

# River

I hear the wind roaring.

I hear the water gushing by.

I can hear the birds singing.

I can hear the leaves on the old gum trees  
rustling.

I smell the fresh air.

I smell the luscious flowers.

I can smell the old, rusty gum leaves.

I smell the burning barbecue.

I touch the river weeds with my toes.

I touch the freezing cold water.

I touch the sand between my toes.

I see the trees swaying in the wind.  
I see the fish jumping out of the water.  
I see the ski boats rushing past.  
I see the kookaburras laughing at me.  
I see my reflection in the water.

I taste the murky water as I dive into the river.  
I taste the yabbies for tea.  
I taste the crunchy sand which has crept into my  
snack.

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