

# Twelve

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*This is a poem about palying tag when I was 12.*

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## 1 - twelve

Twelve

Running through the trees, looking for a place to hide. Finding my spot, and crouching down, low, behind a short tree, ever wary of the one who is it . I was twelve.

Hearing the shout of Hear I come! , the sound of feet running through the path, and watching warily as someone ran by. Waiting for the perfect time to spring from my hiding spot, and run to safety. I was twelve.

I heard the screech of someone who was found, heard feet running hard and fast. I looked around, found no one, and figured that the chase was on. I was twelve.

Springing from my hiding spot, sprinting down the path, running as fast as my feet could carry me. I heard someone yell safe, and picked up my pace, running towards the rock that was base. I was twelve.

I heard a shout and glanced behind me, finding

my pursuer hot on my trail. I ran faster, and finally

collapsed, safe, on the rock that was base. I was  
twelve.

I had to write this for a literature class biography project. The assignment was to write a poem about my fondest memory at any age. ^^ I thought it came out well, so I decided to post it. I hope everyone likes it  
^\_^