

Unremembered Loss

For all the news and information from the world of Rathrae, and for the story Unremembered Loss

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As an exercise – a simple description of a summer evening featuring Julie.

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Summer Evening

The sun hangs on the horizon, its fingers grasping to the mountain peaks, like a man clinging to the gunnel as he is being washed overboard, its fiery glow denying the moon the night.

The moon waits patiently just above the other horizon, knowing full well, that in time, the sun will loose its battle.

Julie watches the drama playing out from her place next to a small campfire, marveling at the reds and oranges that bathe the clouds slowly marching across the mountain tops and the flames of her fire echoing the dance.

Time seems frozen in this twilight while the aroma from her stew drives her appetite to do back flips - potatoes and carrots battling to be the pairing with the venison, while the caramelized onions are content to stand on their own merit.

Julie fights with herself as the urge to check and see if her meal is done challenges her knowledge that she has to wait ten more minutes and that if she lifts the lid to check it will be twelve.

Julie's fight with her hunger is not the only conflict within her. Having risen an hour before sunrise and hiking nearly twenty miles with her pack and the furs, Julie's head nods forward. Her hunger

keeps waking her, if not she would have already snuggled under her blanket on this warm summer evening to dream of swimming in one of the cool mountain streams she had passed earlier that day when the sun had beaten down on her and made her wonder why she was foolish enough to be traveling in the heat of the day.

In the midst of the fading light she notices how quiet it has become. She hears the crackling of the fire as it gently laps at the bottom of her pot. It seems that she can hear her muscles whimpering about the work of the day. And then there's the grumbling of her stomach.

Julie laughs at herself as she thinks about how she has filled the silence of the evening with her own dissident choir, which now includes her laugh, and how typical it is for humans to overpower nature's simple arrangements with their own.

And so she watches the sun's final rays illuminate the cloud bottoms from its grave beyond the mountains – its final spark of life before giving dominion to the fairer moon and its starry court, who even during the sun's final gasps, set themselves out upon the sky – set themselves out as the finest veil or

flurry of snow. But still, in all their multitude, can not compare to the brilliance of their mistress, who, while ruler of the night sky, cannot measure against the simple glow of a fire set upon the ground.

The night embraces the world, wrapping its dark fingers gently around each tree and bush. Spreading out carefully so not to disturb a single blade of grass or leaf clinging to its branch. But still, no matter how careful the night is, its affect on the world is pronounced.

Julie pulls her cloak a bit tighter. Bats start swoop around her, snacking on the insect attracted to her humble flame. And somewhere, off in the distance, the wolves start their baying.

With her ten minutes passed, Julie savors her reward. Tender meat, soft potatoes and carrots, dancing along with the onions on her tongue - her stomach's grumbling subsiding.

The pot cleaned and fire banked, Julie lays content in her blankets, shooting stars painting the sky with streaks. The moon begins its slow track across the sky – the sun now forgotten – and Julie drifts off to sleep to dream of the sun, and the lake, and the battle, and the gentle beauty of the moon.

Doug