A Shout Out From Down Here

 Us rocks we got difficult life’s you know. Our body takes many different shapes and forms. Were stepped on, walked on, and occasionally when a dog comes around even worse. But, worst of all we have to face constant rejection of not being “good enough” to be picked up. So, know that I’ve told you about the difficulties that many rocks go through I would know like to share with my personal journey.

 I started out as magma inside a volcano in Hawaii. I later find out that some scientist say I was magma for over 6,000 years. I sure didn’t seem that long. Then one day I hear a GRUMBLE….. Next thing I know bit and pieces of me are everywhere. I then sit there in the same spot for the next 2,000 years cooling and hardening along the way. It gets a little boring after 1,000 years. But, all that waiting finally paid off when I turned into a beautiful extrusive igneous rock called obsidian. My glass-like surface glistens in the light. Then one day people with funky looking tools and pokey objects came. Several of them stepped on me, it hurt a lot. They picked up all the rocks around me but not me. ☹ Why? Was I not good enough? I tried to shout out to them.

Hey up there! Pick me up! Or

Look! Look! I’m just as shiny as them!

But nothing worked. So there I sat same place, same spot, and friendless for the next 2,000 years. But, then one rainy day I started to feel weird. My inside started bubbling and boiling. It felt like a thousand bricks were pushing down on me. What was going on? Torturous pain continued for the next 2,000 years. Then all of a sudden I’m no longer a beautiful igneous obsidian rock I was now a pitch black metamorphic rock called slate. I waited and waited for 2,000 years for someone to come pick me up. I would even take being stepped on if it meant I could get the heck out of this spot. I was desperate at this point. Then out of the blue I hear footstep coming towards me.

Maybe he’ll see me! I thought

But, don’t get your hopes up, you’ve been rejected before. So, when the footsteps finally reach me I try my best to outshine the other rocks. The boy then bends over ME! I can’t believe it finally someone who appreciates me! He eyes me over for a couple of minutes then picks me up. Any second now he would me in his pocket. But, then things turned for the worse, the kid stepped back a couple feet, drew his arm back real far, and chucked me into the great unknown river.

What the heck!? This is how you treat me!

Ow! Ow! Ow! I scream as I glide across the river.

I then sink down into the bottomless pit and stay there forever.

For the next 2,000 years I sit at the bottom weathering and eroding, breaking down into tinier and tinier pieces. Eventually becoming what scientist call sediments. I will stay sediment for the rest of my life and never figure out the true meaning of being loved.

So next time you see a rock you really like pick it up! You never know what that rock has gone through and the challenges it has faced becoming that lovely magnicfent rock. So hey, listen to that shout out from down there and pick it up!

Sincerely,

Sam B. Sediment