

# THE ALPINE PATH

Volume 8, December 2024

## From the Editor

The holidays can be a busy time, with parties, shopping, volunteering, and finishing up those last-minute tasks before the end of the year. Make sure you carve out some time to relax together as a family. Make some hot cocoa, curl up with a blanket, and enjoy the stories and poems that make up this volume of *The Alpine Path*.

Be inspired by the creativity in these pages. Use your time off from school to read and write for fun.

**Writing prompt:** share your holiday thoughts and experiences by writing emails to an imaginary pen-pal.


## Dream Countries

*Joanna Malone, 18*

I have walked in amber woodlands,  
Tho' I know not where they stand,  
But I love them better, dearer  
Aye than any in the land.

I have roved with friends beside me,  
Strange to me and all unknown,  
And have caught the heady fragrance  
From the scented meadows blown.

I know a sunny meadow  
And a chapel rough and grey.  
Do not question where they lieth,  
For I cannot tell the way.  
It may lie in Merry England,  
Or in Italy afar,  
Or are they in the country  
Where the shades of legends are?

There are waters in my dreaming  
That have neither tongue nor voice,  
Never sighing or lamenting,  
Never laughing to rejoice.  
You may speak of quiet waters,  
Stilly lakes and restful streams,  
But there are no waters muter  
Than the waters in my dreams. 

## Infinite Serenity

*Keziah Khoo, 11*

The soft lapping of the  
placid blue, foaming white  
Waves o'er the soft  
Brown sand

The infinite infinity  
The beautiful serenity

Of the sea

Lapping, lapping  
And forever lapping against  
Browned toes  
Wiggling in anticipation  
Dug into shimmery grains

The infinite infinity  
The beautiful serenity

Of the sea

Rich, creamy white  
Fanned-out grooves  
Crumbly, thin delicacy  
Rescued from incoming torrents

The infinite infinity  
The beautiful serenity

Of the sea

Stretching on forever and ever  
Vanishing o'er the horizon  
The same gentle blueness,  
The same foamy goodness,  
O'er and o'er

O,

The infinite infinity  
The beautiful serenity

Of the sea! 🏔️

## The Joys of Fall

*Addie Collins, 15*

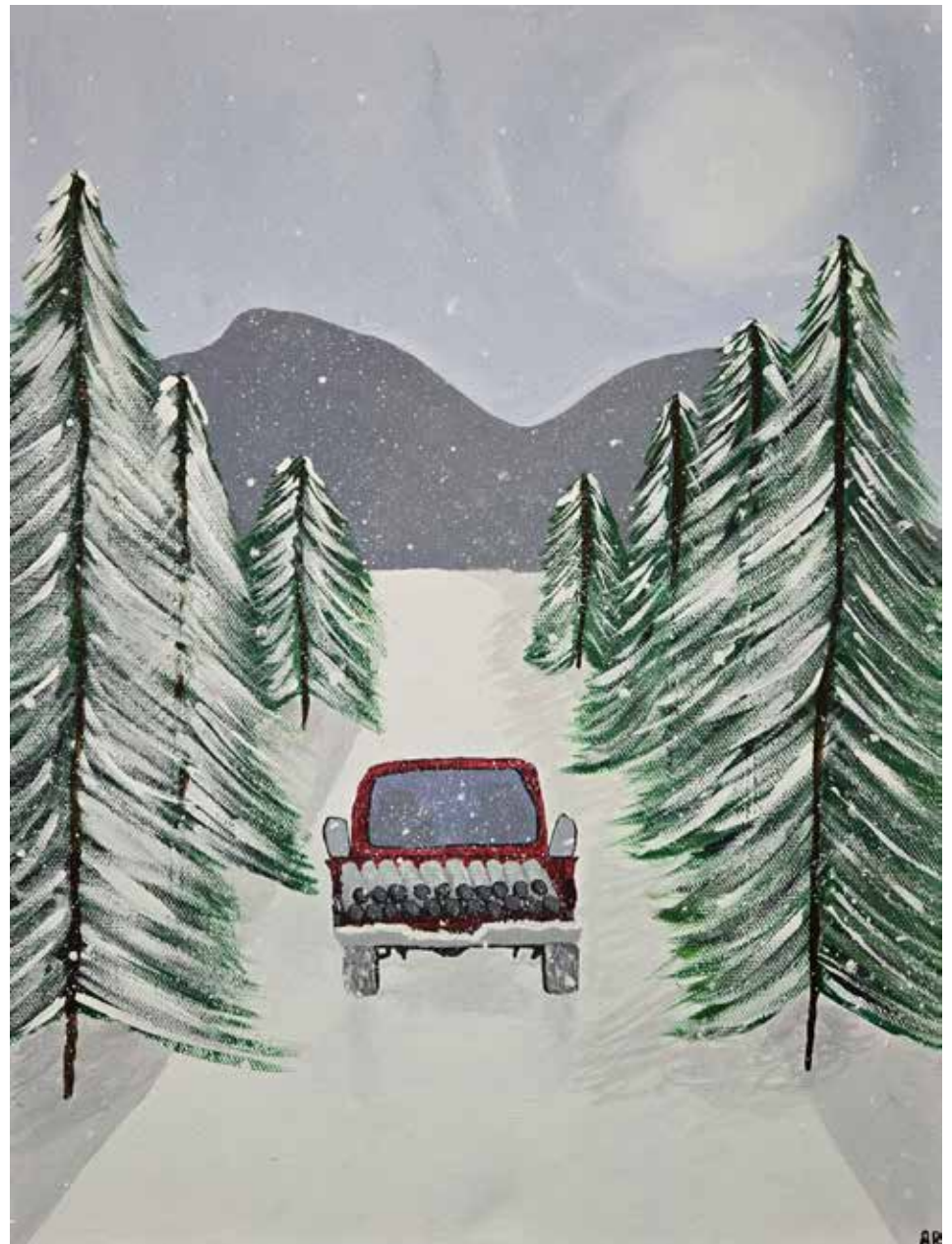
Fall is such wonderful beauty,  
Unlike what the world has seen,  
Delightfully chilly and foggy,  
As if you were in a dream.  
It is a cup of hot tea,  
A book on your bedside table,  
Cold winds from the northern sky,  
And wholesome soup by the ladle.  
Fall is a warm sweater,  
Muddy bogs and mire,  
Crunchy leaves and vibrant colors,  
And throwing logs on the fire. 🏔️

## Ghosts in the Highlands

*Joanna Malone, 18*

Once, as I walked in Moidart,  
Two hours after ten,  
I thought I saw before me  
The forms of seven men.

They stood upon the sea-cliff,  
And, though I couldn't see,  
I knew they watched a ghostly ship,  
Sailing on the sea. 🏔️



*Brynlee Boline, 14*

# The Mirror

Anna Young, 17

Linda hurried through the darkening forest, pulling her hood closer around her face as she puffed out breaths of silvery frost. Above her head, glimpsing between the bare tree branches, millions upon millions of stars shimmered down, little twinkling specks in the distant inky sky. Every now and again Linda glanced up at them and smiled, despite the fact that her cheeks were stiffening with cold.

Only a few more minutes and she would be at Alcott's house, she told herself, quickening her pace and shifting the wrapped package under her arm to a more secure position. Already she could see merry, golden glowing lights in the distant, glimmering through the shadowy trees.

Her boot suddenly caught on a fallen, snow-submerged log and she teetered precariously. The package under her arm slipped and she gasped as a wave of terror swept over her. Not now! She couldn't ruin all her hard work in this one catastrophic moment. What would she say to Alcott?

Linda's free hand shot out and clutched at a young tree nearby, just as the package slipped from her fingers and crunched into a snowbank. "No!" Linda released her support and lunged for it, scooping the package from the snow as if it could melt. Which, perhaps, it might. One never knew with things such as this.

Hastily she lifted it and shook it ever so gently. Her sigh of relief vaporized in the freezing, silent air. No clinking glass. Carrying her burden very carefully in her arms while watching her every step, Lin-

da finally marched along the snow-covered, cobblestone path and looked up at Alcott's wooden door. Golden light spilled from the crack beneath it, and even from here she could feel that blessed warmth on her frozen cheeks.

Shifting her mysterious bundle to one arm ever so delicately, Linda reached up and knocked. Hardly had her hand fallen back to its place when the door flew open.

Firelight reflected off of Alcott's thick spectacles and made the red tie he was wearing under his wool vest seem almost orange. "Linda! I was beginning to wonder!" He shuffled out of the way instantly, beckoning. "Come in at once!"

"Th-thank you," Linda chattered, stepping into the warm, cozily sized room.

"That looks heavy, let me—"

"Er, no, thank-you, I can get it," Linda hastened to say, placing her parcel on the seat of the small sofa beside the door. With stiff fingers she reached up and began unwinding the dark blue scarf from around her head and unbuttoning her deep purple coat.

Alcott looked puzzled when she declined assistance, but as they had been friends for so long, he already knew that Linda could be a bit peculiar in her preferences. "Draw up a chair!" He offered, turning away to lift the teakettle off the roaring fire. "I'll have the tea ready in a trice."

"Oh, Alcott, you old traditionalist!" Linda laughed, collapsing into a large blue armchair in front of the fire. "You really ought to get a stove!"

"And why would I want to do that?" Alcott grinned, pretending to be offended at the suggestion. "I'd soon enough blow my house up! And, since you mentioned it, you really ought to stop puttering around with so many modern appliances—Bunsen burners and beakers and whatnot."

"Rot! Separating me from my work would be like separating snow from white!" Linda retorted, taking the teacup he offered with a smile.

"And the same goes for me and my 'traditionalism' as you call it. So there." Alcott seated himself in a high-backed leather armchair across from her, clutching his own cup as he crossed his legs and sighed. "Nothing like a cup of something hot on a night like this."

"No kidding." Linda felt her fingers and toes beginning to thaw as she sipped the honey-sweetened drink.

"So," Alcott began after a few moments of comfortable silence. "What shall we talk about tonight? Dragons? Elves? Revived princesses?"

Linda lowered her cup. "How about 'Other Worlds?'"

"Certainly," Alcott invited amiably. "Which one?"

"I don't know," Linda replied innocently. Her heartrate quickened. Alcott studied her, and it was clear from his expression that he wasn't sure whether to believe she actually didn't know or to take it all as a joke and laugh. Linda bounced to feet, putting her cup gently in its saucer on the small table beside her chair. "First, though, I want to show you something."

*continued on next page*

Quickly she ran over to the sofa, lifted the oblong, flat package very carefully from its resting place, and tiptoed back to the fire. "Take this as an early Christmas present," She said, handing it to him. "And be very careful opening it, if you please. It is extremely fragile."

Alcott balanced his half-full teacup on the arm of chair as he pulled the wrapping from around the object. "You're getting into the season early, Lind," He remarked. "It's not but November!"

"I know, I know," Linda answered, watching his movements with rapt attention and not a little nervousness.

Bewilderment decorated Alcott's narrow face as he pulled the last of the paper away from the gift. "A mirror?" His eyebrows rose. "Whatever do I need a mirror for?"

"Answers," Linda answered tersely.

Alcott looked up, saw her expression, and instantly grew serious. "What answers?"

Nervously, Linda picked up the poker from beside the hearth and began poking the smoldering logs with it. "You remember a few months ago when you said you didn't believe the making of world hopping devices was possible? Well, I suppose you recall how much that irritated me. I stayed up all that night thinking of how I could disprove you." Linda replaced the poker and turned to face him, nodding at the mirror in his hands. "And now I believe I have." She could barely restrain her excitement.

"Why? Have you gone through it?" Alcott asked skeptically.

"No." Linda had anticipated this question. "But I figured we should do it together." She licked her lips, then blurted, "Hey, I know it sounds crazy, but I tried it on a rat

and I believe it worked, so—."

"But you can't know that," Alcott objected. "What if the rat simply blew up once it was through? What if it disintegrated in space? What if—" He sighed. "Linda, that's no proof."

"There was something else." Linda quavered, hating the way her voice suddenly squeaked. "I saw something when the rat went through."

"Saw what, exactly?" Alcott asked patiently.

"Lights, trees, music, and...and laughter. Alcott, there were people there," Linda whispered.

Alcott blew out an exasperated breath. "Linda, I don't know what you saw, but I've done my research and I know the answer: world travel is impossible! Point blank. If I've calculated once I've calculated a thousand times! What do you think I've spent my entire life doing?" Alcott had begun to wave his arms in agitation. His hand drifted toward the reflective part of the mirror. "Even if you—!"

"Alcott, don't touch the gl—!" Linda screamed, but it was too late. Alcott's long, thin fingers barely

caressed the flawless, reflective glass.

Poof! he vanished. Light poured from the surface of the mirror. Linda gasped as sound wafted over her:

Wind stirred in the treetops, a meadowlark called, a young woman laughed in the distance...then it was gone. The light went out. The room fell into silence, broken only by the ticking of the grandfather clock in one corner and the crackle of the logs on the hearth.

Linda stared at the mirror. What if it did disintegrate things? What if it did blow one up? She shook herself. "Come on, Linda. He's gone through, so you've got to go through too. Don't deny that was your plan all along anyway."

She took a deep breath as she walked across the thick carpet to stand beside Alcott's empty chair and stare down into the plain, wood-framed mirror lying on the seat. Simple enough. She took another deep breath. No problem, easy as pie. Another breath.

"Oh, come on!" She shouted, and jumped. 🏔️



*Nessie, Cayuga Duck by Joanna Malone, 18*

## A Promise

*Sophia Stevens, 13*

Dead of winter,  
Dead of night,  
We are desperate  
In our plight.

Then from the south,  
A warm wind blows  
Melting icy frost and snow.

We hear a voice whisper,  
"The time has come."  
A special prince to save his king-  
dom.

Born a baby in a shed,  
Died on a cross,  
Where he bled.

Drops of scarlet fall to the ground,  
No creature on earth will make a  
sound

The ground shakes,  
A curtain falls.  
We killed the man  
Who saved us all.

Lucifer wanted to succeed,  
The man wouldn't let him,  
As it was decreed:

Out of Eve  
Will come a man  
Chosen for the King's special plan.

Lucifer attacks,  
The man prevails.  
He crushes a snake's head,  
But it bites his heel.

Out of the stillness,  
There comes a cry.  
It is the man's mother.  
She can't stand to watch him die.

He looks at her sadly,  
A faint smile on his face.  
He's asked for God's provision  
And his amazing grace.

He turns to the enemy,  
Who wears a gleeful smile.  
If only Satan knew  
It would only be a while


Before the lamb would return,  
Unhurt and flawless  
After saving God's people,  
The selfish and the lawless.

An old covenant still stood  
From very long ago:  
A blood sacrifice of a lamb  
For man's sin to go.

But this covenant was exchanged,  
A new one took its place.  
Due to the Father's unfailing love  
And his amazing grace.

As a new covenant was established,  
A cry, "Death, where is thy sting?"  
A pure lamb lay broken, dead.  
Satan smiled at the thing.

His smile dissipated  
As he saw what had been done,  
And was replaced with a look of  
horror;  
The son had finally won.

Father looked at Son and winked,  
Son gave Father a grin.  
Only the two knew the prince  
Would win the battle in the end.  
Man's sin was bought,  
The price paid,  
In order to fulfill  
A promise made. 

## Light

*Keziah Khoo, 11*


a little more beauty  
in this mundane world  
a tiny flower  
given to a  
kind old soul

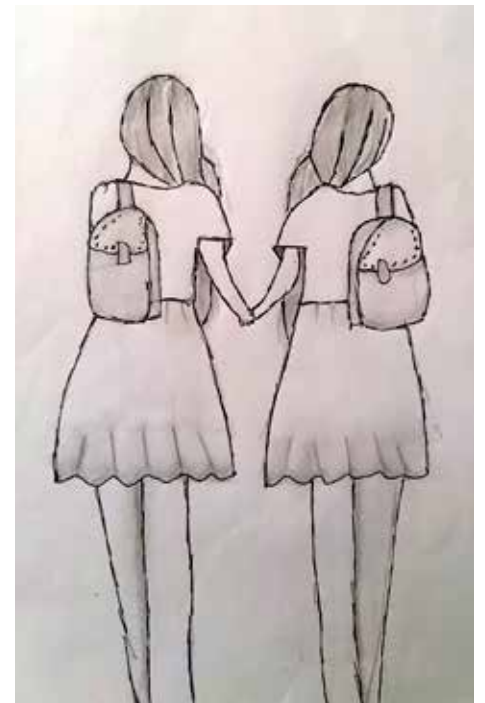
a little more joy  
in this sombre world  
a greeting of "hello"  
to an ignored soul

for I may be but a little lass  
yet I can bring  
beauty  
to  
this mundane world and  
joy  
to  
this sombre world

that all may see my Lord  
of beauty  
of joy

that I may  
in my little ways  
be a beacon of

Light. 



*Friendship by Destiny, 12*

# The Costume

*Divine, 16*

"This can't be happening!" Kate cried in distress. She paced back and forth, gasping for breath. Her sister, Anastasia, looked at her with remorse. Kate was backstage and she didn't have her costume, and her dance team was up next. Her eyes welled up like a pond and her brown bun felt like a rock balancing on her head. She took deep breaths and tried to compose herself. Ms. Evangeline said to her, "Kate, I found a spare costume that you could wear; it won't match but it probably could work." Kate was too distraught to speak, but she nodded in curiosity. "Here it is." Ms. Evangelique beheld the husky, angel costume from last year's school play.

"I can't wear that!" Kate said.

"Kate, this is the only solution I can think of right now," Ms. Evangeline explained, "The only other option would be to sit out of the dance."

"But, I've been looking forward to it all year!" she replied.

"What do you expect me to do, dear?" Ms. Evangeline asked.

Anastasia spoke up. "Kate, you could wear mine."

—

"Five, six, seven, eight," the teacher had said. Her words had bounced off the walls, as the music played a classical tune.

"Turn, spin, leap!" she added.

"Well done, girls! You're nearly ready for the dance recital next week," Ms. Evangeline smiled.

The studio echoed with the subtle sound of graceful feet on the Marley vinyl floor. Kate's feet moved to the beat of the music, her face beaming but focused.

"Finished with an a la seconde, now smile!" Ms. Evangeline instructed.

The girls did exactly as told, facing the mirror.

"Girls, please remember to get your costumes. They're in your lockers," Ms. Evangeline reminded. "See you next week! You are dismissed."

Kate walked over to her dance bag and put her dance slippers in it. As she got up, her sister Anastasia ran to her.

"Great job, Kate!" Anastasia began, "I was watching you and, I must say, you have improved on your a la seconde."

"Thanks Anastasia," Kate smiled.

Kate and Anastasia got their costumes and walked out of the studio. They walked down the block into the ice cream shop, where their mother was waiting for them. The bell rang as the door opened. The sweet smell of ice cream flowed around in the atmosphere.

"Hi, Mom!" the girls said simultaneously.

"Hey girls, how was dance practice?" their mother asked.

"It was great, Mom!" Kate replied, "Ms. Evangeline said that we're nearly ready."

"I bought some ice cream for you girls, and then we'll go home."

"Thanks Mom," Anastasia said.

"Yeah, thanks Mom," Kate said.

Next week, Kate was getting ready in the mirror. She fastened the 15th bobby pin to her hair and smoothed her edges. "There!" she smiled in the mirror.

"Girls!" their mother called. Kate and Anastasia ran to the balcony

and looked downstairs over the banisters. "Girls, I just received a call. I have to go to the emergency room. Someone had an accident and I have to help them."

"I hope they're okay," Anastasia said.

"Yeah, me too. I'll be praying, but how will we get to the dance recital?" Kate asked.

"Forget about that, Kate!" Anastasia said.

"I already thought about that. Since your father is in the army, I called Bella's mom to pick you up. Your costumes are in my car, so you'll have to get them, but you only have 5 minutes, 'cause I need to leave. Alright," Mrs. Sheperdson explained, "I'm not sure if I'll be able to make it to your performance, but I am needed."

"We understand, Mom," Kate replied.

Just then, Kate's phone rang. "I've got to take this!" She ran upstairs and sat in her room.

"Kate, what about the recital? Now is not the time for that." Anastasia called to no avail.

"I'll get them myself, if I know where she put them," Anastasia said to herself. Anastasia ran outside and opened the car door. A costume was lying flat on the backseats. She picked it up and ran to open the door. As she went in, Mrs. Sheperdson came running out. "Bye, Mom," she hugged her.

"Bye dear!" Mrs. Sheperdson quickly shouted as she ran and hopped into her car.

They ran inside and got their dance bag and locked the door behind them. Then waited for Bella's

*continued on next page*

mom to come. They hopped in the car. The sun was scheduled to set in an hour, and the breeze was shivering. After a 15-minute drive, they arrived and got out of the car. Bella, Anastasia and Kate ran ahead inside, to get ready. Bella's mom was right behind them.

"I'll be in the audience," Mrs. Peterson said.

The girls ran and went to Ms. Evangeline. "Hello girls, you are almost late. You're up next, but the first performers just started. Please go get ready," Ms. Evangeline said.

"We apologize, Ms. Evangeline." Kate said. "Thank you!"

Kate went into the dressing room with her bag. She rummaged through it, feeling the make-up and hair products. Her dance slippers fell out, but she couldn't find her costume. "I'm sure I stuffed it in here, probably at the bottom," she whispered to herself. Then she emptied the bag onto the table. "Anastasia!" she ran out and asked, "Where's my costume?"

"What do you mean?" Anastasia asked, "Didn't you stuff it in your bag as usual?"

"Yeah, I did, wait..." Kate said, "Ugh, I was shoving it into my bag, but it wouldn't fit. So I tossed it in the car, when we left the ice cream shop."

"Oh no!" Anastasia said, "I'm sorry, please forgive me. I should've asked."

"Yes, you should have! I can't believe this! It's all your fault!" Kate blamed.

"What? How was I supposed to know that you tossed it?" Anastasia asked.

"Didn't you realize you only had one hanger, so you could ask where was mine?" Kate snapped.

"No, and if you really cared about the recital, why didn't you get it for yourself? You knew Mom had 5 minutes to leave so she could save someone's life, and all you did was run upstairs to talk to the very same person who we were with when her mother brought us here! And you expected me to get it for you!" Anastasia shouted.

Ms. Evangeline heard yelling, so she walked over to see what was going on.

"Is something the matter?" she inquired.

"I forgot my costume," Kate said.

"I'm so sorry, I'll see what I can do," Ms. Evangeline said.

She walked away, toward the wardrobe.

"I'm so sorry, Kate," Anastasia said. She had understood how her sister felt and went to hug her. Kate stood like a pillar, as she felt her sister's arms around her. She let her go, and then the host had announced that they were up next. Kate felt anxious. She didn't want to wear the costume, but her only other choice was to sit out, but she had worked too hard for this.

Anastasia spoke up. "Kate, you could wear mine."

"Thanks, but you wear a smaller size than me, you go, I'll just watch," she said.

Anastasia couldn't sit out, she was the best dancer in the group, next to her sister. She had to go. She reluctantly walked to the entrance of the stage with the other girls dropping her head like a wilting plant. The crowd clapped in anticipation. She stepped onto the stage. She danced wearing the flowing lilac coloured costume. Her moves were graceful, despite the argument with her sister. Kate watched

from behind the curtain marveling at her sister. The dance was over, and it was the next team's turn. Anastasia ran off the stage toward Kate's embracing arms.

"I'm sorry, Kate." She looked into her eyes and held Kate's shoulders.

"It's fine, Anastasia," Kate smiled, "You did well. I forgive you."

Anastasia started, "Really?"

"Yeah! You wanna go get some ice cream?" Kate said, "We can ask Bella's mom to stop at our favourite ice cream shop."

"Okay," Anastasia smiled.

They walked, and stayed until the recital was over. Then they stopped at the ice cream shop for a celebratory night treat. Afterwards, Bella's mother drove them home. "Goodnight, Mrs. Peterson, and Bella," said Kate and Anastasia, "Thank you again!"

They walked inside and looked around. "Mom, are you here?" Kate called.

"I'm in the living room," Mrs. Sheperdson replied.

Kate and Anastasia walked into the living room and plopped onto the couch.

"First of all, how was your day, Mom?" Kate asked, "Did the patient make it?"

"Oh, by the grace of God, yes! He'll be out of the hospital soon. Thank you girls for your prayers." Mrs. said.

"Praise God!" the girls shouted.

"How was your day, girls?" Mrs. Sheperdson asked. "Oh, Kate, I found your costume in my trunk. How did everything go?"

"Well, I had to sit out because I could not wear the spare costume that Ms. Evangeline offered.

*continued on next page*


It was from last year's play, and it couldn't possibly fit me. So Anastasia danced, very beautifully I must add. We had a little quarrel, but we forgave each other. Then Mrs. Peterson took us to get ice cream," Kate replied.

"Sounds like you had a rough day, but it turned out well!" Mrs. Sheperdson said.

"Yeah," Anastasia said.

"I'm sure we are all tired, so let's get some tea, and get ready for bed," Mrs. Sheperdson said.


"Great idea, Mom!" Kate said.

The End. 

## Anderson's Debt

*Fredrik, 9 and Hunter, 15*

It was a beautifully sunny October morning, in the small city of Regina, when Anderson escaped from the Regina zoo and waddled for the candy store. He gobbled up all the candy in the store, giving himself a debt of \$200,000. After that he was too fat to move more than a foot, so he decided to go to sleep, hoping to burn off some of the fat. It didn't work. After about 10 hours, Anderson was determined and decided to try to walk again. Ueauh! One step, then after a few minutes, another. He can't make it! He's falling! Aahhh! The whole earth shook. Will Anderson ever rise again?

While Anderson was sleeping, a man happened to be walking down the street carrying a bag of meat. He saw Anderson lying there and decided to stuff the meat into Anderson's mouth. This gave Anderson energy and burned off some of the fat and he finally could stand up. He thanked the man and at last he got home! 

## lcchak

*Brynlee Boline, 14*

My name is Icchak. I am eleven years old. My sister Elza and I are Jews running from Nazis. Our parents are dead, and we have found ourselves with a resistance group, which lives in an old church, destroyed in the bombings. They have taken us in, and we have been living with them for a few months.

"Have fun Aliza!" I whisper.

She glares at me. "Izaak, you can't call me that! My name is Elza."

"Sorry." I think back to the day our Maman died of fever. Before she did, she managed to whisper to us our new names. Elza's was Aliza and mine was Ichaak. "Goodnight!"

"Goodnight buddy." Elza leaves the room to go hang out with a few of her new friends. I yawn and before I know it, am fast asleep.

I am woken by a sharp jab in my left hip. I yelp, then roll my eyes. When the church was bombed, pieces of debris flew everywhere. There is a piece that I cannot get out of the pew I use as a bed no matter how hard I try. Looking up to see if I woke Elza, I frown. She isn't there. The grandfather clock in the corner says she should have been back a while ago because she told me she'd be gone for around thirty minutes. I groan and get up to look for her.

Snores come from all directions as I exit the building. Everyone is asleep. Complete darkness surrounds me, other than a dim, flickering lantern hung on the outer wall of the church.

"Elza!?" I whisper-yell, to not wake anybody. "Elza!" I venture farther


into the street and after making a full circle around the building, begin to head back. She was probably having so much fun, she lost track of time.

I gasp as hands clutch at me from behind. Turning to see a Nazi officer, I drive my leg back kicking him in the stomach. The man doubles over, and I run. Right into another officer. He sneers while he binds my hands.

"If you make a single sound, we will first kill your family, then your friends, then destroy everything else you care about while you watch, then it will be your turn. Understand?" I nod, terrified.

The guards hold me there until they see a girl approaching the church. Elza. Once she enters the building, they wait a few more minutes to make sure she is asleep. Then, the guard I kicked motions for the forty hiding Nazis to follow him. They run inside and start to drag people out of bed. Before long, screams fill the air.

My heart skips a beat as Elza rushes outside, looking around wildly. I know she is searching for me. I want to scream her name but the guard still holding me tightens his grip. With growing fear, I watch as a soldier approaches my sister, lifts the butt of his gun, and slams it against her head. She falls to the ground unconscious.

I open my mouth to scream, but before I can, something crashes against my head, and everything goes black. 



## The Shores

*Joanna Malone, 18*

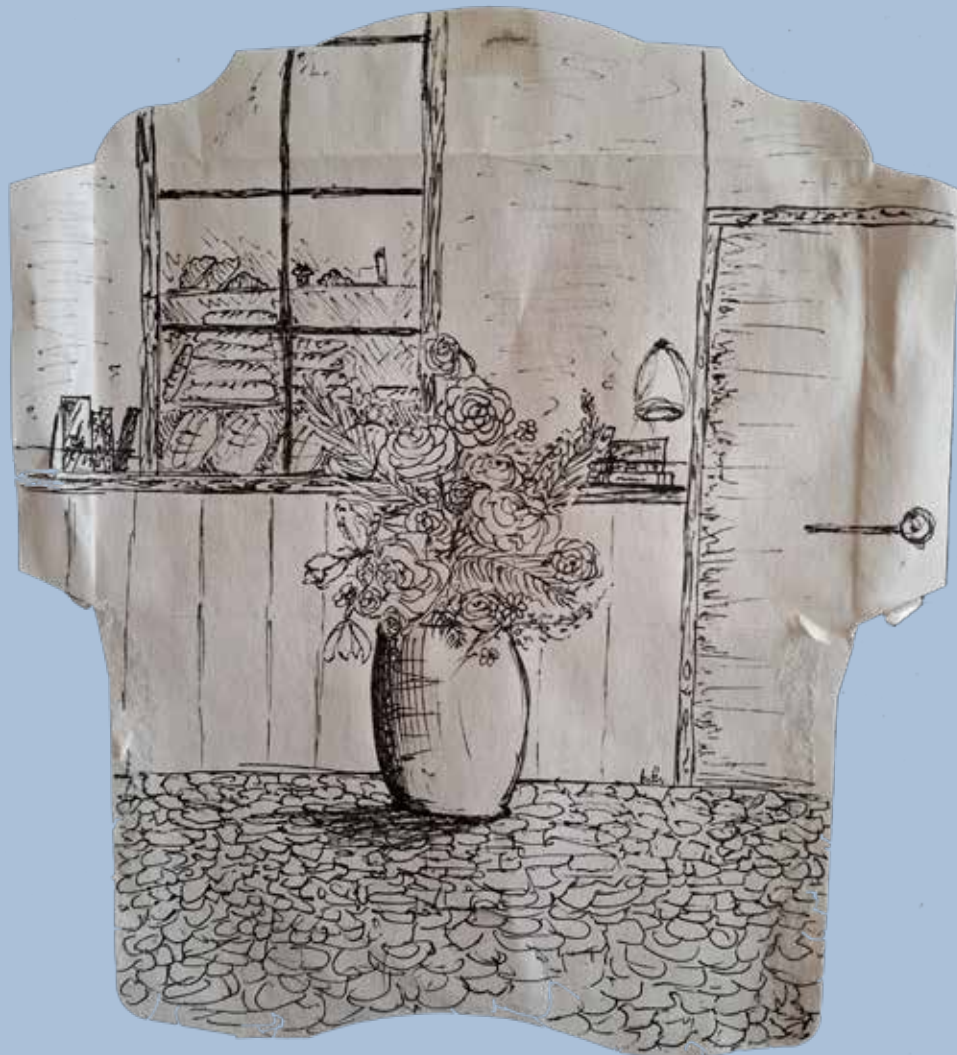
One day I stood by a seashore  
To watch the sea-waves dance,  
And the Channel was all that stood between  
Myself and the land of France.  
And laughing, shouting, tripping,  
The blue, blue waves ran on.  
A merry thing it was indeed  
The shore to stand upon!

Another day on a seashore,  
And I watched the sea-waves moan,  
And all of the Channel stood between  
Myself and the land of Home.  
And weeping, moaning, sighing,  
The grey, grey waves swept on.  
It's much indeed I'd give to be  
The other shore upon! 🏔️

## Christmas

*Addie Collins, 15*

Christmas is full of silent nights,  
Singing all is calm and all is bright,  
Soft red velvet and satin bows,  
And a hard ground covered in snow.  
Eggnog and cookies for a midnight snack,  
The Nutcracker Ballet and presents in stacks,  
Cranberries and popcorn, and twinkling lights,  
Nothing is better than a cheerful sight.  
Gather together, gather around,  
Find shelter at home, where our love is found,  
Never forget, never forsake,  
Always remember the music we make. 🏔️



*Table Flowers by Bethany, 17*

## A Foolish Lover

*Lindbergh Pereira, 16*

“Love is blind,” everyone says,  
And here I am once more again.  
Knowing what waits for me already,  
Between us - a long road and the loneliness.  
However, If I could tell my heart  
what to do....

Here comes one more poem,  
You come into my dreams,  
And make me remind.  
Bringing back all those feelings,  
I thought I had buried them.  
But, If I could, at least, convince  
my heart from this big mistake...

Now, I'm standing over this bridge,  
Between today and past memories.  
I'm being a fool, you know  
My eyes can not deny.  
Somewhere deep inside me  
this love still burns.  
But, If I just could ask my heart:  
“What is love?”  
The answer would be always the same:  
“Love is everything but not reasonable,  
Love is strange.” 🏔️



Destiny  
age 12

*Reunited by Destiny, 12*