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Writing 3

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The Starry Summer Night in Mountains

 Light fading, leaves rustling, branches creaking, breezes from the forest whistled through into the car and gently blew outside from other windows. Scenery outside kept creating different lights and shadows, like the shifting kaleidoscope. It was a Saturday summer, my father drove my family to camp in Puli.

 Driving over the road paved with pebbles, we were getting closer to our campsite. My brother and I began singing and saying secret codes we had created. We couldn’t stop laughing. After making every camp equipage setting, and having dinner that sometimes were disturbed ~~with~~ by moths and beetles, children started their adventure.

  ~~Tightly held~~ Holding the flashlights, in the comfortable evening, we followed in Father’s footsteps, walking through the forest, coming to the bridge upon a gurgling brook. “Turn off the flashlights, or we won’t see them.” My father said to us, and then pointed to the brook. In the moonlight, I saw the broken branches beside the brook smoothly covered with moss, and bushes vividly stretch~~ed~~ing to the stream. “Hey, look over there. Shh. . . .” Fairies with little lanterns popping out from branches. More and more, they flitted across grass, they danced through the starry night with mysterious motions and steps, twinkling, twinkling. “It’s how we have our wedding ceremony!” From the tranquil hustle, faintly I heard ~~they said~~ them say. On this Saturday summer starry night that we would have been so fascinated to see these little glitter fireflies.

 I collected some ~~of~~ fireflies with a glass jar with my brother and we walked back to the tent together. In the dark, for a close look, we were more obsessed with their beauty. Their lives ~~are~~ were so short. What they ~~can do is~~ did was to seize the time to blossom, and let the finest part show to their lovers. “Do you know they are carnivorous? They love snails.” Insect lover my brother came out abruptly. “Please do not ruin the beautiful moment.” I answered. “But it is true.” He mumbled. “If they were flawless, they would not be that charming.” After releasing them to ~~the~~ nature, we fell into sleep with owl’s whisper. “I will remember this starry night forever.” My brother said. “So will I.” I answered.

1. Well written.
2. Good description
3. 92