























a huge sluggy white beard planting parsys. I asked him is her had seen Louie. I He it see he that the but he helped me sind him. We searched all around the macriful land. arched all around the marked garden. Sudden, I got a Peep of a rainform That short is willed!

That short is willed a peep of a rainform we were stripped unbrews. Undereath it there was formed we were but he was contest in paint! Paught y dog! He walled up to me. Next, were walked of over a green I was small green Johnston bridge. The tall willow be More true Stouching our the Pond who couch Potabos That short is winder!

After that, Monet, Louise and I hoped into the a bubblegum blue rowing boat and rowed across the Silent Pond, All across around mk, I heard the sound of birds tweeting and the bushes rusting. Sound of birds treeting and the blusses libeting. I gazzell at the light Pink lilly and the blue labor sportking in the surlight. Then Moret Put cen read his hand into the noter and Pulled out the Steen con biggest Pinkess Ht tilly in the Pord and handen to be had not has amazing a some

Cradling My lift, My arms, Monet led moras a Me to his big studio, it was alorsolution of a Mesmirising! There was a runge Painting of a Monet told me he was topying to make there the biggest water garden in the world! Buttled into de. Oh r the biggest water farder in the work! Butiled into them he growned. He said that his eyesight a work has a bad because he getting old. I cheered in which him we by telling him a joke. Next, he walkend loved him we by telling him a joke. Next, he walkend loved him we by telling him a joke. Next, he walkend loved him we by telling him a joke. Went, he walkend loved into a banara yellow coloured room spreaking a tall by Japanese paintings and there sad Mrs Mora creating out there sad mere wanting paintingty.

farenells. Sadly , it was time to say our harted to say goodbyse as well, but. Wy Knocked my sprang up and happed. The lify sloated into the river and away. Would I ever get my lify back? I & everything was a distant dream that night som a silvery dot that was drifting towards Me. I notice it was my way! Maybe it was a distant dream after all.

life! T whelmed. B

Painting when we Stesh cou

Lo: To write a recount of the fourned of Journey of a river growthe source first, the source findleserd of between tall rocky profitations. Secondly, the freshing clear water travely peadully down a hill. & Next, the river gushes down a short water fall and the water sous all belooky.

After that, the river rushes over bumpy grey rocks. Then, the clear, blue river meanders in a snall shape.

Later the crystal clear water turns brown and murky as it glides past a polluted, busy town. Finally, the sapphire was coloured water distent into the estuary with which which lead to the fairse of other water which which had to the fairse

