

# Autumn in my country

*The autumn . The season in which the sun's rays are getting pale and cold. Everything around is yellow and dry. Birds have already turned to warm countries.*



**From the green and beautiful tree, another leaves fall, one more, and a fluffy carpet is covered, so it's always autumn. On the road, on the houses and on the beautiful flowers and put the crown.**



**The autumn in Moldova is splendid.**





**In my country, the autumn has a rare sight that is able to get my senses soaked, this sight sinks only on the native land.**

**My gaze is torn by the fancy color that makes me so happy and happy. My senses are paralyzed just overnight. Walking along the alleys was a deep, meditative state of silence. The leaves also have their role. In Moldova, the autumn is golden in the**

true sense of the word. My soul is dedicated to this emotional atmosphere in which you are afraid to breathe for fear of shattering the spell, in which moments to express your adoration are uninterrupted, in which harmony and joy are at home.

