Katie Miller

Language Arts

May 16, 2013

My Spot in the Woods

In the woods behind the Prep School lies my spot. Off of the wide dirt path, you see another smaller path. Follow it for a while and you’ve reached my spot. In my spot there aren’t any loud noises to scare me, or parents to bother me. There is almost complete silence. All you hear are squirrels scampering and birds chirping.

It is fall. The bright yellow, red, and orange leaves wave at me as they blow back and forth, propelled by the chilly breeze. They rustle as you watch them fall to the ground and crumple up like discarded paper. Geese fly across the blue sky, leaving to migrate south for the winter. Squirrels scamper as they hurry to collect acorns to store. You can sense Jack Frost moving in to get ready for winter.

It is winter. The snowflakes dance as they fall from t5he sky. Everything in sight is white. Jack Frost and the bitterly cold wind work as a team, trying to pull you away. The frost is like a white blanket, covering every surface. Your teeth chatter as you shiver and try to stay warm. Bare trees mock every desire for this to be over, but you still see signs of spring.

It is spring. Little brown squirrels dash about, celebrating the warm weather. Birds dot the bright blue sky, chirping merrily. Green plants spring out of the rich brown soil. A slight breeze cools my face and the yellow sun smiles down on me. Trees as tall as giants tower over you.

My spot means a lot to me. In it there is a sense of solitude, yet not so much as to make you bored. My spot may be different in each season, but in my heart, it really is the same. A place where I can escape the busy world we know today, and enjoy the beauty of nature.

(322 words)