

## **Ascending, Climbing, Rising**

By Karissa Mako

Sweat cascades down my face like a waterfall.  
Adrenaline pumps through my body as my heart pulses rapidly.  
My legs burn, and I feel as though they are ablaze.  
Despite the temptation to quit that is lurking around me, I keep going.  
I can see the top as I approach the steepest part of the hill.  
As I reach the zenith, I turn around to face the world.

I can see all of North Andover and even other towns from where I stand, like a king on  
His throne as he looks out at his palace.  
I wish I could stay here forever, but I know I must continue with my strenuous workout.  
I sprint back down Half Mile Hill with the knowledge that once I reach the bottom, I will  
Have to go right back up.  
After several repetitions, I must leave my safe haven.

Another day and different circumstances have arisen.  
Again, I find myself climbing the steep grassy slope that I have learned to love so much.  
The exception is that I am now with my family and my dog.  
I am not running a cross-country workout, but rather, enjoying a leisurely walk with  
Loved ones.  
I see the view once more and breathe in the fresh air.  
Along with this breath, I take in the feeling of accomplishment that comes with  
Conquering such a hill.  
As I start my descent back to reality, I bid farewell to Half Mile Hill, but I am not filled  
with remorse, for I know that I will soon return.