

**The water frigid and cool as ice.** The trees creating beautiful shadow silhouettes on the river. I don't feel scared any more. Whilst the rushing water crashes against boulders like thunder booming. The shivering soul-reaching shock of the water. The beverage of the animals. I've been wandering for a while but here I feel like I'm where I belong. The water shoved off mountainous rocks, sculpting them in the process. The immortal being that water is. This is the perspective of a deer. In the distance I hear the splashing and crashing of water hitting rocks, and know that's the perfect spot. I look down and see my reflection all wavy and distorted. There are jagged rocks in the middle, making an obstacle for the fish to move around. The water I walked by was very loud. The trees and the rocks talking to the water in a language only known to them. Water crashing in an honest and calm way. A beautiful sight and a beautiful place to be. Never to be seen again. *Wip wash whoosh.*

I look to the trees, their roots deeply planted, the water protecting them somehow. Life is a gift that I wish I could get all the time, but it's a one-time gift filled with unknown things. Water gives for things to grow. My waters. The sun beating down, keeping you warm while the creek battles to keep you cool. The sound of flowing water brings peace and tranquility to those who are near. The bear snatches the fish out of the water and *chomp*.

The rest of the fish watch in horror. Sticks nor stones can break your beautiful rock brown bones. The icy water nipping my toes as I sit on the edge of everything. The forest has a color of pretty emerald green. Tumbling, rolling waters crashing over rough, grainy rocks and slamming against itself. Like a storm cloud into the air. Falling like glitter in the wind as the leaves rain down. Drowning not in water but in a sense of belonging. The river is now silent. I feel the bone-chilling waters shower me. Ghost-like shadows coming to haunt me.

# Fish Creek

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