

Alex Goins

English III 4th period

Ms. Feher

3 October 2019

Don't Be Out to Late

It was the beginning of summer break and my friends, Dawson, Braydon, Jacob, and Mason, and I decided to go out into the back field where we regularly would ride our bikes down steep and muddy trails and then spend some time fishing by the creek to take a moment and just chill for some time. On that same day we planned to explore more of the forest that lay around us. Mason, whose dad owned the land, showed us another trail that he had made a while back that would lead us to an old barn. He would then take us through the other part of the creek with slippery rocks and tall grass that was infested with small bugs. Once we arrived at the old abandoned barn. We wanted to see what exactly was inside the barred-up structure, but it was locked and with no windows we just gave up and continued our search for anything to keep us entertained. We would continue this search for an hour until we came across a large group of trees with the same creek rolling through the center. I spotted, covered in chalky dust, a strange rock. The, "rock" turned out to be an animal's jawbone with all teeth still intact. It surely had been lying in the sun for some time as the bone was faded and brittle. We would keep walking until we came to the creek and once we arrived, my friends and I took our shoes off and took a few sticks to go crawfish hunting until we got bored and let them go. We would also find massive slabs of limestone that would allow water to flow through. Almost like a mini-waterfall. The mass of limestone had a suspicious pattern etched on top that seemed to

indicate a spot where lightning struck. After some time of just walking around and exploring we noticed that we had been away too long. We all agreed on returning home, so we retraced our steps and arrived back at the old barn. Once we got there, we all heard someone call out to us. We turned to see who had called out and it was an older man wearing a blue uniform. I immediately knew we had been caught trespassing and especially after Mason was just talking about how a day or two ago the police were called for trespassers in this area. We all ended up taking off towards the tall grass leading into the woods without giving them a single second to ask us any questions. Once we were far enough, we took a second to just wait by a large tree until we were certain that we weren't being followed. After waiting roughly ten minutes, I began hearing my Dad yelling my name saying that it was time to leave. We got up from the lounging and went our separate ways. When I got back home, I told my Mom and Dad about what had just went down not too long ago. My mom, on one hand, was furious with me and my Dad just laughed and didn't even seem that worried about it. That was one of the last memories of me and my friends hanging out before one by one they moved away, and as did I.