



The Sad Swing

by Felecia Schoonover



Lily skipped happily towards the playground, her bright red shoes flashing in the sun. But as she rounded the corner, she stopped, her smile fading. A large sign announced: 'Playground Closed Today!'



Lily's lower lip trembled as she stared at the empty swings and slides. The colorful structures seemed dull and lifeless without any children playing. Tears welled up in her eyes as her dream of a fun day disappeared.



Suddenly, Lily's little brother, Tom, tugged on her sleeve, pointing at a park bench. 'Let's play there, Lily!' he suggested, his eyes sparkling with mischief. Lily hesitated, then a small smile appeared.



Together, they sat on the bench, and Lily began to imagine. The bench transformed into a pirate ship, the trees became towering palm trees, and the small patch of grass became the ocean.



Tom, caught up in the adventure, began to create a treasure map using leaves and twigs. They laughed and played, their imaginations running wild, forgetting all about the closed playground.



As the sun began to set, Lily and Tom walked home, hand in hand. The playground was still closed, but the day was far from ruined. They had discovered that fun and joy could be found anywhere, even on a simple park bench.