



The
high high
mountains floating
in the sky. As clouds
come flying by then snow
starts to fall. The jagged rocks
as deadly as can be. Your grey rocks
glimmer in the moon light. Your peak is like
a sharp dagger or a pointy silver sword in the
night sky. Your snow is like a blanket, a blanket of
diamonds reflecting the sun light. The mountains are towering
over us as we climb your steep sloping face. We watch your
cotton-wool clouds float by.

By Inana Das Margalino and Rio Baker

