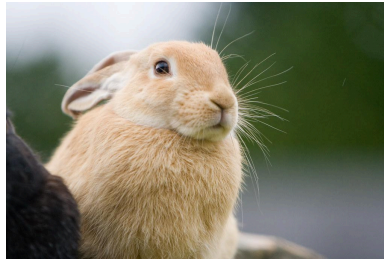


## Counting the years

*Surrounded by fluff,  
Warm as can be,  
My brothers, sisters, mum and me,  
For all this warmth it's as black as night, not a bit of light in sight.*



*I was the last one to go outside,  
Into the sun summer's light,  
Now I was big, barely a kit,  
My first venture was a success.*



*Now I was a big ball of fluff,  
Nibbling and munching my way through the grass,  
Happy and free I'd left the burrow all eager with glee,  
I made my own life, my own family.*



*Now I am old,  
Ready to die,  
But I have lived a full life,  
And I am ready to fly.*



*By Elizabeth*