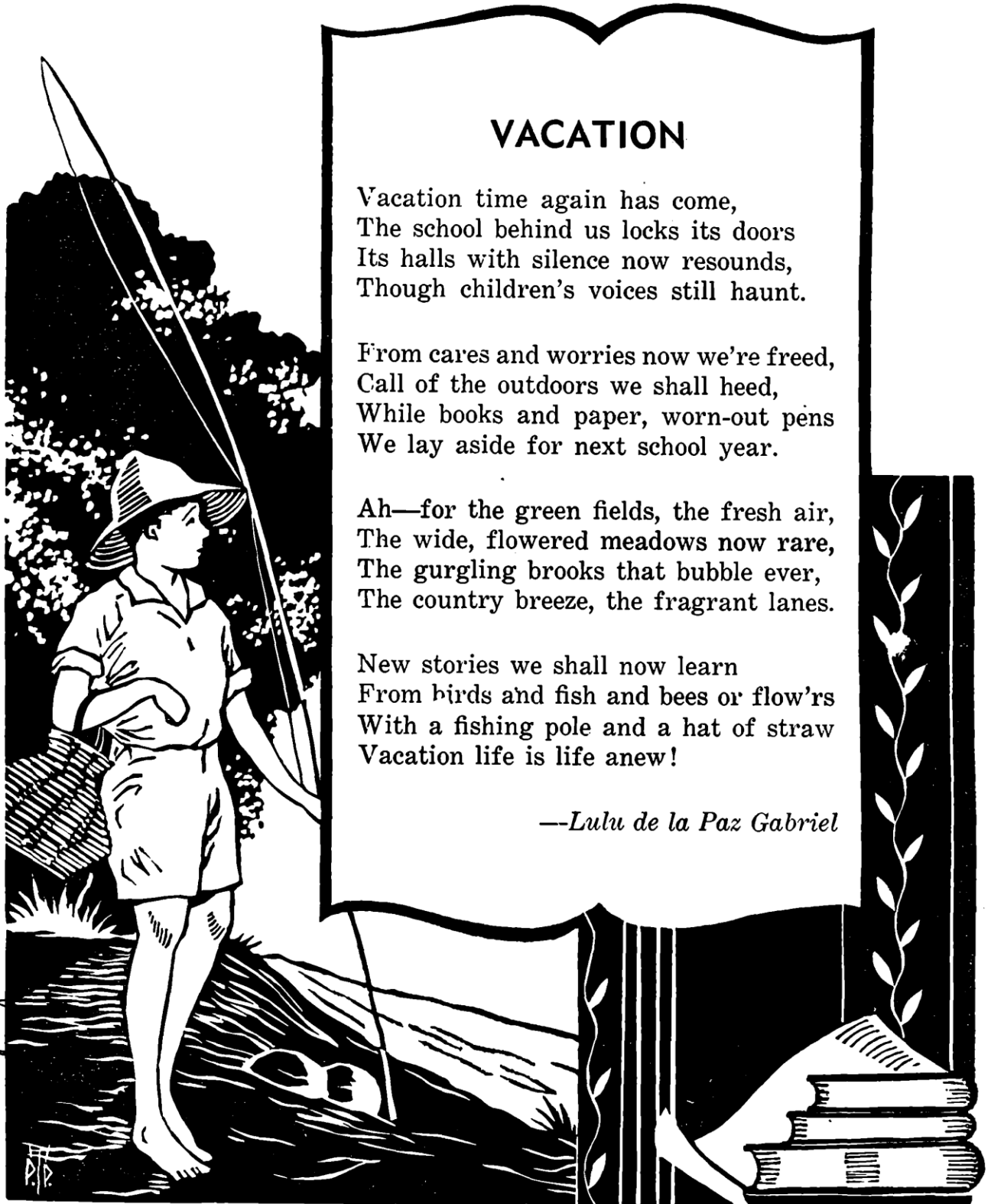# VACATION

Vacation time again has come,
The school behind us locks its doors
Its halls with silence now resounds,
Though children's voices still haunt.

From cares and worries now we're freed,
Call of the outdoors we shall heed,
While books and paper, worn-out pens
We lay aside for next school year.

Ah—for the green fields, the fresh air,
The wide, flowered meadows now rare,
The gurgling brooks that bubble ever,
The country breeze, the fragrant lanes.

New stories we shall now learn
From birds and fish and bees or flow'rs
With a fishing pole and a hat of straw
Vacation life is life anew!

—-*Lulu de la Paz Gabriel*