

A Spring Day

by **Noelle Ziersch**

It was spring.

Days filled with warm sunshine and birdsong slipped by like beads off a string.

The scent of lilac drifted on the wind and the girl decided she would pick some to capture the spirit of spring and bring it inside.

She tucked a pair of scissors into her pocket and climbed onto the roof of a small garden house, from which she could easily reach the lilac.

Then, staring at the purple buds, she reconsidered.

The girl slept outside that night.