

## The Sign

Commented [N1]: Beginning
Commented [N2]: Hook - Action
Commented [N3]: Description of the Lake
Commented [N4]: Character Spine
Commented [N5]: Action by the Character
Commented [N6]: Description of the Mountain
Commented [N7]: Build Up
Commented [N8]: Action by the Character
Commented [N9]: Description of the Clouds
Commented [N10]: Action by the Character
Commented [N11]: Emotion of the Character
Commented [N12]: Cause of the Spine
Commented [N13]: Emotion of the Character
Commented [N14]: Motif – search for a sign
Commented [N15]: Problem
Commented [N16]: Action by the Character
Commented [N17]: Description
Commented [N18]: Action by the Character
Commented [N19]: Flashback
Commented [N20]: Suspense
Commented [N21]: Resolution
Commented [N22]: Motivation – a Cuckoo bird
Commented [N23]: Action by Character
Commented [N24]: Description of the Bird
Commented [N25]: Action by the Character
Commented [N26]: Description of the Clouds / Pathetic Fallacy
Commented [N27]: Ending
Commented [N28]: Action by Character
Commented [N29]: Resolved
Commented [N30]: Action by Character
Commented [N31]: Emotion
Commented [N32]: Description of the Bird
Commented [N33]: Action by the Character
Commented [N34]: Action by the Bird
Commented [N35]: Emotion
Commented [N36]: Tricolon of short sentences.
Commented [N37]: The transformation occurred.

I sat sullenly on the mahogany, wooden planks as I gazed contemplatively across the vast, tranquil lake. The glassy surface of the lake was still and silent. Its cobalt surface was cut at its centre by a path of cold, white light. The gleaming shaft of light cut across the centre, stretching into the centre of the mountains. The still peaceful water sat pensively beneath me. I sighed and looked outwards. I searched for a sign. Any sign. I wanted a reason to keep going. I looked at the gargantuan, looming mountains. One mountain lined up before another. They created a spectacular, sublime view. The nearest mountains rose up to the sky like black beacons. Their slopes were covered with juniper and emerald trees. At their summit, the carpet of green foliage gave way to wheat-coloured soil. The summit looked bare like the crown of a balding man.

My eyes travelled upwards. I gazed at the mountains' perilous peaks which kissed the pearly clouds above them. The clouds were tinged with slivers of slate. They seemed pregnant with rain. I pulled my navy jumper an inch back from over my head and craned my neck upwards gazing at the wintry clouds. Tears filled my eyes. I remembered how coldly and cruelly, the love of my life had broken up with me. Just a text message. One single message ended a year-long relationship. "It's not me, it's you." The merciless message sent me into a pit of despair. My slender spindly arms hugged my knees as my black shorts fell back and revealed more of my porcelain thighs. My heart had been ripped to shreds. I searched for a sign to continue what felt like a worthless life.

I looked outwards at the dark lake with resolve. I would end it all. I would plunge my body into the frosty waters. Hypothermia and shock would end it quickly. The lake, black, deep and cold appeared to beckon me. Breathing in and out, I steeled myself for the inevitable. I looked at what had once been a familiar environment. I had enjoyed many warm summers here. Yet now I would end it all.

Just then, a gentle cooing pierced the still air. Coo... coo... coo... I turned my gaze away from the dark, cold water. I faced a minute, cream-coloured bird. Coo! Coo! It tilted its slim neck and blinked its beady eyes as it looked steadily at me. Its jet black beak parted and I noticed its scarlet tongue shivering as it let out another piercing shriek. I gasped as the grey clouds above me slowly transformed into a pure brilliant white colour. My eyes widened as I looked up towards the heavens. The clouds grew whiter and whiter illuminating the bird, the mountains and the lake.

My heart leaped. This was the sign I had been seeking. I looked at the kind creature in awe. A rush of joy and gratefulness washed over my body. The bird's cooing gradually grew quieter as it looked at me. Silence fell upon us like a thick fog. I leaned to my side and tried to reach out to it. Yet it fluttered its wings, lifted up into the air and flew away in a flash. My vision grew blurry as tears stung my eyes. The sky gradually grew darker, the slate lining returned, the lake grew dark and the mountains seemed brooding. It was as if nothing had happened. Everything was the same. Yet I was now transformed. Life was worth living.

(589 words)