

## **My Way**

I first found this special place when my mom and dad split up. My dad moved out for a while into a trailer out by a pond, woods, and creek. When my dad moved out, I visited him every weekend. But at this point in time I felt like nothing was going my way, but that all changed.

I was outside by the pond one day when I noticed a creek. It went behind the pond and downhill toward the woods. After a few minutes I walked to the creek and jumped into the carved land on a small remaining piece of land. The creek was calm as if it were being drunk out of cup. It went downhill on limestone rocks with rigid holes making it possible to climb the slanted hill. After a while, I began to slide down the hill with the calm current into the woods.

I would slide down any way I could think of. I would slide on my stomach face forward, feet forward, backwards on my back etc. etc. Then when I got tired, I would sit right in the middle of the downward slope, letting the water rush against my back as if I were a rock going about my business. When I was rested I would go right back to sliding again. Then I began to build bridges and dams with floating pieces of rock in the creek. I remember one of the bridges I built was strong enough to hold my sister and I at the same time. It was right at the end of the downward slope. It was really neat. I remember one night a big storm hit and knocked it over. I tried to rebuild it but most of the pieces were gone.

I even made my own seat in the middle of the downward slope. To make it, I rolled a humongous rock down into the creek. As it hit the limestone, it broke off in the very center of the rock. It formed the rock into an almost perfect version of a chair. It was almost as if it were carved by a professional. I couldn't help myself, I carved my name into the back of the chair (it took a long time!). Although the rock was more like a shrunken version of a chair it took almost exactly the same time. I loved it. I loved it so much I did my homework in it. It was almost as if I were addicted to it like tobacco.

Sometimes when I was mad about my mom and dad splitting up, I would sit in the chair and think about all the good times we all had together, or I would think about something else just to get it off my mind. It usually always worked. I remember one day I fell asleep in the seat. I woke up to a feeling like a thousand needles stabbing me at the same time. I had fallen asleep and fell in the water. Why it was so cold I don't know because it was 90 degrees outside, but the water felt 90 degrees below. That was the last time I fell asleep in that seat.

After a few more months my mom and dad got back together and tried to

work things out. For all I know that special creek could be bone dry now, but at least I know there was at least one place where everything seemed to go my way.