



1st Prize - Principal's Choice Award

Cupid's Bridge

In the modern day, many old structures have been forgotten. Unused playgrounds, benches in the middle of no-where, all things that have slowly become unnecessary. But some old things are cherished, beloved. And this is a story of one such thing: Cupid's Bridge.

Wood left to rot, moss that climbs up the side of the railings, just adds to the charm of Cupid's Bridge. It was built many years ago, deep within a forest, where it finds refuge in the thick canopy, comfortably unseen. Visitors are few and far between, but all come for the same reason. Love. When rain trails down the leaves of the shrubbery on the forest floor, when droplets hit the ground and sink into the rich soil, footsteps will echo on the hollow planks and someone will make a wish. The wish will be heard by the nymph of the river, and if your heart is deserving, she will grant it. This is the myth carried by its name. A lovely little tale, isn't it?

Today, Cupid's Bridge has a visitor. A lone woman stands, undeterred by how her steps cause the wood to bend and bow. The gentle current of the river swirls underfoot. She carries an umbrella that protects her from the water that drips through the gaps in the canopy, pushing down the leaves and leaving the land below uncovered, slowly causing it to become soaked by rain. Her arm extends, leaving the safety of the umbrella. She watches the droplets slip down her bare arm, catches the rain in the palm of her hand. That arm is then pulled into her chest, closed palm resting against her. Eyes closed, the woman listens to the world – the wind's wistful sighing, the stream's peaceful dance – but the rain hitting the ground is the noise she adores most dearly. All the little noises pull her into a delicate trance, the sound of the world around her swallowing her up in an embrace most kind. It's refreshing.

After standing in silence for a moment or three, the hand at her chest drops. Turning around, she heads off, a sweet smile decorating her face. The wish in her heart has been heard. But of course, there is no such thing as magic, no-one will answer her request. But the small comfort she finds in sharing her secret is all she needs. It's all anyone needs really. To be heard.

By Alyssa Davies