



The Chronicles of a Leaf by Aidan Fowles

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Spring

As the leaves unfurled their pretty green colour, one leaf stood apart from the others. It had feelings. Hidden in the depths of Mere Sands Wood, the leaf hung in the cool breeze. Weather ranged in the north-west of England from rainy gloom to glorious sun. Various dog-walkers in trench coats and jackets emerged from behind the shrubbery, setting a feeling of love in the leaf's heart. He swung around aimlessly, looking for another leaf, begging for love. He knew he had time because their fall was two seasons away and he was pretty new. He had trusted his branch to carry him through his life and his life had started like a firework, sending an ear-splitting crackle through the sky. Inside, he felt love everywhere.

Summer

Summer came from nowhere. It was such an unreliable season in the North. Sometimes the sun emerged, sending a golden light over the trees, people desperate for shade. Or the clouds dismissed the sun and set a grey gloom over the footpaths. But there was one leaf who had feelings for him. She had grown next to him, but without him realising, she had loved him all this time. He finally had someone who had emotions and was the same. He felt different, as if something had brought him closer to the world. Kindness spread throughout him and the wind didn't bother him a single bit. All he cared for was the leaf swaying next to him. But one day he turned a maroon shade and felt his beauty disappear.

Autumn

He had seen his girlfriend fall into a yellow colour and felt sadness overcome his love. He realised his days were coming to an end and the tree which had kept him for his short life was going to let him down. And one day he fell. He lay on the ground looking up at his girlfriend in despair. In the breeze, he lay for days, until he was hoisted up into someone's hands and tossed around by a toddler in a blue Thomas The Tank Engine coat. He heard people call him Joe. Now he was stuck with a boy called Joe. Tears welled and he was carried until he arrived at a concrete area, underneath a blanket of colourful cars. They took the leaf into a family Nissan and drove off. Five minutes later, he arrived at a brick house in a long row, stretching up a paved street. It had a gabled rooftop with a small garden, shielded by a wooden fence. A kitchen was at one side and a living room on the other with a bathroom at the far end with a shallow staircase

disappearing out of view. That was what the leaf captured in a brisk sighting. He was put into a transparent box in a small bedroom, decorated with posters out of comics and magazines.

Winter

He felt glad that he had been taken in by a happy family but was desperate to see his girlfriend in case she might disintegrate and fall into the icy ground. The winter weather in Lancashire was mostly a cold breeze with a chilling touch to the cheekbone. They never got snow. But one day it arrived. Snowflakes drifted through the breeze as the leaf observed through the bedroom window. The plastic box blurred his view. When Christmas came, he saw the enormous lights and small decorations and trees. He smelt roast chicken, cooked with oiled carrots and fresh stuffing. The seasons started over again and he wished he could restart but knew the branch would grow new leaves and maybe they would have feelings...