

# Daybreak

By: Nicole Sharpe

It was just before daybreak as I threw on a sweatshirt and grabbed the cozy multi-patched quilt out of the closet. The quilt smelled of nothing but the outdoors. I tip-toed downstairs; careful not to make a sound while crossing over our hardwood floor in the dark. I didn't dare wake a soul because it would ruin the moment. I needed to be alone. There is something special about watching dawn break through the day with no sound to interrupt its beauty but nature itself. I slowly creaked open front door and stood on the front porch to examine the street. I wanted to get away from humanity.

I ran across the street barefoot to the famous empty field where I had sat so many times before. It smelled of lilacs and spring in full bloom. The cold grass was damp with fresh dew, which slapped against my feet as I padded to the perfect spot. I wrapped myself in the quilt and criss-crossed onto the chilly ground of the field. Now, only the tip of the bright orange ball peeked over the horizon showering the slightest bit of light over the openness, causing the field to glimmer. As the sun began to rise into the sky, I rolled onto my back and looked straight above me into the blueness that got brighter with every second. The soft sound of crickets began to fade and the birds started their regular morning melody.

There was really no other word to describe the experience, but peaceful. Nature came to life as the glowing sunshine warmed my face. I wanted to bask there all day, but I knew it would be ruined when the neighborhood woke up and started their cars and their noisy machines. After a few more graceful minutes of taking in daybreak, I knew it was time to leave. I stood up and folded the quilt. I leisurely walked back to the front porch, took one last glimpse at the scene, and sneaked inside to slip back into the comfort of my bed.