



**My Special Place  
by Michelle. Age 12  
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In the distance, in the mist, my special place that only I know of lies. Caved in by a myriad of monstrous trees. No man apart from me has set foot in it. In the centre, like a dome, a vast amount of sunlight shines down through. My secret place may be surrounded by trees but inside tells a different story...

Mythical animals trot around, not bothering me or my thoughts. The animals are all wild but soft in nature. My animal friend is Rose, my loyal unicorn. Being embraided with love, her wings soft and sleek, a rich soft, angelic white. Her mane a colour red like velvet blood, shimmering in the sunlight. Her eyes a shiny emerald colour full of passion and her lips a cherry rose. Her fur white like snow, ears so diminutive yet could hear the slightest noise. Her call so unique and as special as every star in the universe put together.

Of course, it is not just the monumental trees scattered around everywhere, plants lay there as well. Elegant flowers rising high, their pollen so strong and natural. They attracted a plethora of bees every day. The flower that stood out the most to me was the dandelion, as I could whisper my wishes and set them free, all by one blow of the seeds. The way how the small white feathers would land softly on my cheeks, the way how in the wind the seeds would flutter around like fairies. The grass was thick and green like a fresh can of green paint. There were umpteen apple trees, the apples big red and juicy. Just one bite could fill your mouth with pleasure and make you desire for more. That one bite could transport you into a whole another Universe of sweet angelic taste. As well as apple trees, there were mango trees. The mangoes were big and fat, mixed with red, green and yellow. They gave out the best scent that attracts all the animals. The let-down was the orange trees, the oranges let out bitter tastes that were so strong. It would burn your lips in an excruciating way, and make your tongue feel swollen with bitterness.

In the Summer, my special place would look as joyful as ever. With numerous butterflies everywhere. The most common, the common Butterfly! The most

appealing to my eye was the peacock butterfly, with its beautiful features. The way the colours blend with the bottom being a gloomy grey. At the bottom sides of the butterfly there would be a circle with blue and white swirls; at the top sides there would be a black spot with something like a splatter of red ink in the middle. It had white dashes that looked like new paint and the rest of the feeble body was dark moody red.

In mid-Winter all the trees' leaves would turn white and the ground would turn into a glowing sapphire colour. The night would come quicker than the day starts. The night sky would be filled with glorious lights and stars, billions of them. The stars would light up the whole place giving everything a small glow. Making some of the simple things have intricate looks.

Far away in the mist, a place mixed with my imagination and reality lays my special place, that only I know of. Full of nothing but perfection.

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