

Neil Gunn Writing Competition

“It was very quiet, with a quietness that was tall and far, delicate as a leaf, and soft-footed as the grass.” - ‘The Well at the World’s End’ by Neil Gunn

Entirely Alone

The light is weak and purple,
Seeping through the curtains
In the small hours of the morning
Silence all around
Every animal, every tree, every flake of snow
Is asleep
But Lisa is awake
And entirely alone in the quiet, white world
Yet not in the least bit lonely

She walks out into the morning
The wind is no more than a whisper in her ear
She feels the cold on her feet
And the slight crunch
As the snow surrenders beneath her

She feels a thrill as goosebumps envelope her
Arms and legs and neck
The cold on her skin is familiar
Like a winter hug from mother nature
She smiles to herself
As she leaves a trail of footprints behind her

The sky stretches above,
Wrapping her in lilac
It looks so soft and smooth
Almost tangible
Then the dust of heaven begins to drift
Slowly down towards Lisa
And right then
She is in heaven too