What a place. The crystal, clean stream, gushes past the unsteady and slithery rocks. Your reflection appears, in the twinkling water, leaving you in mystification by how it gleamed there. Monstrous rapids, crash upon your delicate ears, as loud as a lions roar. Each splash sprinkles the near-by pine trees, tickling their leaves making them shake with laughter. Pine trees share their sweet smell, with joyfulness, to your nose. Tired, they reach up their skinny brown branches, attempting to touch the mid-summer air, and soft white clouds floating in the magnificently blue sky.

By Tayla-Jay Dearlove ☺