

A Walk Through Scripps Ranch

As I walk up to the large, lush community park full of trees and fields as far as the eye can see, I hear the usual sounds of my neighborhood, Scripps Ranch. We hear the **kids playing tag on the playground** and the whistles blowing as soccer coaches yell at their team to run faster. I have a football in my left hand and in my right the baseball glove to play catch with some of my **neighbors** in the park. "Whoooosh" I hear as the **car speeds by** us going up the somewhat steep hill that we have to take to get to the park. Once my friends and I reach the top of the hill and turn the corner to the park I hear my neighbor Kory say, "last one to the swings is a rotten egg!" We all drop our baseball gloves and footballs and sprint toward the swings. Once we all get to the swings, after a close race, we start pumping our legs as fast as we can to see who can get the highest on the swings first. **Everything in my neighborhood is a big competition.** When our legs feel like they're going to fall off from running and swinging, we slowly walk over to the big, empty baseball field. I can hear the sound of sirens billowing through the air from a fire truck that is rushing to help someone. Once we're tired and sweaty from running all over the field for an hour, we decide to pick up our equipment and head home.

Everyone in my neighborhood has a dog. There are Great Danes almost as tall as I am and there are little Yorkshire Terriers and Chihuahuas that aren't any taller than my ankle. As we walk home, we pass dogs everywhere walking their owners to go say hi to their other dog friends. I hear them barking and growling at each other and I hear their owners say "**sit, stay...good boy!**" as they're about to cross the busy street.

We decide to take a detour on our way home and walk through the back of the church. The parking lot of the church is only full on Sundays and there's always a long line of cars down the street and around the corner. Everyone is all dressed up nice for the **Sunday morning services**. Women dressed in long, red flowing dresses will be chasing their little girls dressed in a little pink dress and a sweater that will keep her warm on the brisk morning. Men dress up in suits and ties and will make sure that their sons look **clean, tidy, and professional** for the service that they're about to walk into.

We make an immediate right toward the path full of empty season-stricken branches. We talk about what we did at school that day and what kind of homework we have to do when we get home. I can feel my phone buzzing in my pocket. I look down and I see that my mom just texted me to tell me that I need to come home for dinner. We start to **walk faster by the trickling fountains and the empty benches** and we head out the parking lot, take a left and turn for my street.

As we walk into my neighborhood I look at **the long rows of houses**. Every house in my neighborhood looks the same. Every house has the same size yard, the door is either red, blue, or brown. All these colors look good against the tan color that each house is painted. The good news though is that everyone takes really good care of it to make sure that it's really clean. If there is one little piece of trash anywhere, someone will pick it up and throw it away.

As we keep walking down my street and I hear "Hi Max!" I catch a glimpse of my friend walking out of her house and getting on her razor scooter. She rides down and joins the group on our walk home. We keep walking and hear **a couple dogs send a flurry of excited barking** into the air because they know that people are walking by. I walk down the street, full of kids running around playing while seeing their parents pick small weeds that are sprouting up in the grass. We **disperse to our houses** like a school of fish trying to find food in all different directions, agreeing that we would meet each other outside after dinner. As I approach my house, I walk up to my doorstep and I open the door thinking how lucky I am to live in a neighborhood that I do.

Max Richter