

THE WARNER TREE

The warner tree is running through the forest; the air is choking the warner tree's roots with breath-fullness amidst the bright cold of morning. The matter is urgent. Of great historic import. The warner tree is not ready for this. All her days were spent in the expected leisure; dancing joyously with a laughing lack of rhythm. Oxygen never impeded her during those long drunken nights, as it does now.

Her title was supposed to be ceremonial. Why her? Of all these long years; generations of Warners and her kind in general; why her?

When the warner tree reaches the mountains of man, she sees mans' chief, or rather, the chief's son—her dear old friend—now too much resembling his father, her older and dearer friend—his eyes flooded with tears—his body racked with arms—and she knows all that she must know.

Their pact—that of trees and humanity—is broken.

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