

# seasons

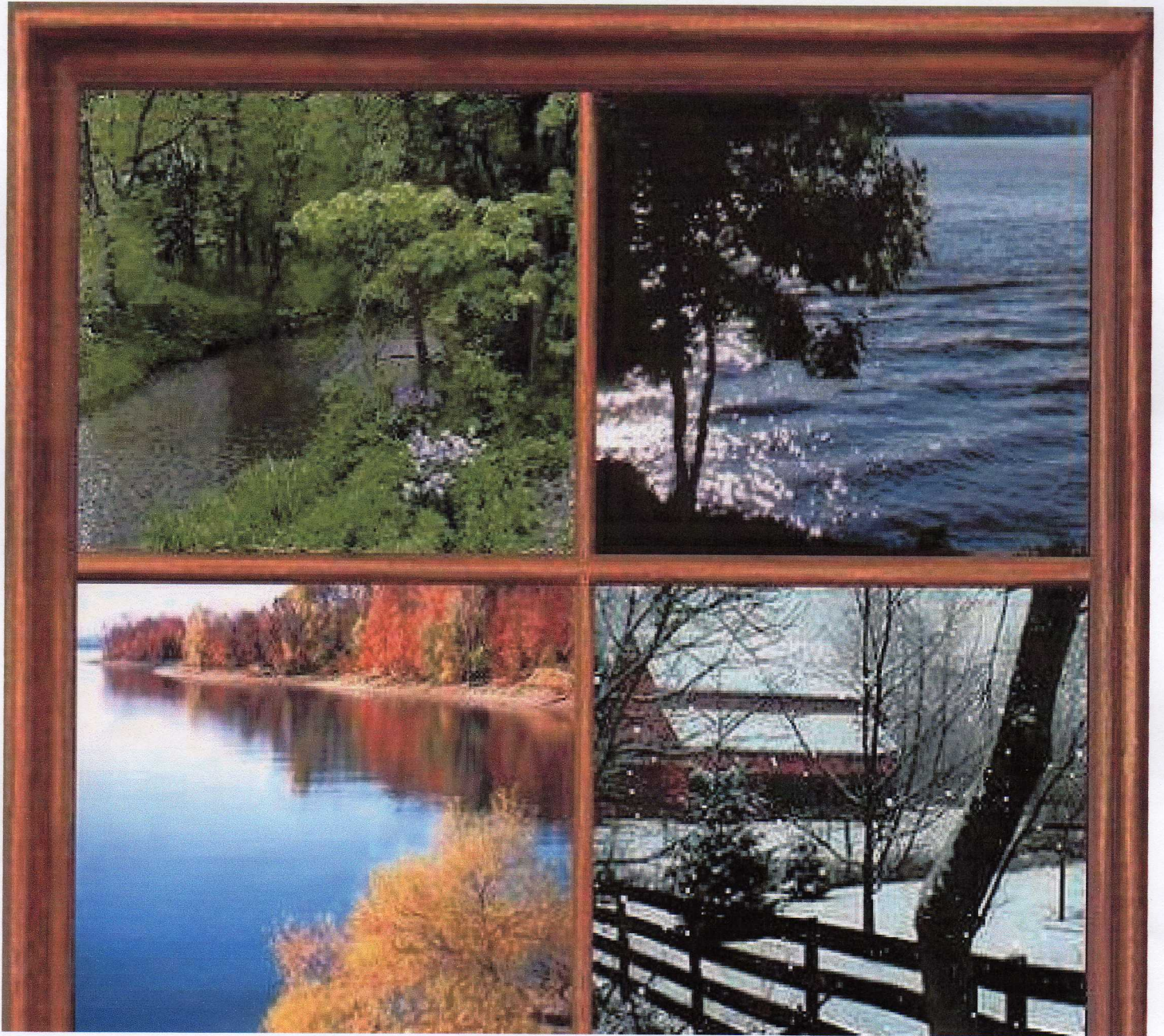
Norah McCool



By: Nicole

She would be a season.

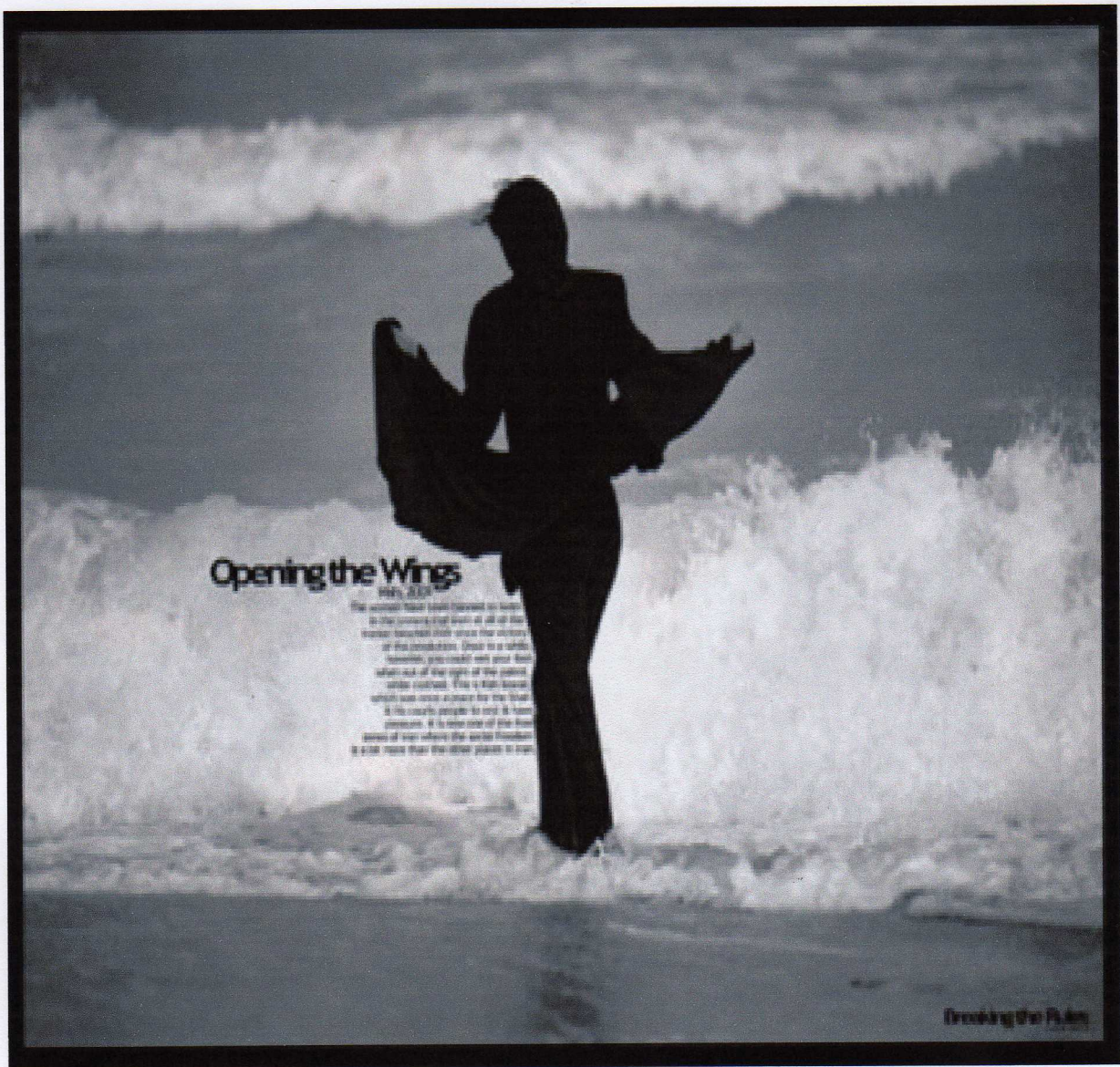
# Dedicated to Norah McCool



She would enjoy every season.



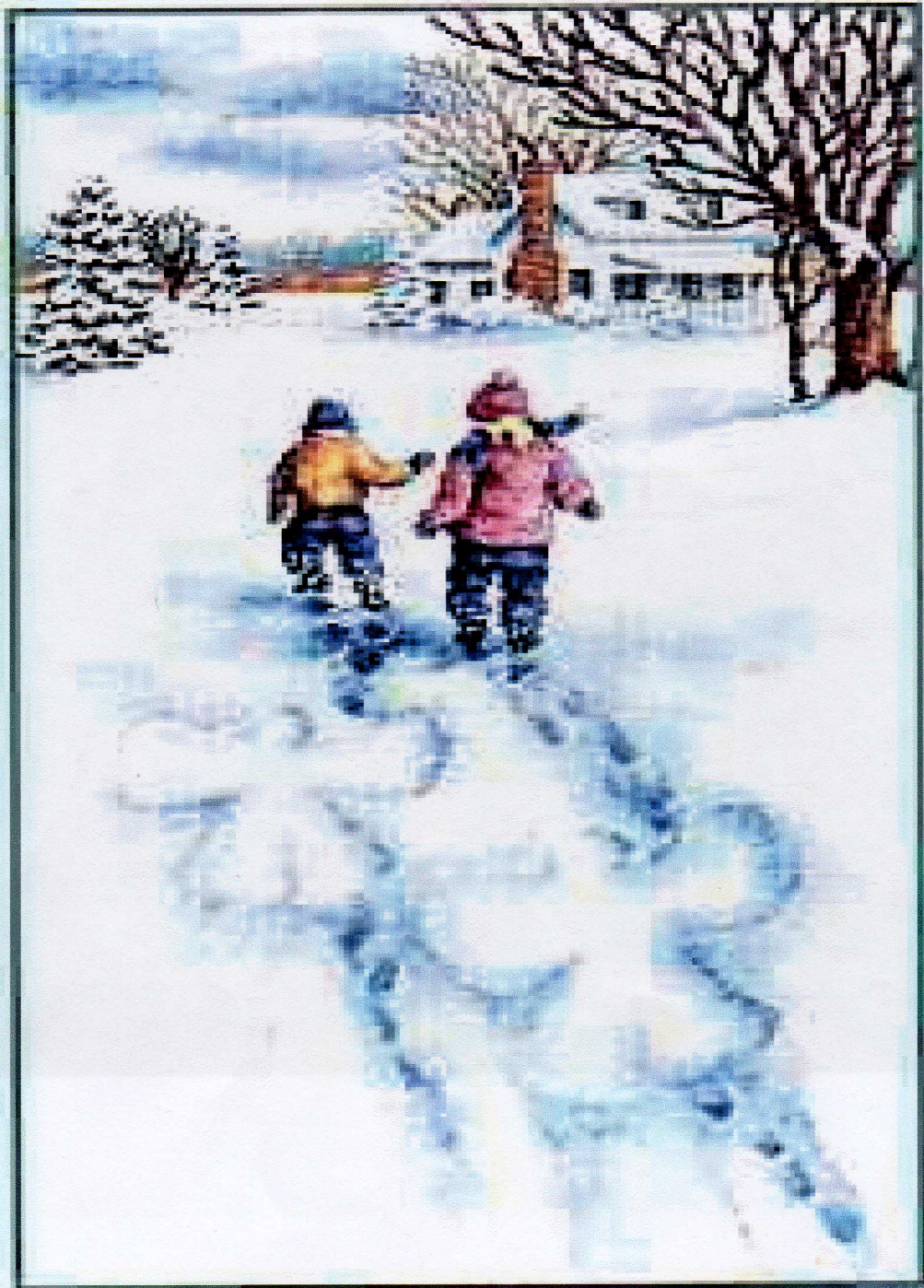
She would squish and smash  
her toes in the seashelly, salty,  
splashy, beach in the bright  
summer sun.



She would gallop through the golden, gleamed, general leaves in the tree blowing autumn.



She would flap her arms in the  
frozen, fade, friggid snow in  
the bare tree winter.



She would slide down the  
wormy, dirty, brown mire in  
the rainy spring.



She would enjoy every season.

