There are so many things

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There are so many things in my mind, just as many stars in the sky. There are happy things, sad things, and touching thon Tuesday afternoon, which was a music lesson. The music teacher walked into the classroom, and the classroom was full of noise and noisy Cigarettes Online. The teacher said tiredly: "Don't talk, I have been in three classes today Marlboro Gold, I have to take another class Newport Cigarettes. My nephew is already very tired." The class was quiet, and the teacher began to teach us to sing. After a little while, the classroom began to be noisy again. This is, the teacher rolled up his trouser legs and said to us: "The teacher is standing, you are still not quiet, look at the teacher's leg, and squat a pit." The teacher squatted on his lap and really stayed well. After a while, the pit was flat. It turned out that the teacher??s leg was swollen. It was the teacher standing and giving lectures and the legs standing swollen. I looked carefully, not only the teacher's legs were swollen, but the feet were swollen. The teacher wore square shoes, five toes were recessed, but the drums were high. Seeing this, my eyes are wet Parliament Cigarettes. At this time, the teacher i teachers, in order to let us learn Chinese, we always use our brains and think of ways; not to mention the mathematics teacher, two classes of mathematics, more than one hundred students, all the operations are completely changed, giving We are meticulous in class; science teachers often start preparing for the experiment.
It turns out that there are so many people behind us who are growing up for us. We hold the textbooks with gratitude and heart; listen to e countless wonderful keys, and the raindrops become fingers and play an elegant little song. A blink of an eye, the mountains in the distance, disappeared, and the small courtyard of the neighboring house became vague Cheap Cigarettes Free Shipping. I could not see a little scene, only the water curtain that flew down from the sky and fell to the ground. There was a splash of white water splashing. The water on the ground merged into a small stream, singing songs in "??", flowing into the pond and flowing throug of the rain becomes beautiful, like an elegant song dedicated to us by nature. If there is nothing in front of the scene, it is like a dream. Rain, flapping the leaves; the wind, blowing through the grass, "shashasha"; water, dripping into the water, "Ding Dong, Ding Dong". What kind of music is beautiful in nature, what a wonderful music! The rice in the field also appeared with this beautiful movement: from cheerful street dance to elegant national style; from the vigorous discoresh like a glass of lemon juice, and the temperature dropped a lot. The heavy rain washed every grtreetop and weaved it for a day before the sunset. The little bird on the tree began to sing againg! The wind blows the grass, the rain falls on the water, the bridge flows, and the Yanyan reminds me. A variety of different notes make up nature, and compose a beautiful song!

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