My favorite place is the brook behind my grandfather’s barn. It is possibly the most peaceful place on earth. I like living in the city, but I always look forward to visiting my grandfather’s home in the country and spending time at this brook.

The brook winds through tall maple trees, which create many shady spots on a sunny day. It seems the leaves are never quite still. I can hear them whisper in a slight breeze or whip against each other on a windy day. They make a canopy that is dark green on a cloudy day and bright green and speckled with light on a sunny day.

I can jump to a boulder that sits right in the middle of the brook and then listen as the water trickles past. During a dry summer, the sound of the water is very faint, but after many days of rain, it makes a rushing sound.

I like the way that the water looks.

Sitting on this boulder, I can read a book, draw a picture, or write a letter without being interrupted by anyone. Sometimes I just stay still and enjoy the experience. In the morning the boulder is cold, but it warms up on sunny afternoons. In the late summer, I can smell the freshly mowed hay in nearby fields, a sweet grassy scent. I can feel the change in the air when a storm is about to roll in—and if I’m lucky, I make it to the farmhouse before the rain begins!

This summer I might not get to visit my grandfather. Our family is moving to a different house. This move might take up a lot of time. That will be disappointing to me.

I like that beautiful brook. It is a good place.