

The Dance

Laura

She danced and she danced and she...you get the idea. The slightest movement within her produced an electrifying movement in her limbs and torso. Twisting and turning, she was a product of the life force, the energy within and without. Moving through the white daisies, the gentle, nurturing spring sun caressed her silken body, and the look in her eye conveyed an innocence that could only be had from an eternity of raw experience. Twirling and spinning, she lost all sense of time until it became just another deposit in her memory bank. Arching her spine, she threw her head back like a long-necked swan or a wolf baying at the moon. Laughing with sheer glee, she skipped through the smiling flowers, falling on their bed of ecstasy.

"At least she looks peaceful," the golden-haired lady commented between sobs.

"That she most certainly does," said the tall, handsome man beside her with a faint smile.

They turned away while the coroner slid the white sheet over their grandmother's serene face. He picked a daisy off the sheet in wonder as the sad lady and handsome man left without another look.

You're Not Who You Think You Are

Laura

A small chinchilla was walking through a forest of wood scraps when a little bird started singing nearby. He craned his little neck to see who was making this beautiful music, but the bird was nowhere to be seen. He ran up onto a boulder, his little heart pounding so hard that he almost couldn't hear the beautiful music anymore.

Where was that darn bird?! Just then he felt the delicate touch of a feather brush his cheek, so he whirled around in that direction only to find... nothing. The music was getting louder now and the air was obviously being swished around by what must have been wings.

The aggravated chinchilla gave an emphatic sigh as he plopped down onto his rock. As he gave one last glance around, he sat up with a start as his eyes finally made contact with the bird! Ah ha! There she is! He moved slowly over to the bird so as not to scare her away, and peered into her beady little eyes.

"Why have you been hiding from me, Miss Canary?" His mouth opened in rage. "Hey, stop copying me! Would you please stop mimicking every word and move I make?!"

Now he was right up in her face; forget about being polite. "What's the big idea?!"

His nose was right up to hers. "I have half a mind to pluck every fea... TAP!!" went the mirror against his nose as he/she passed out in fright.