

Murray River

Down the river, I watch the fish jumping and splashing trying to escape the fishing hook.

I hear the kookaburras laughing together in the old gum tree.

I feel the sun's heat on my warm skin and the hot sand on my feet.

I can smell the dead fish floating around in the water, then washing up against the bank.

I touch the cool water as we are going along in the boat.

It splashes my skin, cooling me down.

When I sit down at the end of a long day, I think about how lucky we are to have such a beautiful and wonderful river

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