**Sounds of Summer**

***By Dawn Hanson Smart***

Seals slapping and eagles *scree, scree, scree-ing* on Hood Canal

The low thrum of fishing boats trolling in early morning hours

Walkers sharing confidences on the road below, unaware I can hear every word

The *tap, tap, tap* of someone working on the oyster beach

Kayakers calling to each another, voices carrying over the still expanse

The soft growl of my neighbor’s lawnmowing

High-pitched squeals and laughter of little girls towed on innertubes

The sharp trill of the sparrow in a nest outside my bedroom window

Speedboats bouncing and jet skis pounding through the waves

The flag snapping in the wind on its tall wooden pole

Small aircraft buzzing overhead and seaplanes roaring on take-off

The occasional *pow* *pow* of gunfire from the shooting range across the distant shore

Motorcycle platoons thundering along Highway 106

The sudden earsplitting *boom* of night fireworks and it’s not even yet the 4th

Some sounds send me back to sweet childhood; some toward dreams of Labor Day