Isaac Hansen

In the forest behind Saint John’s prep where no cars have driven, where no hunts have happened, and where no wolves wander you will find a path. Follow the path over the hill and turn left. When you come upon a fallen log by the lake, you have found my spot.

 It is fall the leaves are like ornaments and the lake is golden. Leaves are tumbling down. If you look at the lake you will see geese and ducks preparing for the flight south. If you look towards the woods you will see squirrels and chipmunks gathering nuts. There is also the sound of birds chirping and the smell of the leaves. When leaves fall on me they tickle my face. It is getting colder. The lake is waving hi less and less. The birds are flying away. The leaves cover the ground like a rug. It is almost time for winter.

 It is winter. The chill is creeping over me. Snowflakes are crystals pin wheeling down. Deer are very active when I’m not there. Their beds and foot prints are everywhere. Once in a while you can see a squirrel scampering around. Snow is a thick winter jacket on the ground. Deer beds dent the ground around me. There is barely any color. Just white. The snowflakes dance around you. Now the snow is melting. Spring is just around the corner.

 It is finally spring. Animals are waking up. The grass has started growing. The trees are stretching their limbs. The dandelions are golden flowers. The lake is smiling and waving again. The birds are back. Including the turkey vultures. Deer are phantoms during the night. The ducks are dawdling and the geese are grazing. You can hear the birds singing. You can also hear the chipmunks chattering with one another. The water just keeps smiling and waving.

 So remember. In the woods behind Saint John’s prep where no cars drive, where no hunts happen, and where no wolves wander you will find a path. Follow the path over the hill and turn left. When you find a fallen log facing the lake you have found my spot.