

Grand Canyon

By blackdragon1991

Submitted: January 20, 2007

Updated: February 21, 2007

this is a story i wrote in 8th grade for an assignment... i know it ends abruptly but i kind of didn't want to finish it... sorry, blame school for this

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/blackdragon1991/42644/Grand-Canyon>

Chapter 1 - one

2

1 - one

Late Monday afternoon, American Airways flight 1687 landed in Flagstaff, Arizona. Amelia Sholee was one of the first passengers coming off the plane. She was a striking young woman. Beneath her long, straight, shiny, black hair, her bright green eyes shined. The delicate skin of her narrow face was the color of burnt copper. She was tall and thin, and she wore her skin-tight blue jeans and a red and white t-shirt elegantly. Her companion, Ron Tanill, was her best friend from childhood. He was a stocky young man of average build. His blond hair was messy and he needed a shave badly. His cargo pants and South Pole t-shirt were an attempt to be fashionable, but the effect was slightly off. "This is my big week," Amelia told Ron laughingly. "I will do what I have dreamed of doing since I was six; hike the Grand Canyon." Indeed, her Navajo grandmother often told Amelia stories about her childhood growing up in the reservation near the national park. To make Amelia happy, her family told her that she would one day see the Grand Canyon. She even went so far as to say that she would hike it, even if it was the last thing she would do. An unexpected inheritance gave her the means to realize her dream. She forcefully convinced Ron to be her hiking partner, and there they were!

Together they planned to hike the North Kaibab Trail, the longest trail, 14 miles down the canyon. After they had booked three nights at the Grand Hotel in the National Park they had a small disagreement when Ron wanted to hike the Grand Canyon on the back of a mule. But Amelia was dismissive, "mules are for lazy, unfit idiots," she said. So Ron agreed to walk the whole 14 miles, even though he was not much of a hiker. She always makes my point look foolish. I've never won an argument against her, why start now? He thought mildly.

Impatiently, Amelia twisted her straight black hair in frustration, "Where could the Enterprise Rent-A-Car agent be? When he comes here I'll..." she said. "Wait a second I think he's here... no it's only the Avis agent coming back from his fifth customer. Tell me again why we had to get a car from Enterprise?"

"It was cheaper than the others and you know that we are on a limited budget," answered Ron, "stop being so impatient, we have three days to visit the Grand Canyon."

"Hey guys! Are you waiting for me?" asked a high voice coming from the counter. "I'm ready to get to business now."

"Finally," murmured Amelia.

"We have a reservation for a Toyota Corolla, under Tanill," said Ron

"Oh, here it is. Come with me I'll lead you to your car." Said the Enterprise agent.

After a while they got their car, paid for it, and drove toward the hotel. The sides of the road soon started to pile up with snow. When they arrived at the Hotel there were at least three inches on the ground. The Grand Hotel was a little motel near the center of the park. The outside resembled an old log cabin. They got their keys in the fire lit lobby and went to their room. It was almost identical to any other inexpensive motel in the United States: two double beds, a small TV, a desk and a chair. The only thing unusual was the view of the canyon and the Navajo paintings on the wall. While Amelia was unpacking Ron went to the lobby. "Hello, do you know where I could find food?" he asked.

"There's one restaurant in the other end of that hallway. It's a dinner, the only one we have around here. Have I seen you before?" asked the receptionist.

"We came to get our hotel keys about ten minutes ago," Ron answered.

"Oh, yeah. I thought you looked familiar. Well I hope you like to hike because that's the only things to do here." Said the receptionist.

"I'm not really a good hiker, but Amelia is. She's been doing rock-wall climbing lessons for a while

now. She's really fast. She has been preparing basically her whole life for this trip." Said Ron.

"Is Amelia the girl that came with you?" the receptionist asked.

"Yeah, she's always that hyper. Running around examining everything. She can't stop her feet from moving. Girls, they are so weird," said Ron in response. "Well I have to go tell her there's food in this place."

The next morning they were ready to set out for their excursion. They ate breakfast in the hotel and went to the gift shop to buy a good map and bottled water. There, Ron showed Amelia the row of t-shirts with the

I survived the Grand Canyon!

Inscription. Amelia found a real cool one, with hiking boots' footsteps on a beige background. She said to Ron: "I don't want to carry it now, but I will buy it tomorrow". They went on the shuttle to the trailhead. They left the bus and looked over the edge. Black hair floating in the wind, Amelia looked over the large but beautiful fissures in the rock. The reddish brown rock looked just like an eternal sunrise and the raging water of the Colorado River was the vicious snake her that her grandmother described in her many stories. "I can't wait to go down there! It looks so beautiful." She said almost bouncing with excitement.

As they started down the trail, Amelia's long, slender legs carried her much faster, as Ron was puffing behind her. She was hurrying down the path, so that she could get a better view. Ron was already feeling sweat trickle down his brow, his blonde hair was sticking to his scalp and his backpack felt heavy. Amelia should be more careful, he thought, she was always too impulsive. Up ahead he could see Amelia running towards a turn in the path. He looked on the map and saw that there was a fork on the trail. He shouted to Amelia to wait for him, but she did not listen.

Near the bifurcation of the trail, a convoy of tourist on mules were also descending the Grand Canyon. A short, heavysset woman was sitting on a mean-tempered old mule. The mule was not obeying the order of its rider, and the woman was getting fed up of the constant struggle to make the beast follow the group. She decided to kick the mule very hard to make it behave. The mule reacted by bucking and trying to overthrow the woman. Unfortunately for Amelia, a bend on the trail was hiding this scene. When she came running down, the surprised mule did a huge jump. Its rider stared with astonishment at Amelia. This second of inattention sufficed for the mule to throw the woman off. Amelia watched her tumble toward the cliff. In a desperate attempt she managed to catch the woman's left hand. She told the woman to stay still. But the woman was too terrorized and kept moving and clawing Amelia's hands. Amelia shrieked with pain, the weight of the woman almost pulling her arm out of its socket. Ron heard Amelia's cry, rushed to the scene and tried to catch Amelia. But it was too late; gravity was pulling the heavy-set woman and Amelia toward the rushing river at the bottom of the canyon. Amelia last thought was for the cool t-shirt she would never have, as she and the woman fell to their deaths.