud horrible scream for help. I can't help her, I can't see her. My heartbeat becomes louder. I begin to breathe hard but I don't want to make a noise.

The blackness begins to engulf me, I panic and absolute terror begins to rise as I hear this women cry out for help. It sounds exactly the same as the first time. She's helpless.

Suddenly I remember this can't be real. I must be dreaming. But I can't wake up, it's like I am stuck in my own mind, or stuck in reality.

The screaming hasn't stopped. I try to cover my ears. I feel dizzy; I can feel myself spinning around and around. Then with a bang and a loud cry everything stops. I fall to the ground, I am falling and falling.

Letting out a loud cry, I see light. My eyes are opened, I am awake. I feel hands brush my cheeks but it only startles me more. I yank it away screaming "no".

Although I know I am awake I am still confused. My heart keeps racing, to a finish line called death. I'd rather die, die than relive what just happened.

Moms whispering words do not comfort me. Tears and snot seem to keep coming out of my eyes and nose.

I wiggle out of my blanket to put my head on the headboard but I am still shaking. I don't want to talk to my mom, but I do.

"How long have you been here?" I ask, my voice comes out shaky and quite.

"Long enough" says mom "Grey, we need to get you to a therapist. You need help. We know you won't tell us what's wrong which makes me think why you would tell a therapist, but still it could really help.

"We remember how happy you were just last year. I wish you would start talking to us again" She begins shedding tears. I don't know weather to comfort her or ignore her.

"Don't you want to go back to your old school? See your old friends? Don't you even miss going outside?" My answer is "yes" to all of them, but I don't tell her.

She makes it sound so easy, easy to get back on your feet, easy to start where you left off again. But none of these things are easy when you are a coward like me.

I am the most selfish human ever. I only cared about myself, I only cared about my own safety. But I also know I couldn't have done anything even if I tried. I was

helpless, that women was helpless. Now no one can help her out of her grave, and no one can help me out of mine.

I wish I was like a drop of water filling an ocean. That is what I want to be.

I realize that everything is quiet. I look up and see my mom waiting for me to give her an answer.

“So, what do you say, will you visit a therapist?”

I spend a little while thinking about my answer. If I say “no” I am going to get another speech. But I defiantly do not want to visit a shrink. I don’t want to tell anyone anything, I want to die drowning in my own emotions, and I feel as if it’s easier than pouring out all my feelings to a stranger.

But I feel defeated, defeated by my parents and myself. I feel exhausted I want to close my eyes and feel nothing, absolutely nothing.

So, I say “yes”. She tells me everything is going to be okay and leave.

Chapter 4

The rest of the day I spend watching the snow flakes fall gently on the ground. Soon I see the snowflakes piling on top of each other to create a snow pile. I watch my neighbors step outside to clear the snow. I feel disappointed. The snow falls and falls for hours and then a human comes and destroys its creation.

The snow begins to fall faster as the flakes become larger and larger. I can’t decide if I am drawn to the scenery of snow swirling and wind blowing or afraid of it. But something inside of me screams to know what it feels like again, to touch a snowflake, the feeling of it quickly melting on my palms. Something inside of me wants to know what it feels like to have a chilly wind brush against my face. Something in me wants to experience it again so badly.

But I also must remember the danger lurking outside, even if it is in my own backyard. My fears have taken over me so much that I have begun to think the only safe place is hidden in my blanket. But the truth really is that being so isolated is just as dangerous as the outside world. I have learned to know this, but I also have trouble accepting it.

The snow keeps falling. Tiny birds come by to take a taste of the snow. They are so free. Yet there is so much danger for them but it’s so fascinating that such tiny creatures doesn’t let anything stop them.

I stagger up to my window and press my nose against the cool glass. Tapping my fingers against the window, I make a faint noise. The birds hear it and freeze. I see them spotting me staring at them. They all flap their little wings and take off.

I am surprised when they return minutes later. The birds don’t let my presence scare them from coming back. They are so brave, I admire these tiny creatures. More than admire, I feel myself drawn to them, which scares me.

I crave their freedom and bravery, something I haven’t had for such a long time. I feel like if I could just grab one they would share some of their bravery with me. I long to touch one of their soft, brown feathers, to feel it across my skin.

I get one of those five-seconds-of-bravery, like the one’s you get right before you are about to jump into the water. I pull open my window. It’s big enough for me to fit through. Putting one hand on the window frame I pull myself up to sit on the window.

Excitement rushes through me and I feel the cold air rub against my skin. It feels refreshing. I jump to the ground, my slippers slowly getting wet.

I am scared, but I am also amazed. I look at the piles and piles of snow in awe. I look at the trees covered in white snow and the frightened birds escaping my presence.

I feel as if I am stuck in one place, overwhelmed by everything I see. Not knowing what to do, I look up at the sky. Snowflakes gently fall on my eyebrows, eyelashes and nose. It tickles me as it turns into cold water on my face.

Forgetting about all the possibilities of danger I head over to a large maple tree which has lost all its leaves for the winter. The tiny birds were once here, I lay on the same place they stood and wish for them to come back.

“I am not like other humans, I won’t hurt you” I whisper.

“Please come back, I haven’t seen a bird so close in so long”

But my begging doesn’t seem to work.

The wind blows and gives my whole body chills, my fingers begin to turn red, my pale skin had turned pink. But more importantly I feel like the wind is collecting my fears and floating them somewhere else.

My ears detect a beautiful faint noise, I close my eyes and concentrate on where it is coming from. I push myself up and guide my eyes up the maple tree. On it stands a chickadee singing its beautiful song. The excitement I feel makes tears build up on my eyes.

Finally I get to experience something that isn’t from behind a glass window. To hear, not just see. And I realize how much I have been missing out. Little things as feeling a snowflake fall on your face, little things like hearing a bird sing to you, those things do not seem so little to me anymore.

Experiencing what I have seen can damage anyone, but it is ultimately my choice to either let that define me or to overcome it. I know I have been hiding in my hole long enough, but now I feel as if the storm has passed. Time to recover from it, I know it is time because I feel sick of feeling this way every single day.

Seeing these tiny birds be brave and keep singing their song even after a time of danger has pulled me out of this dark path. I know I can learn the song of the birds and become happy again. Finally everything will be over. But I also know it will take a long time to feel normal again, but that is okay because all I have is time.