

## Woods

Walking through the woods trees everywhere, the smell of fresh air and pine trees lurks in the air. I kneel down to touch to soil on the ground, a smooth soft dirt lay in my hand I slowly placed the soil back on the ground with the smell of lily flowers everywhere. I see I baby deer in the forest on my right it slowly walked past me to its mother. I hear I blue jay chirping a tune in the trees. I bend down to pick a fresh blueberry from the ground to eat.

These are our parks.

By:

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