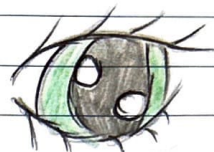


Beautiful:



By Summer B



I can see the tall green trees take over the vast blue skies.



I can smell melting smores and the burning wood of the bon fire.

I can hear our next-door neighbours playing UNO at 3:00 in the morning.



I can feel squelching mud and sharp rocks under the soles of my feet.

(yum!)

I can taste the warm mince pie oozing with cheese on the last day.

