

Show not tell  
language.

Draft #2

## Hide and Seek; Natalia Emerson

As a girl, aged 5, I was unwise to the ways of the world. I unheeded every word that my mother directed at me, not because I was a bad child, but because I was always right. The first words that exited her mouth that day "Stay close" went unheeded at the first moment. We were at the mall, and all that interested me was the secondhand record store. The shiny vinyl was my goddess of black plastic; the store, lighted with a giant, red neon sign, was my only gateway to this muse. As my mother turned slightly to the left, eyeing a sale poster, printed vividly with pretty ladies and bright colors for the formal dress store; I escaped her iron grasp and sprinted, haphazardly to each store, nervously looking inside to see if I had arrived to my destination. A mustachioed police officer, aware that young children who are barely able to read are not full members of society and therefore should not be allowed to run freely, as an animal would, through a giant shopping center full of people that she most certainly did not know. "Hey little girl, where's your mommy?" He asked, edging up to me slyly, in what I thought was a creepy fashion.

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A wide, blank eyed child, me, halted, looking back at him. She didn't answer, and instead, she darted into the nearest shop and attempted to hide within the swaddling bathrobes on the display. The creepy policeman would never ever find her *there*, now would he? That little child, of course, was me, and, being me, she stayed there for several hours, eventually falling asleep in the thick folds of the robes. Remembering, I was aged five, and had no real conscience or thought process: nothing, leading me to think about how worried my mother would be, and about how I should get back to her as fast as possible; that I actually had no idea where I was. Instead, I waited. This was my game. For hours, I waited. I became weary of my tiresome hide and seek. What fun is hiding when you know nobody's there to find you? I sauntered out of my furry prison, several hours later.

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The mall was dark. Flashing lights humored me, leading me to walk to them. These lights proved to originate from more of the creepy policemen, which instinctively led me to hide again. My mother's cries reached me, though. She cried my name and uttered my favorite phrase over and over. "I am yours, Natalia...Just come back to me..." My face flushed, beet red, and my worries became cries which echoed loudly around the cavernous space that was my mind. She had worried that I was dead, or worse. I, saddened with her sudden show of emotion, became awed. Our eyes met, and she began sprinting to me, as fast as her legs would take her. Our bodies clashed against one another, and I began to cry loudly; hot, salty tears that stung my eyes and left dark spots against my mother's sweater. I passed out shortly after, from exhaustion and excitement.

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When I became aware of my surroundings, I was in my room. My mother was angry at me; she had left a note near my bed. She had wanted to spare me of the wrath that would shame grizzly bears that she felt within her; instead, she scrawled her feelings angrily on paper, for me to read and save for later, to remember with. I read it, slowly, finally understanding the meaning of the words: "stay near" and "be careful". Her scolding words were placed in such a way that I would understand them; "What fun is finding, when there's nobody hiding?"

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A wide, blank eyed child, me, halted, looking back at him. She didn't answer, and instead, she darted into the nearest shop and attempted to hide within the swaddling bathrobes on the display. The creepy policeman would never ever find her there, now would he? That little child, of course, was me, and, being me, she stayed there for several hours, eventually falling asleep in the thick, suffocating folds of the robes. Remembering, I was five, and had no real conscience or thought process, leading me to think about how worried my mother would be, and about how I should get back to her as fast as possible; that I actually had no idea where I was. Instead, I waited. This was my game; my one man hide and seek. For hours, I waited. I became weary of my tiresome hide and seek. What fun is hiding when you know nobody's there to find you? I exited my furry prison, several hours later.

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My face flushed, my worries became bloody cries, echoing loudly within the cavernous space that was my brain. She worried that I was dead, or worse. I, saddened with her sudden show of emotion, became awed. The whites of my eyes rolled to the back of my head as we ran and collided, in a giant hug. My mother never showed emotion, she preferred to remain distant. That sudden show of emotion greatly surprised me, and made me question my entire reason of being, and what suffering I had caused my mother. I passed out shortly after, from exhaustion and excitement.

When I became aware of my surroundings, I was in my room. My mother was angry at me; she had left a note near my bed. She had wanted to spare me of the wrath that she felt within her; instead, she scrawled her feelings angrily on paper, for me to read and save for later, to remember with. I read it, slowly, finally understanding the words,

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