



# Release

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Fable

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Release! From that clustered cloud, I shall now descend on the life that lies down below. An overwhelming rush has overcome me, but not quite in the way I imagined. Hurling, plummeting, diving; all the sensations I conjured as I waited for my release but instead, I find myself fluttering softer than a feather, the motion of the light breeze lifting me to and fro as the whiteness of the sky fills my vision. Yet even in this softness, a rush penetrates my being. A rush of overwhelming life; one of exuberance and purpose, for one knows life will merely splinter and fade once the ground touches my tips. But purpose still pierces through; I know there is no time to despair nor reflect nor wander on the possibilities of lives beyond my own. My release has come, and I shall take no moment in the fleeting experience that now fulfils my life, for granted.

Seizing life in an instant, I take my gentle fall as a time to absorb that of which was concealed from me in that clustered cloud. All below is nothing more than a dazzling blur of both nothingness and everything – the everlasting whiteness replaced with swaying colours. The vivid greens of vast meadows, still thriving despite the undoubtable chill; the patterned blacks and whites of the grazing animals, devouring what they can before the truth of the time entirely kicks in; the hard browns of bare forests, their trees towering as their branches interlock, all come gradually into focus the further my release takes me. Somehow, I know these, despite being blind to all life below just moments before, for nature in all its power connects each true and pure essence beyond explanation.

Time itself seems to fade as the ground comes nearer, my release inevitably finding its end. I know I'm one of the first, I know I shall not stay the ways the others may, but peace encompasses me as I cherish all that I have seen. I sway. I flutter. I fall. All motion stops as I know my end grows closer. Perched, elegant upon a glistening blade of grass, I know others before me have met their ends here as I shall. As I am. My gentle rigidity now seems to thaw, melt, but fear is still beyond me. I am once again bursting with the rush of life; my

life ends yet another begins, blossoms, the way nature always intended, always will intend. Released.

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