

# SEPTEMBER SUNSET

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By: A. Moros

Small multicolored leaves dance in spirals above my head. The only sound I hear is the *crunch crunch crunch* of dry leaves I step on as I walk slowly, savoring every moment as the last rays of light escape behind the white-peaked mountains.

I breathe in. The strong aroma of smoke coming out of several chimneys relieves me and reminds me of home. I walk faster. I want to be home before the first stars come out. Walking turns into running. I'm out of breath, but I don't stop. When I arrive, I find myself on the ground. I am breathless as I watch the sky intently for the first stars to pop out. One...Two...Three. I close my eyes and make a wish. I open my eyes. Everything is exactly the same. My wish came true.