

Sounds of the Prairie

By Robin B. Lipinski

(Inspired by the story, "Treasure From an Old Paper," written by J.W. Henson)

In that North Dakota plain, the man worked the fields to feed his family.
It was a hard existence made only slightly more endurable by the fact the US
Government granted homestead rights to those that wished to be independent.

The plain was flat; it was nothing special above ground.
It was what was below the ground that was rich.
The soil was fertile beyond belief.
It reached deep into the earth providing a rich bounty to those that worked the land.

That day, the sounds were normal.
There was the, "whooshing," sound of the tall grass getting caressed by the wind.
There were the, "clicking," sounds of the various flying insects.
Even the rocks made an occasional sound as the heat cracked them.

Overall, the most prevalent sound was the sound of the creaking wind mill whose main
bearing needed grease to silent that sound.

But there was the lack of sound that was obvious.
On the ground below the windmill, lay a silent form holding an oil can.
No sound was heard.
And that was to be expected seeing as the form was human who had fallen from the
ladder on the mill.
Gravity won.
Death won.
Silence won.
The man was dead.

A sound that waited to be heard was the lamenting of his wife and children waiting for
him back at home.
Their cry would be heard.
Their pain.

But that did not matter.
For the sounds of the prairie would continue.
Life would continue.