

Thanksgiving

by

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The autumn leaves falling to the ground, to be crunched by the barrage of boots.

The tinge of crispness in the air.

The hazy sky, filled with blue and white, and the scent of fall.

The frost hanging on to the breeze, and on the pumpkins.

The sizzling turkey, cooked to a golden brown.

The sound of joy and thanks.

The sound of Thanksgiving.