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Language Arts

May 16, 2013

Welcome to My Spot

 I you look at my spot, you will see that there are no rattling busses or rushing cars. There is only peace and quiet. When you come to my spot, there will be no litter or dirty streets. You will find flowers, leaves, and cute little critters everywhere. Behind St. John’s Prep, up the path and to the right, you will find this wonderful and beautiful place. Welcome to my spot.

 Fall in my spot is a beautiful time. I can see the lifeless claws of the tall oaks trying to grab at the sky. Bees whisper in my ear as they buzz back and forth from their hive. Colors are everywhere. Bright, eye-catching leaves cling to life on the slender branches of a maple. Dead, fallen leaves make a pathway to my spot. Fallen turkey vulture feathers litter the ground around me. I feel the rough bark of the stump that I lean against while I take in the beauty of my spot. Squirrels chatter back and forth as if speaking a foreign language. The warm wind blows through my hair, but it has a bite of cold in it. Winter is just around the corner.

Winter turns my spot into a wonderland of white. The brightness blinds me. The crisp, cold air numbs your skin. It blows through the deep, green pines, making them bend and sway. I feel as tiny as an ant underneath them. Sharp snowflakes fly at my face. They sting! I rub them away from my eyes and find a trail of deer tracks that seems to go on forever. Small animals run away from me as if we’re playing tag and I’m it. The wonderful scent of pine overtakes my spot. The surprisingly strong sun makes the snow glisten. I have a feeling that spring is coming soon.

 Springtime is a happy time at my spot. It is like life itself has just been born. All around you, you hear the cheerful birds tweeting back and forth. Pop! Buds practically jump out of the soft shells containing them. They are bright pink and flushed with a honey sweet smell. I hear gnats floating around my head. They cluster together like they are having a swarm meeting. The trees bend and sway. You listen, trying to hear the music they dance to, but all you heart are the birds calling. The sun gives light and warmth like a giant light bulb. A gentle breeze surrounds me. Green is everywhere. I can see it up high, down low, and in the middle. It’s all I see, and it’s fantastic.

 Even though my spot changes throughout the seasons, it is great all the time. You can always see at least one sign of life. After all, my spot is nature, and nature is life. It represents happiness and laughter. This is how our world should be, filled with joy and laughter, but my spot is the place where I can find that. My spot is a place where I can escape from the business of our world. In my spot you don’t see any chaos or stress. You see joy.

(535 words)