

Junior Division, Prose

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Hiding Happiness (an excerpt)

One...two...three...four, five...six, seveneightnineten! Ready or not here I come!

The game of Hide-and-Seek, for players both young and old, is one with many rules. Rules that must be followed, or else the game becomes dry and unentertaining.

Rule number one: Olly olly oxen free. If the Hider is hidden so well, that it is impossible for the Seeker to find them, the game can be ended by calling olly olly oxen free. This action forfeits the game for the Seeker. Both players may then regroup, laugh about how obvious the Hiders spot was, and how oblivious the seeker must be. You then head home, full of smiles, to go get your favourite cherry popsicles. Our game of hide-and-seek is an example of why you need rules, and why they must be followed. I've been yelling olly olly oxen free for so long my throat is raw. Despite this, I yell, yell, and yell some more, because the game must come to an end. It seems my Happiness has forgotten the rules altogether. Hiding despite my desperate pleas for her to return to me after all these years. It seems she's left for good. I can't accept defeat just yet though, as I continue trudging through my days searching. I scream, willing for my Happiness to return. Olly olly oxen free?