

## HELP!!!!

I am trapped in the body of a G  
I

R  
A  
F  
F  
E

I wonder what heights I will reach  
I hear high school approaching

I see myself as a **30** foot tall G

I  
R  
A  
F  
F  
E

I want to be seen as who I really am  
I am trapped in the body of a G

I  
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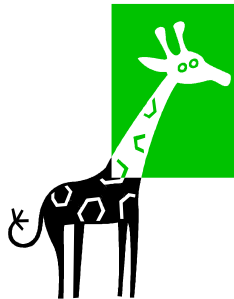
I pretend I am a teacher **towering** above small children  
I feel excited to move on in my future  
I touch the marshmallow like clouds with my **o u t s t r e t c h e d** neck  
I worry about lagging behind and being late  
I cry when people make fun of me  
I am trapped in the body of a G

I  
R  
A  
F  
F  
E

I understand that I may keep growing  
I say that I am what I am  
I dream of being a successful architect  
I try to blend in with the crowd  
I hope to understand the world  
I am trapped in the body of a G

I  
R  
A  
F  
F

E, AHHH!



By Ruthie Murray Grade 8  
*We had to write about ourselves, so I wrote about how I truly feel.*

## CREATION

Squirrels, birds, and bees  
All live in trees.  
Bushes and flowers,  
But no high towers.  
Mountains are nice,  
And slipping on ice.  
Swimming is cool,  
Animals rule.  
Everything is fun,  
Out in the sun!

By Ahna Neil Grade 4  
*In religion class I had the idea to write about God's creation.*

## DANDELIONS

I am a dandelion gold  
And pretty.  
Yet no one comes to visit me.  
Not the butterfly, nor the bee,  
Just a weed is all they see,  
Bringing joy to nobody.  
But when I start to grow and grow,  
I soon turn white, white as snow.  
The children pick me up and make a wish,  
With such a blow, sweet as a kiss.  
Next spring my golden petals will start to grow  
And I'll be loved, I know, I know.

By Rose Pane Grade 6

## CREATION

We live in a world today where a lot of our lives depend on time.  
You have to be at work at 7:30 in the morning,  
your son has a baseball game at noon,  
and your daughter has Girl Scouts from 9 to 10.  
You're always running off to "who knows where" before you can even think.  
Wait! Why is life a schedule?  
For once, stop and smell the roses,  
take a hike in the forest,  
watch a sunset or two,  
go canoeing for Pete's sake!  
Just once, stop and smell creation.

By Shay O'Brien Grade 4