

## My Trip

by Carlos, Grade 7  
Tualatin Valley Academy  
Hillsboro, OR  
Mr. Kahler

I could hear the pitter-patter of the rain on the roof of the bus. It had been raining ever since I got to school that morning and it had not stopped. We were on our way to Fernhill Wetlands. You could hear the soft hum of the heater blasting as much heat as it could. I had been moved to the front of the bus by our principal. Why? I am not really sure. You could hear the conversation going throughout the bus. I had my binoculars in my hand and I was fixed at the sights. After many minutes of rumbling and chatter, we arrived at our destination. We had arrived early, so our teacher, Mr. Kahler, began to kill some time. The bus shut off so we could hear him speak and for less than two seconds all you could hear was the rain crashing on the roof. Then he began to explain what we were to do on this trip but I became distracted by the cold rush of air that brushed against my neck. I noticed a friend of our teacher,

Mr. Gatchet had entered the bus. We all began to discuss birds we might see on this trip. My attention was caught when someone said that we might see a Bald Eagle. I know this bird is commonly seen, but something about how majestic it is consumed my attention.

We walked out of the bus and went to a covered area. As soon as we got there, my teacher and his friend began to whip out their telescopes. In less than two minutes, they had found a bird. I was lucky enough to be the first to identify it. To my surprise, it was the bird that I wished to see most on this trip, a Bald Eagle. I didn't get to see the eagle for long, but for the short period of time that I did, I was in complete awe. Just looking at it made me think, how could God make such a majestic creature? Now, I understand why we chose such a free and majestic creature to represent our country. That was only one of the beautiful birds we saw on that trip. The rain had gone down to a drizzle now, so our teacher decided it was time for us to walk around and see more species.

The rain started to fall again and with every step, my shoes and socks



by Denise, Grade 6  
Sebastian Charter Junior High  
Sebastian, FL, Ms. Michos

became more and more damp. The rain fell on the top of my head and down my face but I paid no attention. My focus was taken by all the beautiful birds I saw. As we got to the corner of the pond we found a shelter and we all huddled together in hope that we could stay warm. My hands were so cold I could barely adjust the focus on my binoculars. In the distance I saw something that looked like a white flamingo. I was so amazed how white its feathers were. It wasn't long after that I was told that the bird was a Great Egret. The time seemed to pass by so fast. The next thing I knew, I was back on the bus with the familiar hum of the old heater.



**Sora**  
by William, Grade 5  
Our Lady's Christian School  
Erie, PA, Ms. Carone



by Tessa, Grade 2  
Kettle Falls Elementary  
Kettle Falls, WA, Ms. Smith



**Bird Nest Sculpture**  
by Rhiannon, Grade 7, FDR Middle School  
Bristol, PA, Mrs. Steinberger