

Hi Bill,

May 11

I don't have much to write about for April. In class we had to write a descriptive phrase Here is one about marshmallows and my Friend.

Paula was asked to roast a perfect golden brown marshmallow. We could only hope she wouldn't mess up. She put them atop a stick and held it above the crackling fire. Unsurprisingly she turned the sweet treats into a charred black gooey mess.

Haikus are so hard
Why not freestyle that poem
Or Go bake a cake

Rats Keep appearing
At our back door in our shoes
Leave them outside cat

Love

Leatha Jones ♡ ☺
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