

The Gentle Spirit of Spring

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“Beep! Beep!” shouts my alarm clock. That means it’s time to wake up to a fresh, new day! I leap out of bed and yank my shades open. Ahhh, nice and sunny. I quickly put my clothes on and rush downstairs. I hurry out the back door, almost forgetting my dark black boots. The door flies open as the wind enthusiastically whispers in my face, “Hello, would you like to come play with me?” I feel delighted! “Of course! I would love to!” I respond to the gentle voice of Spring. I stroll into the outdoors, happy to live in Franklin Township. I try to contain my excitement and not wake the sleepy neighborhood.

I walk into the rustic woods. I examine the beautiful trees. I stroll deeper into the woods, where I find an evergreen coniferous tree. As I walk around the huge tree, I smell a scent of pine cones nestled in the spruce tree. When I step farther into the wonderland, I see two trees with spiky lime green leaves right next to each other. “They’re best friends,” I assure myself. Making a small mistake, I walk in between the two trees. “Oh, jeez! A spider web!” I exclaim as I accidentally walk right into it. A huge spider has spun his home right between these perfect trees. “I wouldn’t hurt you, little fella,” I say as an awkward silence surrounds the spider and me. “Oh, look at the time! Sorry I can’t enjoy a cup of herbal tea with you, sir,” I remark to the spider as if it could talk.

As I move on, I spot a sleek, skinny, tall, and glorious tree. It is placed right under a hole in the sky, letting the heavens look down on it. When I get closer, though, I notice that a woodpecker has perched itself on one of the tree’s dainty limbs. “Peck! Peck! Peck!” the woodpecker angrily shouts as I move closer. I get the red-headed woodpecker’s message, so I stroll on to my next sight. I still think it was great fun getting to view the mystical bird. I only have to walk about four more steps to get my mind ready for more adventure.

“Wow!” I admire. A herd of deer weaves through a patch of trees like they’re running at the Boston Marathon. After all the adults pass, two babies awkwardly stumble behind their parents. The mama deer goes to the caboose, urging her babies to let their adrenaline kick in and sprint faster. It is like the mom is trying to encourage them to fit in with the skilled group of deer. Finally, the three of them catch up with the rest of the herd. What an experience, to be up that close!

I check my wrist and look at my old, ladybug-themed watch. Oh, my goodness! 8:00 already! That means I have to rush down to our bus stop for school! “Thank you so much for the wonderful time, Spring, I loved it! I’ll be sure to come back soon,” I thank the spirit of Spring.