

## **Eleanor and Me**

By: Pippa Lawrence, 4<sup>th</sup> grade, Homeschool

Standing in Eleanor's bedroom at the Rock Ledge house,

I Imagine if

I could go back in time to see the life that was lived,

To see the horses galloping on the grassy plain,

Or to taste the sweet, sticky taste of a candy stick.

I wonder if

She had the same time as me groping her way through the fogs of moving

To this pleasant valley

But seeing at last the rays of brilliant sunshine breaking through the darkness.

I wonder if

She felt the same sorrow

That is like the waves that come in from the sea,

Splashing quietly into the soft, squishy sand that is hopeful, but sad.

For, we both lost a baby sibling—I, a brother and she, a sister.

I wonder if

She played in Camp Creek's laughing waters

Just as I do, or stole away to snatch a quick snuggle with the barn cats,

Something I wish to do every time I visit

I wonder if

She wished with all her heart

That she could take off those hot, little, stiff dresses

that she wore every day

And go swimming, and happily race her friends instead of doing schoolwork.

I wonder if

She ever complained when she had to give up her jolly play

To bring in the unbearably heavy pail of nice ,cold water.

She also had to feed the horses—sometimes a joy,

a break from homework , or, a sorrow being separated from her playmates.

I know

She was brave and hardworking

When work was that much harder.

We're naturally different as all girls are,

But my life also revolves near the ranch,

And the towering coyote willows trees we both climbed.

We walked the same gravel roads.

I want to be as brave, honorable, and hard working—just like she was.

Except I think she had to work a lot harder...