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Language Arts

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My Spot In The Woods

 There is a place in the world where there are no buildings, no people, and no noise except for the peaceful sounds of nature. That place is my spot. It’s just up a hill and to the right. It’s a big circle of trees with one massive pine tree in the middle. In the distance is a beautiful lake that sparkles in the sun. My spot is a place that I can just sit and enjoy the outdoors without anyone around.

In the fall, my spot is full of colors. You would see brightly colored leaves on the trees or floating down to rest on the dry ground. The soft grass in green, but it will soon fade. In some places, the dirt is as dry as a desert. You would hear the wind blowing, creating a rainbow of leaves. You would smell the disgusting scent of the turkey vultures. The lake still ripples in the wind, but it will soon be ice.

In the winter, my spot is a Winter Wonderland. The entire area is covered in glistening white snow. The trees are covered with frost and the ground is a white blanket. You can taste the snowflakes that drift down from the sky above. Branches and pine needles occasionally fall to the ground. The lake seems to be frozen in time. You can see the deer tracks and deer beds left in the snow. Squirrels scamper across the ground. Snow sticks to my hair and covers my feet. There isn’t anything that’s not coated with snow. That will change soon though, with the coming of spring.

In the spring, everything is alive. The snow is gone and there is no ice on the lake anymore. You can hear the singing of the birds and feel the rough bark of the trees. Green things are sprouting up here and there. Sunlight filters through the spiky arms of the pine trees. The light breeze whistles, blowing tendrils of my hair across my face. Spring is finally here, but it took way too long, if you ask me.

As you have read, my spot is a very special place. It's colorful in the fall, a Winter Wonderland in the winter, and alive in the spring. It may seem like an ordinary place in the woods to most, but it’s unique to me.

Word count: 403