



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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THE BLUE IGUANAS

By Ella Capetta
Aged 9

Footsteps School
Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands

Once there was a girl who loved to look for shells. Her name was Cate, and she lived with her mom, dad, older sister Grace, adopted sister Ash, and her dog Popcorn.

One morning, the girls woke up to the smell of smoke. They knew that it was their mother because whenever she tried to cook something it always went wrong. After they had their burnt breakfast, they went to the beach to play catch.

"Coming at you!" yelled Cate. But when Cate threw the ball she missed and it went into a bush. "I'll get it" said Grace. When she reached the far side of the bush, she jumped back and screamed. She slowly walked closer and suddenly...

"Hello."

"Wait, you want our help with what?" said Grace, speaking to the talking blue iguanas she had just discovered! The iguana who was speaking was named George. "We need a new home. This one is dirty with trash!" complained George. "We want to move to a new island," he demanded.

"The magic shell!" said the girls! They had a magic shell that allowed them to travel wherever they wanted and stop time.

Ready for their exciting adventure, Cate held the magic shell up to the sunlight and....

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!"

"Where are we?" said Cate. Music was playing in the distance. Ash did a roll call and everyone was here.

They walked down a narrow path that led to an outdoor stage! On the stage, were people singing and dancing! They had on bright orange dresses with beads and flowers. They held onto



the end of their large skirts, as they twisted and twirled. There was a large sign above the stage: "Trinidad's Best Dance: Bélé!" "Oh!" said Cate. "Now I know where we are." "We better get searching or the iguanas will get mad." Grace said. They walked off into the distance. Once they had found a spot with rocks and sand they asked for the iguanas' opinion. "It's too sandy," said George. "It's too sharp," said Eliza. "It's too small," said the Sammys. (They are twins.) All the other iguanas agreed. It was time to look elsewhere. Cate once again held the shell to the sky.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!".....

"Where are we now?" Grace asked. There was no music playing. They took a look around. It was dark and gloomy. Cate suddenly stumbled through some sort of root-lined path and face planted herself. "Cate!" they all screamed. But when they went to check on her, they followed in Cate's face-planting footsteps. On their feet again, they discovered a forest. It kind of looked like a forest you would see in Cayman. There were Australian pine trees, tourist trees, and rubber trees surrounding them. They walked through the small forest and out onto a large beach. The sun was shining. They could hear the sound of the waves on the shore, and the song "Don't Worry, Be Happy" sung by Bob Marley. There was a small sign that read "Bahamas: Seven Mile Beach!" Once again they started to search for the perfect home.

The iguanas hated it even more than the last one.

"I really thought that this would be the island" said Cate. Then suddenly she had an idea. If the iguanas were not satisfied with any homes that the girls suggested, then the iguanas could come home with the girls! It was brilliant! After Cate had shared her idea with the rest of the group, they had a vote. The moving to the girls' house plan had won!

So it was decided.

"Ahhhhhh!"... Time has been unstopped...

You see before the girls could do anything about moving the iguanas in, they had to go through their mother. She was stubborn. She worked at an endangered species rescue company. Let's hope they can do it...

"Did you say blue iguanas?" The girl's mom asked in awe. "You heard me right," said Grace. Her mother approached her with a face looking like she was about to explode in anger and then... "Oh my gosh! Please take them into the yard right now! Are they hurt? Are they..."

"Mom, they're fine." said Grace, calmly, but she was secretly excited! When she got outside, instead of seeing the rest of the team waiting by the door, they were playing in the backyard. This adventure does have a happy ending, she thought. Everyone is safe, happy, and calm, just the way you're supposed to be.

THE NIGHT I GREW UP

By Siena Clemens-Orr
Aged 10

Footsteps School
Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands

I stared at the old Cayman-style house. Inside was an old man who was supposed to tell me about life when he was young. *Why would I want to know about that?* I thought. *It's not like I'll ever need it. Oh well, it's only an hour and then I can go to the movies.*

I unlocked the gate and stepped onto a pebble path lined with sun-bleached conch shells. The garden was white sand, dotted with young trees creating small pockets of shade beneath them. The little house itself was painted a sky blue with a wavy metal roof. I stepped onto the shady porch, knocked on the door and stepped back. When the door didn't open, I began to walk away, but I was stopped halfway by a cheerful tune that filled the air. I turned and headed back, but this time I cut through the smooth, sandy garden and went around the house to the back where I found the source of the cheerful tune. An old man stood pruning a flowering bush. "Hello?" I said. The old man stopped whistling and turned around. "Oh, I wasn't sure you was comin'. But I guess we can get to it. Come sit down, I'll get us some tea."

A minute later he was back, handing me a mug and telling me it was fish tea. I wrinkled my nose. He just sighed, shook his head and drank some of his own. "Now where do I begin?"

"I had always been a headstrong child, off doing my own thing—swimming, exploring, fishing. But when I went to sea, that all changed. I realized that on a ship you have to work together to stay alive. We all had to listen to the captain and do what he instructed. I didn't really understand why until my fifth turtling trip. It was one I will never forget.

The last turtling boat had just been secured on deck. As we were taking sail, I heard a low rumbling sound like a stampede of animals. The skies darkened and I saw a large black cloud rolling across the sky, bolts of lightning and deafening roars of thunder coming only seconds after. I froze. The captain yelled and I was jolted back to action. I tied down ropes and raced around doing everything I could to prepare. It was a race against time. A race between life and death."

The old man took a deep shuddering breath and I realized that I was barely breathing, waiting for him to continue.

"The captain called out to batten down the hatches and secure the sails. As he turned to give the next command, a huge wave slammed us broadside. The block and tackle came loose, swinging wildly in the wind. It struck the captain, knocking him unconscious. He would have gone overboard if it hadn't been for two men grabbing him at the last second. Then everyone began to panic. I looked around and the first mate was nowhere to be seen, so I shouted to two men to get the captain to his quarters and tend to him. Just then I saw another huge wave and shouted "Rogue wave - hang on!" After the boat righted itself, I sent everyone downstairs, keeping three men with me as skeleton crew. I took the helm and told two men to man the sails while the other kept look out. I tied a rope around my waist to keep from going overboard and the other men did the same.

It was the longest night of my life. After hours of being cold, wet, scared and tired, the storm finally died down. The crew stumbled back up onto the deck. Grateful that the storm was over, we were all more than ready to sail home. We had been at sea for a month, and I longed to see my family again. When we finally saw land, we seemed to fly toward it, skimming the water.

By the time we docked, everyone was waiting for us. I greeted my family with a mixture of laughter and tears. When we got back to this very house, I slept for hours. When I woke, I told my family the story of the night I grew up, over a feast of turtle, breadfruit, fish tea and fritters."

Suddenly going to the movies didn't seem so important. I stayed until sunset, listening to story after story and drinking fish tea.

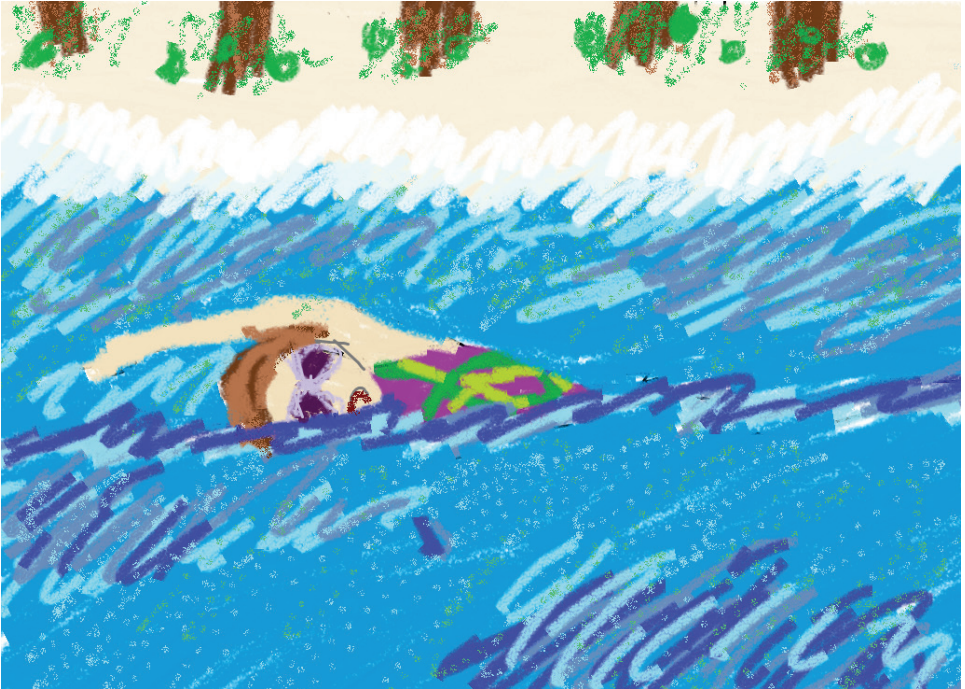


FOR ANOTHER

Written and Illustrated

By Jessica Dawson
Aged 10

Cayman Prep and High School
Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands



"Come on, Casey!"

Ayanna's voice cut through the sound of splashing. Spurred by the encouragement, Casey pulled herself through the water, kicking her feet rapidly. She felt something pull past her and the spray of water in her face as the feet in front of her showered her with liquid.

No!

She couldn't lag behind. She had to finish this race- preferably winning it, but maybe that was too much to aim for. Casey

strained herself, putting all her strength into this swim. She had to be almost there, right?

The shrill screech of a whistle pierced through the water. That meant the race was over! Casey straightened, looking around. The blinding sunlight shone down on her, reflecting on the sparkling azure Caribbean water. Casey blinked, trying to get the salty water out of her eyes. Where was everyone?

Something caught her attention. Casey gazed at the beach and saw that her teammates were out of the water. They seemed far away. Wait- they were far away. Casey had swum *much* farther out than she was supposed to. The beach looked tiny!

Suddenly feeling tremendously tired, Casey began the arduous swim towards her team. Each stroke seemed so much harder than the last; this was why she wasn't a long-distance swimmer!

Finally, Casey's feet brushed fine sand. Sighing, she trudged up the beach to her teammates, who were lounging on the wooden picnic tables underneath twisting sea-grape trees. One of them, Ayanna, tossed her a ragged towel.

"Got a bit off track, hey?" She teased as Casey sat down.

"You can't speak! You're not even competing!" Casey shot back. Then she realized that Ayanna was joking, and blushed.

"You did well, though, Case." A tall boy jumped down from the tree above the table, grinning. "You got past Dan, that's for sure."

A dirty-blond head appeared over the side of a box of sandwiches. He looked around, waved at Casey, and then went back to eating.

Ayanna rolled her eyes, yanking the box away from Dan.

"How'd you feel about being overtaken at the last second? By a lot?"

"I didn't know she had that much power in her!" Dan protested, whilst everybody laughed.

Casey grabbed a sandwich, then another. That swim really had made her hungry. After devouring both triangles, she looked up.

"How'd Will do? We all know he's better than us all by far," she stared at the tall, dark-haired boy. Will blushed.

"Yeah, you guys never stood a chance. He just zoomed off right at the start," stated Ayanna.

"So, how do you think the big race is gonna go tomorrow? Think we'll do well?" Dan grabbed another sandwich.

Casey sighed. The race made her nervous.

"I still think we can do it! Don't think about... her." Leave it to Ayanna to be the optimist.

"But she's really good!" This was the main thing Casey was worried about. Her nemesis, Dayana, was known for being amazing at sprints.

"Don't stress. We'll give our best shot tomorrow, and if not, there'll be another race!"

"I guess." Casey glanced at her watch. "I have to go. I'll meet you at Governors Beach for the race!"

"See ya!"

"Bye!"

Dan continued munching his sandwich.

It was race time. The whole team met up at Governors half an hour early. They were ready.

A while later, everybody was ready, lined up at the top of the beach.

3, 2, 1... the swimmers ran down into the water, and the race began!

Will launched ahead -like he always did- leaving everyone else behind. Yep, Casey knew who would win. Dan lagged behind, and eventually Casey was separated from all her teammates.

But wait- what was that?

Something was thrashing in the water, screeching. Casey saw it was Dayana!

"Help! I can't swim, I'm injured!" screamed Dayana

The race didn't matter. Casey swam over and lugged Dayana to safety. The officials took care of the wailing girl.

"Hurry up! They're giving out the awards!" declared Ayanna. The race had finished.

Casey held her breath.

"In second place we have.... William Solan!"

Casey squealed, excited for Will. But if he had only gotten second, and he was ahead of everyone, who had gotten first?

"And... drumroll please... in first place we have Casey Meloeise, for giving up the race for others!"

Casey gasped, grinning. She knew she had done the right thing.

MY BUTTERFLY, BUTTERFLY

By Tijauni Hinds
Aged 9

Shortwood Primary School
Manor Park, Jamaica

Butterfly, butterfly fly to the tree. Butterfly, butterfly come back to me. Butterfly, butterfly to the door, butterfly, butterfly sit on the floor. Butterfly, butterfly up up up, butterfly, butterfly down down down. Butterfly, butterfly in in in, butterfly, butterfly free free free!

A butterfly is a pretty insect and it flies around without any harm to us children. I love the butterfly because it is so kind and peaceful and it is interesting to watch it morph from a caterpillar to a beautiful piece of nature. I like butterflies because it taught me how to be good to other children and bullies.

One day in July at school summer camp, our class members and teachers went on an outing to the Hope Zoo in Kingston. On the bus, the class bully - Billy - began to tease some students and they started to cry. My favourite teacher Mrs. Young, told Billy to stop hurting others and to go and sit down in his seat. He obeyed Mrs. Young but he still kept saying unkind words to my friends. I told my friends to stop crying because Billy would continue to say mean things to them. But he never stopped teasing them.

Then we reached Hope Zoo and started to look at the animals. A group of us including Billy, went to the butterfly house with Mrs. Young. He tried to swat some of the butterflies even when he was told to not do that. Billy did not listen to Mrs. Young until a large group of butterflies started flying around him. He started to be afraid when different types of butterflies were buzzing around his head and began to cry. The rest of us were playing with the butterflies when we heard him



crying and shouting "Help! Help!" We ran over to see what was wrong and to help him. I told him to not worry as the butterflies were playing with him. My classmates also told him that the butterflies were harmless. We were with him when a pretty Monarch butterfly perched on my shoulder and Billy started screaming. I told Billy to not be afraid of butterflies as they are friendly insects. Another friend sat with Billy and calmed him down.

Mrs. Young also comforted Billy and talked to him about how kind we were to him when he was in trouble with the butterflies. She told him that he should think about being kind to others. Billy looked up at us and got up from where he was sitting. He came over and said "I am sorry and thanks for helping me when the butterflies surrounded my head." Then suddenly, he hugged us and told us he would behave himself from now on.

On the way back to camp, all of us were very happy, laughing at Billy's jokes, sharing cookies, snacks, water and juices with each other. After that day, Billy turned into a friend to all of us in the class and started to play with butterflies when we would see them at school. Also, Mrs. Young never had to put him in the naughty corner ever again. All of us felt good and Billy became a good pal to all of us. This is why I love my Butterfly!

Butterfly, butterfly fly to the tree, butterfly, butterfly come back to me. Butterfly, butterfly to the door, butterfly, butterfly sit on the floor. Butterfly, butterfly up up up, butterfly, butterfly down down down. Butterfly, butterfly in in in, butterfly, butterfly free free free!



JOHN THE MONGOOSE

By DéSjaniah A.R Lake

Methodist Agogic Centre Browlia F. Maillard Campus

Aged 10

Sint Maarten

Once there was a mongoose named John who wore a coconut as a hat. John was always smiling and had lot of friends. John's favorite flavored cake was mango pineapple, which he looked forward to eating especially on his birthday which was today.

John thought that his friends were going to surprise him for sure with his favorite cake and he imagined how much he was going to enjoy it. He went looking for his friends, but everyone just ignored him. John couldn't believe his friends had forgotten his birthday. He was so sad. So John just went back to his house under a tamarind tree. When he was about to open the door he saw a letter stuck to the door. It read: *Hi John, I need some help with something. Can you come to my house please? Signed: Maya the Monkey.*

John was excited that one of his friends wanted his help, and maybe she had cake, any cake. So John ran as fast as he could to Maya's banana tree. When he got there he knocked on the door and said: "Maya, Maya." But no one answered. John was sad and just went back to his house. As he walked back, he saw another note in his window. It read: *Hey John, I was running late, but if you go to Mullet Bay I might be there. Signed: Maya the Monkey.*

John liked the idea of cooling out on the beach under a coconut tree. So as the letter said, he went to Mullet Bay Beach. When he got there his toes touched the hot sand. John wanted to go into the water to splash around. He said to himself that he will as soon as he finished helping Maya. As he walked across the beach, he saw people enjoying themselves with their friends. He

wanted to do that too but he couldn't find Maya. He stepped on a piece of paper in the sand. As he looked closer he saw another note saying: *John, if you're going to help me, first you must go to the nearest shack and collect a black suit, fancy shoes and a blue tie.*

So as the letter said, he bought a black suit, fancy shoes and a blue tie. John started to get curious and wondered why Maya wanted him to get these things. "Is it for a meeting or to go to church?" John asked himself. John looked out into the sea and saw that the sun was going down. He stood on the beach looking at how pretty it was. Then John realized he would have to hurry if he was going to meet Maya. He checked the note again and it also said: *If you go to the Cause Way Bridge you will see me on the golden motorcycle.*

But as he ran he saw a little fish yelling: Help! Help! Please help I can't get back in the water help! So John stopped running and helped the little fish back into the sea. The little fish thanked John for putting him back into the sea. Then John ran as fast as he could to meet Maya. When John had finally gotten there, he saw the golden motorcycle, but no one was on it. Then he saw a paper on it. John assumed it was another note, so he took the paper and read it. It said: *Sorry John, looks like there is only one place you can meet me. Come back to the village and go to Chippy the Lizard's orange tree.*

So as the note said. John would head back to the village. John took the golden motorcycle and rode back to the village. As he got there, John went to Chippy the Lizard's orange tree and knocked on the door. This time someone opened the door. It was Maya. John was so happy to see Maya. John said: Maya I must ask this, why were you late today? Maya said: Come inside and see. So John went into Chippy's house and was shocked when everyone yelled: *Surprise!! Happy birthday John.*

John was so happy to find out that his friends didn't forget his birthday. They were pretending all along.

John took his coconut hat and started knocking them together in a beat. And John and his friends partied all night while they enjoyed his favorite flavored cake, mango pineapple.



A SAILOR'S DREAM

By Sierra Martin
Aged 10

Montessori by the Sea
Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands

There once was a young boy with a huge imagination and even bigger dreams. One night he had a rather extraordinary dream. His dream was about three small islands known as the Cayman Islands. The largest of the three was Grand Cayman, the smallest Little Cayman and the middle sized one was Cayman Brac.

In the dream the boy found himself on a rickety old Cat boat that his great grandfather had built many moons ago. As the boy hauled his first big load of fish aboard the wooden boat two white pelicans flew over to him. "Excuse me but do you know where we can find a large school of fish?" asked the first pelican in a squeaky voice. "W... Well.... to be honest umm, err, I don't really know" said the boy nervously. "Hmm, now that I think about it, I don't recognize you from around here" said the second pelican with a sense of annoyance in its voice, looking at the boy curiously. "Here have some of my fish. I have plenty to share. It's only me so I really don't mind" the boy said kindly. The pelicans greatly thanked the boy and continued their journey.

The boy gently sailed along with the warn Caribbean breeze toward land. He came across a mudflat held together by mangroves. Stuck in the mudflat the boy saw what he recognized to be a dolphin. The magical creature seemed to be struggling to free herself from the shallow waters. Immediately the boy anchored his boat and waded through the water. "HELP, HELP" cried the young dolphin. "It's ok, it's ok, calm down" the boy said comfortingly. The dolphin calmed a little but was still thrashing around. The boy pulled and pushed

with all his might and finally managed to get the dolphin to deeper water. "There you are little one, go find your pod and please stay safe my friend" the boy whispered sweetly to his new sea mate. Not long after the boy jumped back into his boat and sailed further around the island. This island was Grand Cayman. He rested on the hot sandy beaches and enjoyed the fresh fish he had caught earlier that day. "I wish the islands will always stay beautiful and wild" the boy whispered quietly to himself.

After some rest the little boy continued on his adventure across the crystal clear, turquoise waters. He could see turtles bobbing their heads up for air next to him, eagle rays gliding majestically just under the surface of the water and the occasional shark cruising gracefully along the bottom. How lucky he was to be here. Finally he reached a very, very small island with a large reef with waters deeper than he could imagine! This was Little Cayman and he had found his way to the Bloody Bay wall. The boy darted about chasing fish and finding the most unusual looking sponges and corals.

Soon the boy made his way back to Grand Cayman. As he drew closer to the land all he could see were tall buildings. It was no longer the landscape he recognized. His heart sank. The boy's wish was denied. How could people do this? How could they not see the beauty of this island staring them in the face? The boy sailed hesitantly to shore. He listened but there was no parrot song. The Cayman Parrots had fled. The dinosaur looking Blue Iguanas were no longer to be seen. The mangroves had been torn away and without them the land had begun to erode. The dolphins that had once roamed the Cayman seas passed by the islands to find cleaner oceans.

Suddenly the boy awoke from his breath-taking dream. On his awakening he swore to do everything he could to protect the

three gorgeous islands and their waters at any cost! All he needs now is for the adults to listen.

THE LATE BLOOMER

Written & Illustrated
By Aaradhya Murukesan
Aged 7

St. Joseph's School
Phillipsburg, Sint Maarten

Once upon a time there lived a magical fairy, named Lizzie. She lived in a beautiful flower garden with other fairies, butterflies and more. Lizzie's job was to make sure everyone was doing what they're supposed to and to help those who need it. Lizzie was like a leader but she was never rude or demanding, just helpful. Many of the fairies looked up to Lizzie.



Lizzie was flying around the garden, when she saw a caterpillar pushing around her friends. Lizzie quickly flew over to the caterpillar to see what was happening.

Lizzie asked, "Caterpillar, what is your name?"

"My name is Rosie," responded the caterpillar.

"Well Rosie, I saw you pushing your friends around, why were you doing that?"

"Because I will be the first caterpillar to turn into a butterfly and I will be the most beautiful of all. So I need to eat the most food."

"Well," started Lizzie, "all of you will turn into beautiful butterflies and no one will be prettier than the other, as you will all be unique. You all will grow at your own time," but Rosie ignored her and continued to eat.

Then Lizzie turned to the other caterpillars and asked, "Would you like me to take you guys to a different plant to eat?"

"No, it's okay. We don't want to leave Rosie alone."

Lizzie started thinking, Rosie needed to understand that everyone is beautiful and unique in their own way and no one is better than the other. We all have our strengths and weaknesses. She needed to learn how to be patient.

Lizzie came up with a plan to help Rosie understand that. Lizzie decided to use her magic to slow down Rosie's life cycle. So Rosie will only be able to transform when she realizes her mistakes. Days went by and Rosie continued to eat and grow.

One day, Rosie was eating some leaves when she noticed a few silky chrysalises hanging on a twig. Oh, my friends have already turned into chrysalises, thought Rosie sadly. Lizzie saw Rosie and came to her.

"Hey Rosie, why are you so sad?"

"Well, it's been so long and I'm not turning into a butterfly. I don't understand what's happening."

"Well Rosie, everyone grows differently and your time will come. You just have to be patient and understand that patience and kindness is the key to success."

In that moment Rosie realized how valuable her friends were, even after the way she treated them. Soon all of her friends turned into beautiful butterflies. They all had different coloured wings with unique patterns on them. They flew over to Rosie when they saw her.

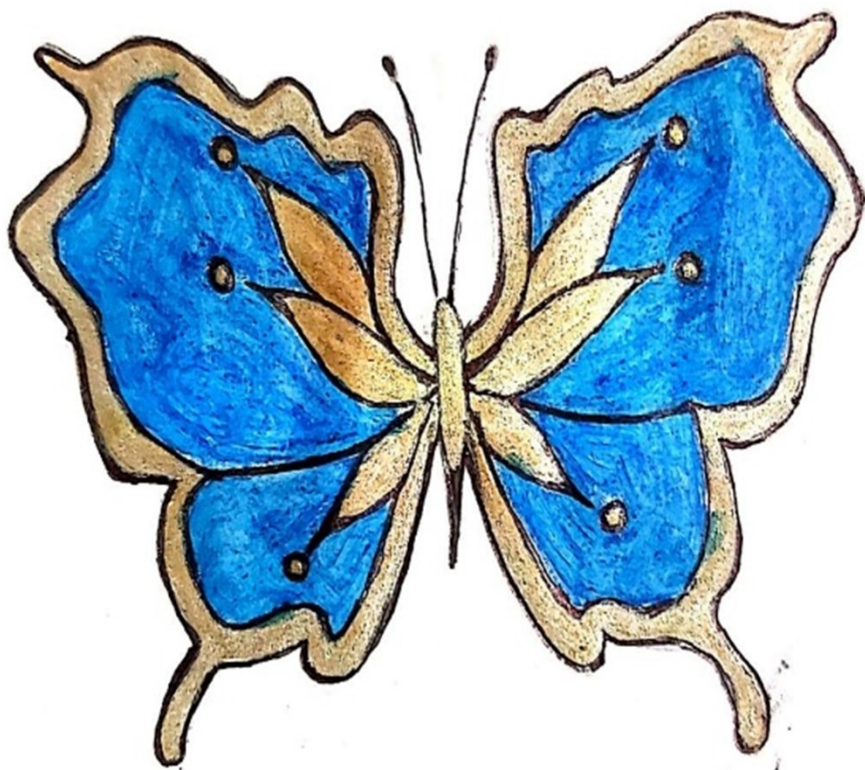
"Hey guys, you look so beautiful and I'm so happy for you. I'm sorry for the way I treated you, it was very unkind and thank you for never leaving me."

"It's okay Rosie; we will always be here for you. You will also turn into a beautiful butterfly very soon."

Lizzie stood afar listening to their conversation. Lizzie was so happy to see Rosie's changes. Just then Rosie began to feel tired. She found a nice comfortable twig and decided to wrap herself in a silky blanket and fell into a comfortable slumber.

Rosie's friends and Lizzie wanted to surprise her with a special welcome party. The party will have lots of dancing and music. They will also play her favourite song, La Rumba. Finally, the day was here and the surprise was ready.

Rosie started to awaken. She realized that there was a tight covering around her and she was not able to get out. She also heard music coming from outside. She pushed and pushed, trying to get out. She broke free and to her disbelief she had a pair of beautiful blue and gold wings. All her friends surrounded her, clapping happily and congratulating her. Rosie joined the party and everyone had so much fun. Rosie and her friends promised to remain together in all situations.



Lizzie came over to the group and said, "Congratulations Rosie and the rest of you. Now it's time for you to go explore what this wonderful world has to offer you,

'Where the chains of mountains green

Variously in sunlight sheen

Oh, I love thy Paradise,

Nature beauty fairly nice'

Moral of the story:

Unkindness keeps you back, while love takes you a step forward with true, kind and helpful friends.



THE THING I LOVE THE MOST

By Nikolai Richards
Aged 9

Kensington Primary School
Portmore, Jamaica

A nine year old boy who has a great love for football

Nikolai Richards is surely my name.

Playing football that's my game.

A team of eleven players and a ball that's round,

At the end of half time, a whistle is sound.

Your legs and knees will need a shield.

Oh! Football is played on an open field.

Players are changed most of the time,

So sitting on a bench you're next in line.

There are rules that seems so hard,

When a wrong move is made you're given a card.

Kicking the ball straight through the net,

My team will win, you wanna bet.

Winning a game, you have to score goals,

So always remember to do what you've been told.

A football game can be so much fun.

You better be sure you can run.

Oh my God! There's so many things it seems,

When it comes to a football game, there's got to be a team.

In this game energy is a must.

When the ball starts rolling there's gonna be dust.

For a football game, I have all the love.
It's a God given talent straight from above.
In my mind I surely can think
Of all these words to a football link.
So come on now here we go.
Just remember I said so.

F - Is for football, I yield to the call, this game I love most of all.

O - Overtime being played all the time, this takes place after ninety minutes time.

O - Over our heads and into the net at that time our needs of a goal has been met.

T - Tall or short everyone can play, rain or sunshine all through the day.

B - Between those posts when goals are scored, cover your ears and listen for the roar.

A - Anytime, anywhere over the world football is loved by young and old.

L - Laugh out loud when there is a joke, warning is given when the referee spoke.

L - Live, love, look and learn, when football is playing, goals must be earn.

I love football, I have the skill, football I will play from now until.

GUACO AND HIS SAVIOR

By Che Scott
Aged 8

Creek & Spot Bay Primary School
Cayman Brac, Cayman Islands

This is a story about a curious young Iguana and a kind-hearted little boy.

Guaco is a young Rock Iguana, who lives with his family on the Island of Cayman Brac. Most baby iguanas stay close to home and around their families until they mature. However, Guaco is not "Most" baby iguanas. He likes to wander off and explore this curious new world he has been born into.

One day while eating some tasty green leaves, from a patch of sweet potatoes with his family, Guaco quietly crept away. He had heard a lot of exciting noises coming from the other side of the green field of tall grass. It sounded like laughter and lots of fun. He wanted to see what all this commotion was about, so he made his way across the field and then he got to the edge of the road. There were a lot of cars passing by, Guaco was afraid to try and go across. His mum had told them about this thing called a road and also about cars, she told them how dangerous it was for a little iguana and that they should never wander further than the tall, green grass in the field. He was already at the edge of the tall grass, he knew he should turn back, but the laughter continued and his curiosity grew with each giggle.

He lifted one of his front feet and placed it on the road. He heard a car coming and quickly pulled it back in, he was so afraid of getting hit by a car, but he also wanted to be brave. This had Guaco thinking, he remembered that his mum had told him that their kind was very special, they are an endangered species, so they are protected by the Law. People look out for them and take care of them if they can, it is part of their culture. If a car is coming and sees one of them on the road, it would usually



stop so they can go across. Guaco made up his mind, he decided he had to go and find out what was happening, then hurry to get back home before dark. He listened closely and looked both ways, he didn't see any cars in sight, so he mustered up the courage and made a run for it. He got up high on all four legs and ran across the road as fast as he could, he didn't stop to look around or look back. Thankfully, he made it across safely.

Once he got to the other side of the road, he saw all the kids at the school playing on the playground. This was where all the laughter was coming from. Guaco decided to get a closer look and see if he could play too, but when he got there, some of the children started throwing rocks at him and whacking him with sticks. Guaco was scared and thought he would be killed, until a brave young boy named Che jumped in front of him, opened his arms wide to protect him and shouted at all the other kids saying STOP!! He saved Guaco and told all his friends and classmates that these iguanas are special, they are an endangered species, so they are protected by the law. After that they all wanted to pet him and play with him, they understood how important he was now, and promised they would help if they ever saw one in need.

The bell was about to ring, so the little boy asked his teacher if she could help them take Guaco back across the road, to the green high grass where he would be safe. When they released him, Guaco looked up at the little boy, then he ran through the grass back to his family. He knew he would be in big TROUBLE with his mum, but he didn't have a choice, he had to go home, besides, it was all worth it because he made friends and had fun. When he got home, his mum and sister hurried to him and hugged him, they told him how worried they were. He then told them all about his adventure, and the brave, kindhearted little boy that saved his life.

HORRID HURRICANE ETA

By Gabriela Webb
Aged 11

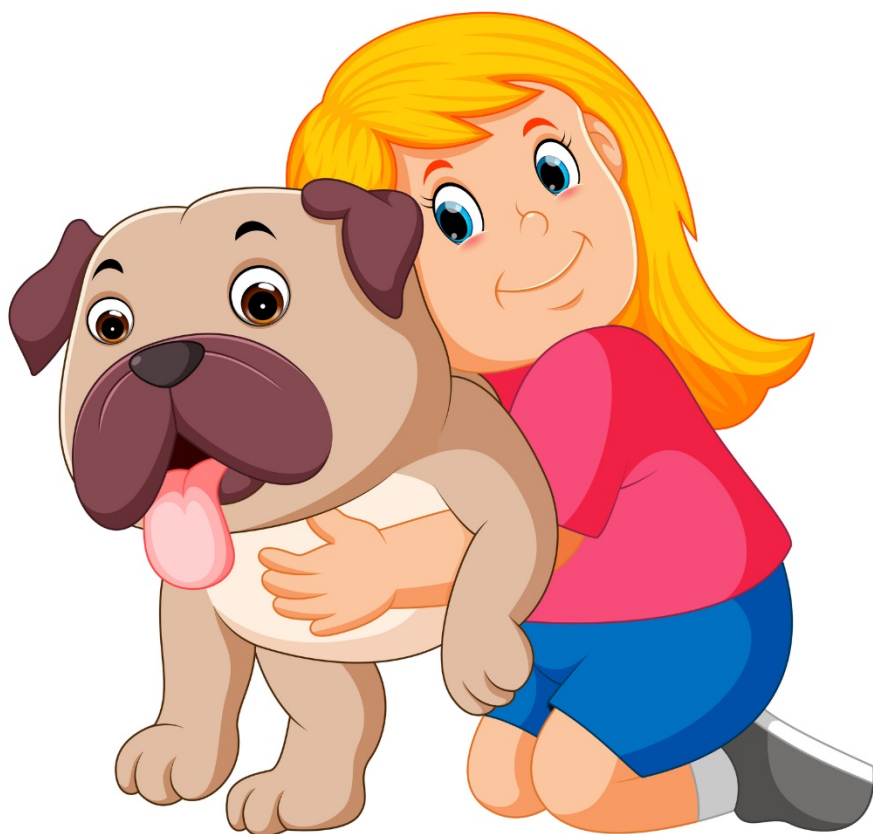
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Early one gloomy Saturday morning, I was munching on my breakfast, when suddenly, the house went dark. "The light is out!" I hollered! POW! POW! Things slammed and shattered outside as the angry rain pounded against my windows. I panicked and knocked on my parents' door. "We need to close the shutters and get the flashlights!" my dad bellowed!

Remembering my pet, I rushed outside to get my beloved dog and put him under the verandah. He was so scared that he shivered with fright and made some funny sounds. "Poor puppy" I said softly as I hugged and comforted him. Although my dog was not a human, we all treated him like a member of the family. He leaned his wet, furry coat against me and rubbed his

frightened face against mine. His scared eyes seemed to say,
"Thank you for saving me. I love you!"



Meanwhile, Eta was really in a very bad temper because she was behaving outrageously outside. HUFF! PUFF! She raged at everything in her path. Rushing water started to flood the place. My brother helped me to get my dog inside because he had started to cry and whined loudly like a human baby.

Green water had risen in the lagoon and was now ankle deep. "Please Lord, I prayed, let Eta go away and bring back the light!" BLIP! Golden light suddenly bathed the house. "YAAAY!" I screamed on top of voice. My lungs felt like they would burst

with all my screaming and excitement. God had answered my prayers. I was so happy. "Thank you, Lord!" I shouted.

My parents and I kept on praying and soon, Eta calmed down out of her tantrum. Oh, outside was such a mess! Blankets of multi-coloured seaweeds were everywhere! The trees had broken their backs, my back yard was flooded, some of my neighbour's houses were also flooded and we saw some strange visitors had invaded the roads...Can you believe it? Several fish were swimming crazily on the flooded roads! What a strange, unbelievable sight!

After gazing in awe at the surprising sight, families and neighbours got into action and started to help each other to clean up the mess. People had to share food, water and other necessary items with each other because we had just gone through a very scary and unfortunate experience. We united and helped each other until more help came. My family was happy to help and so was I!

Caymanians are loving people and we always try to reach out to



the less fortunate. Even the angelic sun came out to play! It seemed to smile at us as we helped each other. We all joined hands and praised God from protecting us from that devastating Eta. WHEW! What an experience!



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