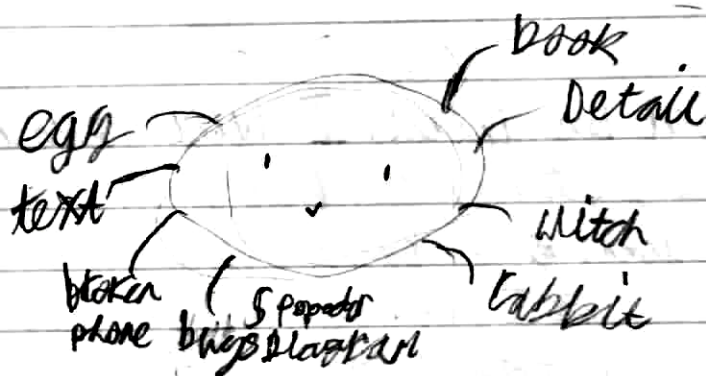


Sadie



I wonder what the hills can do.

I had my bag next to me, sitting on the wet grass and leaning on a mossy rock, while I was lying on the grass. I sat up, after looking at the clouds, imagining what it would be like touching those soft, delicate clouds for 10 minutes straight. I rummaged through my bag and grabbed a book about bathgate hills legends. I felt the crispy pages, while hoping I don't lose it, (it was a library book!) and read the first chapter.

I imagined an egg, cracking open on the grass as I read about Nizzie the fossil, thought to be one of the first amphibians, the little creature was catching bugs. The Witch Stories made me think of fire and death... then I got distracted by a rabbit. What? It was a cute rabbit! I took out my broken phone, the cracked screen tough and bumpy, and searched up "ake Witchespeak", they were very cool, but not eerie or clever, the thought made my brain hurt.

I went back to Chapter 3, which was about UFO's, I laughed, the chapters were very short, so I knew this would be funny. My imagination ran wild, UFO's abducting cows, aliens trying burgers for the first time. Man,

That would be wild. I will never understand
these glassy, tall hills, but I don't care, I laughed
one more time, then rolled down the hill, the glass
on my face as I let my imagination take over...
I wonder what the hills can do.

