**My Summer Adventures**

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** MY SUMMER ADVENTURE**

I don`t dream about Maldives at all.

I don`t dream about Haiti at night.

Fashion islands… They aren’t my goal,

I`ve my own and different sight.

Our Russia – is beautiful space.

Our nature is splendid and great.

Every little and regular place

Has its majesty, face and state.

And that`s why I`ve decided to tell

You about our holiday trip.

As for me, it was merry. Well

So let`s have on it moderate peep.

And in June I went to countryside.

From this moment I will begin.

Oh, it was like a peaceful bight

After city`s ado and din.

To be honest, I didn`t want

To go there at first at all.

Yes, it seemed to me like a bond,

Contradicted to my free soul.

And, of course, it was my mistake.

On the contrary, all was nice.

And it isn`t the cheat, or fake.

Meanwhile, I never tell the lies.

Their milk. For me it`s unique.

(Such important and famed detail!)

It will cure, if you are sick,

It will gladden, when you are hale.

Local people are queer. `Cause,

They`re astounding in their accord.

At first glance they are very close,

And don`t even you say a word.

In two days you won`t recognize,

All of them – they will be so loud!

They are gossipy. Even guys

Will tell you about village crowd.

And I`ve fell in love with the fields,

Which surrounded me everywhere.

You will note that the nature heals

All your troubles if you just stare.

Those big shrubberies and the trees

Which are so wild, and lush, and old.

Give you calm and the real peace

And make you so inspired and bold.

There was a large river too

With a picturesque pleasant shore.

Who will doubt its comeliness, who?

No one, I am convinced and sure.

Now I know how to ride a horse,

Those emotions I can`t explain.

It is fearly a bit, of course,

But you want to do it again

And again… Although all your life.

It is really very great.

Doesn`t matter – you`re twenty-five,

Thirty-two or one hundred eight.



But I soon had to go away

From that blissful fantastic plot.

Even more, so, I craved to stay

On that beautiful peaceful clot!

After that all of kin and I

With the friends went to torrid South

To amuse ourselves, to lie

Under rays and, of course, to bathe.



Just imagine this immense host

With a swarm of the crying kids.

I was totally there lost.

I believe every person needs

Sometimes silence and calm. You know

That uproar was dim to tell.

Oh, alas, I can`t here show

Every funny and droll detail.

When we draw, skies were blue and clean.

When we came, they were spoiled at once.

Rain was ruthless that day I mean

And we hadn`t prospect or chance



To stroll currently to the beach,

Venerate the waves` flow and stream.

Rainstorm raged, and we couldn`t reach

The sea cost from a common dream.

Skies were black almost for four days,

And we sat in the one hotel.

After that dull and boring phase

We relaxed there rather well.

But now I have to end my rhyme

`Cause it`s night, and my clock shows three

It is not the adequate time

For a pupil. Don`t you agree?

Фотографии взяты из семейного архива семьи Монько и размещены с разрешения родителей.