A Special Spot

 If you go into the woods behind SJP, follow the path until you reach the lake, and then turn left into the cool shade of the tall trees, you will be in a special place. A place where no other people go, and where you hear nothing but birds singing. You will be in my spot.

 In my spot in the fall, millions of leaves lay scattered on the ground. You will hear the sound of black and white geese migrating. Everywhere I look, I see brightly colored leaves in shades of red, orange, and yellow. The smell of decaying leaves is overpowering. You might see a turkey vulture soar above your head. The leaves whisper, saying that it is fall. The air has a crisp feel to it, as it is nearly winter.

 In the winter, my spot is covered in snow. Deer and rabbit tracks lead this way and that. The lake is like a huge, snowy, field of white, stretching on forever. You can hear the tiny clicks of ice as it falls off the trees. Sunlight bounces off the lake and dances in my eyes. Trees stand around me, tall and bare. Soon the ice will melt, and it will be spring.

 In my spot in the spring, everything is wet. There are buds on the trees where leaves will soon grow. The lake is completely still. You can hear the birds calling to each other. Grass peeks through the leaves, as if it’s playing hide and seek. Every day it is getting warmer.

 Any time of year, the fall, winter, or spring, my spot is beautiful and peaceful. There is always nothing but trees, animals, and other nature. I love to be out there, in the cool shade of the tall trees.