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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Changing Seasons

Once upon a time, in a beautiful land far away, there was a magical forest where the trees were always changing. During the summer, the trees were full of green leaves and the flowers bloomed brightly. The animals would play and the children would run and laugh in the warm sunshine.

But as the days grew shorter, the trees started to turn golden and red. They would nod gently to the soft breeze that whispered, "Winter is near." The brown nuts would fall from the trees at the wind's loud call, for this was the Fall of the year.



The children loved to play in the leaves that covered the ground, but they knew that soon the cold winter would come and the leaves would be gone. They said goodbye to the sweet flowers that had filled their hearts with cheer throughout the bright summer hours. They would miss them, but they knew that they must go, for this was the Fall of the year.

As the days grew colder and the year grew old, the meadows turned brown and sere. Even the brave robin redbreast had gone from his nest, leaving behind a quiet forest. The animals would start to prepare for the long winter ahead.

At the close of day, the people would softly pray that the little children, so dear, may as purely grow as the fleecy snow that follows the Fall of the year. And as the snow fell softly on the ground, the forest was covered in a blanket of white, and the children knew that the magical forest would soon come alive once again in the spring.



And so, they played and laughed in the snow, knowing that the golden and red trees would soon return and nod to the soft breeze, whispering, "Spring is here."