

June Writing Prompt Winner

Kalina, Age 13

Out of all the wonderful seasons, my favorite season of them all to ride in is spring. I love how when you ride in the pasture, you can feel the overgrown flower brush against your legs. You can feel the slight warmth tickle your skin and comfort you. Your horse whinnies back to its buddies, but you whisper “Not yet” into its delicate ears. You send your horse off into a gallop whizzing past freshly bloomed trees, and all of a sudden your horse spots a delicious flower. Obviously, it thinks that the beautiful sight of spring is nothing compared to the most tasty flower. You sigh to yourself, but it quickly fades. You're riding your very own horse through this warm spring day. Just warm enough to bring a camping to the soul, but cool enough that the flies stay away. You close your eyes and you can hear the gentle chirping of the birds, as if they are singing in a choir. Your horse is delighted by the beautiful flowery pasture you galloped him through, but mostly because of the scrumptious flower. “Oh Belle” you say. “I love you very much” your horse seems to say. You and your horse slowly make your way back to the barn relishing every moment of the warm spring ride.

When you experience a time like that or something similar, it's impossible for spring not to become a favorite. No flies, flowers, trees, warmth like a hug, the smell of your Arabian horse. This is why spring is my favorite season to ride.

