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A Memorable Place in Time

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A Memorable Place in Time

High School Essay Competition

Tim Bailey, Second Place

Lauderdale County High School

Almost everyone has a place that caused an impact on his life. The place I think influenced mine, more than any other area, is a plot of land behind my grandfather's house.

My adventure began along a narrow path about 200 yards behind the house. I walked, carefree, as I gazed into the air watching pictures being formed by the clouds.

Farther down the path the grass became thicker. Testing my reflexes, I snatched grasshoppers. As they kicked in my hand, I felt powerful knowing their fate depended upon my decision. Having an innocent heart, I would set them free and watch as they hurriedly escaped.

Near the end of the path, I would get on my hands and knees and crawl in the towering weeds. The enemy was just ahead in the small clearing. They were unaware of the ambush I had planned. Making my first shot count, I would carefully lift my slingshot and send a flurry of attacks. The battle often lasted only a short length of time, but every moment was intense! After the fighting was over I would walk across the black, scorched earth and stand proudly glaring at the shattered glass under my feet. Peace would remain until my grandfather brought more bottle soldiers and trash to burn.

Weeds grabbed at my legs as I neared the trees that lifted their arms toward heaven. Many times I would stop and listen to the animals that played around me. They spoke a strange language, and as hard as I tried, I never could understand them.

Leaves crunched under my feet while I tried moving silently but quickly to surprise imaginary creatures that lurked in the woods. In my own eyes, I became an invincible hero superior to everything.

The trees came to an end by an old fence pulled to the ground by honeysuckles. On the other side of the tormented fence was a large field which Indians, many years before, had made their home. As I searched for relics of the past, a certain peacefulness surrounded me in the vast area. Nobody was near to tell me what I should or should not do.

When I grew tired, I followed the sound of the rolling water that raced its way down the creek to the river. By the shore of the glimmering water was a large oak tree that seemed to have been made for me to rest comfortably upon.

Many thoughts drifted through my mind as I watched unfortunate bugs drop into the water and quickly be consumed by eager fish. I wondered what I would be doing in a few years and what the world would be like. Confusion was often the result instead of an answer.

In the distance I could see a vine that stretched high into a treetop. My grandfather had cut it at the base so I could swing on it. When he was with me, he reminisced and tried to relive the youthfulness he no longer possessed. When my energy returned, I

'A certain peacefulness surrounded me.'

played on the vine until the sun was hiding behind the trees.

A new uphill journey awaited me. The shadows seemed to come alive as I retraced my steps from earlier. The moon became my only friend as fear mounted inside me. My heart beat frantically as the animals laughed at the change in my bravery. With every step I took, I looked around to make sure nothing followed me. As I walked at a quick but careful pace, a new list of memories came to a close as I neared the house. When I arrived within seeing distance of the house, I took deep reassuring breaths.

Many things have changed since my youth. No longer am I afraid of the mysterious movements of the night. Also, the animals are now part of an enjoyable hunt. Even the vine has lost its grip and now lies on the ground. As it rots, new vines spring up and take its place. When I think of the memories created in that special place, I can't help but wonder if someone else will cut one of the small vines and make it a place to relieve his mind of the events that occur in an ever-so-fast and changing world. □