

Cat Island Wildlife Refuge

Dad drove us all in his truck down a bumpy road. On the way we saw a blue heron wading in a ditch. Dad parked the truck at the trail head. There was a brown metal sign that said, "Big Cypress Trail."

My mom grabbed our icy cold water bottles. Then we began our hike. It was quiet and dark as we entered. The trees were huge. Only a few rays of sunlight shone down through all the cypress branches. There were some cypress knees as tall as each member of my family. The cypress knees looked like an army of silent brown gnomes. I could hear my feet crunch on the dry leaves on the trail. I kept expecting something magical like a forest fairy flitter by.

We all spotted a tree that had an opening that a person could fit inside. We thought it was the grand champion cypress. But it wasn't. After standing inside and taking pictures in the tree, we kept walking down the path. I stopped and said, "Look! It's the grand champion cypress!" It was big all right! Very big! My dad, my mom, and I stood hand in hand with outstretched arms like a chain of paper dolls and we still weren't as wide as the grand champion cypress tree.

We had a beautiful, magical experience exploring the Louisiana outdoors at Cat Island Wildlife Refuge.

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