



The First Time I Jumped a Fence

by Jeremy Jordan



Jeremy strolled home from his friend's house, the late afternoon sun casting long shadows. Birds chirped and the air smelled of freshly cut grass, a perfect ending to a fun day. Suddenly, a large dog burst from a nearby yard, its barks cutting through the peaceful scene.



The dog, a blur of brown and white fur, charged towards Jeremy, its barks growing louder with each stride. Jeremy's heart leaped into his throat as he realized the dog was running directly at him. He knew he had to get away, but where could he go?



Scanning his surroundings, Jeremy's eyes landed on a tall, wooden fence separating the yards. It was his only hope. He sprinted, his legs pumping, the dog's heavy panting growing closer with every step.



Reaching the fence, Jeremy grabbed the top, his fingers scrambling for purchase. His hands trembled, but he pulled himself up, ignoring the growing ache in his muscles. The dog barked and snapped, but he was almost there.



With a final surge of adrenaline, Jeremy swung his leg over the fence and dropped to the ground on the other side. He landed hard, his knees wobbling. The dog, now on the other side of the fence, continued barking furiously.



Safe at last, Jeremy sat on the grass, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He looked at his scraped arms and then burst into laughter, the relief washing over him. That day, he learned that sometimes, the only way to be brave is to jump.