The Last Seed

Aiden G.

The world had fallen into silence. Forests lay in ruins, rivers thinned to dusty lines, and even the wind seemed too tired to move. People whispered that nature was gone for good. Thalia refused to believe that.

One morning, wandering the barren fields outside her village, Thalia spotted a faint glimmer in the dust.

“What are you?” she murmured. She brushed the dirt aside and uncovered a tiny, golden seed, warm as a heartbeat. The ground trembled. Thalia jerked back. “Dude, that’s not normal.”

When she picked it up, warmth spread through her palms, up her arms, settling in her chest. That night, she dreamt of forests singing, rivers breathing and animals returning. A gentle voice whispered, “Plant me where the world can hear again.”

She awoke, gasping. “The valley. That’s where you’ll thrive.” The seed glowed faintly.

At dawn she set out, the land didn’t welcome her, it pushed her back. The first stretch was a cracked plain where the ground shifted under her feet like loose plates. Every step, she had to catch her balance. The seed pulsed hotter.

By midday, a dust storm rose on the horizon, rolling toward her like a living wall. She sprinted for the skeleton of an old windmill and ducked under one of its broken beams. As the storm slammed into the world, dust hissed through the cracks, stinging her eyes and throat. She curled around the seed, coughing. “If this is a road trip, you suck!”

When the storm passed, she kept going, legs trembling. The land grew harsher. Thorned vines, dead but still sharp, tangled her boots. Once, she slipped down a slope of loose ash and clawed her way back up, fingers burning. The seed grew hotter still, almost too hot to hold.

“Are you overheating?” she asked. “Terrible timing.”

By the time she reached the valley, she was scraped, limping and exhausted. The air felt charged, humming faintly. She knelt in the cracked soil.

“This is it,” she whispered. “If you’re gonna save the world, now’s the time.”

She pressed the seed into the Earth.

Silence.

Then a hiss, smoke curled upward.

“Oh-no!”

The ground split and flames erupted, spiralling around the seed in a blazing ring. Thalia collapsed.

“This is BAD!”

But the fire folded inward, softening to gold. Light burst outward in a sweeping wave. Grass erupted. Flowers unfurled. Trees rose like giants waking up. Thalia stared, breathless.

“Unbelievable… It worked.”

At the centre stood a young tree with leaves like shards of sunlight. The wind stirred, warm and alive.

Nature hadn’t died. It had simply been waiting for someone who still believed.