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The Unchanging Season

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The Unchanging Season

By: Samuel De La Cruz

Flowers used to bloom in the spring. The sun would shine down warm and bright in the summer. Autumn brought colors of joy and cool weather. Winter would come, and a blanket of snow would rush underneath our feet. Just as beautiful as the seasons was the home that I lived in. It flourished with colorful flowers and all the shades of green in the trees and grass. In the winter, it looked like a cozy shed laid out underneath the snow and amongst the white sprinkled trees. Even more beautiful was my daughter who lived there, Cornelia. Her smile was as radiant as the sun, her eyes glistened like the stars, and her hair flowed with waves like the ocean. At the start of every season, Cornelia would welcome them with their own song and dance made just for them, and they would change for her. Her songs whistled through the trees for everyone to hear, letting them know what time of year it was. All forms of life, from the air to the land and the sea, were happy because Cornelia loved them as they loved her.

But somewhere far away, someone began singing a song of their own. As the months passed, it grew louder and louder. It spread so fast and far that months turned to weeks and weeks into days. When the song reached our land, the animals, trees, and life all became fearful and stood still. Cornelia grew very ill as a result and began declining rapidly.

Still, in her sickness, she was intrigued as to where the song was coming from and asked, "Father, take me to follow the song to the mysterious person, please. I want to meet them before my time nears."

I exclaimed, "Cornelia, my little one, you have nothing to worry about. It is only a sickness and will pass as swiftly as the seasons change. But if you insist, I will take you."

We left with nothing except ourselves and my desperation to save my only daughter. I left not only because my daughter wished it but because I wanted to meet the one whose song was killing my Cornelia. Our journey was long and tiresome, and along the way, the green of the trees and the grass became duller. Flowers were not colorful but were pale as death. Animals were scarcely present, and the sun could not shine through the thick fog permeating our skin. Cornelia grew weaker and weaker the further we continued. Soon, we saw a light in the distance, the only light that shone through the fog. As we approached the light, we found a luxurious, gigantic home built from the very trees that were cut down from

the area. We knew that this was where the song was coming from, as the house sucked the color out of every living thing nearby.

We knocked on the door, and out came a lavishly dressed man. Inside, I could see foods from animals of every kind imaginable.

He answered, "Can I help you two?"

"We have come from far away and have heard your song," I told him. "It is causing great turmoil around my land and has made my daughter ill. Please, I implore you to stop or else all life will cease."

"I am sorry, but I cannot stop. This is my life, my way of survival; if I stop singing, I will not prosper. I will die. Look at what good it's doing for me. See all the food and warmth inside my house. Do you see?" the man replied.

I begged him again and again to stop and look around him to see the damage, but the fog was too thick for him to see past himself.

Finally, my daughter said, "Come, father, let this luxurious man live his life, and we will live ours."

We made our journey back through the forsaken land while Cornelia was drawing near her end. We continued our journey and found a shed surrounded by dried trees and dead flowers, and animals were nowhere to be found. I peered closer and found that this shed was my own. My daughter, now at her last breath, sang her last song and shed a tear. As I held her in her final moments, her tears gently fell, and her breath slowly faded.

The seasons changed no more. It was too hot for snow to fall, too dry for life to grow, and there were no animals to graze the pale remnants of the once beautiful land. I live in this unchanging season, wishing I had done more, wishing I were no more. But as I look out my window, I see a single colorful flower standing proudly in the spot where my daughter had shed her final tear. It's a Cornelia flower, and in this, I find hope that maybe one day she will return.