Inspire Reality

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A short trip down memory lane. Who else loved the changing leaves when they were little? This story may be able to bring back that spark...

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Inspire Reality

Everyday I walk up to the fire station past my school. Sometimes it's rather enjoyable, other times I wish I never left the warm, cozy school. Nevertheless, each day I find something inspiring about our world. Sometimes it's cool, like the time I realized how gorgeous the architechture of our town's houses are. Other times, it's just something simple, like a sparkling rock on the dull pavement. This time is one of those simple times, when I was only in first grade...

I had just moved to our secluded little town in Graeter Cincinnati. I liked it here much better than our busy nieghborhood back in Covington. Plus, I had a prettier house and a WAY bigger bedroom. I was sitting at my table in Mr. Jones's classroom, being a good student, like normal. I was scared of trouble back then, and so good behavior was key to staying out of it. It was 2:58, I could'nt wait to get out of school and make a leaf pile in my front yard, for it was a perfect November day.

The afternoon announcements came on and I sat quitely and listened to them intently, our teacher rewarded children who did just that. The bell rang and, as always, Mr. Jones pointed out our model behavior. I scurried to my cubby and heaved my bag upon my back. Of course I was only pretending that it had wieghed me down. I mean, what kind of first grader has loads of homework, if any at all? My class then trickled out into the hallway and merged with the mob of other students. After what seemed like ages of navigating hallways, I finally crammed my way out a small door and made my way towards home. Back then I went to elementary school, so I didn't have to walk to the fire station, but I still had to walk home. I found my mom and, as usual, she started firing questions about my day at me. I know the routine and as we start walking, I answer each question as quickly as Mom asked them.

I was so good at this game that I didn't even pay attention to what Mom was asking or to what I was saying. Because of this I had plenty of time to pay attention to scenery. As I scanned the landscape for entertainment, something caught my eye. I realized that all these fallen leaves had brilliant colors. If I hadn't known better, they could have given me the illusion that the earth was on fire. I greatly appreciate the beauty of all this now, but as a puny little first grader I never really gave it a second thought. I wish I had, I might have learned something that day. something that may have inspired me.

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