

“My Favorite Place”

My favorite place is the woods. I like the woods because it expresses my inner-self. My inner-self is writing poetry about woods, and watching animals scurry around on the ground. In the woods, there are a lot of things. I can see a lot of things, especially animals.

One animal that I always see when I go there is a squirrel. Almost every time I see a squirrel, it is climbing a tree. I always see pine straw on the ground. Its companion is leaves, especially orange leaves. I sometimes see really deep ditches. They usually are filled with trees growing in them. I can see the pond next to my house, too. I always notice tall trees growing in the field next to my house. I can hear a lot of things, too.

I can hear squirrels climbing trees around me. I can also hear birds chirping a wonderful tune. I always hear cars whizzing and zooming by. The cars break the peaceful silence and they scare all the animals away that I am watching. I can feel a lot of things, too.

I can feel the wind. I can also feel the grass rubbing against my legs. I can feel the rough bark gripping my fingers when I touch it. I can smell a lot of things, too. I can smell the peaceful air, and the sap slowly dripping from the trees. The woods will always be my favorite place, and I hope that it will never change.

