

Seasons

On those steaming hot summer days I would
go swimming. I would splash all around in the water.

On those windy, cold fall days that wind just
blowing my hair all over the place. And leaves.

On those shivering winter days
I would bundle up so tight that I could not breath.
I would grap a cup of hot coco and warm up by a
steaming fireplace.

On those muddy, cool, warm spring
days I would start my 4-wheeler and go through the mud. I
would go on a hike and look at the leafs come a live.

By

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The Christmas poem

I am like your light sleep waiting to get up for excitement.
I am like the warm hot chocolate
That warms your throat and calms you.
I am the present you see your name on and excitement fills your
Body.
I am the wind that hits the houses swirls of snow.
I am your warm fuzzy pajama that makes you feel snuggled.
I am the light hanging on the house
Brighting your day.
I am the warm breakfast that makes you feel ready.
I am the magic you feel in your hart this special day.
I am your loving family making you feel loved.

I am the Christmas spirit and I am above. By Kaylee Sevene