

My Mother and the Squirrel

The five of us got out of my father's truck in excitement. As we dropped from the Ford to the ground you could feel the earth move beneath each of our feet. A lulling feeling rushed through me as my legs were finally able to get the stretch they desperately needed. The jungle we called "the driveway" was out of control from the lack of proper care in the last three years. As the crisp scent of the moist forest rushed through my lungs my eyes had to adjust from the two and a half hour drive in tinted windows. Looking around I could tell we were glad to be here. My mother was finally at ease from my reckless driving I used to irritate her, and my dad was happy to be away from the stress that constantly overwhelmed us at home. My younger sister put on her grumpy mask to try and convince us nothing would ever make her happy, but I could tell she was glad she came.

My dad shook the push-mower trying to unhook it from the abiding corner. As my dad fought against the corner and diminutive space that our shed enclosed, he heard the pitter-patter (onomatopoeia) of movement. As my dad heard this whisper of noise (personification), my mother translated it into a thunderous gallop. She warned my father of the noise which he insisted was just her imagination. With a swift kick to the mower in an attempt to dislodge it, my dad heard the noise much stronger and at a faster tempo. His curiosity over-powered his

desire to obtain the lawn mower, resulting in a quick look at the ceiling to discover what the noise was. At this point he heard the breath of my mom leave her, and he could almost hear her mind screaming in shock and complete disbelief. He turned around and faced the culprit of the noise.