

A Man and his Hill

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I have to say this one is a gift to my father.



Published on
Booksie

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He stood, on top of his world with only the wind in his ears and the harsh and rugged landscape to fill his view. His eyes began to water as the cold wind hit at his face, but slight irritation was nothing compared to the view he had worked to see. He removed his glasses and wiped them on a paper tissue he had in his water proof jacket pocket and smiled.

Staring around he thought to himself, what a shame for people that can't see the beauty in a scene like this. Bare rock and heather cling filmed in Scottish brand mist and Autumn snows. Sharp peaks dropping into rounded hills. Sheep idly tottering here and there like clouds that decided to stay to rooted to the earth.

He stayed rooted to the earth, and had no desire to float on either. He rubbed his salt and pepper beard with a gloved hand and nodded to himself as he removed his thermos flask from his rucksack and sat down on a particularly large rock left at the Cairn. Drinking slowly his pocket carried warmth while he continued his scouting of the land below. What secrets were held here? Where were the clans in their kilts running for their Bonnie Prince on these hills? Where were the money hungry land lords throwing out their poor tenants to make room for the ancestors of the sheep that grazed on the hills? And where were the other brave and not so brave men and women that had scaled this hill before him? What were their stories? Did they sit on this rock and drink their tea? What stories did they have? Did they know that one day this man would come and see their world? His world?

What of those people that would climb this hill in the years to come, when his addition to the cairn was a forgotten stone at the base of a gigantic pile? Would they be like him?

No, no climber is ever the same as another.

Though they all see the same view, different emotions are stirred, different childhoods scaling Everest and sailing to the Antarctic were relived! People saw the same thing in this moment, but it was not what was in the moment that made the moment of reaching the summit what it was.

No, that was personal.

He twisted the cap back onto his thermos and stood up with a groan, and walked back.

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