

## A Journey Through the Rockies: The Amazing Quest of Arnold Davis

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Arnold Davis was a teenager who basically hated everything. He was not exactly a “glass-half-full” kind of guy. Everywhere he went, he’d go complaining and grumbling. As he hiked on his day trip to the Rockies with his girlfriend, Patsy, all that went through his mind was frustration.

Patsy Sanders might’ve had a small problem with anger. She was like a bee, always buzzing around angrily and not afraid to sting you if you get in her way.

It was a beautiful day in the mountains. The sun was up, the sky was clear, the birds were chirping, and everything was looking to be a great, fantastic day. As the couple started to hike through them, it was like the Rockies weren’t just warming their skin, they were warming their soul. Except, of course, to Arnold. “Man, I hate the sun,” he exclaimed. “Now I’m going to have to wear sunglasses all day.”

Patsy and Arnold then set up camp and start to lay on their blankets. The roaring lion that was the river behind them was majestic.

As the beautiful Colorado day went on, Arnold’s patience kept getting tried until he finally snapped. Patsy at that time had gone to the bathroom, and Arnold was just waiting. However, when he turned around, what he saw brought the worst out of him. A big, male moose was behind him, eating and chewing up all his things.

Arnold had had it. In fit of rage, he started screaming at the moose, cursing and yelling about how “bad his life was.” Then, he started attacking the moose until it ran away.

Arnold started pacing. He was so angry, steam was pouring out of his ears. But then, something happened that changed everything.

As Arnold was walking around, the strangest thing happened. The light breeze started getting faster, and getting faster, until he almost couldn't hear himself. The air started rushing around him, whirling past him in a blinding swirl of colors. Then, out of it, came a man.

The old man was wrinkled and withered, depending on his staff for support.

"H-Who are you?" Arnold tried.

"I am the spirit of the Rocky Mountains, and you must learn to respect me!"

At this, Arnold was as befuddled as the Who's on the morning that the Grinch stole Christmas. Then, the spirit left in the same way he came and out of the wind came a poem.

"Travel due south to the tree beyond, and there will you find your cleansing song."

Arnold was now left there, totally confused, and he was about to ignore the poem. That is, until he looked in a reflective stream. As Arnold peered at himself, he gasped in shock. He had become a moose.

A million things started rushing through Arnold's head. Then, Patsy came in through the clearing.

When Arnold caught sight of her, he was filled with relief. However, then he saw Patsy grinning, and he was hit with a pile of bricks. He was still a moose.

Then, Arnold saw Patsy slowly reaching for her shotgun. She started muttering about eating the moose up. At this, Arnold the moose booked it. He ran faster than he had ever run before, away from the dangers behind him.

When he couldn't run anymore, Arnold stopped in a little clearing he saw. He reached down to drink from a small stream and looked around him. The smells he smelled were very clear, very fresh. As he breathed in the thin, cool air, he couldn't help but lighten up a bit. He was in a truly beautiful place-- but he would never admit that.

As Arnold continued to look around he remembered the poem that he had heard. “South,” he thought. “I’ve got to go south.” And that he did.

Along the way, Arnold heard overflowing rivers, singing birds, and the crunch of the brush under his own hooves. The multitude of sounds assaulted his ears like a mad man attacking the police with a relaxing pillow.

While these things started to make Arnold soften up, Patsy was still waiting for him, eyes bloodshot and screaming at everything. She was as antsy as, well, an ant.

In Arnold’s view, he started to see everything more clearly. Reaching down to take another drink, he felt truly content. And then, he saw it.

The tree. He knew it was the tree that would save him. It was an old man, tall and grand, aged and wise. It had seen much. But, at that moment, Arnold realized that it *was* an old man. It had the same distinct features as the spirit that had done this to him.

As soon as Arnold realized this, the tree somehow moved aside, revealing a flowing stream.

Arnold walked through the clearing, and the stream that he saw was heavenly. It was white and almost glowing, it sounded smooth and smelled like home. Arnold walked up to the majestic stream and bent his head down.

Then, in the reflection, he saw himself. The look in his eyes said that he didn’t want to leave, like they were pleading him.

Arnold took a step back and looked around. The Rockies were his home now. He realized that something had changed inside him. He didn’t want to leave. He was happier here, staying as a moose. Then, he slowly backed away from the stream.

Arnold had made his choice. He noticed that it was almost the end of the day and ran through a thicket. Then, what he saw made his eyes as wide as the Grand Canyon.

The sun was setting perfectly over the mountains. The orange sky showed in Arnold's eyes, and the air he breathed was suddenly fresher. Arnold lay down and watched the sun go down. He knew his purpose. Colorado was his home; the Rockies were his bed. For the first time ever, Arnold Davis was at peace, and Colorado's majestic nature had pulled him in.