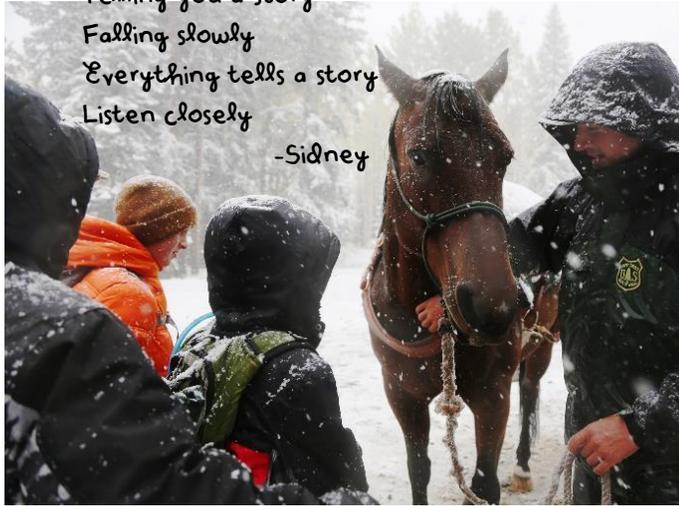


KIDS CELEBRATE NATIONAL PUBLIC LANDS DAY AT LOST LAKE CAMPGROUND!

Media Flyer

The snow balls like whispers
Telling you a story
Falling slowly
Everything tells a story
Listen closely

-Sidney



Not sun but snow
A cloud to and fro
Under the trees, the cold breeze
Unknown weather, right here I breath
Even the cold makes a freeze.

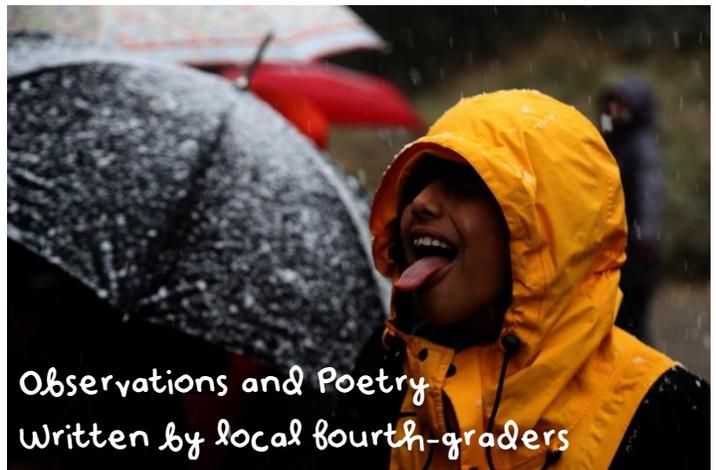
- Jesi



EVERY KID IN A PARK

I see logs like towers in the city
I see pine cones like houses on the ridges
I see an edge of a tree, it looks like a shelter
The tree smells like butterscotch
And feels like rough scales

- Jackson



Observations and Poetry
Written by local fourth-graders



I hear the snow tapping on the tree trunk like an army of ants
The green moss on the wood is like pictures from a coloring book
My feet feels like layers of damp paper on the ground
The leaves on the ground are like little houses
I stick my tongue out and feel dampness from the air
The tree truck is solid and hard like bones of a giant
The needles on the ground are like spears that have landed

-Xander

Photos by Brooke Warren

