

One Fine Day

I remember that day, when we walked up the mountain! My daddy said to me “Put on your walking boots. We’re going for a trek up the mountain”. So my sister, my dad and I walked out where the Sun was shining brightly in the clear, blue sky. As we made a narrow little path through the damp grass, the smell of the flowers, grass and trees all merged to form the familiar ‘countryside’ smell. “Whoooooosh!” We blew as hard as we could on the carelessly plucked dandelion making a wish that we really, really hoped would come true as we watched the tiny little seeds fly away. As we approached the bottom of the mountain, I remember the dark, cold shadow of it towering over me and challenging me. “Lets go!” I cried, and I sped ahead. The journey to the summit was long and dangerous; it showed many footprints of some who had made it but many who had fallen. “Squelch, squelch, squelch” as my feet ran through the mud. “You’ve got it on your dress!” said my Dad. “You’re mum’ll be mad” I carried on anyway making paths in the mud and then a tiny voice cried “Wait up, wait up” it was my sister, following closely behind. We ran hand in hand till our legs felt like jelly, so we sat on a large, smooth rock till we caught our breath. My Dad came soon after and we made our final steps to the summit. “We made it” I cried, so proud of my achievements and then pleaded with my Daddy “Can we go again tomorrow? I’ll run all the way!”