

# A Sensory Woodland Stroll

Walking through the woodland, I can feel:  
the crunching leafy carpet beneath my feet;  
a crisp autumn breeze brushing gently across my face  
and crooked branches, twisting towards and welcoming me.

With my eyes, I can see:  
fluttering, golden leaves leaping and dancing;  
nimble, playful squirrels scurrying across their climbing frames  
and majestic trees guarding the forest like soldiers.

With my ears, I can hear:  
the joyful chirrups and squawks of swooping birds;  
the distant snapping and cracking of scattered branches  
and acorns rolling like marbles around colossal tree trunks.

With my nose, I can smell:  
the damp, earthy aroma of moss and fleshy mushrooms;  
the sweet scents of bursting blackberries  
and the powerful perfume of pine, sparking memories of Christmas.