

My river, my home

I walk along the soft wet sand and it sinks between my feet.

I drift in and out of motion.

All I can hear is the soft gentle chirping of birds as they swoop down for insects in the still logs.

The river waters flow with the wind downstream.

Trees are swaying from side to side gently with the breeze.

The water rushes up to my feet.

It is as cold as ice but I don't mind.

Kookaburras laugh out loud in the warm morning sun.

The leaves get swept up with the wind and get tangled in my hair.

I skim a rock across the water and it bounces 1.. 2.. 3.. times.

Boats chug past me silently making waves that turn into ripples that wash up on the shore.

Dogs run past with their tongues out, running along the shore, jumping up at the cold icy waves.

Pelicans dive into the rushing water and come out with squirming wriggling fish in their beaks.

I look around and think, my river, my home

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