

Addison B.

## Love

Hello, my name is Melody. My mom's name was Samantha. She was so pretty and had blonde hair and green eyes. Every time she kissed me goodnight, her soft hair brushed my face. My dad's name was Nickolas. He was very handsome and had dark brown hair that hung in his face. I loved it when he would blow it out of his eyes. Every time I stared into his bright blue eyes, it was like you were staring straight into a blizzard.

My parents were the best. They meant the world to me. We used to spend our weekends taking road trips.

One day we were going to the country to visit my grandpa's farm. My Grandma died 3 years ago, and even though he didn't say it, I knew he was sad and lonely. I loved playing with the pig there; his name is Robert. If I was willing to get dirty, I would play in the mud with him. We visited grandpa so often, I knew how to get there by heart! There is one trip to the farm that changed my life forever. I can remember it like it was yesterday.

My dad yelled from downstairs, "Honey, stop daydreaming and let's go!" I popped out of my bed like a weasel, grabbed my suitcase that weighed a ton, and ran as fast as I could to get out the door. Once we put everything into the car, it was time to go.

My grandpa's ranch was kind off far away, about 2 hours in the car. We had only gone about two miles, and I was already starving! I reached for the snack bag and got peanut butter crackers. When I put them my mouth, they exploded with flavor- salt, crackers, and lovely peanut butter. They made me thirsty, so I grabbed a bottle of water out of the cooler. It flowed into my mouth like a river. AHHHHHHH!

BOOM! I knew something was wrong. Suddenly everything was silent. I tried to look around but everything looked black. That's when it hit me... we crashed. Suddenly my eyes filled up with tears and I got a lump in my throat. I felt around until I felt something cold. I knew it was the window. Then, I covered my eyes and kicked the window until it shattered. I carefully and slowly crawled out of the smashed car. It looked like a crumpled soda can. I felt the rocky road with my hands, it was cold like ice. I looked in the front seat and to tried to wake Mommy and Daddy up, but they had passed. I started to cry more, but realized I needed to move on. I reached inside of the broken window and was able to grab the food bag and the cooler. I started walking, not knowing to where to go, but then I stopped. I could go to Grandpa's farm! I knew exactly where I was. I was on Highway 6. I needed to head south to get where I wanted to go. I started walking, knowing that I would soon be there I didn't lose faith. I heard CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH every time I took a step. I went the way my heart told me to go.

The sun was going down, and I really wanted to get to my grandpa before nightfall, so I kept on walking. I was getting closer, but more tired with every step. I tried to find a tree that looked good to lie on. As soon as I sat down, I fell fast asleep. When I woke up, I felt so dirty and nasty, and my legs ached. I must have been covered in mosquitoes all night!

I began walking again, CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH! I could feel it; I was getting so close! I smiled from ear, to, ear. I started to run and suddenly fell flat on my face! Go ahead laugh- my dad would laugh. When I got up, I saw a dog. It did not look vicious, but I was still careful. So I walked past it saying, "Good dog, good dog." He followed me when I tried to leave. I knew I shouldn't be afraid so I reached out to pet him. He was really nice, and he licked

me three times. When he panted, it looked like he was smiling. Suddenly, he started galloping in the direction of my grandpa's house! How did he know the way? I ran after him. We were so close! Then, I saw it! I saw my grandpa's house! I was so relieved; it felt like I started floating on air. I reached his house and knocked on the door. My grandpa opened the door, and almost screamed. We both laughed. "I missed you so much!" he exclaimed.

"Me too!" I said.

"Where are your mom and dad?" he asked.

I stood there in silence. "It's a long and sad story," I muttered as I choked back some tears.

"Come inside and tell Pops. Oh, and meet dog, Freckles!" said Grandpa as the dog from the side of the road followed us in.

I stood there like I had seen a ghost. "That's how he knew the way here!" I stammered. We sat on grandpa's old couch that was still somehow really soft. I sat there for about a hour telling Grandpa the story about the wreck and how I found my way to him. By the time I was done, we were both crying.

"Honey you can stay with Pops," said Grandpa in tears.

"I'd love to." I cried through my sobs.

Sometimes life isn't always going to be perfect. We are going to have good times and bad times. Sometimes the hard times teach us lessons we didn't know we needed. No matter what happens, we must always appreciate life and the people who love us.