

## **The View**

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*Boise*

### The View

I shiver in the cold, damp morning. I look at the ground so far below me, I look at the marshland before me. It looks soft and inviting but I've seen many of my brothers and sisters fall from our nest and break every bone in their bodies. I remember, on many occasions, smelling the rancid odor of rotting flesh. No, I will not have that fate, I will grow into a beautiful bird and I won't have my life cut short by some stupid mistake. I shiver again and fluff my feathers up against the bite of morning chill and I think, "Will I ever become a full grown bird?" I screw my eyes up and plunge into the abyss of sleep.