Bianca Walker flopped onto her dull, stiff bed and glared at the lifeless room, she did not want to be and environmental conservatist like Bell, her step mother. Bianca resented Bell’s wild recreation tales of rebelling against her own mother to become a guardian of nature and she hated even more the everlasting lectures of being yourself and choosing your own choices that shrouded every corner of her life. HA! Bianca thought bitterly tossing of her raven black hair, isn’t she here to do the same thing? Sure, she is changing the career option but is there any difference compared with the method of my step grandmother? Zero.

“Bianca, come here and read this nature study.” Bell called “it will be interesting!”

“Later mum,” Bianca moaned, she needed to get out of the house before her stepmother suffocates her with another stack of nature conservatist homework. Swiftly and silently, Bianca pulled out a few of her old bedsheets, knitting them into a coarse, homemade rope while thinking of the movies she used to watch, yes that’s what she wanted to be an actor. A female heroine would be a lot more exciting than another of those little boys with the painted 6 packs, wouldn’t it?

Within moments she was trudging into the forest, eyes glued to the ground, damp grass yielding beneath her sneakers as insects unleashed a series of sharp chirps. Suddenly all the racket paused. Bianca looked up.

Azure blue birds chattered in the emerald green canopy, each caw syncing into the tinkling harmony of the cold, clear waterfall she was facing. Forgetting all grudges Bianca reached for her phone, needing intensely show this to Bell. But when she clicked open the camera the waterfall was gone, mystified, Bianca took a few steps forward, eyes locked on the screen. She had almost convinced herself that it was an illusion when she plummeted into a pool of fresh water. She let out a laugh, this is what she wanted to film about, not the pool itself but the sheer magic of it. She had listened to her heart and she understood it. Somehow it seemed, that in the light of her confidence the water shined just a little brighter.

Quickly, she scaled the rope, hurriedly cramming it under her bed before steeling her nerves. She was going downstairs to tell Bell that she believed being a nature conservatist is a boring job. For an unknown reason that seemed a million times more frightening than it sounded when she practiced by the waterfall. Inhaling the musty air of her room she headed downstairs, by the time she was at the bottom step fear had full control over her mind and she was petrified by what she was about to do “I’m sorry Bell but Ireallyhatebeinganenvironmentalconservatist” Bianca burst out before fleeing the kitchen.

Bianca slept fitfully that night often drifting off to Bell rotating between looking injured and furious while chanting I really hate being an nature conservatist around in her mind. Finally, Bianca decided enough was enough and she slid to the ground with her rope when she arrived at the lake it glistened in the moonlight shifting between shades of silver and blue. Bianca felt undoubtedly that the lake had a guilty aroma so much like the one that Bianca carried with her. She concluded that she had been too harsh on her stepmother and tried to think of a more delicate way of expressing it. The young girl was just about to dose off when she recalled the speech that Bell so often recited and the next morning she returned home through the front door. “Bell,” she said with a painful expression. “I’m sorry for not liking the career of a nature conservatist but that is your passion not mine, my dreams are to become an actor and if you remember what you felt like when you were my age, please let me chase my dreams.” Bell suddenly felt a shiver down her spine and Bianca’s image blurred, a desperate longing and denial rose up in her and with a start she realised what she was doing. In her speech 20 years ago, she said that everyone deserves a chance and this was her turn to give a chance to the quivering child before her. She nodded and somewhere in both of their minds a shimmering waterfall shone.