I am riding my purple bike on the first gear up a hill past our blackberries, garden shed, our cleaned up garden, and fruit trees on my way to downtown where my Daddy works at his law office. At the top of the steep grassy hill sits my grandparent’s house which overlooks our cows’ pasture in one direction and their blue pond and black gate separating our property. About one quarter of our property, the part I just biked past, is in town. The rest of our property is in the country. This is where I live with my family and our lab named Lily, chicks, hens, cows, cats, kittens, and also a robin I rescued this morning after she hit our kitchen window and could not fly away.

The green grass is wet and preparing for snow with dormant colors of brown and yellow. Our fruit trees are harvested and my grandpa is also harvesting his corn fields. Last night I scooped up corn off the ground with my family that my grandpa spilled out of his wagons. The yellow, hard corn kernels slipped through my fingers like sand. There are corn stalks sticking up from the ground like spikes. We mostly have deciduous trees, which have large brown trunks and are losing leaves as they shiver in the strong cold wind. We get a lot of wind in Kansas. Behind our house we have monstrous pine trees clothed in green needles to keep us warm in winter winds!

Next, I bike down Virginia Street that goes past our library built with yellow-white stone, which is very common in Kansas. The road I bike on is bumpy red bricks. My siblings whiz past me on their bikes to Daddy’s office on the next block.
Category 1

From My Edge of Town to Middle of Town (cont.)

Birds are singing, dogs are barking, and car motors roaring. On the return trip to our home in the country, we stop at Grandma’s house for a sweet, chocolate chip cookies. I share a tart, green apple from Daddy’s harvest with my siblings when we get home. I traveled one mile from my house at the edge of town to Daddy’s office on Main Street in the middle of town.