

Outside the Door

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First Place, fifth grade, and Grand Prize Winner

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“I need a break to forget about my worries and my strife. I always know I can count on Mother Nature because we live in Franklin Township,” I say as I walk outside. The bees are buzzing in the trees, making honey for their hive. I pick up a dandelion and blow the fuzz. I hear cackling crows and crunching leaves that once blew in the whistling wind. We are so fortunate to live in a rural place with many country trails, creeks, and farms. I lie down and roll in the riches all around me. When I look up to the beautiful heavens above, I see fluffy cotton balls floating. A scent of lawn cuttings and cow manure fills my nose with their pungent aromas.

I trudge up a hill with blades of grass swaying in the wind, tickling my feet, to a tall ash tree that has sap trickling down its rough surface. As I climb up the blossoming giant, I glance around the beautiful, rural property. I spot my cows watching my every move, waiting to know if they are going to be fed. Birds are chirping and swooping from tree to tree. I jump down the tree into Mother Nature’s soup: mud.

I decide to skip down the driveway and with every step I take, the sun is stretching its many arms through the trees. Once I reach the end of the driveway, deer run to the other side of the road with alacrity. As I stroll along the road to the Knispel Farm on West Sidney Road, families are enjoying the weather and say, “Hi!” as I pass. When I arrive at the farm, I sit on the fence and notice a creek with clear water. SWISH! Soon Black Beauty comes over to me with her calf and moos as loud as she can as a signal to feed her. I turn my head to the other side of the road and see hills of grass rolling in the landscape. I walk up a hill and detect the scent of country cologne, fertilizer that has recently been spread. I approach the barn, I climb up the ladder to the top of the grain bin, which is where they dry and store the grain. At the top, I see landscapes like you can never imagine. I also see the woody trees lined up like soldiers at the end of the fields. I climb down and ramble up to the trail that runs through the farmed fields. I run up the path with a smile on my face, feeling the joy of touching the soybeans. I hike the trail through the woods and see vines covering a tree. I climb up the tree, kick my feet up on a branch with my hands behind my head, and say with a grin plastered on my face, “Wow! Mother Nature must have worked hard on this land because it is magnificent!”

“I had to make it special just for you kind people, and I am glad that you appreciate Franklin Township,” Mother Nature replied with a soft-spoken whisper in my ear.