

Will

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Outliving her husband was one of the unintentional ways in which Vanessa had met society's expectations. Despite lacking human company for the first time in forty years, however, she found relief in the cottage she purchased during her first winter of widowhood. The unkempt garden bore wildlife like a volcano yielding larva. One particular source of joy was the lyrical conversing of blackbirds among the ivy berries.

But spring came, and civilization's will acted through Vanessa once more. She decimated the creeping plants and tamed all wildness. Next winter, the birds voted with their wings, and Vanessa knew only darkness.