My Silent Heroes

One evening, I went for a walk. As I entered the woods, I stopped. I was about to enter the magic circle - that is what I called it. It's this clearing at the center of the woods where the fog always hangs forever. It always makes me go to another world and just sit there and dream. This time, I dreamt about heroes. I wanted my hero to be unique. I wanted someone who everyone can like and admire. As I sat there dreaming about my hero, I asked myself some questions.

Would my hero be tall or short, big or small? Would she be skinny or wide or any size at all? Would my hero be loud or silent or both? Would she be pretty? What color cape would she have? Would she be serious or fun? What would her name be? And what would her superpower be?

As I sat there, dreaming about my hero in the silence, I looked around and it dawned on me that she was right there, all around me. She was tall, but also short. She was skinny but also wide. Today she was silent, swaying in the breeze. She was pretty and had loads of capes to show in colors that embraced mother nature's palette. They were vibrant and gorgeous in red, yellow, and green.

She has helped me have tons of fun. I had swung with her, laid down with her, and climbed all over her. And I have heard her being called by several names: Paw Paw, Starfruit, Gingko, Maple, and Oak.

As I was sitting in the magic circle, I thought of her superpowers. Fresh clean air I was breathing, lovely flowers of spring, shade during summer, firewood for a chilly night, apples that I plucked in fall and homes for birds and squirrels.

It struck me then that my heroes were the beautiful, silent trees, and they were all around me.

Goodbye for today, silent heroes! I will always admire and respect thee!