

NATURE PLAYS A ROLE

Christina Walker

She held on to my hand, eyes wide and frightened. Pleading: “Don’t let me go.” No more words, too weak for that. It seemed like hours. The water churned and rushed, inconsiderate and oblivious to anything else. “Shouldn’t drive through flood water”, my inner self whispered. I felt my other hand weakening, peeling away from the tree. But I gripped harder. Who would have thought we would end up like that? My neighbour, my nemesis, telling lies about me, making my life miserable. And me the rescuer. Ridiculous. A noise like a freight train. Water everywhere. And my empty hand.

Vicki Stevens

A high-pitched wail has me searching the ancient house, floorboards creaking like aged bones. Shadows scurry and dust drifts in rooms infused with scents of the past. Every window is shut tight, bar one on the second floor. I stuff a handkerchief into the narrow gap, yet the eerie whistling continues. My eyes dart to a latticed air vent at the top of the wall, stringy cobwebs dancing. Standing on a chair, I stretch up, waggle my fingers, and feel icy air gusting from the wall cavity. The moaning suddenly ceases. In its place comes a chilling whisper: my name.

David Hearne

He rode his motorcycle at a velocity as unsafe as it was illegal, trees hurtling by; little more than a blur. The wind howled as he weaved down a snaking road, unaware a tree had been felled just a kilometre away – hazardously blocking the road. Riding through ‘the twisties’, there would be no ample warning via a clear line of sight. 750 metres. Onwards he rode through the sweeping corners. 500 metres. Then a thunder clap heralded the rain – sudden as it was torrential. The bike decelerated. 250 metres. Stopping slowly. 100 metres. He turned around, cursing before heading home.

Eric Morgan

Euyun bayda's¹ soft hair haloes her, squatting before me in the sun. Her lips part and from them a pebble falls. I am watching, so it chooses the straight path from her mouth to the sand between her bare feet. I look away as her lips drop another and I do not hear a sound. It wavers and dances in the air, does it not? Now another, this time accompanied by the sound of it hitting the sand. But was it the first, the second now floating? She giggles and as I turn back a wet pebble strikes my cheek.

1 'White eyes'. Colloquial Jordanian Arabic, a white-eyed woman could be dysphemistically used to describe a female who is rude and disrespectful of others or one who has a strong personality.