

The River

By HazelsHeaven

Published on Stories Space on 20 Feb 2017

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/micro-fiction/the-river.aspx>

My grandma and I sat on the bench, watching the river. I was eight, and she was almost eighty.

“You see how still the river is, love?” she asked as she drew me close to her. “The deeper the river, the stiller it becomes.”

I nodded.

“Be like this river as you grow up. So deep, they will wonder and be drawn towards you. So still, you reflect all the beauty around you. So strong, you can mold your path the way you want it to.”

“I don’t think I understand, Grandma.”

She smiled. “Not yet, but soon you will.”