

BLUE PEAK HILL

A short English tale

I live in a small town up in the highlands of northern California, and it was a few moons ago that I first heard of a spot called Blue Peak Hill. My friend was telling me about how he had gone there but the other day with his wife and, boy, he said, the overlook was mighty eyesome. They went for a long hike up to the top and bode there from around five (mind you, this was in the summer) till eventide, and the sight of the sun setting was more goodly than either of them had ever seen all their days, so he reckoned.

So I asked him, "Whereabouts is this peak? I might want to tread up there myself. You know, sometimes I need somethin' to do to forget the hardship of life. I've been having it feel rough as of late."

But guess what? The bastard couldn't mimmer where the spot was.

"Sorry," he said, beknowing how lackwitted he must've been seeming, "I clean forgot how we got there. But I can find it for you later and I'll send it to you."

"Alright.. Well at least what town was it near? Can you mind that?"

"Look, mate.. It's wholly slipped my head. This was a week ago, and.. Well, all I know is it's somewhither up north. Not wiss how far up, though. But I'll send you the way to get there once I make it home."

"Whatever.." I couldn't believe that he had hiked there, bode for stounds, seen the best sunset of his life, and yet he's already overlooked such a staddlely bit of it, namely where the hill is to be found.

Later that night, by which tide he still hadn't gotten back to me like he said he would, I chose to look it up on the net myself. Only one thing showed up from my soken. And it was one of those writs that boasts fulsome about how great it is without ever sharing anything of true worth, like the way to it or even what town it's in or by. It made me wonder whether it was written by a true man at all.

So after that I went on with my life and forgot about the whole thing, but that only lasted about a fortnight, when I was spending some of my free time reading posts on Reddit, and I came across what took me aback. It was about Blue Peak Hill, posted in but yesterday.

The fellow went on about how he went up there with camping gear and how it took him stounds and it was swithly hot, but sithe he reached the peak he couldn't believe what he saw: owing to its name, the topmost ten-or-so feet of grass and shrubs on the peak was an awesome bright hue of blue, nigh on the color of the sky, that he could barely fathom that any plant could

make such a seldseen, ellandish look, that he truly reckoned seemed like it wasn't from earth.

He dwelt there beyond sunset, took in the great sight of the distant hills and the valley betwixt them, wicked for the night, and rose come morning when the dew yet lay on the grass and it still glistened in the sun, which was the greatest sight yet; and he set forth knowing he'd mimmer it forever.

But what angered me was that he didn't say a word about where the spot was or how he got there, or show even one likeness of the sight. So I quoth on his post asking where it was and did he take any likenesses of it.

Was this spot even in California at all? Everyone else was writing about either how awesome it was (they also had been there, I reckoned), or about how cool the blue plants seemed going by his word, but no-one asked for any true lore about his tale.

Looking at the man's other posts I understood he was indeed from here, soothly not further than forty miles from where I live. So likely this Blue Peak Hill wasn't too far off.

Days went by and I heard nothing from the fellow. So much for that. And again I went on with my life...

But then one day I chose to look up Blue Peak Hill again on the web, and guess what I beheld this tide? Now there were soothly thousands of results (at least so says Google), with blog posts, more Reddit posts, and even a news leaf from the Los Angeles Times, which upheld my thought that it was in California but said nothing else about where it was.

So it seemed that in truth, the spot did be after all, whereas at first I was untrusting of the tales, thinking some knavishness to be afoot. but I was wrong.

I then began to search over mayhap fifteen of the leaves I found on the net about Blue Peak Hill, but it was as fruitless as could be; nowhere was any way to the spot given, not even nearly so. Again I gave up.

Went by a week or so, and now Blue Peak Hill was trending all about the net and the news. It had become the foremost talk of the folk.

And I happened to call my mother on the handset in my spare handwhile, and soothly the foremost thing out of her mouth was that she had gone to Blue Peak Hill the day afore and it was mighty eyesome, and oh, you should come next time.

That set me aghast. Nigh all at once, everybody was saying they'd been to this beclouded hill. And at last I kenned the whole thing to be ready amiss.

I fanned to get her to tell me all she knew about the hill and how she got there, and she said right what I thought she would.

“How’d you find out about the spot?”

“Well, ummm... Uh... Must’ve heard about it somehow.. Truly, I think I’ve forgotten, though I know it seems swithly silly..”

“What does that mean? You must mind it if you went but yesterday.”

“Likely I read about it on the web.. But I can’t think of whence...”

I told her I’d drive right over to see her in the flesh. She was rather bewildered but was glad to hear it. I hung up. I was going to see what might be bringing about this huge dwimmer.

Now my mother, who’s now sixty-four, lives not ten miles from me, in a little town that neighbors mine. It had been a good while since we’d seen each other, so when I got there we hugged and chatted for a bit, but then I had to start asking her some sundry things about her trip to Blue Peak Hill.

“So Ma, how many miles was your walk yesterday?”

“It was, uh, I believe about three miles. That’s one way, and another three back down.”

“Six miles?? Ma, I know you can’t walk that far, soothly not up and down a hill! You’ve been saying your knee needs a working.”

“I know my knee is bad and all, but I, I.. I’m not sure how, but I did it; I could do it right and well.”

“Did you take any likenesses?”

“Oh, you’re right; I truly should’ve. I even brought my handset, but I forgot.”

“Ok, whatever. So what did the top of the hill look like?”

“Oh, it was wonderful... At the top there were these amazing blue plants.. A mellow but awesome hue~”

“What do you mean mellow?”

“Well, kind of the like the shade of a lavender shrub but a bit more blue.. A bit cloudy-like.” Her tale was gainsaying the other one where the hue was likened to the sky; now it was cloudy and soft.

“Look, Ma, there’s a ground for why I’m asking you these things.” And I went on to retch wherefore I was so worried about the thing, telling her what I’d been hearing and reading about Blue Peak Hill, and how I knew it wissly was soothless, some kind of awful shinelock.

But she wouldn’t believe it. I stickled for a while, but it only made her angry. She, after all, was fast that she had indeed gone there. So I gave up and headed home.

I think the even weirder bit, though, was what came not even a sennight afterward.

I wanted to see what new lore might be on the web about Blue Peak Hill; mayhap something else had come out about it to unriddle the whole of it.

But when I looked it up on the web, behold, there was not one leaf on all of Google; nought outcomes to my soken. Not even when I looked on Reddit. Nothing. One leaf I had even bookmarked, but now it gave a 404 misfare.

I called up my friend from afore and asked him about it.

“Huh? Blue what hill?”

“Blue *Peak* Hill!”

“What’s that? I never said anything about that before..”

“Nevermind.”

Shortly I hung up.

I called my mother. She never heard of it either, so she said. I tried to get her to mimmer, but for the life of me I couldn’t; she soothly forgot.

So that’s readily the weirdest thing I’ve ever seen in all my days. After then I never heard about Blue Peak Hill again. Yes, I fanded seeking for it on Google some sunderly tides thenceforth, but again, it was all fruitless. Not even the Wayback Machine kept the slightest writ about the hill. It’s been a few years, and never following could I get my friend or my mother to mind the thing again, so I think that’s where my tale ends. And I reckon I’ll go down to the grave not knowing what that was truly about.