

It was a warm autumn day and the sea was calm. The day was relaxing and large cargo ships silently floated by. Frank was hungry after such a long journey from Manchester to Wollongong, so he stopped at a restaurant to eat lunch. There, as he was waiting at his table, two multi-coloured lorikeets parked themselves on the railing and started to sing a charming melody.

He had never seen a lorikeet before and seeing one for the first time in his life took him into an imagination of happiness and love that would be circulated in his world.

He was disturbed as his buzzer started to vibrate because his order was ready. He collected his lunch thinking about how many more birds and animals could be in Wollongong. He returned to his table and stared at the two birds that were still sitting on the wooden plank.

Frank looked at the sky. It was a light blue with a few white clouds. The plant standing to the right of him was oval like very green and covered with leaves. The brown clay pot that held the plant was shaped like a hemisphere.

Looking back at the lorikeets, he got reminded of the Wheatear birds that would eat seeds from his front porch, he also remembered his mother telling him that when you show how much you love and respect something that certain thing will love and respect you back.

Frank was halfway through his meal when a man accidentally dropped some bread crumbs on the grey timber deck. The two birds were starving and swooped down to help themselves. Two minutes later the lorikeets were joined by a kookaburra and a black cockatoo.

After the crumbs were gone all the birds left except the two lorikeets, which went back to where they were sitting.

Frank finished his meal and on his way out he realised that this phenomenon that caused his eyes to be dragged away to a scene of joy, was a sight that he may never see again. This made him think. What is the meaning of life in your own words? Is it when the beauty of sorrow and joy which creates the thinking of your mind and the loving of your heart? Maybe life is just what you have to go through with whatever life throws at you, these could be tough times that you regret or the fun times that you treasure in your memory.

What do you choose?