

The air was warm, like a cozy blanket. I could hear the wind whistle as it passed me by. I watched ripples form in a pond—a delicate dance of water and wind. A large, slender bird pitched itself on a branch stuck in the pond. *I wonder, do they like watching the ripples too?* The alluring beast spread their wings and I could see hints of silver on their feathers. Then, I brought my attention back to the pond. It was singing. The flowing water had the most beautiful voice, and the clouds began to dance along. The sky was bright blue, and filled with wispy Cirrus clouds. I took a deep breath in, smelling the petrichor in the air. I breathed out and signed. *Everything is okay.*