

A Beautiful Day

I sighed and dropped back on the grass. Entertaining myself was *hard*. I'd been watching my dad play soccer with his friends for what felt like *hours*, but I knew they weren't even *close* to being done. I wished I were old enough to stay home alone. I wished I'd brought a book to read, homework to do, anything! I wished I could go home now. I sat up and sighed again.

The drab sky dozed above the lonely park where I was trapped while my dad's friends played. I stood up and drifted through the field, circling around the occasional tree. I slowly worked my way from the sidelines to the opposite side of the park, where a small playground promised some meager entertainment. With nothing else to do, it was inevitable. I scooched down the slides for some time, but I soon became bored. I was killing time, and I idly wondered if I would kill enough before my boredom killed me.

I eyed the monkey bars. I usually avoided playing on these because my hands would get sweaty, and I'd fall off about halfway through, leaving my hands stinging from trying to hold on. Today, however, desperate times pushed me to desperate measures. The shiny red bars didn't look too intimidating, some three feet taller than I was. Since they went in a short circle, instead of a straight line, I thought they wouldn't take as long to cross, thus limiting the time my hands would have to sweat. If I did, by some paltry chance, start to slip, the ground would be right below my feet. I considered my options. Dull monotony or a small test of my skills? The small victory of conquering even half a set of monkey bars far outweighed the risk of falling and injuring myself.

I climbed the ladder and gripped the first bar. I swung to the next. Easy. On bar number 3, my hand began to slide across the now moist, frictionless bar. I lunged for the next bar, an equal distance from either ladder, and clung desperately with both of my hands. Barely gripping the

cold-but-warming metal, I knew if I let go with one hand, my other would slip! The slickness of the bar guaranteed my fall.

I looked down pleading for a way out, only to see the bark-covered ground a hundred feet away—if I fell I would die! I didn't want to die! I had things to do! Places to go! Oh dread! I wished I had stayed on the ground and accepted my lot. I could yell for help, but even if my dad heard me, by the time he made it I would already be dead on the ground. Oh dread! My heartbeat screaming in my chest, my breath racing, I prayed to God with all the might of a little girl who knew she was about to die. *I'm sorry I didn't see what I had, just please save me now!*

I couldn't let go, and I couldn't wait for help, but oh hope, oh hope, could I swing myself to safety? Maybe, maybe, if I carefully let my left hand go, my right could hold firm, despite the lack of friction. I slowly released my left hand. Oh yes! Oh joy! I tentatively pulled myself past the remaining bars. I swung my feet onto the ladder and hopped down to safe ground. I whooped with joy! I lived! I lived! I had a second chance at life itself—thanks be to God!

I looked up at the deep blue sky and laughed. White poofy clouds meandered around the sun without blocking its warmth. Why should I be bored on a day like this? I strolled across the spring grass back to watch my dad play soccer. It was a beautiful day.