



## Isaiah's City Stroll

by J. Watson





Isaiah, a young boy with bright eyes and a wide smile, skipped out of school, his backpack bouncing against his back. The late afternoon sun cast long shadows as he waved goodbye to his friends. Home was calling, promising warmth and comfort after a long day of learning.





The first sight was a vibrant mural on a brick wall, depicting fantastical creatures and swirling colors. Isaiah stopped, captivated by the artist's imagination, tracing the outlines with his finger. A nearby dog barked, playfully interrupting his reverie.





Next, Isaiah passed the local bakery, the aroma of freshly baked bread and sweet pastries filling the air. He peered through the window, his tummy rumbling with anticipation. He imagined the delicious treat he might have for dinner.





He greeted Mrs. Rodriguez, who was tending her colorful flower garden, a riot of reds, yellows, and purples. She offered him a bright yellow sunflower, its face tilted towards the sun. Isaiah thanked her, holding it carefully.





As he turned the corner onto his street, he saw his best friend, Maya, riding her bike. They exchanged excited waves, planning a game of tag in the park later. The anticipation of playing with his friend brightened his mood.





Finally, he arrived at his house, the warm glow of the living room spilling out onto the porch. His mom was waiting, her arms open for a hug. Isaiah ran inside, ready to share the stories of his day and the sunflower's beauty.