My Life In Words



Grade ______

Fiction _____

Poetry _____

Nonfiction _____

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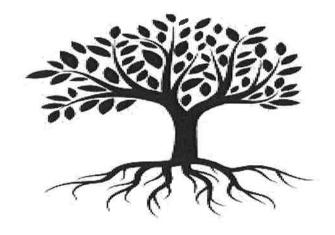
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Growing Older

Growing older can be fun for someone.

When they have gone through it or have experienced it They might act **mysterious** around you day and night They might take things very **serious** when they are not When your friend had a **tiberius** thing about you And you don't about them, when you are thinking about Something else.

While holding the ice in your hand that had melted Day and day, night and night.
While your mom and dad fight all day long.
Your trying to stay strong and keep it in
While your father played the violin.
Your playing your favorite song called Berlin.
In a therein where you earned money.
Eat some honey while missing your father.
Well you know you're growing older.



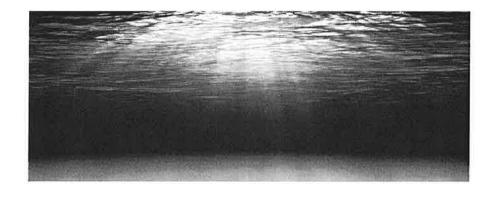
Life Underwater

Life underwater can be fun
You can be different things
Like being a of a town
Or a queen who wears
You can make rules and orders
You can also make a quarter each hour
Or a long sword fish that does not want to get eaten by a
hungry shark

While you use a time router
That you had made in your childhood when you
where little

While you were eating a bag of skilles
That you had brought from your store
Underwater.

Before the war had happened It was a sad end for water people.



The Day The Flower Bloomed

The day the flower bloomed it was under a tree

The tree was small with a guarantee of living

If the tree itself was out living on an old barn

With a fat cat outside playing with a ball of yourn

While the farmer and his wife were making dinner

Because they were just a beginner at make food

While the animals on the farm with their skin was shining in the sun

Outside to be while your spinning in circles round and round
Happy as you can be

While you dog snappy was scating his back on the green grass

He was laying next to you being unhappy

This shows the that the day the flower bloomed was the best day in

Life.



Exploring The Past In The Wild

I stop the car and get out onto the gravel road.

Not much has changed. Cornfields still stretch to the horizon. I spy the woods where I used to play. Never could resist the calling of the trees. I stride across acres of land, Until I reach the shade of branches and leaves. I breathe in the scent of fertile soil. Suddenly, again I am a girl Energetic and free Up I climb into the canopy. Lost in dreams and memories Staring down at the familiar stream. Could it be the same deer, The one I saw in my eleventh year? My walking stick, initials carved, leaning on a pile of rocks, Trinkets stored in my hidden treasure box. Cannot help but smile at that hopeful The one that never loses interest in things of the



Seasons

Season are a important part of life They come and go each year With a deer eating green grass in spring While you are swing on a swing Summer is on its way Summer is out and it's time to play in the pool While the sun is shining down on the water While you friends daughter it there to With the blue blue water going back and forth Fall is on its way Fall is here and the weather gear is on the table With a box labeled fall Winter is on its way Winter is here and it cold out there Build a snowman, build a snow angel Season are important part of life and they will never Go away.



