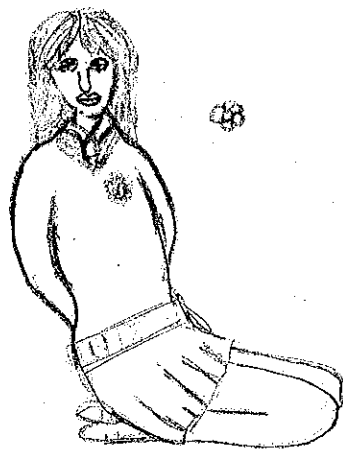
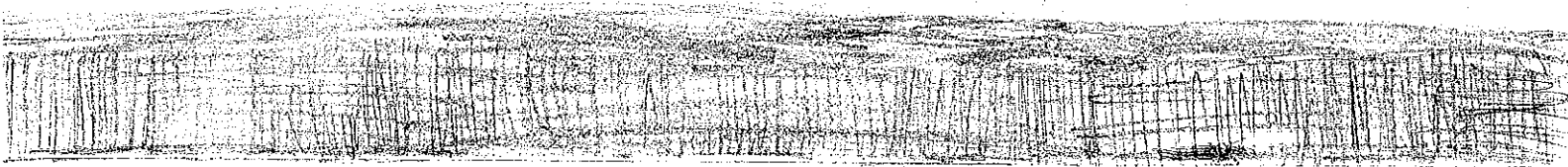
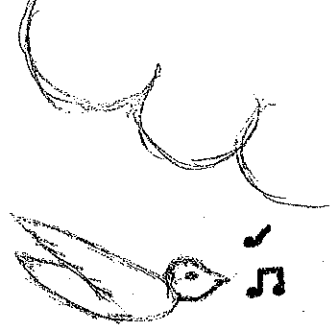
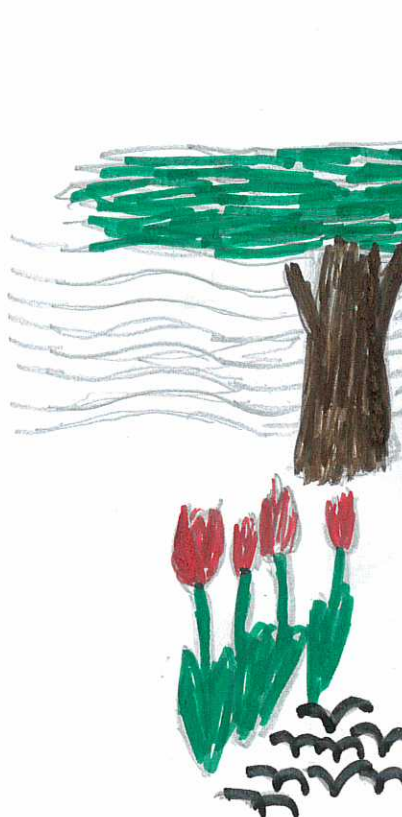
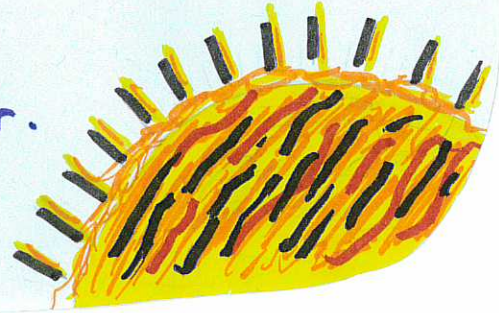


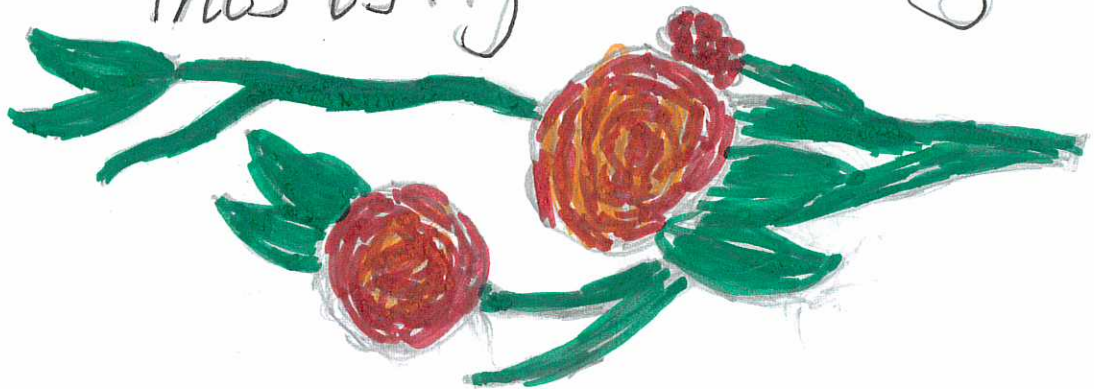
Birds chirping a simple song,
Daisies dancing all day long.
The heavens open revealing the sky,
Clear and blue, here I lie.

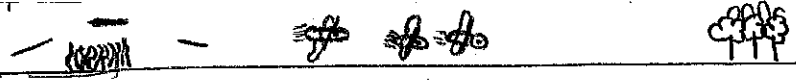


The gentle twang of guitars,
Noise drifting throughout everlasting daisies,
Shining sun beating down on my back,
Soft but harsh,
Hot but cool,
This is what makes Summer.

A hand-drawn scene with a sun, a tree, and flowers. The sun is at the top, the tree is on the left, and there are red flowers at the bottom left.

The beautiful contrast between
the blistering heat and gentle breeze,
The subtle hum of the nearby classes,
The blinding beam of sunlight shining,
The smell of fresh flowers blossoming,
The near-silent calls of the distant birds
This is my Summer Day.





Wednesday 8th April



The birds gently whistling,
Sky scraping trees rustling,
The fresh air blowing through our hair,
The grass lightly tickling our feet.

