

The Race Begins

We start the race.

We dance across the beautiful white snow.

We see the northern lights flowing across the air and the stars blinking on and off.

The musher shouts, "*Mush, mush, mush!*"

I hear the dogs panting with excitement.

The wind is whistling in the air.

My throat is as dry as a hot summer's day.

I am ready to go home and take a nap.

By Naomi Keinan