826 DIGITAL

WRITING

Storm Clouds Never Stopped Me

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TYPE

NARRATIVE

GENRE

GRADE 6

One day, when I was about five years old, and it was raining, I decided to go outside. In my underwear. And also repeatedly run around in circles. I remember the feeling of my wet feet slapping on the ground once every few seconds.

Slap.

Slap.

Slap.

I remember the rain pattering on my wet head and my knotted hair. As I stared up at the gray storm clouds, my eyes started stinging from the water droplets as if they were miniature knives. I heard the rain banging roughly on my nearby little blue house. I tasted the sweet, cold rain as it fell onto my outstretched tongue. I breathed in the evening air, and I smelled the pre-cut grass. I remember slipping on that wet, slick grass, like it was grabbing me and pulling me down. I remember falling. The only thing I don’t remember is crying or wincing from the pain. I only remember

standing up and continuing to run until the sky was blue and clear.

I’m not sure why that moment felt so special. Maybe it was the cool texture of the grass under my feet. Maybe it was the feeling that I could run forever. Or maybe it was the feeling of being so free I could do anything. Whatever the reason, I will always remember that amazing feeling of being as free as a bird.

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