

Andy

Fall

I could tell fall was here, even though it was still warm. I could feel it. The dog days of summer were over. That's for sure. I knew because there were still occasional wanderers wearing T-shirts and shorts, still in denial that summer had left us behind. I could tell as I walked along Fifth Avenue at 7:30 A.M. The air was crisp and the leaves were crunching under my feet.

Every year it's the same thing, leaves crunching and crisp air, not stinging but chapping my lips to a raw color like a rose before it dies. I love fall because I can stop and watch everything change the minute it happens. Fall is a relief after summer. The heaviness in the air hangs around you all summer, but is pushed away by the stiff autumn wind. Every time I walk out the door, I half expect the air to be hazy and humid but instead a cool blast of wind hits my face.

Andy's writing.

The clean air brings new energy. The slowness of summer is gone. In the fall, the wind brings in new possibilities. Everything changes. There's a new school year, with sharp pencils and stiff new clothes and crisp white notebook paper. After a slow summer of napping, the sleepy brick school buildings come back to life when the children come rushing in.

Isn't fall the best season? Don't you agree?

Andy's writing, p. 2.