

Leaves of Feathers

By FeoranPride

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My goal here is to just tell a deep and interesting story about birds. This is a work in progress, so I'm open to critiques and ideas from anyone about anything. Thank-you for your time.

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1 - How It Began

-How It Began-

Wind creates the most fascinating sounds. The way it slopes over objects, the way it whistles across a hollow tree, and the way it gently blows the leaves. The sea of reflecting leaves danced across the valley below, casting shines all throughout the world. Only a trained eye could follow a falling leaf from afar. Noah, perched above his hole in the cliff, studied the leaves. They had left their home, going who knows where, not knowing if it would all end up bad, or good. These thoughts have been haunting Noah. Should he be like those leaves? Should he set out to find answers? He closed his eyes and sighed. The shadow that gloomed over his past was so dark now. He heard other birds. Looking up, he saw a flock of ducks flying in formation. He watched as they disappeared over the top of the distant hill. The old falcon shook his head and jumped down into his perfectly made nest and relaxed, leaning against the edge. He had all he needed here. A good food supply, a great view of the valley, and no other birds to compete with. But each year had gone by so slowly. Noah sometimes thought he just had too much time to think and no one to talk to, other than the occasional bird who stopped for directions. But each day, his thoughts grew more powerful, and soon enough, he would probably go mad. Noah scratched the feathers on his neck and rubbed his eyes with his knuckle. The sun was just starting to peer over the horizon, creating purple skies and pink clouds. Noah instinctively let out a high pitched call, claiming his territory. Though anything that cared to listen probably already knew that Noah was here, being that he'd lived here for almost five years. But he did it anyway so that his call wouldn't lose its purity.

This valley was once flooded with animals of all kinds, populations healthy. After two years, the numbers began to fall. Noah had not seen a rabbit for a long time, but the fish population in the nearby river was always plentiful. There was something lonely about this place though, yet it was perfect for any bird of prey as long as they could handle eating fish every day. The rumble in Noah's stomach confirmed his hunger. But he continued to lay there. The past few nights had brought heavy rain, and the moisture in the air was almost overpowering, but it was fresh, and the smell was pleasant.

The wind blew in a stray leaf and it landed right in front of Noah's beak. He studied it. Noah wanted very much to be like that leaf, floating in the air not knowing where you would land. He picked it up in his mouth and stuffed it carefully amidst the various twigs and grass that made up his home.

Noah yawned and starred into the sky. This mornings light was special. It was a sunny reminder of a reason to get up in the morning. Noah watched as the rays passed through the leaves and onto the trees and land. There were many tasks and thoughts that lied ahead, many of which Noah had predicted knowing that each day ended up being the same. He stretched his wings and fell out of his cove. The wind felt great against his body. A tree looking over the river was his favorite spot. Water sprayed off the branch as Noah landed and he peered into the shallow water. Oddly, there wasn't a fish to be found.

Noah scratched his head, but his panic soon turned into mild joy as he noticed a solitary fish barely skimming the surface. Leaping off the tree, he snatched the fish with his talons. It flopped around helplessly as Noah brought it into a tree to eat it. Fish...it was good food, but Noah didn't enjoy it like he used to. It began to taste bland after awhile.

The day was almost over. Noah sat in that same tall tree with nothing to do. He shook his head as more leaves slapped against his face. "What the?" Noah chuckled. He tried his best to think nothing of it, but suddenly a huge gust of wind blew maybe thirty more leaves against him, and he fell over, going a ways before smacking against a lower branch. Noah groaned as he rubbed his head in confusion. Looking down he saw leaves flying in a circle with the wind. They began to move away. He couldn't understand why, but he followed the spinning leaves curiously.

Noah hopped from tree to tree as the leaves seemed to pass right through them. They began to pick up speed, and Noah was forced to fly to keep up. Dodging trees, he struggled. But the leaves suddenly dispersed. Panting, Noah studied where the leaves had taken him. It was just another part of the woods that he hadn't been. Maybe he was going mad.

Arriving back at his cove, Noah stood and looked out across the valley, most of it dark due to the mountain's shadow. "Look at how much fun I'm having," Noah said sarcastically to himself. The whole day's gone, and he'd accomplished nothing really. There was no challenge in his days.

"Look at this wonderful life," He shook his head, "it's perfect, and yet I'm so..."

Noah decided not to finish his sentence, realizing he was talking to himself. The little leaf that had found it's way into Noah's den was as green and bright as if it were still on the tree. It stuck out of the brown and other darkly colored foliage in the nest.

Thoughts bombarded Noah's mind. The little green leaf that seemed to hold so much meaning would convince Noah to leave. Months, maybe years would pass before Noah would return and the little green leaf wouldn't be so green anymore, Noah thought. It'd just be a reminder...a reminder of when he either made the worst mistake of his life, or set himself free.

A smile appeared as Noah cradled the leaf in his wings. Noah had waited so long for an excuse to set out on an adventure. Adventures excited him for some reason, a challenge maybe. And now...he was finally gonna do it!