



The Scribe



Spring 2011

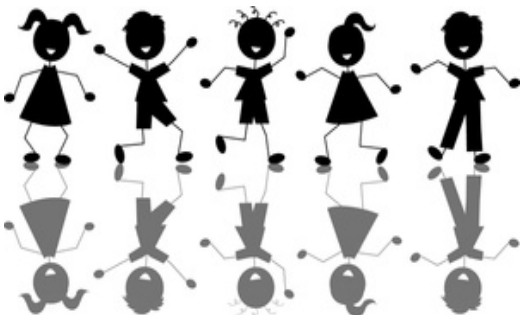
Nativity of Our Lord School

Volume 15

SHADOW

I have a little copycat
 It imitates me
 If I reach out my hand,
 It does too
 If I wave my hands,
 It also does it too
 It's not the kind of copycat that copies you on tests
 Or a little sibling that admires you
 But you'll soon find out what kind of copycat it is
 It tries to be taller than me,
 Though on that, it does succeed
 It follows me wherever I go
 If I sharply turn right,
 It does too
 If I walk down a twisted road,
 It follows me all the way
 If I splash into a deep spring puddle,
 It does too
 This thing that is following me can be annoying
 It can't speak, only signs
 It has no looks or no colors
 It's not a person, at least not exactly
 Everyone and everything has their own
 Watching behind their backs
 Even you
 But only when the vibrant sun is shining

By Emma Hamilton Grade 4



THE JOY OF A DUCKLING

Minuscule waves enclose and swallow the faint whisper of morning dew sliding from wet wings of a duckling coming from its morning bath. It scurries after its family of eight, trying to keep up with their quick but rhythmic pace. The mud bubbles and quilts the soft ground as their feet slap, creating the sound of drumming. They finally crawl into their nest of warmth and love. Their wings coil around their mother's body instinctively. But when their quiet nap is over, they scurry through the long, wavy weeds, awaiting the joy they will take part in once again.

By Lucy Stariha Grade 7
I love to watch the beautiful scene of ducklings running after their mother by the water.

OUTSIDE MY WINDOW

Outside my window I see buds bursting from trees,
 Reaching for sunlight to warm them.
 Outside my window I see the last remains of winter,
 Clinging to rooftops.
 Outside my window I see kids stomping in puddles,
 Imagining that they are scuba divers in the ocean.
 Outside my window I see green grass,
 Peeking out of its hiding place in the snow.
 Outside my window I see new life all around me.
 Outside my window I see spring.

By Gussie Laird Grade 6

