

# CAMPING

I feel the lovely sensation of the air when I'm camping. I hear the birds singing up high in the sky. I hear the fish splashing away in the cold, dark, murky waters.

I feel the heat of the fire as the temperature rises and I sit there in my comfortable chair eating chips and watching sparks flying into the sky.

The bright blazing fire comes out towards me moving mysteriously in different directions. I can smell the sausages on the barbeque as Dad flips them side to side cooking them like they were his pride and joy. They tasted like nothing I've ever tasted before. It was like pure gold.

The bush is the place I love to be.

By Bailey Meehan

Year 6

Sacred Heart Primary, Mildura