

Peace

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The Earth held its breath. Silent. Still. Waiting. Curiosity compelled me to peer out through my window. Darkness cloaked the frosted landscape. With gentle grace the moon smiled sleepily down upon the glistening ground beneath her. She danced with the shadows. The glittering sky, shimmering with stars, glowed majestically. All was quiet. All was still.

It was then that I saw Peace. Half-hidden in the shadows, she stood in silent splendour. She radiated calmness and serenity. Though she drew no attention to herself, I could not help but be drawn by the warmth and comfort of her presence.

Then, a whisper swept through the night. A warning. Wide-eyed in trepidation I watched the trees begin to shiver. Dark clouds choked the moon. Even the very stars seem to shrink back in fear.

Suddenly, a white scar shattered the Earth. In a torrent of fury, the wind tore savagely through the trees. Like a ravenous beast, it snarled in rage as it shook the window with mighty hands. Thunder joined in with a furious roar to reach a deafening crescendo. High above, the sky burst. Great tears spilled from the clouds, rolling down their frozen cheeks and splashing upon the ground.

In my distress, I searched for Peace but I could no longer see her there. I turned from the scene and fled, seeking comfort from my bed. But there was no escape from the anger of the storm. The haunting cry of the wind's lament echoed through throughout the house. The deathly cold crept through the sheets to freeze me to the core.

So I picked up a book from my bookcase and opened it.

And in spite of the chaos that raged around me, I found Peace there; nestled between the pages. She whispered to me through the words penned long ago by the author's hand. Words that calmed me, words that filled with the warm glow of hope and inspiration, words that carried me from the boundaries of my room into lands without limits. Peace comforted me with the scent of the paper that reminded me of happier times. Peace soothed me with the gentle rustle of the pages and as my fingers felt the familiar creases and bends and tears that are found in only the most treasured of books, I rediscovered the forgotten adventures we had shared together. Into the inky depths of the night I read and, as I did, I found myself becoming part of the story.

And somehow through it all, it seemed as though the wind blew less coldly, and that the night felt less lonely.

For Peace can be found even in the midst of the storm, if only you look between the pages of a book.