

Looking Out the Window at My Grandmother: In Ms. Vicknair's Room at Douglass One Beautiful April Afternoon

By Isaiah Theophile, 9 years old

I care about my grandmother very much. I wish she was on earth right now.

And when I look out of the window, I can't see her hugging
me.

I see a big tree hugging me just like she used to do.
Cause when it's moving around I think it's just like what
she did.

The tree is big, but my grandmother is big.

The tree is green like grass, but my grandmother is light
brown like a root beer.

The tree has leaves; my grandmother has long, light brown
hair.

The tree has bugs; my grandmother has hugs.

The tree might turn into logs one day; my grandmother is
old.

I wish she was here, then we'd go to McDonald's and we'd
get BIG MACS.

We'd climb in the play area just like it was a tree.