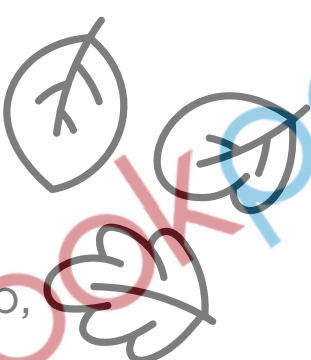




# JACK FROST IN FALL




In the land where winter's cold does creep,  
Jack Frost awakens from his chilly sleep,  
With fingers cold and a mischievous grin,  
He paints the world and the leaves begin.

First, the leaves were green, all in a row,  
But Jack Frost whispers, "It's time to go!"  
He touches the leaves, oh, so light,  
And they turn to colors, oh so bright.

From green to red, yellow, and gold,  
The trees wear colors, a sight to behold,  
Jack Frost's magic in the crisp air,  
Changing the leaves, here and there.

He dances through the trees, you'll see,  
Creating a colorful, leafy tapestry,  
With icy fingers and a chilly breeze,  
He decorates the world with graceful ease.



So, welcome Jack Frost, as he weaves his art,  
Changing leaves with every frosty start,  
In the fall, his touch is pure delight,  
Making the world a magical, colorful sight!

