

Once Upon a Hill

By Olivia

“This can’t end well,” I mumbled as I stepped out of the car and grimaced at the mountainous-looking, woodsy hill. It was saturated in a thick cover of trees, increased in elevation gradually, and glowed with the dull shades of dry, mossy greens. As a breeze bit at my face, I took one last reluctant glance at the little silver car that served as my last memory of what it’s like to feel safe and warm. Then Natasha handed me the roller blades. I gulped, and though maybe I was being slightly dramatic, I knew I’d be lucky to make it out of this alive. (suspense)

Rollerblading wasn’t something I really knew how to do. Of course, I’d gone to those little-kid-birthday-parties and attempted it, but it’d never quite been my forte. Besides that, when it came to trying new things, especially extreme sports, I was a total chicken. (metaphor) Trying to gather my wits, I put on my roller blades and wobbled along behind Natasha, who was now laughing at me.

“At this rate it’s going to take us all day to get up that hill.” She giggled.

“Why, how far away is the park?” I inquired. She had a goofy-looking smirk on her face.

“Well, it’s not *that* far,” she responded sheepishly, but I could tell she was lying. With a sigh, I followed her down the paved path and looked up at the enormous hill that I knew I was going to have to go up. I remembered back to the day that Natasha, my cousin Tonya, and I had all gone rummage saling and knew that Natasha was really fast on rollerblades, which made me feel even more athletically impaired. I trailed behind her, but eventually gained enough courage to start going almost at her speed.

The path on the hill twisted and winded around it and when I came up on the first curve I walked along the side of the path on the grass. I knew I wasn’t ready to try going down any hills yet. Then, as the second curve came along, I stopped and stared down at the downhill path before me.

“Just don’t think about it,” Natasha instructed, “and you’ll be just fine.”

Needless to say, she was wrong. I started off going down the hill slowly, and it was going good, until I moved my feet wrong and took a complete nose-dive onto the ground. The best part, though, was that just as I wiped out, a jogger came along down that path and started laughing at me. Once I stood back up my hand was all scraped up, but I kept on going.

After that I didn’t fall for about another quarter of a mile and I was pretty proud of myself. The lush green forest had never looked so evil to me and I considered the little wheels attached to my feet to be like poison. (simile) Slowly I caught on to how to move a little faster, though, and I built up enough courage to purposely try to go fast.

The past hour of uphill-trekking was finally catching up to me. We reached a slow road with virtually no traffic. I was happy to finally be out of the woods, but the catch was that we had to go down a big hill and about a half mile down the road to get back to her car. This hill wasn’t just your average hill. It was tall and lengthy and if you were rolling down it on rollerblades it would definitely make your speed increase. I knew I couldn’t just walk down the side of this hill because Natasha and I would’ve been there all day. I side glanced at her, but she was already looking at me.

“You can do this. I have faith in you.” She promised.

“I really don’t think this is a good idea for me. You can go get your car and pick me up,” I joked, but in the back of my mind I hoped she’d take me seriously. Instead of quickly going to her car, she stared at me expectantly like I was supposed to go down the hill. “Maybe I should just walk..” I trailed.

“Oh my God, Olivia. You’ll be fine. Here,” she held out her hand, “just take my hand and you’ll be just fine. I won’t let you fall.” I reluctantly placed my hand in hers and gave the giant hill once last glance behind me before I took off with Natasha.

At first it wasn't so bad, but gradually as we went, we went faster and faster. I could feel my heart beat and the adrenaline rushing through my veins. I was doing it, I was really doing it. The gentle clickity click of the roller blades on the pavement was reassuring just because it meant that I hadn't fallen over yet.

Then the road began to curve.

"Stop moving your feet!" Natasha screamed. "You're making us go faster!"

I completely halted all feet movement, but it was the biggest, most painful mistake I think I've ever made. My sweaty hand tried to hang on to Natasha's, but she let go of mine and I bent my back backwards before losing my balance completely and falling. I skidded across the blacktop on my butt and it was so painful that I tried to roll myself over. Rolling myself over just made it worse because my hip took a hit to the cement, I skinned one knee, and sliced open both of my hands. All it took was three seconds and I didn't even know what hit me.

When I inspected my injuries I gasped with laughter the whole entire time and Natasha was in hysterics on the ground laughing. "Are you alright?!" she managed to say in between gasps of laughter.

"I think so!" I scanned myself again and realized that when I fell I did the splits and split my favorite pants down the middle. "Are you?"

"Well, I think I peed my pants," she admitted. We were both laughing so hysterically that we started crying unintentionally.

"Are you serious?" I asked.

“Yes! I haven’t peed my pants since I can remember!” she exclaimed animatedly. We wound up having to take a little break just to calm down. When we finally gathered ourselves Natasha said, “Olivia, this has been fun and all, but I think it’s time to go home.”