A Perfect Summer Day 1

A bright, beautiful summer day; it’s hot outside, not a cloud in sight. A gentle breeze brushes past my face. I’m relaxing here, away from rowdy noises. I lie down on the long, green grass. Smells of blossoms fill the air. The sun is bright and hot, the sky is blue as can be. A stream trickles along beside me. I let my toes dip into the cool water. Mud and sand tickle my feet. The water sparkles and ripples as it flows. Birds are chirping, frogs jumping, and fish swimming. I hear laughter from family and friends. We run around and chase each other. We’re barefoot and wearing shorts and T-shirts. We play until the sun begins to set. The sky gets dark. Colors of blue start to fade, but and pink, then orange, and yellow take its place. They blend together perfectly. The few clouds in the sky are dyed pink. It is a beautiful sunset. It is just as beautiful as the day before, but so unique in many ways.

As the sun is finally gone, a dark sky replaces it like a black canvas. Gradually, it seems twinkling diamonds are painted on. The stars are the main attraction until the moon comes into view. It begins to rise above the mountains. It is the queen of the night, beautiful and full. It shines bright on the landscape, providing a dim light.

My family and I gather around the fire pit. A hot, blazing fire is started. I smell a smoky scent. I always remember this smell. I stare at the glowing coals and the dancing flames. It is a beautiful, but dangerous thing. Heat blows against my face. Ash floats in the air along with the smoke. Occasionally, the fire will pop, spewing out sparks. I smile and the heat on my face increases. My face is warm, but the air around me grows cold. My family members and I lay down soft, fuzzy blankets and roll ourselves up in them like caterpillars. We stare at the night sky in silence, pointing out different constellations. The night is a beautiful painting. My eyes

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cannot leave the sight. It is mesmerizing. The only sound comes from the roaring fire. Cool air rushes across me. The willow trees sway in the wind. It finally seems as though every star in space has came out. I begin to lose focus on the sky, and the idea of running around once again tempts me. The appeal strikes others’ minds too. All at once we begin to run around like we had been. We start where we left off. We play with glow sticks and flashlights. There are colored spots of light everywhere, lighting up the scene. There are blue, purple, yellow, orange, red, pink, and white lights scattered around. Some people will toss the glow sticks in the air making swirling patterns across the air. We are still barefoot and our toes are numb, yet we do not feel the cold because of the fun. I breathe in cool air and smile. It is wonderful. Pure joy is spread all over every illuminated face. This is summer.

Every time I think about that great day, I can’t help but to smile. Wonderful memories dance in my mind. I remember every detail: the smell, the noises, and most of all, the sight. The happiness and delight shared by everyone is what I think of when I remember summer. It was the perfect summer’s day.