

# Old Man and the Sea

by Paul McDuffie

*These promising poems are the work of sixth-grade students in the Bay Shore Middle School class of English teacher Paul McDuffie, who for years has invited Ernest Hemingway and other masters into his classes of youngsters to keep their soaring imaginations aloft and help them to harvest and be nourished by the best that is planted and grows within the limitless fields of our magnificent language. [ed.]*



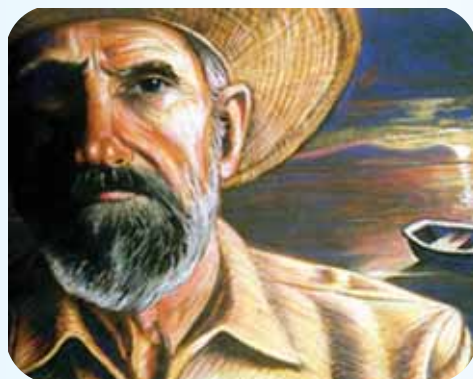
## LOVE OF THE SEA

Fishing takes determination and love of the sea,  
and when magic mixes in, the light shines on me.  
Each day is different, yet the goal is the same,  
and today may be a day I get all the fame.  
Today I get off to a brand new start,  
being open-minded, with a kind, willing heart.  
The breeze pushed against my face,  
while the boat moved along at a slow, steady pace.  
I saw only ocean with no sign of the shore  
Minutes flowed into hours. What did I come for?  
Now and then a bird would stop by,  
resting on my line as if to say "Hi"  
Just as I decided to call it a day,  
my line tore off the reel in an incredible way.  
The fish jumped clear out of the water,  
like a pig running away from his slaughter.  
He fought for his life with all of his power.  
I fought this fish for more than an hour.  
I had him worn out and next to the boat.  
When the line snapped, he looked back as if to gloat.  
He won the battle on this beautiful day,  
but I will be back without delay.

**Kaitlyn Arnold**

## SANTIAGO

Super strong  
A lot of fishing experience  
Not a lot of water  
Truthful  
Ironic old man  
Almighty fisherman  
God  
Occasionally tired  
**Ryan Brunner**



## THOUGH ALL IS LOST, I HAVE WON

If the sharks come, I will  
Lose everything I worked  
Hard for...pride, fish money,  
Food and much more.  
I've been at sea for three days  
And will try to fight off the sharks  
in many ways. Oh gee, the  
shark's ripped off the marlin's tail.  
My brother, I am sorry for  
Going out this far; for you it's  
like jail. When I reach Havana  
they will see just the fish head,  
but I have my pride  
and must go to bed!  
**Melissa Lopez**

## THE LAST FIGHT

Splash! Up in the air!  
He felt a sudden tug.  
Don't give up, don't.  
Give more line.  
This is more than just a catch.  
It's a fight for pride and dignity.  
Why?  
The sea should be soothing and pure beauty.  
Fights like this should never occur.  
Why? Why?  
Is it because he knows he's big and strong?  
Give up! Give, up....  
**Zachary Romania**

## DONE TOO

An old man  
with cut up hands  
was very unhappy  
cause fish weren't snapping.  
The old man was amazed when a fish took it.  
The fish pulled the old man everywhere.  
He was crazy,  
but soon he got lazy.  
Soon sharks smelled blood.  
The old man felt a tug.  
When the fish was done,  
the old man was too.  
**Casey Taggart**

## THE DEN OF THIEVES

The ocean housed a den of thieves.  
They ate and stole what would've been his,  
but with courage and might, he fought this fight  
with only scars to remember back at home.  
The boy hopes all day, only to see him with  
the bones of a fish with him come into the bay.  
The boy brought him some coffee to stop his mayday.  
That's the Old Man and the Sea.  
**Evan Rosner**



## The OLD FISHERMAN

He was an old man, an old fisherman.  
He was unlucky, so they thought.  
But one day he will catch a fish.  
The big fish will be caught.  
This one will be my pride, he thought.  
No matter what, I will remember it.  
It doesn't matter if sharks eat it.  
I know I'm gonna catch it.  
I won't give up.  
I won't give up.  
I won't!  
**Rachel Atiencia**

## HOPE

He was once beautiful and full of life,  
but now on the side of my boat and dead.  
Galanos, get away.  
He's gone.  
All that work for nothing.  
Manolin is here and I can look after the storm  
For hope.  
**Emily Lindahl**

## WIN OR LOSE?

A group of sharks neared  
as the old man steered.  
He turned and saw the sharks.  
He beat them with a club which left deep marks.  
They ate the fish from head to tail.  
The old man turned back to the sail.  
When he hit the shore,  
he could hardly stand nor  
could he walk.  
He kept stopping to talk.  
The old man reached his shack and  
put the mast on he wall.  
He went to his bed and lay down,  
which looked like a fall.  
**Hunter Cronin**

