

## What Integration Means to Me

By Karl

If I could feel integration it would feel like a fluffy, feathered pillow, soft and sweet.

If I could taste integration, it would taste like melted cheese, toasted in the grill, a mouth-watering taste.

If I could see integration, it would look like lot of different faces, different religions, different races, all learning from each other.

If I could hear integration, it would sound like lots of laughter and smiley faces, as everyone embraces their differences.

If I could smell integration, it would smell like a cosy, wood-burning stove. A comforting smell, to show we are accepted, no matter who we are.