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Skidding on the Creek

Just as she struggled to keep her head above the water,
Her feet landed on the slippery, smooth stone.
It was a perfectly refreshing way to cool off.
The summer sun beat down above her,
Blinding her with the creek's shimmering waters.
She laughed as she skidded along the never ending mossy rock.
The current kept her moving, bobbing with the creek bed.
The occasional deep spot made her lose her footing.
Once she was to a certain point on the creek,
Her father pulled her away from the current and to the bank.
With a giddiness that only a child could possess,
She skipped over the pebbled banks to ride the creek again.