

Child Of The Brave

By: Aden F

“Catch it Hampton!”, my dad blared. My dad and I were playing catch, one of my favorite games. When I caught the ball, I decided to do my farthest throw yet. “Here it comes, Dad!” I excitedly hollered. I swung my arm, aimed at Dad, and threw the ball. Dad tried to catch it, but it was going so fast! I think that was my farthest throw yet! It’s still in the air! I squinted my eyes to see where it was going, but I couldn’t see it anymore. Luckily, Dad was watching the ball. “Wow, champ!” My dad told me. “It reached the forest,” I was shocked. “T-th-the forest? I’m not going there!” I mean, I’m only seven! Normally when the ball goes somewhere, I am always eager to get it. But not this time! The forest is full of weird animals, and monsters. It’s also big, dark, scary, and..well that’s pretty much! “Don’t worry, Hamps” my father assured. “I will get the ball. And off he went. Into the forest. The scariest place in my opinion. “Don’t worry,” I thought. I went back inside the house. I was hungry anyway.

I went to make a PB and J until I found a picture of mom in our kitchen. I know it’s been hard ever since mom passed, but it’s time to move on. I grabbed some toast, peanut butter, and jelly. Mom taught me how to make peanut butter jelly sandwiches, so I teared up a little. “Oh Mom,” I cried. “I just wish you were here...with me” I made my sandwich and ate, looking out the window, expecting Dad to be back with the ball and a smile on his face. Moments went by. I finished my sandwich and wondered why Dad didn’t come back. “He’ll probably be back soon,” I thought. Seconds became minutes. And minutes became hours. And hours became days.

It’s been two days ever since dad left. Why isn’t dad coming back? I waited for a few more minutes, and he still didn’t come back. That’s when I had an idea. If dad wasn’t coming back, then I’ll face my fears and go into the forest to save my dad. Wait. That seems like a stupid idea. I’m just a little boy who doesn’t know how to take care of himself and is too scared to even go into the forest. But it’s the only way I could see why my dad isn’t coming. I don’t want him to..be gone, like my mom. “I have to do this,” I said to myself. Me, Hampton, a seven-year-old little boy, is going to save his dad. I started packing my stuff. My clothes, food, water, and a fresh pack of underwear. I also brought a first-aid kit, binoculars, and a flashlight. I was ready to go.

The forest is dark. It was nighttime, the scariest time ever. I decided to turn on my flashlight. I found a nice spot to rest in. Before I went to sleep, I was walking through the woods at night when my flashlight suddenly stopped working. I heard some scary sounds in the darkness and I started to feel really scared. I didn’t know what to do or where to go. I was just standing there in the darkness, feeling scared and alone.

One night, I was in a grassland trying to sleep, but I couldn’t because I kept hearing strange noises. I tried to ignore it and go to sleep, but it was too creepy. I decided to get up and

investigate. I started to feel really scared, but I decided to go check anyway. I looked around, but I couldn't see anything. I heard the noise again and it sounded like it was coming from the side of the river. I didn't want to go there, but I knew I had to find out what was making the noise. I slowly made my way, but when I got there, I couldn't see anything. I turned around to go back, but I heard the noise again. This time, it sounded like it was coming from the other side of the river. I didn't know what to do, but I knew I had to investigate. I started to feel really scared, but I forced myself to keep going. I slowly made my way to the other side of the river, but when I got there, I couldn't see anything. I was about to give up and go back when I saw my father, lying there, unconscious. "Dad!" I screamed. Turns out he has been attacked by a black bear. He was lying there unconscious for a day I think. "Someone! Help my Father!!!" I hollered. But that's when I remembered I had a first aid kit. I saw a big scratch on his face. I put in some medicine and a bandage. Then I went to search for anything to call for help. I found a phone that is still old, but it still works. I called 911 and explained that my father got attacked. I was so scared. "Don't worry Dad, everything will be okay" I said.

The ambulance came. One of the workers said to me, "Are you here with just you and your father?" I nodded. Since they couldn't leave me alone, I was in the back of the ambulance, along with my dad lying there. I cried so hard. Why did this happen?! I wondered if my father would get better or not.

It's been 3 days ever since my father was in the hospital. Currently, he's in a coma. I wondered when he would open his eyes. Or not. The people took me to a care center because no one could take care of me. A few weeks passed by, and he still didn't open his eyes. It has been months. One time, I was at the hospital checking on my dad, and my dad woke up from the coma! I am so happy! He is doing well and is on the road to recovery. We are grateful for the doctors and nurses who helped him get better.