

# Autumn in Stirling

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Autumn in Stirling was the most gorgeous colour I had ever seen, like an oil painting by god. The leaves were warm red or clear yellow, but the grass was still green. Stirling's autumn is more gentle than the spring with no bleak wind and leaves slowly fell on the roadside.

Early autumn in Stirling was rainy and rarely sunny, the sky was clear rarely after dinner and our teacher proposed to go out for a walk. We took a walk in the campus, under the sunshine after the rain, faint through gaps in the tree and bright in our head, body. The leaves started yellowing which implicated the breath of autumn. As the ancient Chinese poetry says: every autumn means sad loneliness, but I say the day is more brilliant than spring.



(The clear sky in University of Stirling photo by Shirley)

Autumn wind was gradually up, leaves have fallen and paved the road I walked, the color of leaves would be yellow, red or green. The leaves crunched beneath my feet as I strolled down the street. Occasionally, one would fall past me, lightly swaying as the air gently carried it to the ground. I gently picked up a folder into the book as a bookmark which is the gift of nature.

Walking on the way back to the dormitory after class, I slowly enjoyed the scenery along the way. The most moving of the autumn is forest reflecting the sunset, against the deepening scenery of the horizon, and the evening wind compared the dusk dye with a clear cool. It blooms in the spring and bears fruit in the autumn, and I hope all of us will also reap a bumper harvest in Stirling.

Only weeks ago the air was warm and the streets in the wide avenue were deep summer green, the whispering rustle of the leaves only audible once the daytime traffic petered to an almost stop. After entering the autumn, the rainy weather became much more, and the rare sunny days were even more refreshing. Taking advantage of the fine weather, I climbed



(The scenery of mountain top photo by Shirley)

the mountain behind the school with Lynne and Fangning, stood on the top of mountain as if I could reach out my hand and touch the clouds in the sky. We did not want to waste this good time, we sat on the bench near the lake after climbing the mountain, and watched big white goose swimming on the lake leisurely and complacently, then our mood gradually calm down.

The autumn is our garland, the grand finale of a successful season. It is the parade we cherish, a grand dance of the foliage that came to brighten our days. It is the time of seeds bequeathed to the soils, of that which takes flight from branch to earth to become new earth itself. It is the gift of the old to the new, supporting, enriching, bringing health as is the natural way of life.



(We are sitting on the Sunshine photo by Fangning)

I've never loved autumn so much, and autumn in Stirling is something that surprises me, although autumn days wane toward the inevitable colder weather ahead, each nightfall coming sooner than the one before. People talk about trees changing color, pumpkins and Halloween which are interest me a lot. It sounds like a wonderful life.