

Amanda

I trudge down the street, dragging my backpack while burying deeper in the itchy wool scarf wrapped around my neck. As the wind gusts harder and harder, I bury deeper and deeper into my coat.

I hate winter. I hate looking up at the bare trees, thinking about the way they looked in fall, colorful and bright. It seems like just yesterday the leaves on the ground would jump and dance and twirl around, seeing who could stand the cold sidewalks the longest. Now, the sidewalks are bare, leaves gone. They were whisked away by the wind. Wind. It hits you in the face like the waves hit the shore and wash away the helpless grains of sand on the beach. It reddens your cheeks and hands a rosy red, and it stings like bees. Bees. They fly around. So do birds, but the birds are all gone, the royal blues and the scarlets and the golden

*Amanda's writing.*

ones that sparkled with beauty that once flew in the skies. The small ones and the big ones all gone, all but the pigeons who peck away at the barren sidewalks, dirty and cold.

I hate winter. When I think winter, I think negatively. Crummy weather, icy streets, everything. But I try to find the good parts. There's beauty in the snowflakes of a first snow. They cover the world in a layer of white. Steamy hot chocolate is comforting to have after a walk through that wonderland of snow. Marshmallows float on the top like boats on water. Winter's not so bad. You just have to dig deeper through your soul to find the good part of the season.

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