

What Happened That Day

By Clickhere

Submitted: October 22, 2008

Updated: December 5, 2008

Umm... cant say much... it's about a forest being chopped down...please check it out and leave lots of comments!

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The Great Oak's branches spread over the forest like the wings of a giant bird. Many trees were dwarfed by the Great Oak's magnificent appearance, her papery leaves turning red and orange and yellow, as sign that summer was leaving and autumn taking its place.

Her trunk was a deep chestnut, with a few hints of goldenrod thrown in. The yellow-speckled brown looked nearly polished in the light sifting in through the trees.

The Great Oak was merely a painter's palette of colors, a painter that had left for a second piece of his mother's warm apple crumb cake, and had forgotten his palette on a stool, all set to paint an autumn scene.

The Great Oak's trunk was straight and tall, and every millimeter looked glowing and healthy. The trunk went up for a ways, then split up into thick branches where squirrels rested and played. Those branches then split up into smaller branches; and those into twigs. At the end of these twigs were soft bundles of colorful leaves nuzzling tiny auburn acorns.

The forest wasn't always peaceful. Sometimes storms raged, thunder pounding and lightning coming close enough to burn those trees most unfortunate. But not often. Usually the weather was amazing, a hot day cooled by the presence of the trees. Though once every so often, only once or twice a year, an amazing day came. Does come out of their shadowy hiding places and sleep in the shade of trees.

Robins and larks flit through the branches, and there is often the thwock, thwock, thwock, of a woodpecker overhead. The day would be warm, and then cooled to make the perfect temperature. The sun would hit the leaves just right, and the shapes the shadows made, instead of looking garish and harsh, would seem to welcome you in and sooth you.

On these days, colors seemed brighter, the animals more frisky and flamboyant, and the temperature as cooling as a glass of sweet lemonade on a summer day. And maybe it was just a trick of the light, but the Great Oak seemed to stand taller, prouder, as if she had created this perfect day. This would be one of those days when just living would seem like a thoroughly good idea.

2 - II

Jackson Paretinly was the mayor of Dalerville, Conneticut.
And Jackson Paretinly hated imperfection.

Mayor Paretinly woke every morning at 6:30 a.m. sharp, without an alarm. He lived alone in a large condominium where everything ran like clockwork. Jackson had once had a girlfriend, Arlene, in the sixth grade, but it was over quickly. Relationships were too messy. Kiss here, hug there; Jackson wasn't able to program every moment into his trusty companion, his blackberry.

"I'll never leave you," Jackson said, kissing his blackberry. He did this every morning after he showered and combed and parted his knotless blond hair that sat like a helmet on his head. He sauntered over to the window and looked outside. Two clouds sat like boats in the otherwise cloudless indigo sky. A digital thermometer next to his window told him the temperature. 65 degrees was perfect to wear one of his powder blue button down shirts and a pair of khaki tan corduroys. All of the mayor's shirts were made of 100% cotton dyed powder blue. His pants were tan, all of them reaching down to exactly his ankles.

"Today's the day", thought Jackson. "The day I cut it down."

The biggest and burliest men from the around the area were coming at noon. Crosscut saws and axes would be provided. The men would take their cutting device and start hacking away at the forest; Jackson's worst nightmare for twelve years.

Some people believe trees can't feel anything. Those people are wrong, or maybe the forest just contained a bit of magic. Either way, when the men came one day about a moth ago to discuss what to cut down first, when and where to start, that kind of thing, the trees shuddered. They screamed and shuddered and sighed and moaned. Deep sounds came from the bottom of their trunks and went out the tips of their rusty fingers. The forest was scared, for the first tree to be cut down was the Great Oak.