HOME BASE





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A Brooks Jensen Arts Publication

She was only six years old, but she knew how to hide as well as anyone, even the older boys. Darting across the open school yard, she glanced behind her every few steps with an expression that mixed concealed laughter, anticipation, and a certain sense of urgency. She knew it would not be long before the boys stopped counting and began their seeking.



She found a sagebrush that was sufficiently larger than she and darted behind it, panting, then crouching, waiting. All ears now — quiet — straining desperately to hear beyond normal human range. She took great pains to forcedly regulate her breath so that its noise might not prevent her from hearing even the faintest crunch of one of the boy's footsteps.

Across the way, she could hear Mary and Susan giggle as they tried to conceal themselves behind the chimney of the little one-room schoolhouse. They would be caught far too easily. The chimney was much too obvious of a hiding place and much to close to "home base" — the merry-go-round. She knew her hiding place was better, but even so, it would require every ounce of her courage to wait patiently for her chance to spring for home if one of the boys were to come past her hiding place from the front side.



There. What was that? One of the "seekers" running on tiptoes toward her? No, just a scared jackrabbit dashing for cover. Safe, still, all ears once again.

More giggles as the less-talented girls got caught before they had a chance to run for it, or were caught by the faster boys.

She knew her chance was coming near. She leaned down to peek under the edge of the foliage just in time to catch a glimpse of Michael's boot noiselessly coming round the back side of her sagebrush hiding place. She could feel her heart deepen and quicken its pounding and rise right to the top of her chest. It was now — or never.



With a jump, a squeal, and a rush of adrenalin, she sprinted toward safety, her legs straining to stretch every last quarter-inch from each stride. Michael shouted and burst into the race right behind her. She felt her shoes dig into the dry desert dirt and the ends of her pigtails thumping against her back as she picked up speed. The summer sun warmed her arms and her cheeks. Her breath came quickly as she pressed her face to the wind and the race. She heard the steps of first one, then two, now three, four, five boys chasing her in a desperate race.

Just over the din of her own breathing and footsteps, a chorus of high-pitched voices encourage her with a cheer of, "Run, Sissy, run!" intermingled with a contrasting, lower-pitched chorus of "Get her, Michael, get her!" from the boys. With a final burst of speed and girlish pride, she reached "home base" just ahead of Michael's final lunge for her elbow. Her slap on the merry-go-round sent it spinning in a victory dance and her laughter could be heard above all the cheers of her fellow "hiders."





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