



Unexpected

**Tinisha
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I stood barefoot in front of a small pond that overlooked horses grazing and small children slapping volley balls to each other over a net. The air smelled of forest trees and pinecones. The pebbled rocks massaged my feet and tickled my toes. I took a long exhilarating breath and enjoyed the cool breeze embracing my legs beneath my cotton sundress, separating pieces of my hair.

It was the middle of summer, and the Colorado Mountains looked divine, some still coated with a froth of light snow. This could have been a very romantic getaway. But it wasn't that type of vacation, at least not for me. I'd been worked to the bones, overwhelmed, and stressed out of my mind for the last three months.

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