

# The Forest

I push away  
tree branches  
as I walk  
through a  
magical place  
of ponds, bushes,  
thickets, and  
trees as green as the  
grass.  
The early morning  
dew rests on  
the leaves  
and little bits  
of sunlight peek



through the  
canopy of green  
magic.  
The birds begin  
singing  
their first song of the  
day,  
while deer and squirrels  
run for their breakfast.  
I am up before anyone  
else,  
exploring.  
This is where I feel at home,  
the forest.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY CELINE R.  
AGE 9, NOVI, MICHIGAN