



# My Shadow

**By Robert Lewis Stevenson**

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can 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 thing 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.