

ROTARY E-CLUB



A MESSAGE FOR OUR READERS

Hello!

We hope you enjoy this book of stories written by young authors of the Caribbean Islands.

This book has been produced by Rotarians of the Rotary E-Club of the Caribbean, 7020.

Rotarians believe in four important ideas, and we remind ourselves about them every week when we meet.

TRUTH - You should always speak the truth.

FAIRNESS - Always be fair when playing and working with others.

FRIENDSHIP - When you want to help your community by collecting food for those who don't have it, or picking up trash around your school, bring your friends along and you'll have twice as much fun!

HELPING OTHERS - It is important to help those around you who are not as lucky as you are. Ask around your school to find out what you can do to help out!






Rotarians meet every week to learn more about what is going on in the world and what we can do to help. We hope you will help to make your community better by studying hard, and doing all you can to help your school and community become a better place!

From Your friends at

The Rotary E- Club of the Caribbean, 7020






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This book is printed in three of the languages
spoken in the Caribbean region

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THE LOST KITTEN - AN ACT OF KINDNESS

Robert Arch
10 years

Cayman Prep and High School
Cayman Islands

It was a beautiful, sunny morning, and Jordan and I were hanging out in our yard until, out of nowhere, we heard something that sounded like a tiny kitten. We looked around, scanning for any signs of where it was coming from. We decided we must be hearing things, so we continued playing, until ... we heard it again. "Okay. Seriously. What is that?" I whispered.

"I don't know. Let's go check it out," replied my brother. We slowly moved towards the noise, which became louder and louder as we approached. Jordan parted the branches of a bush and, for a second, we were flooded with disappointment. "What!? There's nothing there!" Jordan exclaimed.

"Jeez, calm down Jordan! Look! There's something curled up to the right." I crawled under the bush and gently grabbed the mysterious, small, cotton-like figure. Even though we had heard meowing, I was shocked when I realized it was a calico kitten, with fur as soft as silk, cute stubby legs like a miniature goat, and the eyes of the brightest blue.

"Mom!" I yelled at the top of my voice!

"Yes dear?"

"Mom, we found this tiny kitten outside in the bushes. Should we feed it and give it water?"

"Yes, that's a good idea. Feed it, and we'll take it to the Cayman Humane Society, okay?"

I secretly wished we could keep the kitten, but I listened to my mom. We have several dogs, and they would not be impressed by the introduction of a cat! "Okay!"

After the kitten had something to eat and a little milk, we hurried into the car and drove to the Humane Society. We showed them the kitten, and they carefully took him to the back room to treat his scratches and remove all the ticks.

About 30 minutes had passed, and I was nervously pacing up and down in the small reception area. I stared at all the photos of dogs and cats desperately seeking homes, and I felt really sad knowing that the little kitten might be waiting a long time to find a new home too.

Finally, the veterinarian came out and said he was okay, and he was lucky to have been found, as he might have died. He assured me that he would find the baby cat a fabulous home, as they had a long waiting list of fabulous families waiting to adopt.

I looked at my mum and her eyes were full of tears at the sight of the tiny puppy being brought in. We couldn't adopt the kitten, as much as I wanted to, but we adopted the four-month-old puppy that was just surrendered instead! We named him Oliver, and we love him to death.

You see, kindness should be something that comes from within, not something that's forced. Acts of kindness should be to people and animals alike. "Do unto others what you would like them to do for you," as it says in the Bible.

Jamaican people would say "Wha gone bad a mawnin caan cum gud a evening." This means you can make a mistake by hurting somebody, and chances are you won't be able to fix it.

So be kind, not just "Cayman Kind" but human kind. Help each other! Be loving, caring and respectful to each other. Let your kindness and love shine through, and be grateful for all the people around you who love you.

The smallest act of kindness can go so far. Even a smile can bring light to someone's day.



COCONUT AND PAIGE

Raeann Scott
10 years

West End Primary School
Cayman Islands

On September 17, 2005, two animals met in the Caribbean. Here's how it started. That day a new creature was about to be born. It was a soft and silky parrot with vibrant colors, and it was a female. The nest she hatched in was in a cow pen on a tree. The cow that stayed there was named Paige. The parrot hatched, and fell into a stack of hay only two feet away from where the cow lay.

"Hello?" mumbled the kind-hearted parrot to the cow. The cow heard the mumble and said "Howdy! The name's Paige. What's ya name?"

"It's...um...Coco...um" stuttered the parrot.

"Coconut?" said the cow before the parrot could confess, "I don't have a name, yet. I fell out of my nest when my mama was out, I guess, because when I hatched, I didn't see my mama. But I'd love for my name to be Coconut!"

"Oh, okay, Coconut. Want to be friends?" said the black-and-white milk cow.

Swoosh! Another bird flew in and perched on the tree above on Coconut's nest and chirped, "Hello. I'm Chippy. You must be Aunt Bella's new hatchling. I'm here to tell you that your mom has gone on a journey to study leadership, respect, and kindness. Would you like to come and live with me and my family while your mom's gone?" offered Chippy.

"No, thank you. I'm fine with my leader, Paige the Cow," said Coconut. "Okay!" said Chippy and flew off.

The next day, Coconut woke up, flew into the forest, got some berries, and ferried them back to the pen. She woke Paige up and squawked, "Breakfast is served!" Paige was overwhelmed with joy because of her friend's courtesy and ambition. They split the scrumptious berries and ate them while discussing the approaching weather.

Throughout that day, the weather got worse, so Coconut decided that she was going into the forest to get some more berries to stock up on for the bad weather. To her surprise, when she returned to the pen, Paige was gone! Tears came to her eyes. Coconut searched for hours looking for Paige until, eventually, she got soaked in rain and could barely fly.



She landed at the entrance of a cozy cottage where a lady named Ms. Sue lived. Ms. Sue was a veterinarian. Coconut pouted and cried on the entrance until Ms. Sue took her in and placed Coconut in a comfortable cage with sunflower seeds inside. The nasty weather lasted for several weeks. Coconut never gave up hope of seeing her friend Paige again. She wept more as each day went by, but never lost faith of one day reuniting with her friend Paige.

Ding-a-ling! Ms. Sue's phone rang. It's Farmer John! He is pleading for help. "Please come over my cow. She needs help. She seems ill. Come to my barn, please!"

Ms. Sue arrived back home after treating the cow, and explained to Coconut, "There is a very ill black-and-white milk cow suffering from loneliness. This all started at the beginning of the storm. Her friend went out to get food for the storm, and while her friend was gone, the cow's owner, Farmer John, took the cow into a cave for shelter from the storm. He didn't know the cow had a friend, and was confused by the cow's loneliness."

Coconut's eyes opened wider; she got more enthusiastic. She thought the cow Ms. Sue was talking about was Paige, her friend, so she said, "Please may I come with you on your next visit?"

"Sure can!" said Ms. Sue. "

Hallelujah!" shouted the bird.

The next day, Coconut and Ms. Sue went to Farmer John's barn. When they got to the barn, they knocked on the door. Farmer John walked them through the barn to the back door, into the cow pen where Paige was!

Paige saw Coconut on Ms. Sue's shoulder and she jumped up! "Coconut!" said the cow.

"Paige!" Coconut said, flying towards Paige. "I picked dozens of berries for us to eat," said Paige.

"Really, you're the best friend ever!" They stayed together for as long as they could.

Coconut's mom came back from her journey and can now give her daughter, Coconut, strong life lessons. Coconut told Paige stories of how she never gave up looking for her and never lost hope.

They lived a wonderful life with a strong bond as friends.

Moral: NEVER give up. NEVER lose faith.



FINDING YOUR MANNERS AT SEA

Molly de Saram
8 years

Cayman Prep and High School
Cayman Islands

One day, Little Dolphin was having dinner at home with his parents.

Their little bungalow was in the famous Pearl City, where Neptune himself lives! Pearl City is right below Cuba; so if you went for a casual swim down the waterways, you might see bright coral reefs and maybe catch a glimpse of Neptune's palace!

While they were eating dinner, Mama Dolphin noticed Little Dolphin's bad manners.

"Little Dolphin, your manners are terrible!" she said, almost crying as Little Dolphin slurped up his seaweed smoothie noisily.

"Who cares?" shrugged Little Dolphin as he gobbled up his noodles with his flippers.

"You are coming with us on a swim around the islands of the Caribbean to learn some manners," said Papa dolphin firmly.

The next day, they set out.

"Where should we go first?" mused Papa Dolphin as he pored over a map drawn with squid ink on a piece of seaweed.

"I know!" exclaimed Mama Dolphin. "Let's go to Little Cayman! We can visit Grandma Turtle."

In an hour or so they were ready to leave. They set out on the long ride to Little Cayman. Grandma Turtle invited them in with warm welcomes and big bowls of shellfish stew.

Little Dolphin started to gobble his greedily, but Grandma Turtle corrected him immediately. "No, Little Dolphin. Tuck in your chair, sit up straight, and THIS is how you hold your knife and fork."

By the end of the evening, Little Dolphin knew how to hold his knife and fork. As a reward, Grandma Turtle gave him two whole Shellings. "Good job Little Dolphin!"

"Where shall we go next?" asked Papa Dolphin.

"I know!" replied Mama Dolphin. "Let's go to Jamaica. We can visit Cousin Shrimp!"

It only took a couple of minutes to get to Jamaica, so they decided to swim. (Before they had gone in a chariot pulled with sea horses).

Cousin Shrimp lived all by himself on the edge of the big city called Coral Caves. His house was small and thatched with a drafty warehouse attached to the back.

Cousin Shrimp himself was a tall and aging shrimp. He wore glasses and the same old bottle green trousers, black belt with a golden buckle, white shirt and dirt brown waistcoat every day.

However, he was very strict on manners and, though loony, could sometimes be a bit fierce.

Today, as they sat down at the table, Cousin Shrimp barked, "Stop slouching! Sit up straight! Oh my goodness, take your tail off the table!"

As you guessed, Little Dolphin dearly paid for this. He has learned the hard way NEVER to put your feet (or tail in this case) on the table.

"Where shall we go next?" wondered Papa dolphin.

"I know!" Mama Dolphin cried. "Let's go to the Bahamas! We can see Uncle Eagle Ray!"

Uncle Eagle Ray was the opposite of Cousin Shrimp. He was plump and jolly, with a grey back splattered with tiny white spots.

"Ello, Ello!" he boomed with a hint of French accent. "And hi, Leetle Dolphin!"

Little Dolphin didn't reply. His shoulders were hunched as he stared at a little pocket video game his parents had bought him for his birthday.

After a while, Little Dolphin shouted, "Yes, I've reached Level 10 of Pearl Palace!"

"Little Dolphin, your uncle said hello!" said Mama Dolphin blushing. "Hmph," grunted Little Dolphin rudely.

"Eet's okay," Uncle Eagle ray boomed. "But Leetle Dolphin," he added in an earnest whisper, "remember to say hello to people when they say hello to you.

Don't mumble; look them in the eye and smile!" He gave Little Dolphin a thumbs-up, beamed, and led them inside for hippo mutton and roast crocodile.

One more manner learnt!

The next day, Little Dolphin's parents told him they were ready to go home.

When they got home, they sat down to the same dinner as before. Little Dolphin picked up his knife and fork correctly and sat up straight.

"Well done!" said his parents.

Next, Little Dolphin started to put his tail on the table, but then remembered and put it back down again.

"Awesome!" said his parents.

After that, the Post-fish poked his head through the door. "Hi," he said.

"Hello," Little Dolphin said back.

"Amazing, Little Dolphin," his parents said. "We're very pleased with you. You learned so many manners!"

"Hmph," said Little Dolphin with his mouth full.

"Oh no ..."



DIFFERENCE!

Jordanne Ogbourne
10 years

Edna Moyle Primary School
Cayman Islands

One warm, sunny day in April, I was picking mangoes from a tree in my backyard when I heard my little sister Rosie scream loudly. My heart skipped a beat. I abandoned my task and rushed inside to see what was going on. As soon as I entered the living room, I saw Rosie standing as still as a statue, with a disturbed look on her face. She was trembling as if she had just seen a ghost. My heart pounded wildly as I asked her what she was screaming about.

"Her," she whispered as she pointed towards the verandah.

At that moment, mom dashed into the room with her hands perched on her hips and gave my sister a stern look.

"Why did you do that?" she asked in a soft, but angry voice.

While mom was having a serious chat with my sister, I went to see what scared her. It was just a girl who was sitting on the sofa with her mom, but when she turned and looked at me, I was as terrified as Rosy, but I kept my mouth shut. It was a girl with a deformed face! Her left eye was lower than her right eye; she had no eyebrows or eyelashes. I'm trying not to be mean, but the left side of her face looked so wrinkled that it made her look like a 90-year-old grandma.

I said "Hi" and she shyly waved at me." While my mom tried to make Rosie apologize to the girl's mother, I tried to cheer the girl up, and it kind of worked because we began to talk. I asked her if she wanted a mango, and she said sure, so we ate mangoes in my backyard and joked around. I found out that her name was Sally and that she was 12. It was quite a joy to hear that, because I was 12 as well.

We both laughed and talked for a while until her mom interrupted us and said, "I see you two are getting along. That's great, but we need to go now."

Sally's smile disappeared, and she suddenly looked sad. "Don't worry. You'll see her at school tomorrow," Sally's mother whispered as she tried to comfort her.

I am not sure whether anyone else could tell, but I could tell that Sally was excited to go to school the following day, and I figured it had something to do with me.

That Monday morning, Sally and I walked to school together. I had been attending St. Jude's Primary School for what seemed like all my life, but it was Sally's first day there. As we strolled down the street, we saw other children walking to school just like us. Each time we saw one of them, they would either whisper in the ear of the person next to them or make a disgusting face like they saw a piece of goo from the sewer.

When we arrived at school, it was the same thing, but they also started teasing. Sally was good at ignoring them, and somehow, we managed to make it through the day. That evening, as we walked home, I told her something that might have saved her life.

"You are not ugly. I know that because I know you and I know how much fun you are. I know how emotional you are, and I know how caring you are. So, if anyone says you're ugly, just know that it's because they don't know you well," I told her.

Sally thanked me for my kind words. She made me know how happy it made her feel. We arrived at my house shortly after. Then we hugged and went our separate ways. It had been a great day!

Over the next few months, the children got to know Sally, and she also had several surgeries that made her look a little more like the rest of us. She also said I was like a sister to her.

Now, Sally and I are both lucky enough to be going off to the University of the West Indies - the school of our choice. I have a feeling that we will be best friends for a long time, and each time I think about it, I experience a feeling of joy. I am happy that I looked beyond Sally's physical appearance and got a chance to know her because we have so much in common!

WASHED ASHORE

Aracely Matute-Trejo
10 years

West End Primary School
Cayman Islands

"**Crash!**" Lighting struck the waters of the Caribbean Sea while Edward was in his tiny fishing boat 70 miles off Grand Cayman. The waves started to get stronger while Edward rushed into the cabin of the boat. He shut the trap door as tight as he could before the waves crashed onto the deck. He hid behind boxes hoping he would make it through the storm. Until... "**BOOM!**" A huge wave smashed down on the small boat, destroying everything into little pieces. Edward got hit in the head by a crate, and everything went black.

"Mommy, he awake?" Sasha asked, while poking Edward with a stick.

"I dunno Sweetie." Edward jumped, coughing water out of his mouth. "Where... where am I?"

"AHHHHH!!!!" Sasha and her mother screamed like they had seen a ghost. Sasha hid behind Mrs. Scott. Edward slowly got up and brushed the sand off himself.

"I'm so sorry," Edward said in a nervous voice. "I'm Edward. I was on a boat, but wha happen? Where am I?"

"You're in Cayman Brac. You were in a boat in last night's storm?" Mrs. Scott asked surprisingly. "Yes ma'am," Edward said while staring at them.

"Well, I can't leave you out ya, so follow me." Mrs. Scott grabbed Sasha's hand and started walking to their house. Edward followed.

"Here you go, Edward," said Mrs. Scott as she gave Edward some swanky to drink and fritters to eat. Sasha was on the floor playing with her two messy-haired dolls.

"So, what exactly happened out dere lass night?" Mr. Scott said in a deep voice.

"Well, I was fishanin for turtles. Then ma engine had some trouble working, and I end up drifting. Then a humungous storm came out of no whey! Last thing I 'membra was hiding in the boat cabin."

"Well you lucky Sasha and my wife found ya," said Mr. Scott, with a mouth full of fritters.



"What I don't understand is why were you on the bay walking?" Edward said, confused, while scratching his head like a monkey. "Every time there is a storm, me and Sasha go down to da bay to see what wash up," said Mrs. Scott.

Edward gasped. "Now how am I going to get home?!" Edward said disappointedly.

"Who's ya family? Where ya come from?" Mr. Scott asked questions like he was interviewing Edward.

"Oh, I'm from Grand Cayman. My family owns the turtling company called Blue Squabs and my daddy name Johnny Bodden from East End. But how you ga get ahold of dem?" Edward asked, looking down at the hardwood floor.

"You kidding? I ga a brother that ga a CB radio! He kin contact dem and make yo family come get ya."

Mr. Scott and Edward finished their meal and set out by foot to his brother's house, two miles away, to use the CB radio. As Mr. Scott's brother, Owen, saw them approaching the house, he greeted them.

"Hello? Everything ok?" he asked. "Yeah, we found this boy washed up on da bay, shipwrecked. He say his family lives in Grand Cayman."

"Who dey is?" Owen asked in a concerned voice.

"He say they own Blue Squabs, the turtling company." Mr. Scott said.

"You mean dem Boddens from East End? Ok, lemme see if we kin getta 'hold a dem and make dem send a boat!" Owen said cheerfully.

"Ok, they can't send da boat for two days," said Mr. Scott thinking, back at the house.

"What will I do til then?" Edward asked sadly.

"Edward, you don't worry about nothing. You kin stay with us," Mrs. Scott said.

For the next two days, the family gave Edward food, water, clothes and a place to sleep. Edward felt so thankful for the things the family did for him. Edward placed all the stuff they had given him into a croker sack and ran to hug his parents when the boat arrived. They were so thankful for everything that the Scott family had done to help Edward. To show appreciation, they brought a boat load of supplies for them. "We better get going, Edward," his parents said.

Edward sat down in the front of the boat, so when they were sailing away he could wave goodbye to the amazing family that took care of him. "Goodbye!!" Edward yelled as the boat sailed off into the distance. Edward would never forget them.



A HELPFUL CHAP

Bevin Davey
7 years

Shortwood Practising Infant, Primary & Junior HS
Jamaica

It was a very graceful encounter that I experienced which led me to write this story, just to prove to you that the negative statement that says, "This generation of viper" is not completely true.

I am growing up in a country where children are taught by their parents to have manners and to take good care of old people. We are also told that old age is a blessing.

One rainy Tuesday morning, a little boy looked outside his window to see Miss Ivy on the roadway, trying helplessly to tie her goat to feed it. She was too weak and shaky to climb up the slippery hillside to complete her mission, even as she was assisted by a stick.

The little boy left his house for school in the morning rain, just in time to assist poor, weak, old, shaky Miss Ivy trying, without success, to tie her goat. What do you think happened? He walked right over to her, and with a bright and pleasant face said boldly, "Good morning, Miss Ivy. I will tie your goat for you."

"What?" replied Miss Ivy, as she stared lostly at him, not believing what she heard. So, she handed him the rope, and her weak, feeble hands trembled violently due to old age. The boy took the rope gently from her, carefully climbed the wet, slippery hillside, and tied the goat, as she looked steadfastly on him in amazement.

"Thanks mi son!" exclaimed Miss Ivy to him, as the boy's action puzzled her. She continued "Dis a likkle bwoy yah diffrant, mi nev nuo sey dem yah pickni yah still deh bout, him well braut up, him cum awfa gud table."

However, after hearing these whispers coming from Miss Ivy, the boy said in a soft voice, "Miss Ivy, mi dun tie di goat maam, so mi gann."

"Ah rite mi son walk gud," said the old lady as she started walking towards her house. As she reached her house, there came Mr. Rogers, who stopped by and said, "Good morning Mother Ivy."

"Good morning, Pasta" she replied.

"Why are you out so early in the rain?" he asked.

"Pasta tell yuh di truth sah, a mi goat mi go tie out, mi couldn't even manage, but wan likkle bwoy help mi wid dig oar sah."

"Who?" replied Mr. Rogers.

"Wan likkle bwoy," said Miss Ivy.

"This boy is different from many other boys in this community," he said.

"Well pasta, mi nuo sey dis likkle bwoy is diffrant, mi neva nuo sey pickni did still ave mannas and still a help ole people."

Surprisingly, Pastor Rogers spread the good news about this boy's kindness, and he was rewarded for his good deed.

Remember to sow good seed, for the seed you sow today is the fruit you reap tomorrow!!!

THE MAGIC PINEAPPLE STEM

Georgia Birkweiser
11 years

Deep Creek Middle School
Eleuthera, Bahamas

As I sat against a big palm tree with my face against my hands, I heard the voice of a familiarly vague old lady. "Come now child, don't be upset 'bout one little ting like dis; we can' control nature so what happening to you child een' fair."

The voice was soothing, but awakening at the same time, so I looked up to see an old lady standing over me, her gray hair cut short, and her traveller's cloak billowing in the wind. How did this happen? I think to myself. Then, I remember ...

It all started last weekend when I was playing with my three other cousins at my grandparents' house. We were playing charades, and my youngest cousin was hysterically trying to be a monkey, when a rickety old truck approached and parked somewhere in the back where we couldn't see. We peeped our heads in the back and saw a man approach from a slick black car. He approached my grandfather with a frown on his sunglasses-covered, clean, bald face.

"Sir, I'm sorry to tell you this," he said in an emotionless way, "but we will have to sell your house or take it away from your possession because you haven't paid your mortgage."

"No, no, I have a month sir!" said Grandpa John. The bald man thought, "Only because I feel generous, I'll give you one month to come up with the money, but that's it!"

My cousins and I gasped. We went over the options. "We could sell stuff," said the eldest. We thought about it. They all shrugged and headed home. They would come back tomorrow.

After they left, a strange man with yellow teeth came out of the truck. I knew he was Mr. Gibson, the man who sells conch-salad by the bay. "Hello, Mr. Gibson" said my grandpa.

"Oh. hello. I heard you were in financial trouble."

"Yes, actually, and...?"



dollars for your trouble." Mr. Gibson shook his hand and left towards his truck. My grandfather stood in happy shock. I was not in a happy shock. This was simply because I knew there was no way to grow 15 pineapples in one month.

It was two weeks of hopeless searching to find a way to save Grandpa John's house. I ran a lime-aid stand, sold random things, and gave the pineapples fertilizer so that they could grow faster, or at all. The pineapples didn't seem to be growing anymore, and I was about to find out why.

I was walking to the store because a genius idea had just struck me. Why not just buy 15 pineapples and sell them to Mr. Gibson instead?

When I entered the store, I waved to the cashier and asked her where I could find the pineapples. The cashier looked at me like I just asked her where I could find the flying unicorn named Moe. She replied to me saying, "Pineapples are out of season. But why not buy a fruity bar? It's artificial pineapple flavor! Only 15 cents." I realized she was trying her hardest to sell me some junk, so I quickly walked out.

I felt hopeless, desperate for something that could help my poor grandpa out of this sticky situation. Who on Eleuthera could make a pineapple grow when they're not in season?

As I sat on the grass with my head buried in my hands, a familiar yet distant and vague voice said from above me... As you recall this is where we left off in the beginning.

"Come now child, don't be upset 'bout one little ting like dis; we can' control nature so what happening to you child een' fair." The voice was soothing, but awakening at the same time, so I looked up to see an old lady standing over me, her gray hair cut short and her traveller's cloak billowing in the wind.

"But I have to do something!" I said.

"And you will. We cannot control when things grow and how they do, but this will. You plant this in your pineapple fields and everything GA shoot up! Now, go plant it, and tomorrow you will have 20 healthy pineapples," she said. Then she vanished in thin air.

For a moment I hesitated and wondered if it would work. I decided it was worth a try, and I hurried back to my grandpa's house.

The next day my grandpa asked me how I got the pineapples to grow so quickly, but I smiled and told him I didn't know. He paid his mortgage and we still play at the house to this day.



LEARN TO LISTEN!

Omowale Tafari
10 years

Liceo Montessori de Jamaica
Jamaica

Once there were three boys who lived deep in the mountains in Villa Town in Portland. Jerry lived in a two-storey house, and Bob lived in a three-storey house.

It was a hot place, but it would rain a lot. The river gushed down from the mountain, making beautiful waterfalls as it went, and it was one of their favourite places in Jamaica.

The three boys were going down to the river, passing Mr. Brown's garden. Mr. Brown shouted out to them, "Where are you going?"

Bob said, "We are going to the river."

Mr. Brown said, "The river is infested with snakes!! They have come in after those heavy rains we had last week."

Bob burst out into laughter.

"This is not a joke," said Mr. Brown.

"Well, we will see you later!" said Bob.

"Make sure you stay away from that river!!" Mr. Brown warned.

But Bob and the boys went anyway. They thought it was a joke.

"I don't see any snakes. Do you? I knew he was wrong. I will go in first, okay?"

He took off his shirt and shorts and went closer to the bank under the huge, overhanging branch of the old guango tree.

Suddenly, Tom saw a snake dropping down from the branch. He was terrified. He squealed out,

"SNAAAAAKE!!"

But it was too late. Bob clutched his foot. "OOOOUCH!!"

He screamed in pain as the snake slithered away.

"RUN, RUN and get Mr. Brown!! QUICK!!" Tom shouted as he held his friend, trying to comfort him.

The old man came running. He was panting hard. He knew this was not the time to get upset.

He called the hospital. They heard the siren of the ambulance ten minutes later, and Bob was rushed away.

"He will be okay, fellas," he told the boys. They were all so worried.

Two days later, they got the news that the snake was not a poisonous one and that Bob was ready to come home. They were overjoyed, and they knew they had learned a valuable lesson.

They knew that Mr. Brown was always there to help them, and they silently vowed to always listen to him, and also to take care of him too.

BETTY, THE KIND, FRIENDLY LEADER

Raidayne Thomas
10 years

West End Primary School
Cayman Islands

Betty was a kind and friendly leader. She would stand up to bullies and tell them to stop bullying.

Betty was one of those people who were not afraid to tell the truth. She was not afraid to be the one to report all the bullying happening in the school. Most of the bullies did not like her. Sometimes she would not have any friends to play with, but that didn't bother her. She was friendly.

Anytime she saw a child who was not playing, she would play with them. She liked to share. Also, when her friends had no pencil to write with, she would give them one of her pencils. This is how Betty became a great leader.

On the first day of school at Steep End Primary School, Jonah the bully of the school, along with the other two bullies, Jermy and DeShawn, was bullying a boy by the name of Steve. They were teasing him and calling him names.

"Bald-Headed Baby," said Jonah. Jonah continued "Jack in the Box."

Steve started to cry at his locker. Afterwards, when Betty turned the corner and saw Jonah, Jermy and DeShawn bullying Steve, she said, "Stop that right now!"

"Why should I? Are you going to report me?" he said mockingly. Jermy and DeShawn laughed.

"You can stop that right this minute!" she said seriously, with a face as serious as a dead man.

Jermy stopped laughing and said, "It's time to stop bullying people. It's not fun. I'm done bullying."

DeShawn ignored them. "Why are you finished bullying people? Don't you know that it's fun, DeShawn?"

Jermy had bullied Betty once, so he apologized to her. "Betty, I am really sorry for bullying you. Will you forgive me?" he said as he apologized.



"Yes. I will forgive you," Betty said forgivingly. Afterwards, they both forgave each other, and they became friends.

Jonah and DeShawn couldn't believe that Jermy quit bullying and had left the gang. They were in disbelief. They were so upset because they have known each other since they were four years old. They were the kings of every school they attended, and bullied everyone who didn't stand up to them.

"I just can't believe that Jermy quit on us. He's such a fool!" Jonah yelled, with a look of disappointment on his face. Both DeShawn and Jonah walked away from Betty and Jermy. They were extremely upset, but this was not enough to stop them from bullying others.

The next day, as Jermy and his new friend Betty were walking and talking from their Social Studies class, they saw Jonah and DeShawn bullying Steve again. This time they were laughing at him because he got the lowest score in the Science test. His classmates were laughing at him. However, his best friend James was not laughing.

James asked John, one of his classmates, what was happening. "They are making fun of Steve because of the low score he got in Science," he said in a mean tone.

James made his way to the front, where Steve was being bullied, and shouted as loudly as he could, "Enough! Stop making fun of him right now! How mean can you be?" With that he stormed off to get Betty.

Betty was there in a flash. "You are bullying him again for what reason? How would you feel if you were called names and made fun of because of your grade in class?"

Betty told them how wrong their actions were, and told them that the problem with bullies is that they are really just cowards.

The two boys were shocked that Betty stood up to them. "We never thought of it that way," they muttered. Then, they apologized to Steve for bullying him. "We are really sorry for bullying you, Steve."

They both apologized with their heads held down. They were so embarrassed, they couldn't even look at the crowd. Half of the school followed Betty and cheered, "TAKE A STAND, LEND A HAND!" They chanted all around the football field.

From that day on, there was no bullying in the school as long as Betty was there.



JUNK-A-NEW FRIENDS

Raign Plakaris
10 years

P.A. Gibson Primary School
Eleuthera, Bahamas

It was just before Junior Junkanoo time when I met my new friend Ashley. Junkanoo is like a mini Mardi Gras for the Bahamas. It originated many years ago when slaves on plantations on many of the islands were given a day off from work to celebrate the holidays.

Junkanoo was held around Christmas time, Boxing Day and New Year's Day to be exact. During this period, all Bahamians ate well, danced in the streets to music created by any and all sorts of instruments, and made costumes using whatever materials found.

Ashley and her family had moved to the Bahamas from England, so these festivities were very new to Ashley. She knew absolutely nothing about Junkanoo or of our Bahamian culture.

At first, Ashley was very shy, and I could tell she was lonely. The other kids laughed at her because of her strange British accent and made fun of her curly, long, blonde hair. I would often see her sitting alone at break and lunch time. She appeared to be very depressed. Finally, one day I went up to her and introduced myself.

As I approached her, Ashley seemed to be a bit nervous and turned bright red, but she flashed a great big smile. "Hello," I said. As I told her a little about myself, I could see that she was starting to feel a little comfortable.

Still a bit reluctant, she started to open up and told me that her family moved to the Bahamas for job opportunities from England. We hit it off after that.

I told her about the school and how it got its name. I also told her about the teachers - those who were nice and helpful, and those not so nice. I even told her about some of the students, especially those to avoid, like the bullies and the ones who did not focus on their schoolwork. I surely did not forget to tell her about all of the great things at our school too.

We ended up spending the entire break together, getting to know each other, and decided to become friends.

Ashley said that she had two brothers: one was two and the other was twelve. Her father worked, and her mother stayed at home. To our surprise, she did not live far from me, so we decided to walk home together. During our stroll home, I mentioned that I was in my church dance group and invited her and her family to church.

We became inseparable. We would get together every day during break and lunch time. We became very good friends. By the time Junior Junkanoo came, which is for kids, we were like two peas in a pod.

At Junior Junkanoo, I took Ashley to the best spots to see the beautiful floats and talented dancers. Ashley wanted to get a closer look at the costumes, so she had wandered off. After some time, I realized that she had not come back. I called out her name. However, there was so much noise from the cowbells and drums that my voice was drowned out and she could not hear me.

When there was no answer from her and I could not see her anywhere, I started to panic. I quickly pulled myself together, took a big breath, found the nearest police officer and asked for help. I gave the officer a full description of Ashley.

He told me to remain with my parents, and he would start a search for her. I was so worried about my friend! I prayed for her to be okay.

It felt like hours had passed and there was still no sign of Ashley. I was losing hope. Suddenly, I saw her, and I embraced her with a hug.

When I asked her where she went, she said that she had gone closer to the road to get a better view of the parade. I explained to her that she should never go off on her own because it can be dangerous, seeing that we were so far away from home.

She said that she understood, and promised never to do it again.

It has been a full year since we have met, and we are still best friends!

OUR THANKS

To the schools which encouraged their
students to participate:

The Bahamas

Laura Anderson Primary School
P.A. Gibson Primary School
Deep Creek Middle School

Cayman Islands

West End Primary
Creek and Spot Bay Junior School
Cayman Prep and High School Edna
Edna M. Moyle Primary School

Jamaica

Liceo Montessori de Jamaica
Kensington Primary School
Shortwood Practicing Infant, Primary
& Junior High school

OUR THANKS

To the following Rotary Clubs who held
local story-writing contests:

Eleuthera, Bahamas
Cayman Brac, Cayman Islands
Grand Cayman Sunrise, Cayman Islands
Manor Park, Jamaica
Montego Bay, Jamaica
Portmore, Jamaica



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Our differing occupations, cultures, and countries give us a unique perspective. Our shared passion for service helps us accomplish the remarkable.



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We've been making history and bringing our world closer together for over 100 years. Since forming in 1905, we've taken on some of the world's toughest challenges and helped a wide range of international and service organizations—from the UN to Easter Seals—get started.

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