

William McDonald
First place, fifth grade
Lynn Johnson (1959-2020), teacher

Strolling Along the Capoolong

The most beautiful spot in Franklin Township is the Capoolong Creek. What makes it so beautiful are the sounds of the water flowing over rocks and the chirping of birds as they perch on the branches. I can see them now, blue and white, pecking at the bark, looking for small insects.

Along the creek I see daffodils and violets scattered among the green grasses. Vines twirl up the big oak trees, their leaves a mix of green and brown. I feel the wind as it swooshes over my face and arms. I shiver and zip up my coat. I move toward the sunlight to warm my body. The sun feels like a campfire on a cold night.

When I am walking I can go over to the trees and start to feel the texture of the bark. The bark feels rough and bumpy. It is also very dry like sandpaper. I reach down and feel the flower petals of the buttercups. They feel as soft as a pillow, so different from the grape hyacinth with its purple balls. I lift my nose up and smell the refreshing spring air. The scent of dogwood blooms makes me want to camp out and linger for the afternoon.

The creek calls me back and invites me to put my hand in the freezing water. I move my hand from side to side, making small waves that hit the rocky shore. I grab a flat rock and throw it at the water like a Frisbee watching it skip across the glimmering water. Across the creek a fish leaps above the water, splashing as it drops into its icy world. It uses the fins to escape the pull of the strong current.

I look up at the sun and notice how it's drooping in the sky. My mom is probably making dinner, waiting for me to come home. I grab my backpack and throw it on my back. I take one last look at the creek and feel grateful for what I have so close to home.