

## Stargazing

By Isla Pullin

I stand there longingly watching the sun set slowly between the hills glistening as stars start to appear in the gorgeous clear sky. The sunlight that touched every inch of land is now gone. I lay down on the damp, soft grass, and stare at the sky full of tiny suns sparkling in the distance. The moon glows, half full, illuminating the entire sky, comets pass every once in a while. I navigate the bright constellations I recognize, like the Big Dipper, and Cassiopeia. It feels as if the entire sky is watching me, admiring me. I guess I'm stargazing.