

Experimentally, I try running as quietly as possible. My eyes are swivelling, searching for potential hiding-places as I pass the dry bush around the grassed area. I settle on a decent spot, unsure of the time remaining I had left to hide. Scurrying down a bank, I place myself behind my chosen tree.

My senses heightened in my stillness. I hear the rustling of leaves as the remaining players find their place. The seeker calls and his footsteps travel easily through the tense twilight. Noticing a slight chill from not moving, I curl up. My eyes focus on the ferns I face as the footsteps grow louder.

From guesswork, I cautiously edge around the tree as the seeker half-heartedly peers behind it. My guesswork pays off. I retrace my steps back around the tree and release a breath I never knew I was holding. I relax and ponder my good luck.

"Found you," the seeker shouts.