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Something to Do

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Something to Do

I followed my father around the garage until he shouted, “Find something to do!”

So I scuffed the unmowed grass with the toes of my bare feet across the bright backyard that summer noon, skipped down the ruts of the lot car path, jostled my meandering way through the pricker patch into the woods where the deer flies circled my head, and then I waded into the clearing where the lingering dew steamed in the shin-deep moss. There, surrounded by the safety of sugar maples and scotch pines, I stripped in the dusty heat of the spot-light sun, while the chickadees applauded from huckleberry bush to bush. I got down and sank into the damp moss bed.
All around me the breeze waved ferns big as fans. I explored the clouds that floated like helium-filled mountain ranges cut off neatly just above their snowy timber lines until a lonely crow called me back to earth.

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