

Songs For The Forest, 100 word narrative.

"I win!" I shouted, slapping my hand on the cards. We sorted, we fought, we threw the worn cards on the ground. This wasn't going to work. So we lifted our voices, up towards the sky, past the roof of the tent, past the raining clouds, and started singing with all of our hearts. There, in a tent, surrounded by a beautiful lake, I was not afraid for my unfortunate voice. All I could think about was how there, with the glistening droplets falling onto the roof of our worn, borrowed tent, I was unapologetically singing with my two best friends.