

Gone With the Wind

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It was a crisp, late October afternoon. The autumn foliage swirled around the forest, dancing in the air and softly settling back down on the damp floor. Nellie and her friends walked together, enjoying the beautiful scenery and warm sun. They wanted to go on a walk before it got dark, seeing as this could be the last time they got to enjoy the vibrant colors on the trees before the branches became barren from the cold of winter. As they walked along the beaten path in the woods, the sun gradually started to sink lower into the trees, leaving warm traces of oranges and yellows in the evening sky.

“So, how was your day today, everyone?” Nellie asked the group.

“Pretty good,” a girl named Rosanna responded.

“Fine for me.” Vickie said.

“It was alright,” said a girl named Anila. She was a small, quiet girl. In fact, she was so petite, it seemed as if the wind could just carry her away. “How was yours, Nellie?”

“My day was nice. We got lollipops in French class.”

“That’s fun,” Anila commented. She looked around. “Wow, the scenery is just stunning today.”

“Yeah,” her friend Lydia agreed.

The group of girls continued to make small talk, and time flew by. At this time, the sun was rapidly vanishing into the horizon. Every shadow in the forest got darker, and it slowly became harder and harder for the girls to see what was in front of them.

“Nellie, we should probably start heading back,” Rosanna prompted. “Like, right now.” Rosanna had an uncanny sense of predicting immediate danger, and at this time of year, it was better to trust her instincts than not.

“I agree,” Nellie responded.

So the group of girls turned around and started to walk in the direction in which they had come.

Out of the blue, a fierce wind began to blow. It rustled the leaves and swayed the trees. The girls zipped up their coats and put up their hoods, waiting for the gust of wind to go away. Nellie looked around. The wind was so strong it almost forced her eyes shut. She peered through her dark, blurry vision and counted the figures in her sight. One...two...three...wait. Where was Anila? Nellie counted again, just to be sure. One. Two. Three. Anila wasn't with the group. An uneasy feeling crept up in Nellie's throat.

“Anila!” Nellie yelled. “ANILAAA! WHERE ARE YOU?”

The other girls chimed in, looking for the small, sweet girl that had vanished from their sight. They shouted with all their might, but nothing came up.

Sighing, they caught their breaths and slowed their pace down. They looked all around the forest, but Anila was nowhere to be found.

And just like that, Anila was gone with the wind.