

No concrete poetry...

Stories of Konoha... (My personal OS-Collection ^^)

Von Danisa

Kapitel 9: Small Peace of Legend

Small Peace of Legend

Once there was a small tree. It was weak, delicate against the solid old oaks surrounding it, but as time passed the little tree grew despite it's disadvantages- and his weak little sticks turned into solid light brown branches and dark leaves were sprouting which floated like wisps of clouds in the wind. And soon there was no tree existing which could compare to it. From all over the world men came to see it, to fall on their knees before it's trunk and to admire it's beauty and purity. And then there came the three old masters of the animal world- a toad, a slug and a serpent, each of them of giant unearthly size and they came and settled around this tree with the light brown branches just like so many humans had before them. And they gazed at it, admired its beauty and finally they grazed it with three wishes for there was no other tree of the kind on the world. First the knowledge of old, of wisdom, to prevent all evil and misjudge from the mind, spoken from the toad the oldest of them all. Second the gift of nature, of life, granted from the slug the wisest and foreseeing of them all, for here should plants grow and live and never face darkness. And then there was the third gift of the serpent- the most ambitioned of them all- the gift of power, of strength, to withstand all evil as long as the way of the tree old animals would still be the same. But soon after that the three fell into disagreement and arguments which could nit be solved. And finally...they parted forever and the great alliance of the three great animals of old fell into oblivion. But the tree with its dark green leaves...lived. And after another thousand years the land on which once stood a light brown tree with beautiful dark leaves was named "Konoha" the Hidden Leaf Village for here the plants never withered and the trees like the men who settled there were always strong and fast in mind and beholding the knowledge of old. And although they lived happily there was no good without evil. The great serpent betrayed them all for there would be a time in which war would become a daily aspect of their lives. Great evil and sadness lay before the men of Konoha but they would face it. Like they had always done.

Like the small tree which once had withstand all odds and evil and blossomed into a new symbol of the future.

In Memory of Konoha. May it bloom forever
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