

A SCENIC VIEW

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Creative Writing
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The drive from Illinois to Kentucky was a very beautiful one. It was an eight hour drive, but I was never bored. I had so much to look at. I sat there the whole time staring out the window, picturing myself in the pleasant surroundings that I saw. It was in the middle of Fall, and all the leaves were changing color. Some had fallen off of the trees already, but many colorful ones still remained. As we were driving, I saw rows of trees in the distance. Each leaf had it's own original color. Each tree it's own fresh glow. I wanted to stop and look some more, but all I could do was watch them until they disappeared behind us.

The sky was a gorgeous blue that day. Just looking at it made me happy. There were a few clouds scattered here and there, but they too were traveling. By the time I studied each cloud and decided what it looked like, we had turned in such a way that I could no longer see it. I was studying a very unusual cloud, when something caught my eye. We were coming up to a place in the road, where it seemed as if we were slicing a hill into two parts. There was a high wall of earth on each side of the road. It looked as if someone had taken a perfect square out of the middle. The edges were not smooth either. They were perfectly straight, with nice sharp corners. It was as if it was freshly cut. As we drove between the two mounds of earth, I noticed something even more fascinating. There were many different lines showing where new layers had been added. Each layer was a different size, color and texture. One layer was very smooth looking and seemed to glisten as the sunlight danced along it's surface. The large layer just above that one had, what looked like, fossil prints throughout it. It was very different in color. It had just about every color you could imagine. Another layer seemed to have a pebbly texture. It looked as if some gravel had gotten caught between two layers. These mounds of earth on each side of me, seemed to

be telling me it's history. Many different kinds of weather had touched this earth, but it still survived. We saw many "sliced hills" along the way.

As we drove further, we opened the windows wider than usual so we could get some of that fresh fall air into the car with us. It smelled like fresh fallen leaves. It had a cool crispness to it. It felt as if I was cleansing my whole body as I breathed in this pine air.

It was a fantastic drive. We didn't stop anywhere. If we had stopped, it would have broken my concentration. All I wanted to think about was how beautiful it was. I find myself day-dreaming of this drive very often. It helps me get away from this confusing world.