

My Neighborhood

By Alex Turner

Honorable Mention, fifth grade

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Ahhhhh. I wake up in the morning and feel the warmth of the sun's rays that stream through my bedroom window. It's early in the morning and I feel the sun press against my skin. In an instant, the wind can shift through the window and a cold breeze invites a chill up my spine. I slither out of bed and meet the fresh air, slowly and quietly making my way downstairs. I slide on my shoes, unlatch the kitchen sliding door and walk outside. As my eyes focus against the sun glare, I see a huge field of grass. I get the feeling I'm being watched. Is it the horses in the pasture at Maggie's farm? No, it's not that. Then out of the corner of my eye, I spot a giant deciduous tree waving in the light wind and showing off its beautiful and colorful leaves. I make my way through the lawn, which is the size of a field. My feet start to feel wet and I realize the morning dew on the grass has completely soaked my shoes. I slide over to the deciduous tree and touch its leaves; they're as light as a feather.

I'm going to walk until I meet the border of our property. I approach the woods, and I wonder if I should continue. I can't resist, so I carefully take a step into the woods. Ouch! I think I've been pricked! I look down and see a blood streak running down my leg. I realize too late that a thorn has punctured me. I still haven't been able to escape the morning dew and now my shoes have a puddle inside them. I take a step... swish...swash. I find a dirt trail and as I walk I hear rustling in the bushes. "What could it be?" I wonder. My heart beats rapidly with fear! Then a critter hops out and sniffs me, then hops away. I never knew there were rabbits in the wild. I look up and hear a sound coming from the sky. Black crows are circling me. They squeak, "Caw, caw!" but as much as they annoy me, I just ignore them and move on. Pretty blue birds, red cardinals and barn swallows look for bugs to bring back to their nest. The bright yellow sun creeps through the woods and hits my skin. Quickly I scurry under a nearby evergreen tree for shade. I sprint out and find the border of our property and see the neighbor's pond. As I scan the pond, I see a mama duck guiding her ducklings, and I try not to interrupt them. A blue heron is perched along the edge of the pond, too. As I start back, I see deer prancing around like angels. I walk back out of the woods, through my yard, and into the house, where I take off my drenched shoes and eat breakfast. My mom looks at me and asks, "Where have you been?" I say, "I was just taking a walk outside."