

## Adventuring into Actuality

Oh you mustn't, he scolded.

Oh but I shall, she grinned.

You see, she liked climbing trees because it made her feel daring. It was a small kind of daring

but she could make it seem like so much more. If she felt really daring (which she always did)

she would find a wide branch and use it as a balance beam. And when she was extremely daring

(which she always was) she would climb to the very top and stand up tall. Tall enough to see

everything, everywhere, far above, far beyond the trees. Tall enough to see all of the daring things waiting for her. And this made her feel most daring of all.

But then he called up to her. He called up and his voice brought a tremendous new feat. He called up and told her it was time to come down. It was time to move along. She must.

And the girl clung to the tree. She sat on a sturdy branch and clung to the sturdy trunk. For his

tremendously simple proposition seemed far too daring.