

*“...it’s all just going to fade away anyways. Your appreciation or lack thereof is simply necessary...”*

Golden light filtered through the trees, lighting the world in front of Amber with a gentle glow. Some people thought the sun was inspiring, others thought it to be blinding, for Amber it was neither. The sun was simply necessary to her, no more and no less. It was only there to light the way for creatures that were otherwise blind.

Later when the sun set, reflecting ripples of color through the sky and ripples of orange through the river, Amber just stood in the middle of the forest. She watched the clouds colored slightly yellow by the sun’s dying light as they drifted away, eventually fading to nothing. She heard the birds stop singing and the nighttime critters start up in their disappearance. She watched the sun disappear for what could be the last time, not knowing when it might truly vanish. Yet she made no effort to stop it. Time was simply necessary for her, necessary to allow the day and night to progress in their endless journey to the end.

As the last of the light slipped away, the moon took its place in the sky. Many thought the moon was beautiful, many found it comfortable. Amber found nothing in it. The moon was simply necessary to her, necessary to guide the stars across the sky, like a general leading soldiers to the battle against the dark night sky.

The dawning of a new day is truly something special to people. It marks a new beginning, a new chapter. The sun comes back into focus, ready to light the day again, ready to lead the way. But to Amber, dawn meant nothing, it was simply necessary to her, necessary to oppose the graceful dusk.

Around Amber grew trees, tall and unopposed. They were home to many animals, providing shelter, shade, and oxygen. Without them the world would likely perish. Amber held out her hand to feel the rough, uneven bark. In its touch she found nothing but the usual. Trees were simply necessary to Amber, necessary to show all viewers what it meant to touch the sky.

Amber felt the flow of rivers and lakes, heard birdsong, watched animals roam, but in nothing did she find anything.

Rivers were needed to current the world’s energy to new places, lakes were needed to store that energy, birdsong was meant to soothe aching hearts, and animals were only to show the way to true freedom, that freedom taunting all who didn’t have it.

Rain, snow, wind, heat, and cold, all needed only to balance each other. Sweet honey, pure water, and sap freshly found, all only there to give variety. Love, hate, karma, and fate. Humans and monsters, ink and bleach. Yin and yang. Dreams and nightmares. Light and dark. All serving no purpose but to highlight each other.

Amber walked through the forest, feeling a dying hope. If nothing around could stand on its own then why was Amber standing at all? Water for fire, predator to prey, running to fighting, shades of color turning gray. Rhyming and reason, though both go together, they also quite easily rival each other. From a friend to an enemy, and story from script. If everything had another where did Amber fit?

Maybe ditch the rhyming? Ditch the reason? Perhaps it was physics, or maybe bad weather. Amber needed other things to survive, but nothing was there to go against her. Without lack of sadness there’s no happiness. Without lack of freedom is it even worth having? So for many days Amber believed she was bound to no limits, and having no limits is perhaps the most limiting thing that can happen to one.

Until one day a boy in a red sweatshirt came by, blonde hair, blue eyes, and looking at nature in a very different way. The boy looked over to Amber, opposite of him. It was at this moment for both of them that they realized they had found what it was they were looking for.

If one would wear black, the other would surely wear white. If one chose to stand North, the

other stood South. To find somebody different is strange, but not for long, as friendship can always take place.

To the boy in the red sweatshirt, who's name was Jake, everything meant something, even in the smallest way. This girl he had found, wearing a teal-blue tee shirt, seemed to be looking for something, like he was.

*"Why are you out here?"* The girl eventually asked.

*"I'm here to see what the world has to offer."*

*"I don't see why you would do that. Everything here is only opposing another."*

*"I like seeing the sun, and the forest, and moon."*

*"But it's all just going to fade one day away anyways. Your appreciation or lack thereof is simply necessary to create conversation, the likes of which will likely end soon."*

*"It's all not only necessary, but wanted here too."*

*"You want all of it? Even the bad?"*

*"Maybe not here exactly, but somewhere more suited, yes."*

*"... I've never seen it like that."*

*"Come to the city! I can tell you much more."*

And so that day there was much the girl learned. Everything out there had something to compare with. Everybody was special, it didn't matter how. And that day, when the girl had to go, she walked into the sunset and for the first time ever, even knowing all the things her world had been through...

Everything meant so much more.