

### **Creative Writing:**

I saw the blue gems twisting and twirling over each other one by one. Slowly and vehemently, I saw the blue gems meandering and oozing over all the hurdles. I could see the same murmuring surfaces covered by twigs and twirls. It seemed, as if, blue colored velvety curls were touching smooth and whisky pebbles. Behind the beautiful, sparkly, shimmering tresses stood, robust and dense watching a startling flight. Slowly and steadily I saw water gaining its crystal clarity.

A flash of light peeping outside, from the white chaotic clouds making the swirling brook shine more. The run off from the ice made it show up varnish clear and the surface flickered as though dream dust had been scattered over it. Dotted trout floated under the shady roof of the bank, flicking their tails languidly. In the event that a succulent fly happened to pass them, they would blast from the pebbled bed like holy messengers of death. Arcing into the air, their bodies flickering, they drifted quickly, performing the artful dance of the stream. At that point,

with a plunking sound, they would dash back to the shadowed profundities, their catch effectively safe in their spotted guts.

The watery effortlessness of the waterway appeared to be otherworldly to me right then and there. Besides the wavy blue ringlets, were tiny pods. The pods were dark, however inside there were small, succulent, crisp peas. I tasted one and it was luscious. Never did nourished and draped in the prodigy's shroud taste so great! Bowing down, I scooped a hand through the water and drank my fill. It was refreshing. I inclined my back against a stone and shut my eyes, getting a charge out of the sun's glow. The sweet aroma of the backwoods floated to my nostrils as I thought about the magnificence of nature.

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