

Nature

The little bumble bee buzzing past me,

The little grumpy fly, passing by,

The windy, gusty trees, waving their branches at me.

The dirty, dusty sand, sticking to my hand.

The long, green grass, moving really fast.

The bright blue sky, filled with birds flying high.

The burning hot sun, meaning summer's about to come.

The drizzling cold rain, falling down the drain.

The freezing Murray river.

It makes me shiver.

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