Memories

I remember bits of Virginia's childhood through her eyes, when she was a little girl. She was raised by her grandmother, who was strict and expected a lot from her. Virginia's mother was away a lot, working as a nurse in the city. Virginia would often stay with her grandmother during the summer months.

One summer, Virginia and her grandmother went on a trip to the mountains. They hiked through the woods, climbed up hills, and explored the forests. Virginia was fascinated by the wildlife and the beauty of the nature around them. She would often pick up rocks and leaves, and bring them back to share with her grandmother.

On the last day of their trip, they reached the peak of a mountain. Virginia looked out at the view and felt a sense of pride and achievement. Her grandmother, who had never been to the mountains before, was amazed by the beauty of the landscape.

Virginia then turned to her grandmother and said, "Grandma, I want to do something just like this when I grow up. I want to explore the world and find new things every day."

Her grandmother smiled and said, "That's a beautiful dream, Virginia. I know you will do great things."

The trip ended, but Virginia's love for nature and adventure never did. She continued to explore the world around her, always looking for new experiences and opportunities to learn. And even now, as an adult, she carries that sense of wonder and adventure with her every step.