

## Emilie Rubayita

Winter had taken her first step upon her months-long journey. As the sun set over the snowy landscape, the chill in the air grew stronger. But inside my cozy little cabin, a warm glow illuminated the room. The only sounds that could be heard were the crackling of the fire in the fireplace and the soft whispers of the wind outside. I wrapped myself in a cozy flannel blanket and sat on the couch, looking out the window at the snowflakes falling gently. It was the perfect evening for knitting, and I was eager to experiment with a beginner's knitting kit I had received from my grandmother over Christmas. The kit contained an assortment of colorful yarns and wooden needles, which I held carefully in my hands. I lit some candles and added a few drops of lavender essential oil to my diffuser, filling the room with fresh calming air and a hint of an earthly aroma. The fragrance of homeliness. As I knitted, I watched the yarn transform into a beautifully soft fabric, row after row. The rhythmic clicking of the needles and the soft flickering of the candles created a sense of tranquility that I had been missing for so long. I could feel my worries slowly melting away. The warmth of the candles and the scent of lavender surrounded me, enveloping me in a peaceful cocoon. As the night deepened, I continued to knit, the blanket growing larger and more beautiful with each passing moment, each stitch adding to its beauty. I knew that this blanket would be a cherished possession, filled with love and memories of my grandmother. As I made the last stitch, I sat back and admired my creation, feeling a sense of pride and satisfaction that I had never known before.

Like the first verse of a favorite song, spring arrived. It carried echoes of winter, yet also the promise of warm summer days ahead. The birds were singing, and the flowers were in full bloom. I had been eagerly awaiting this day for weeks, as I had just received a paint-by-the-numbers canvas from my friend, and we had planned to paint it together. The canvas depicted a beautiful image of a field of tulips, and I couldn't wait to see it come to life under our brushes. As I walked towards my friend's house, I could see her waiting for me on the porch, a smile on her face.

"Hey!" she said, hugging me tightly. "Are you ready to paint some tulips?"  
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I nodded excitedly, and we made our way to her backyard, where we had set up our painting

supplies. The canvas was spread out on a wooden easel, and we had an array of colorful paints and brushes at our disposal.

"Okay, let's get started," my friend said, picking up her brush. "I'll start with the sky, and you can work on the greenery."

As we painted, we chatted and laughed, the colors coming to life with every stroke of our brushes. The green of the leaves, the blue of the sky, and the reds, pinks, and yellows of the tulips all blended together seamlessly.

"This is so much fun!" I exclaimed, adding the finishing touches.

"I know, right?" my friend said, smiling. "It's like we're creating our own little piece of spring."

As the day wound down, the painting grew more beautiful and detailed, each stroke of the brush adding to its vibrancy. We took breaks to enjoy some lemonade and sandwiches, but our focus remained on the canvas, as we worked to bring it to life. As the sun began to set, we stepped back to admire our creation. The field of tulips was breathtaking, the colors blending together in perfect harmony.

"Woahh," my friend said, grinning.

I nodded in agreement, feeling a sense of pride and accomplishment. It was a work of art. As we packed up our supplies and said our goodbyes, I couldn't help but smile.

A newly radiant sun emerged from the spring season, enveloping me in her warm and brilliant rays. As the sun glared at the sandy beach, I sought refuge in the cool shade of my beach umbrella. It was the hottest day on record, and even the ocean breeze provided little relief from the heat. I reached into my beach bag and pulled out my record player, carefully placing Elton John's *Madman Across the Water* on the turntable. As the needle touched the vinyl, the first notes of Tiny Dancer filled the air, transporting me to a world of my own. The music flowed like a river, carrying me away from the heat and the crowds. I closed my eyes and let the music wash over me, feeling the heat of the sun slowly vanish as the cool sounds filled my ears. The guitar strings strummed, the drums pounded, and Elton's voice soared like a rocket. As the album played on, I lost myself in the music, feeling the beats and the rhythms vibrating through my

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body. I felt like I was part of the music, that the music was part of me. It was like a dream, a beautiful, perfect dream that I never wanted to end. As the final notes of "*Holiday Inn*" faded away, I opened my eyes and looked around. The world was still hot and crowded, but somehow, it didn't seem to matter, as the music had taken me to a place where the heat and the crowds were just background noise. I smiled and leaned back, feeling the sun on my face and the sand beneath my feet. It was the perfect day. As the next track began, I closed my eyes again, feeling the music take me away once more, wishing the day would never come to an end.

And so autumn arrived with chattering leaves of gold. As the crisp air seeped through the windows of my cozy little cabin, I sat snuggled in a comfy armchair, clutching Maya Angelou's "*I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*" in my hands. The book's cover, depicting a majestic bird in a cage, seemed to leap out at me, urging me to dive deeper into its pages. Taking a sip of my steaming jasmine tea, I turned to the first page and was immediately transported to the small southern town of Stamps, Arkansas, where a young Maya Angelou and her brother lived with their grandmother. The vivid descriptions of the landscape - the lush green trees, the winding dirt roads, and the gentle breeze that rustled the leaves - made me feel as though I was right there alongside the characters. The words flowed like a river, carrying me along with them on their journey. With each turn of the page, the vivid imagery and descriptive language brought the story to life. I could see the cotton fields stretching out further than the eye could see, smell the freshly baked biscuits from the kitchen, and feel the warmth of the sun on my face. As I reached the end of the book, tears trickled down the corners of my eyes. I could see the scenes playing out in my mind, as vividly as if I were watching a movie. Closing the book, I took another sip of my jasmine tea and breathed in the crisp autumn air.

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