

# Lemon Boy

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The sun's gaze danced through the trees of the orchard. The boy stood high on a ladder as he carefully picked the bright lemons off the trees and into the wide, woven basket on his hip. Before long, the basket became full with the light but very prominent yellow fruit, and the boy carefully stepped down from the ladder. He put the basket down and then he plopped down beside it, sighing with relief as he did. He peeled off the strands of pale, golden hair that seemed to stick to his forehead and not so neatly pinned them back with a rusty bobby pin. Once that was done, he looked around him and saw all the fruitful trees peering down at him, waiting. *Let them wait*, he decided. And soon his world of yellow turned into a peaceful darkness.

