

Magical memory from past 4th

by Samantha Bolt

Silence was all around us. We were filled with an urgency to see some movement. But the closest thing to movement was the wind blowing the tundra's yellowish-brown grass. The wind whistled past our ears, slightly moving the hair out of our faces. A pair of sparrows chased each other, breaking the solitude of the land around us.

The silence made me feel like a stranger, intruding. The urgency made me feel that something special was going to happen, something which I was not supposed to see. And the sum of these feelings amounted to an excitement which equaled the need of air to escape from a bulging balloon.

But any sound from us could ruin the moment. We dared not move even the tiniest muscle, our

lungs wanted us to inhale and exhale faster than our already speeding hearts. But we slowly took breaths, and slowly let them out, lest the quickness of such breathing would be heard.

The damp smell of the tundra plants we laid on, covered a small hill which we were using as a blind. The artificial scent of the tarp which protected us from the

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soggy ground, was another intruder to the serenity of this realm. The silence was enhanced by the clear blue sky. Just a wedge of pink lined the west.

"Shh... I think its coming!" whispered Rachel. Finally, the wait is over! Anticipation will now lead to awe. A moment like this was never felt before, and may not happen again! Patience does have its reward.

Its beauty surpassed our expectations. The grace of its movement amazed us, for its rocky path has tripped several others. Her hooves confidently

took her safely down the treacherous slope. The evening sun cast her shadow long and reflected off her deep black eyes.

This was our first time to see a mountain goat, but the best was yet to come! Jack slowly rose from his place, taking with him a small bag of TrailMix.

My pulse quickened as I assumed he would frightened her away. She gingerly backed away. "She's going to run." I thought, "and the moment would end."

But Jack stopped and held out some of the TrailMix toward our guest. Or was she our hostess? For isn't this her home?

Shy and cautiously, she eyed him, and the present he offered. Nothing moved or made a sound, except for the wind. My heart was all I could hear. It seemed to be as loud as a thundering roller coaster.

Jack's face lit up with a smile as her wet lips accepted the gift. She had none for us, but the joy of the moment would never be forgotten. A Kodak moment needing no film. (We just ran out, too.)

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