

## The News Spread Swiftly

by Tilia Guilbaud-Walter

The news spread swiftly though the village. The clouds cleared. The sun grasped the top of the buildings and begged to shine. In one of those buildings sat a young girl. Her face was much like how the clouds were earlier in the morning. Soft and calm, she sat crossed legged on the cold hard floor of her small room. She stared out of the box window and watched the sun fighting the damp morning.

The news spread swiftly through the village and landed on the shoulder of an old man buying his morning coffee, he dropped a little extra change in to the tip jar and a smile cracked the wrinkles on his face.

The news spread swiftly through the village. It tickled a baby one their nose as they giggled in their cot and woke up from their morning nap. An air bubble? A big smile.

The news spread swiftly through the village and blew up in the hands of a group of friends running along the streets and playing in a park they shouldn't be in. All their phones went of simultaneously, different social media apps exploded, and so did the faces of the teens, they were laughing, screaming, and grinning. From ear to ear. From mouth to mouth the news spread. And as the youth screamed in ecstaiicism, the sound reached the ears of a runner, she had only one headphone in and was halted in her steps. She heard the news. It spread through her body and she ran, at the highest speed, faster than she had ever ran before.

The news spread swiftly through the village, the sun shone. And echoes were heard from all sides, echoes of unexpected smiles.