

## The Sweet Smell of the Leaves

It was a chilly fall day and I wanted nothing more than to be outside. I hurriedly pulled on sneakers and gloves, wrapped a scarf around my neck, secured my favorite pink hat on my head, put on my forest green fleece jacket, threw open the back door and bounded into the backyard. A smile spread across my face as I skipped around, playfully catching the leaves as they floated through the air, teasingly changing direction when the wind did. My parents scolded me as I ran through their perfect, just raked, piles of leaves. But of course I didn't care. Eventually I grew tired of running around and decided to swing on the tire swing that was secured to the tree in the very center of the backyard. I was too big to fit into the tiny, black plastic Playskool swing so I sat on top of it and swung back and forth becoming hypnotized by the identical rows of houses and trees that lined my block. As I swung I listened to dogs howl at the wind which paid them no attention for it was too busy whistling throughout the trees, setting the soundtrack for the leaves as they fluttered about. When I came back to reality I looked down at the ground directly in front of me and noticed that my parents had gathered up all of the small piles of leaves in to one big one, just begging to be messed up, right at base of the tree from which I was swinging. I stood up on the swing, leaned forward and belly flopped right into the leaves sending them in every direction. I was so comfortable that I turned over and just lay there staring up at the clear blue sky, inhaling the biting cold air and wishing it could be fall forever.