**Composition.**

 **Autumn is my favourite season.**

1. Autumn – the most unusual time of the year.
2. The beauty of autumn nature.
3. The Kazakh steppe in autumn.
4. My favourite season

 “Autumn time,

 Eyes’ charm”

 There is no doubt that every seasons are special. But it seems to me, autumn is the most unusual time of the year. Each person has his favourite time of the year and there are many different reasons here. Many people find autumn unpleasant and boring, so they often give their preference to other seasons. I think that it is impossible not to love this wonderful time of the year, and you will certainly ask why.

 The answer is closer than you think. First of all, autumn is a time of changes and new discoveries. Many children go to school in the fall after the long summer vacation. Someone goes to work after the holiday, and on the contrary someone is going to rest anywhere in hot countries. As for me, autumn is the beginning of new stage in my life. I go to the next form, get new textbooks and new knowledge. After long parting I can see my favorite teachers and classmates.

 Secondly, if you look out of the window you will certainly see that autumn is the most beautiful and unique time of the year. It harmonizes different palette of colours and shades, from bright yellow and green to gray and dark blue. It is a riot of colours which inspires people to creativity, for example, to compose music, to write poems, to paint. Such great writers like Pushkin, Block, Chekhov, Shakespeare, Blake devoted their works to this beautiful season. Their senses and views are passing through the description of the fall. Alexander Block said about the autumn time:

 Autumn late. The sky is open,
 And the woods shine through its silence...
 Low go foggy stripes
 Pierced the shadow of reeds.
 The green long hair
 Fall the leaves here and there...
 And over the world, cold, constrained,
 Spilled loudly-the blue hour gained.

 And how beautiful is the autumn nature! Look around! The scenery is very picturesque. The leaves turned gold and red and brown cover the ground. It looks as if someone spread a beautiful carpet throughout. Trees changed their clothes, folded in cloth of gold, red, burgundy, orange patterns. How nice to walk on a carpet of rustling leaves. Melody formed from these sounds makes you feel something very important. And all this is the autumn fairy!

 I was born in Kazakhstan. It is a country with the scorching sun, endless golden fields of wheat, beautiful cities, friendly and hospitable people and of course, with immense steppes. They usually say that steppe is a dull and monotonous picture. But it is not correct. The beauty of steppes is unexhaustible! In early spring somewhere in the distance, behind the cornfields steppe spreads out before you the tender-green carpet of young grass and snowdrops. And it shines with floods of thawed water, strewn with bird’s flocks. Only a few days pass and now the steppe is red with scarlet poppies, but then it is yellow and violet from tulips. Oh, there are so many snow-white ox-eye daisies, golden arrows of wild onions, turquoise-blue cornflowers. And over this many colorful carpet the heavenly –white waves of feather-grass sway and play in the wind. Even when in autumn the grasses burn down the steppe becomes brown-grey, wormwoods silver are now here – now there, asters show blue, dandelions shoe yellow and the dry balls of roll-field jump through the steppe driving by the wind.

 Beautiful is the Kazakh steppe

 The violent flowering in spring is its pride

 The exhausting dryness in summer is its pain

 The golden autumn corn flood is its joy

 And pride and generosity of virgin soil cornfield

 Since I enjoy photography I can say autumn photos are the most beautiful. They are so welcoming and atmospheric, I collected a whole album of such pictures on the background of these hot, pleasant perception of colors. I rarely go out for a walk in the park without a camera, because at any moment you can see the wonderful landscape.

I have a lot of family autumn photos. As well as my parents are also fans of this time of the year, we often go to the woods hiking or just simply to walk in the nearest park.

 In conclusion I feel free to say that I love autumn. Let autumn is sometimes sad and sometimes cold but it is beautiful! And I will always remain faithful to his choice. Every year the arrival of autumn is equally long-awaited and joyful moment. And when the moment comes, there is exceeding joy and at the same time sadness. Every year we get older and I know that when I'm not here to watch the autumn, and maybe then I can not remember the joy and happiness of this moment. I think, after a while I did not notice her beauty because of the frantic pace of adulthood. So I try to enjoy any moment of it. I believe in changes for the better life I am absolutely sure that autumn is the time for change!