

Winds of Change

by peppermint

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Chapter 1 of 1

Autumn's winds stir hearts and minds.

The wind is twisting, winding, slipping in through open windows and doors, carrying with it the scents and sounds of the glorious decadence of the outdoors that is Autumn: the ruby-and-carnelian tipped trees, the gold-kissed hills, the heather-purple moors. Much magic is done in these halls throughout the year, but what human-muttered cantrips can match Nature's own harvest witchery as she beckons young and old alike out-of-doors with her bright blue skies and wafting white cotton clouds?

"Come," she is beckoning, whispered on brisk breezes scented with the rich aroma of wood smoke. "Come. Cast your work aside, leave your studies. Come dance among the sheaves, harvest the apples, lie with your love beneath the jewel-bright trees!"

At the end of the day's classes, students and professors alike tumble from the great doors onto the sun-dappled lawns to bask in the late afternoon rays. Perhaps a pale professor walks quietly beside an apt apprentice and speaks of things other than academia. Later, she won't be able to believe such a thing happened. Later, he will wish for it to happen again. Both will blame their conversation on the wiles of the autumn breezes—until the snow flies and they are still walking and talking.

Prompt from Fairfield:

Any era – an autumn breeze wafts through the classrooms, stirring the blood of young and old alike.