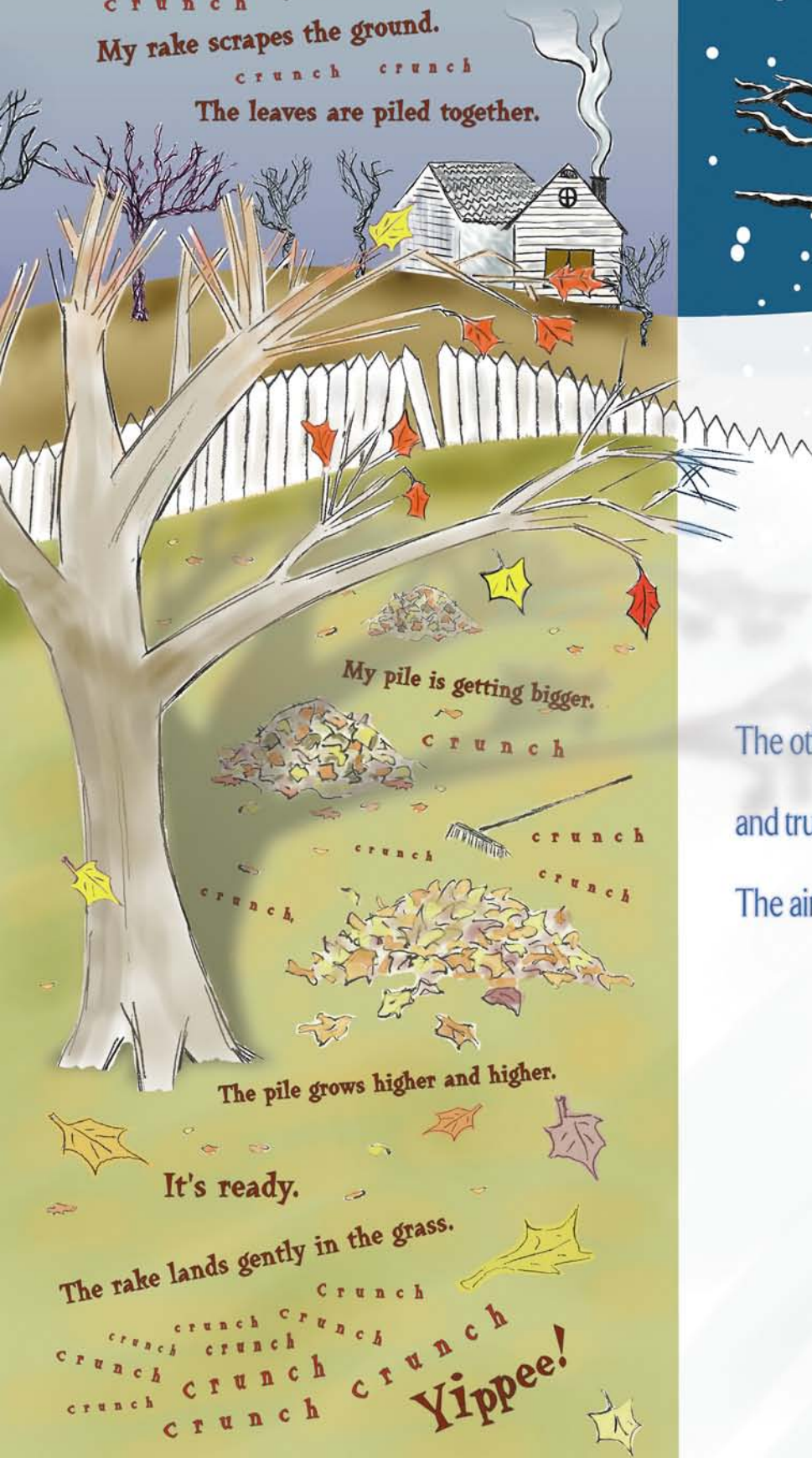


**An Autumn Day** The crisp air  
rushes around me.  
Leaves rustle in the trees, then drop and hit the ground.

crunch crunch crunch  
(I go and get my rake.)

crunch crunch crunch  
My rake scrapes the ground.

crunch crunch  
The leaves are piled together.



My pile is getting bigger.

crunch  
crunch  
crunch  
crunch

The pile grows higher and higher.

It's ready.

The rake lands gently in the grass.

Crunch  
crunch crunch  
crunch crunch  
crunch crunch  
crunch crunch  
Yippee!



### Winter Air

The other day I walked outside the door  
and trudged through the snow down the block.

The air was cold (ice-cream headache cold).

I stopped  
and took in a deep, polar-bear breath,  
then another one.

As I stood there,  
with an icicle on my lip,

I could taste winter.