



Maya's Neighborhood Treasures

Levilyn G. Aunzo



Maya stepped outside her front door into the crisp morning air. She looked at the red brick walls of her cozy house, built strong by human hands. Beside the porch, a tall oak tree stretched its green leaves high toward the bright sky.



Walking down the sidewalk, Maya spotted tiny treasures along the path. She picked up a smooth gray river pebble washed clean by rain and touched a tall steel streetlamp. In her yellow notebook, she drew the cool pebble next to the shiny metal pole.



At the edge of the neighborhood park, Maya crossed a sturdy wooden footbridge. The wide wooden planks clacked softly under her sneakers as she looked down at the clear creek. Water gushed playfully over round rocks and sparkling sand below.



Maya sat down on a freshly painted green park bench to take a short breath. Up in the tree above her, a fluffy red robin was weaving a nest using tiny twigs and soft feathers. Maya smiled, noticing how both birds and people build cozy homes.



Excited to play, Maya skipped across the soft clover grass toward the playground. She grabbed the cool metal rungs of the tall red slide and climbed to the top. From up high, she could see the entire neighborhood stretching out around her.



Whoosh! Maya zoomed down the slide and landed softly in a bed of natural pine woodchips. Right beside her sat a bright blue plastic merry-go-round, spinning merrily in the warm sunshine.



Near the community garden, Maya walked over to a big wooden planter box. Rich brown soil filled the box, nurturing rows of tall golden sunflowers that reached up toward the sky.



In the middle of the plaza, Maya paused by a carved stone fountain. Clear water trickled gently over the smooth marble edges, splashing down into a shallow basin where tiny sparrows paused to take a drink.



Maya found a shady spot under a leafy willow tree and opened her notebook. She drew two big columns: one side filled with natural things like leaves, flowers, and pebbles, and the other side filled with man-made wonders like bridges, benches, and slides.



Walking back home along the peaceful paved path, Maya held her drawing close. She felt happy knowing that nature and human craftsmanship worked together to make her local neighborhood a wonderful place to live.