

The Hill

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Children can find magic anywhere...

Just so you all know this was based on my own childhood. The Hill is very real. Well I hope you enjoy! ^^

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The Hill

To a child everything has its own special magic. Everyplace he or she visits develops its own farfetched tale, and every common household item comes with a complicated hard to believe story. This is how pillows and cushions can be turned into impenetrable fortresses, and how Mommy's missing blender somehow turned up in the playroom with no other explanation besides it was an instrument to ward away the evil aliens that were threatening to take over the planet. Eventually, though, as with all things, these stories fade away with time; the child grows older, and the magic stops becoming so real to them. The fortress falls down, and no one comes to rebuild it, and Mommy's blender no longer goes missing because the aliens left long ago.

There seems, for one reason or another, to be exceptions to this rule. Sometimes a child can find so much magic in something that it never really goes away. The memory begins to fade as always, but it always remains there in your mind. When this happens the stories and tales around it become a Legend. A place so magical it can't be forgotten, no matter how many years pass, it will not let itself be forgotten. This is what happened to The Hill.

The Hill behind my grandparent's house was my magic place when I was little. It wasn't just any hill it was The Hill. Though I never wrote it down back then I think that I always thought of it with those capital letters. It made it sound more important I suppose, so I still think of that way even today.

It was a wild place, overflowing with magic. I wasn't the only one to know this either. If you asked any kid in the neighborhood where The Hill was, they could tell you without a moment's hesitation. We all shared that magic place. That was where we could all come together and go on great adventures to places you could only go to by first going to The Hill. There were great explorations in unnamed jungles to find long forgotten ancient treasures. Sometimes we would even go to rescue some unfortunate soul from a great evil monster, and slay the beast with whatever we had on hand, a broomstick, or a plastic children's golf club, or whatever else was at hand for the moment.

The Hill itself was, as I said, a wild place. In some places there were large boulders that the adults were constantly yelling at us to get down from. "Watch out!" they would holler, "If you fall you'll break your neck!" We never listened of course, sure we'd fall sometimes and skin our knees but after we went to get a band-aid, we'd be right out there climbing again. Another good thing the rocks were good for was preventing the vicious demon known as the lawnmower from ever moving onto The Hill. You see the lawnmower demon chopped up all the grass and made it too short and civilized looking for it to ever be mistaken for someplace truly magic. That's why all the patches of grass that grew on The Hill were long, much better for inventing stories. For instance there was one particularly large patch near the top. We all knew that this was the place where the elves and faeries lived. Of course we never did see any of them, that was very understandable. You couldn't just expect to see an elf or faerie. They never came out when the big people were around, but there was always a hope that one of us, if we were quiet and clever enough, would just so happen to sneak up on one of the elusive creatures and catch it. Besides the rocks and grass there was also one big carpet of soft, lush, green moss. It was a well-known fact

that walking barefoot through it could give one special powers. What exactly these powers were varied from day to day. Sometimes it could make you fly, or breath under water, or the best, the ability to communicate with animals. The most unfortunate part of The Hill, if there could be one, was the fact that there were always big patches of dirt and mud guaranteed to get our dress shoes dirty, and our parents angry.

The most magical part of The Hill, though, was the Horse Swing. My grandfather made him. He was a beautiful contraption made out of wood, and cut in the shape of a horse. He was snow white, and had a bright cherry red saddle, and a mane and tail made out of unraveled pieces of old rope. The Horse Swing was more magical to me then to any of the other children. Sometimes I would go over there by myself and swing on it for hours. Except during those times the Horse Swing was no longer just a swing. No, it became the great Winged Pegasus, and together we would fly through the stars talking with all the constellations, especially with Orion. I've always loved the stars, and I know many of their names, I knew many of them even when I was little, and Orion was always my favorite.

The Hill became our escape. It was a wild place, and likewise, we were wild there. We were far away from the carefully tended lawns, and the too neat potted geraniums that hung in everyone's porch. We were far away from everything civilized. We were with the magic, and we romped through the fantasies and adventures of our own creation. We could be anyone there. We could do anything, go anywhere. When we were at The Hill we could fly.

But slowly we all began to grow out of The Hill. One by one we began to grow more mature, and we believed in the magic less and less. We didn't play there as often as we did before. Soon, over time, we didn't play there at all. No one was left to climb the boulders. The grass grew even wilder and more untamed, but the elves no longer lived there. The moss carpet creped outward, expanding, but it had lost its ability to grant special powers. The Horse Swing grew old and finally broke, but he wasn't fixed because he could no longer fly among the stars.

Though most of them have forgotten the magic, I haven't. Even in my now technology infused modern world of computers, and televisions, and motorized whatnots, I still take the time every once in a while to visit The Hill. Even now with my adult eyes, I can still see glimmer of the magic I saw there as a child. To me it has become a Legend. I will never forget it, and the memories I have of that place may fade over time but they will never go away. They will stay with me forever; I would not want it any other way. To me it was real.

I still believe in the magic.

I still believe in The Hill.