

### Logging

The blazing ball of fire rose over the edge of the earth. Its rays seeping through the gaps in the big beech trees. Rays of light threw themselves at whatever came near, streaking rays onto the balcony. Huge towering beech trees stood tall and proud. Showing of their height and strength. Bigger, stronger oak trees stood smaller, gargantuan roots screwing their way into the ground.

Entwined with mossy, wet, rotting vines. The trees stretched their arms at the clear blue sky, the forest full of natural life. Birds chirping, arguing over whose voice would be the loudest. A chorus of sound, echoing around the canopy. Frogs calling their mates and snakes slithering under brown soggy leaves and old rotting logs.

A strong tree, in the heart of the forest stood tall and proud just like the others but higher. A strong wooden structure, a cabin even. Stood attached halfway up the tree, a long rope ladder hung down from the balcony. Mossy wood, used as the only building material was strong and robust through the years of the inhabitation of the house. A young boy, aged 12 came out of the house. Rough leather clothes sown hurriedly, he wore. He stood on the balcony and gazed out at the sunrise. Then sighed and climbed down the ladder, he started walking away from it confidently, then unhooked a wooden bucket from a tree that it was hanging from.

He continued walking then went to a jog, keeping himself fit, and running through the trees as fast as he could. Skidding down hills and swing around trees, dodging roots. Knowing where they were off by heart. He could do it with his eyes closed. He knew every nook and cranny in this forest, and he had done this thousands of times he was an expert at his job.

He skidding down a hill once more and jumped off a small ledge, and started calmly walking, catching his breath back. Breathing heavily and panting. Then came to a stream. Rocks forming a shallow waterhole. And fresh water from the mountains glacier came tumbling down.

The boy dipped his face in the water shaking his blonde hair as water flew out of it. He then dipped the bucket in it and filled it with fresh clear water. He then turned around and started walking carefully up the hill, being cautious not to spill the precious liquid.

When the land flattened he went into a jog. Keeping the bucket even. Then when he reached his house something was wrong, what happened was wrong. This would change everything.

In the place was a clearing and all that could be seen was a big pile of logs, men with chainsaws and hundreds, of hundreds of stumps.