

Crawford Hill

If I told you, you wouldn't believe me, which is why I'm going to tell you. I was riding my bike up the biggest hill in town, Crawford Hill, and instead of getting worn out my legs became more and more powerful. Pedaling became easier and easier and soon I had to use my hand brakes to keep myself from going too quickly up the hill. Only the hill wasn't going up anymore. As I approached the top, the hill was going down. That's the part I know you won't believe.

The world turned over and everything was standing on its head, including Crawford Hill. I don't know why it happened. I don't remember any warning signs or strange noises. Nothing unusual happened first. Birds didn't fall from the trees. Cars didn't drop off the road and fall into the sky below. The ocean didn't block out the sun. The houses didn't turn into boats, their inverted roofs as hulls. But I flew up that hill on my bike as if I was riding down in the other direction.

When I got to the bottom, which was actually the top, I got off my bike and climbed over (or under in this case) the big fence in front of the Crawford House and walked to the big apple tree in the middle of the front yard. As I approached an apple fell from the ground to one of the tree branches and reconnected to the tree. I heard a tiny popping sound like when you curl your finger and pluck the inside of your cheek. Then I walked to the branch and looked at the apple more carefully. It was bright red for a few seconds, but the red faded and became a pale green.

I heard a clanking sound behind me and when I turned around I saw my bike in pieces outside the fence. I decided to take a nap. It was the middle of the day and I felt very tired, which was another way the world was turning over, because I'm always wide awake until evening. I lay down in the upside-down apple tree, cradled by its branches, and fell asleep right away. When I woke up, everything was right side-up again and I was hanging from a tree branch by my shoe lace. I woke up right in time to see the single loop in my laces untie and I fell like a ripe apple.

I stood up and brushed myself off and looked at all the other apples on the ground around me, expecting them to stand. But they stayed still. The world was back to normal. I picked one up and bit into it to make sure and it tasted exactly like an apple, sweet and crisp. I chewed the bite of apple for a long time, unable to think. Then I placed the rest of the apple on my head and balanced it there carefully while I walked back to the fence and climbed over it again (really over in this case).

My bike was in one piece on the other side of the fence. It was riding in circles, waiting for someone to come along and climb on. I took a running start and jumped onto the seat from behind, landing with my feet on the pedals and my hands on the hand grips. You'd think the apple would have fallen off my head, but it stayed in place the whole time, and stayed there while I rode home, downhill this time. It's on my head now, as I'm writing this story, which I know you won't believe. I can't get it off.