My Spot

In the woods behind St John’s Preparatory school there exists a spot, “my spot”. If you walk up the small hill, past the sideways stump, you will find it. At my spot there is a statue, a very nice statue. A statue of a saint. My spot is also next to a lake, if you are there on windy days you can feel the cold breeze blowing through the lake. There are deer scampering through it sometimes. At other times there are turkey vultures flying over it. My spot changes greatly through the seasons.

 In fall my spot is full of leaves and birds very quiet in the fall the only sound is the wind flowing through the forest bringing down the dead chirping. It has deer tracks all over it. It is leaves. You can also hear squirrels scampering through the woods storing up their nuts for winter. You can also see winter coming through the trees and the animals, and the sudden coldness of the temperature. Winter is coming.

 In winter my spot is very beautiful with all the snow covering the branches. The snowflakes are falling through the air like little ballet dancers. The lake has frozen and you can see people doing numerous things on it, fishing, skating, and even playing hockey. You can feel the knee-deep snow crunch beneath your feet. But Jack Frost’s cold grip is releasing on the season and spring is coming.

 In spring my spot is very busy. All the leaves and grass is growing back. The lake looks like it had just been polished and had just been polished again. The pines litter the forest floor. The trees are finally growing again and the temperature is rising. The squirrels and deer are scampering about happy to have warmth and spring back.

 My spot is the most quiet and peaceful of place with its statue, birds and deer. It is a place where I can get away from all deadlines and just enjoy nature. It is a place where everything else just seems non-existent. It can only be described as “My Spot”

Word Count 353