May 16, 2013

My Spot in the Woods

Behind the Prep School, you will find the beautiful woods. Follow the dirt path to the towering trees, and there it is my spot. It is a very peaceful place where you will find no danger. The trees act as protection from the burning hot sun. The bugs buzz by happily humming their song.

In the fall, my spot is covered from head to toe in dry crunchy leaves. Many deer leap and prance through my spot, occasionally stopping to munch. Skeleton like branches reach out almost grasping me. The copper colored pine needles are scattered all over, often getting picked up and thrown by the violent winds. You will hear the turkey vultures screeching obnoxiously back and forth, back and forth. The colorful leaves are like fluttering butterflies floating in the light breeze. Squirrels dart around happily, making sure to bury their nuts for the winter. You can taste the crisp, fresh air dance across your tongue. As winter comes and fall goes, the cold frost creeps across the bright green grass. Winter is coming.

In the winter, my spot is full of wet, sticky snow. The vibrant green pine needles contrast greatly from the white snow. They pop out at me. With every breath, I look like a mighty dragon blowing fire at my enemies. The sun reflects on the snow blinding everyone in its path. The sun also provides some warmth to my rosy red cheeks. The few leaves that remain, holding stubbornly onto the branches, bristle in the whipping winds. At night the welcoming moon watches over the animals that sleep, protecting them until the sun returns. The geese honk as they migrate to the south to stay warm for the winter. The birds that decide to tough out the chilly weather soar freely in the sky. The icy snow and winds nip at my nose. Brrrrr. The long skinny icicles that have formed over the long, bitterly cold winter are now forming puddles. This is when you know that spring is on its way.

In the spring, my spot is overflowing with bright colored flowers. The squirrels scurry swiftly, excited to be back in the warmth of the sun. The new leaves burst through the shiny green buds, adding color to the world. The warm sun will hug you tightly, filling you with warmth. Many of the red and pink flowers burst through the surface as quick as a flash. As I sit, the warm breeze tickles my toes. The grass is a soft pillow for my head. Frogs croak nosily to each other as the sun sets in the sky. The slippery rain slides down the trunks of the big oak trees. It looks like they are crying. New green grass pops through the dirt, adding even more color to my beautiful spot.

Each season in my spot comes with a surprise, whether it's the whipping wind, the bitter cold snow, or the new flowers. I am so lucky to have such a great calming place to go. It relaxes me and relieves me of any stress. I am very lucky to have a spot behind the St. Johns Prep School, in the beautiful woods, just beyond the bumpy dirt path.