

## **The Meadow**

*Angus Baird, Grade 4*

*Foothills Learning Center*

Trees in the creek

Hot rocks

End of the path

Mounds of sandy dirt

Easy lizards on the rocks

Ants invading underground

Dead tree branches raging

Opposite birds

Weeds milking the plants

Sactu and the Fawn  
Frances Tulliss, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade  
Boise

Once upon a time there was a Cour d'Alene Indian tribe who lived nestled among the cliffs where Lake Idaho once was. In the village lived the chief's son Sactu (which means "Running Deer"). Every day Sactu would go to hunt at a certain cliff, which he named Elu Te ("Full of Flowers"). Tall grasses mixed in with the yarrow, fiddleneck, and flowering sage brush. Now this cliff was very hard to get to, but Sactu could get up it because, as his name suggests, he was quick on his feet and nimble. No one could get up the cliff but him. So he had the hunting ground all to himself.

One day in late April he came upon his cliff and everything was in bloom. He had been hunting for awhile when he came upon a fawn. He was about to shoot when the fawn looked up at him with its big pitiful eyes. In a flash he knew what had happened. The fawn's mother was the very same deer he had in his game bag. Now Sactu felt he needed to take care of the little fawn, but he knew his father wouldn't allow it. So he thought awhile and came up with a plan. He knew that in the next valley was an animal-loving tribe, the Nez Pierce. It would take him several hours to ride there on his trusted steed Etu ("Sage Brush").

So taking the fawn he slipped into camp, gathered some food, a jacket, and his bow and arrow. He saddled Etu and rode away. Later he stopped to eat his dried buffalo meat and set off again. The sun was still high when he reached the village. He went straight to his friend Enyca's tee-pee. He traded the fawn to Enyca for a beaded belt. She promised to take care of the fawn until he was grown, then let it go. So Sactu walked away, stopping only to rest Etu and think about what he had just done. He felt sad, yet satisfied.

Five Senses with a Naturalist  
Elke Myers, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade  
Boise

Smell the wild yellow rose as cheap as a package just opened from the dollar store.  
Beep said the bat, Bop said the moth, and that was the end of the moth: *gulp*.  
Distinctive taste of tart golden current berry.  
Feel the dead branches splitting in two, still grasping for life.  
Get up close, you will see something's not what it used to be.