My Spot

by Evee W.

As I looked up I, stopped paddling on the river, and there was my favorite spot. My heart still pounding from the rapids that just washed over me. I stepped on the cold rock as my wet sticky swimsuit stopped irritating me. The rope swing, the drizzling waterfalls, the abandoned tree house, and the ladder hanging by a thread, all made me feel alone. All by myself, no one to disrupt the beauty, except for me of course. The small trickling of the waterfall gave me chills. The tree house in the ancient oak tree hanging over the river was abandoned and broken. The ladder to get up was hanging by a thin rope ready to fall at any moment, and it was far out of reach. I felt the fussy of the bright colorful moss. I was barely able to reach the old thick rope.

“Evee, come on. We need to go” my dad’s voice echoed. I was snapped back into reality.

“Dad, will you please come here, I want to swing onto your paddle board.” As I swung, I was weightless, time stopped as I sort of gracefully landed on the board. Away I went. Away.