

The Valley I Call Home

In the middle of Utah, north of Salina, south of Manti, there is a place called Gunnison Valley. There are a few towns in the small valley, Gunnison and Centerfield which are right next to each other, Fayette, Axtell, and Mayfield. The town I live in is Centerfield. From the people, to the farms, to the beautiful, lush, green mountains, these are my favorite parts of my valley.

The people in this town aren't just my neighbors, they're my family, and my closest friends. They're the most selfless people I know. If your in trouble, pain, or devastation, they'll rush to help. Everyone knows each other like siblings here. We know each other's name, families, homes, and personalities. In the summer, there's usually a few people hosting barbeques and swimming parties. They'll usually invite the whole neighborhood. The dogs will bark, the kids will have water balloon fights, and the parents will sit there and talk. Sometimes there'll be a movie at the park. Most of the time it's boring, so the kids will run off and play night games! In the winter when schools out for Christmas break, there's not usually much snow, we're like the driest place in Utah, but when there is, we take advantage of it! We'll hook up sleds to our four-wheelers, and drive all over the streets, we'll go sledding down the slickest hills, make giant, funny, snowmen!

The muddy, noisy, fun farms are most likely my favorite part of this town. One time, my backyard neighbors had cows in their pasture. I was weeding my garden that day, and then the cows walked up to the fence and started "mooing" at me. I realized that they wanted something to eat. So I calmly walked towards them with a weed, and they gobbled it up faster than I've ever seen anything move in my life! My grandparents own a farm. It used to be a dairy farm until they sold all the cows, now they just grow crops like hay, corn, barley, and occasionally pumpkins. I love the smell of their crops, and even the cow pies! It smells like home. When my grandparents

harvest the hay, they make it into square bales, and stack them high and wide in a fenced yard to keep it away from the deer. Us grandkids will go in and play cowboys and pretend that the hay bales are our fortress! We'll carve out caverns, dig holes, and even knock a few of the bales over until it's the perfect fort! Then when it's getting dark, we go inside the house to play card games, and board games. We'll also play night games on occasion.

The close, lush, green mountains are one of my favorite places to visit with my family in the summer. Every year my family has a family reunion in the Manti La Sal. It's up in the mountains, with four-wheeler trails, right next to a lake, rivers, marshes, and even waterfalls! We'll set up in a group site, then we'll get the canoes, and the fishing poles and go down to the lake. We'll stay out there for hours, fishing, paddling across the river, watching the fish, and whatever we caught, we eat! During the time at the lake, a few of us cousins will go to the four-wheelers and ride around the mountains, exploring the streams, going through the water falls, and just having fun! Then after a long day of fun and excitement, our grandma, and aunts will usually have a nice fire and dinner to come back to! We'll eat, tell scary stories, cook and eat s'mores, and explore the woods. One of my all time favorite odors is campfire! Last year, me and my cousin Cory sat on a hammock and stargazed. We sat there for hours finding satellites, constellations, and even planets! Then, we got into our pajamas put the food in a safe location from the animals, and went to sleep.

So as you can see, this town isn't just your ordinary, everyday town, it's our town. It's the place where your neighbors will rush to help if your house is on fire, it's the place where kids are feeding their backyard neighbor's cows and sheep, it's the place where the mountains are your second home. It's a nice little rural town. This is home.