

## UPDATE

### DAVID STEVENS

*—for Wayne LaPierre*

The Wind and the Sun disputed who was stronger. When a traveler appeared on the road, they agreed, “Whoever can make that traveler remove his cloak shall be the winner.”

So the Sun retired behind a cloud, and the Wind began to blow. But the harder it blew the more the traveler pulled his cloak to his body.

The wind redoubled its efforts. It blew until it knocked the traveler off his feet, dribbling him against the road like a ball. Then it laced a finger of breeze beneath the cloak and started to lift. But the traveler caught the cloth and pulled it back, clamping the garment beneath his elbow.

The Wind lifted him again and smashed him into a tree, a dull thud of torso against trunk. For good measure it swung once more, making sure the traveler’s head met wood, before laying him prone against the ground. Then, delicately, it laced a few tendrils under the cloak and drew it up.

The Sun came out. The traveler did not move. The Wind held the cloak suspended on air like an ancient shroud, like a frail exotic bird. “There,” it said with obvious satisfaction. “There.”