

## *The Beauty of Nature*

*As I watched the fresh water flow down the small rocks, I contemplated the beauty of nature. The cloudy skies and green mountains seemed to look down at me, a person so small compared to the trees that stretch higher than the clouds. Though, nothing can compare to the river's natural beauty that flows elegantly trickling down the pebbles soaking our feet with an icy cold feeling. I felt a gentle breeze and soon the clouds were letting go of all their water. Each drop was a tiny icy pick tingling my skin. The rain pounded on the crystal clear water and made everything muddy. I remembered how I loved the rain when I was younger. I would sneak out of the house just to dance in the rain and glide in the mud, knowing I would be scolded by my mom afterwards. Rain was a rare occurrence in California, so I always cherished the opportunity. I heard distant chatter and shouting from the other side of the river. My mom grabs my hands and rushes to the other side. Panicked, I ran to the patio cover of a small house. I see people gathered staring out at the river. I turned and looked at the gentle river that was now a flood. The clear water had turned a dark brown. I started to fear how we would return home safely. To get to the parking lot we needed to cross small streams but they are now a raging river. Fifty of us gathered and yet after hours of waiting with no signal nothing had changed. I feared the rain that I used to love. The rain, once a source of joy, now feels different. My unease intensifies when my family and I hear about a man that has disappeared in the river. After three hours of long restless waiting the river had controlled its rage and hanging on tight to the rope we passed by the currents of the river. Exhausted, I sank into the car seat and as I watched the car drive away from the nightmare I knew it would be a story I would tell many.*

*Sofia Mora*