

The Finding of Willow

By -----

Oh no, what happened now? I thought. It was a sunny, bright and cheerful recess at Campbell Elementary, and I was just about to ask what to play, when Ms. Christy headed over. Her face was grim and full of sadness, all my anger about not already being playing washed away.

“Hi?” I questioned, my voice quivering. I was beginning to worry, with that look it must've not been a good day.

“I’ve got a job for Green Team,” she responded.

About a year before in third grade.... it was very chilly compared to the previous spring but I still wandered around the Campbell Wetlands. It was cloudy and windy, just what I did not like.

“Hey you know what?” I said to my friends. “We should start an environmental club!” I exclaimed.

“ Yeah!” one of my friends named Jamila said, her dark braids swayed as she said it.

“But what would we name it?” Amelie asked. She always loved nature ideas.

“Green Team.” I said with a grin. “ Green Team. Yeah.” I agreed with myself.

Now, about one year later, the Green Team was still in action. Ms. Christy pulled me over and I took a few friends with me.

“So where are we going?” Noah, he was another Green Team member, asked.

“Over by the weeping willows and near the main office,” she replied.

The weeping willow’s branches rustled softly as we walked. Their thin green leaves almost sparkling in the sun. *Cool we get to go with Ms.Christy, but why such a sad face, when it’s such a nice day?* I thought. When she stopped I looked around all I saw was the main office and willows. *What was wrong?* Then I looked down.

At first there was silence. That’s all that you would hear. Nothing. There was a baby bird. Pale and featherless, it was really not a pretty sight. It was just a little taller than half a somewhat sharpened pencil and was laying on its right side, dead.

We talked about where it might have come from because Ms. Christy didn’t know.

Finally, we decided that we would name her Willow. After the majestic Willows we found her under.

From that day on, each time I passed under the willows I thought of Willow. Not sadly though, I felt proud. As time went on I always remembered Willow and that brought me to think, one act of kindness can have a big impact on the people around it. Like it had on me.

