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En kort berättelse. Med brutal symbolik. En berättelse. Den är mörk. Men kort. En brandfackla uppdelad i tre hundradelar.

Del 1 av 3

Flickan och Liljan

A girl, walking above the freeway.

Thinking, wondering.

She knew pain, like many others.

Not anymore, though.

Her mind kept her body safe.

Like a guardian.

The wind was harsh, where she was.

Attacked her with smells.

Cars ran under her, completing their own race, to make it home before time did. Going faster than the smells they brought,

leaving them,

giving them,

forcing them on the little girl.

She didn't care.

Not as she had, not as before.

The red pain was in the past now.

All she could smell was a flower.

A lily.

It was spring.

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