

The Little Wooden Bench by the Stream

“Crack! Boom!” deafening sounds of lightning and thunder bounced around in my ear. The lights in my room went out. This had been going on for what felt like an eternity. I could feel the vibration of the storm from underneath my shaky feet. Interested, I looked at the light show in nature. Staring. Watching. Every burst of lightning fascinated me, but as soon as the lightning hit a naked tree, my eyes widened in surprise. No longer interested, but terrified, I watched the tree burst into flames. I heard my mom’s faded voice from downstairs as the fire spread rapidly across the black night sky. Smoke filled the air from outside my bedroom window. I was in shock. All I did was grab the picture of grandma holding it tight. I did not let go. As soon as I comprehended what was going on, I rushed to my mom. Everything else was a blur. The last thing I could recall was the agony I felt for the wood. And all the memories I had made there, and just leaving it. I would never see that place again.

“Peep chirp peep peep!” Nature’s song ran in through my ears filling me with bright yellowish colors, like the color of the sun. Golden flames rushing out of a big yellow ball. I lived right next to a beautiful wood, filled with a variety of flowers and birds of many colors that made the wood seem like a magical fairytale. I had a lot of memories there, but my favorite spot was where my grandma and I always used to sit. The little wooden bench that we had made together. She was my best friend...

My grandma passed away a year ago. Her wise words always ran through my head replaying all day to help me understand that my mom had been going through a tough time. My mom worked two jobs, day and night. Sometimes she struggled to put food on the table. My mom will always be a role model to me: a courageous, strong, beautiful young woman.

The little bench that we built sat on the edge of the stream that always glistened in the sunlight despite the full trees of green leaves blocking its light. My Grandma was a carpenter. She carved beautiful

designs in spoons and little wooden bowls. She showed me how to carve, and when we made the bench. I remember her slight smile, but to me it was the biggest sign of her joy.

I glanced at my watch from the corner of my eye. Realizing I was going to be late for dinner, I stood up from the bench and ran to the little yellow house and had my shoes off in a flash just in time to set the table for my mom and I. I swiftly ate my dinner next to my beloved mom before she set off for work.

After a delicious dinner of mashed potatoes, my mom announced, "Well, I'm going to get ready to work. Call me if you need anything." She kissed the top of my head and left for her room.

I sprinted to my room almost tripping on the stairs, and sat with my dog. She rubbed her furry blonde body against my waist and slept peacefully next to me until I also drifted into a deep sleep...

"Eloise! Eloise!" A faint voice echoed in my ears. Running as fast as I've ever ran before. The minute I passed the door, I saw mom's face in tears by the car, when my sapphire eyes filled up with salty tears as well still holding the one picture of grandma that I had. The flower decorated frame cradled her pale face and her hazel eyes along with her long gray hair that always flew in the wind.

The fire had spread to the whole wood now and hit multiple houses including ours. The flames started to devour our flowers and trees along our house. There were red and blue lights from all the police cars blinding my eyes, but I managed to take one look back at our little yellow house next to the once beautiful wood as I said goodbye to all the lovely memories. The last tear dropped down my red cheeks and we drove off into the heavy darkness.