Here I sit. Watching. Waiting.
Looking for a prey that I can never catch.
Other gargoyles beside me glare down at
the entrance of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.
We always stay as still as stone. We are
crude. Then, a disturbance. Then…

**BOOM!**
People underneath scream in terror.
I could feel the heat behind me. The
fire was spreading. The fire was warm.
It's just as well. There was a chill in the
air as if the cathedral had let out a sigh
of relief. The flames were slowing down.
The fire was being put out. Notre Dame
Cathedral was saved. And our home is
safe.

*“The Gargoyle of Notre Dame” by Joshua Reginold – Fairview South School, Skokie*