

MY SHADOW

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



I have a little shadow that goes
in and out with me.
And what an be the use of him
is more than I can see

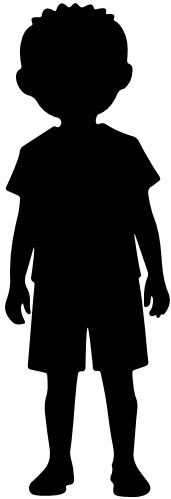


He is very, very like me,
from the heels up to the head;
and I see him jump before me,
when I jump into my bed.

The funniest ting about him
is the way he likes to grow-
Not at all like proper children,
which is always very slow;



For he sometimes shoots up taller
like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little
that there's none of him at all.



He hasn't got a notion of
how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me
in every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me,
he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie
as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early,
before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew
on every buttercup;



But my lazy little shadow,
like an arrant sleepy-head
had stayed at home behind me
and was fast asleep in bed.

