

The Butterfly StoryBook 2022



10 Stories of
Doing Good, Helping Others
By Young, Emerging
Writers in the Caribbean



An award-winning project of the
Rotary E-Club of the Caribbean, 7020



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

Contents

Title	Author	Page
Island Beauty & Enjoyment	Nyla Christian	4
A Big Birthday Surprise	Vanda L. Crawford	7
A Fisherman's Tale	Liam Culmer	9
Crashed in the Caribbean	Zoe Jordan	15
The Banana Man	Shevaun Lynch	18



Title	Author	Page
The Beautiful Butterfly	K'Ranni Mornix	21
The Adventures of the Tropical Butterfly	K'Myla Moses	24
The Island Hoppers		
The Butterfly With No Pattern	Louke Vinke	26
	Rezoni Webster	29
Annie, the Agouti and Pablo the Pestering Parrot	Makenna Wright	32



Island Beauty and Enjoyment

Written and Illustrated by

Nyla Christian
Aged 10

Prospect Primary School
Grand Cayman Sunrise

Shining in all its brilliance, the blistering, morning Cayman sun smiled at the hard-working residents as the colourful catboats glided gracefully across the azure, calm waters. Chirp! Chirp! The enthusiastic Cayman Parrots chirped sweet melodies as they flew across the perfectly painted turquoise sky. The breath-taking view of Wild Banana Orchids stood with majestic posture while they glanced up and down at me like Mother Nature's security guards. The brilliant, bright, blue iguanas sunbathed lazily on the scorching hot pavement and their gaping mouths seemed to exclaim, "I love the Cayman Islands!"

I live in the picturesque, one-of-a-kind Grand Cayman, where people are caring, helpful and respectful. The best part is that it's summer every day of the year! I love to go to the Famous Seven Mile Beach, and whenever I go, my favourite part is to feel the pebbly white, soft sand between my toes! SPLISH! SPLASH! The gentle tear of water embraced the sand with a big hug as a wave erupted from the cool, calm, crystal clear ocean and crashed onto the sandy shoreline making clusters of puffy, white seafoam appear.

After an adventure filled with laughter on the beach, I travelled on a fast fancy boat to Stingray City which was filled with spectacular stingrays of all ages and sizes. I was fascinated but careful not to get stung by the venomous tails of these mysterious creatures. At my first stop to Stingray City, I enjoyed a refreshing swim in the sea which was filled with colourful coral and a variety of beautiful fish. "What an adventure," I sighed. Wouldn't you

like to travel to the beautiful Cayman Islands?

After a long day at the beach, it was time to answer to my growling, hungry stomach. I set out to a famous restaurant to consume some of the island's finest, mouth-watering cuisine. As I approached the restaurant, an old tourist walked leisurely up to me. He pleasantly asked, "Oh kind, young lady, it's my first time travelling to the beautiful Cayman Islands, can you suggest a satisfying dish that I can eat at this popular restaurant?". "You should try the famous Cayman style beef," I said. Then I introduced myself and told the friendly man about my breath-taking island. He really seemed to enjoy my company and I offered him the Cayman-kind hospitality.

As I glanced on the interesting and tempting menu, I found it almost impossible to choose what to eat because everything seemed inviting while tempting my impatient taste buds. I finally ordered some delicious, Caymanian turtle stew. My new friend was eager to taste Cayman's cultural dishes. As we waited patiently, the lip-smacking aroma of the turtle stew slowly found its way up my nostrils. My mouth started to drool as I craved for the sumptuous food more.

As soon as the food arrived, my friend and I acted like a ravenous lion ready to pounce on its prey. We gobbled up the flavourful food in a short while. The cool, refreshing, homemade swanky lingered in my mouth and then slowly crept down my throat while bringing joy to every taste bud it encountered. When the visitor to our islands thought it couldn't get any better, we were served slices of lip-smacking cassava cake for dessert. My sweet tooth started yelling for more of the sweet Caymanian treat, but my stomach protested that there was no space for another bite. I was torn! Should I succumb to the desires of my sweet tooth or listen to the protests of my stomach? The tourist was really enjoying himself and his empty plate told me that cassava cake was

obviously the right choice of desert.

Before my new friend departed, he thanked me a million times. He was very respectful in the way he behaved as we talked and dined. He told me that my kindness had made him fall in love with Grand Cayman and he will return to our beloved Isles to explore the Brak and Little Cayman on his second trip. The Cayman culture is rich and diverse. The seafaring culture, the flora, fauna, cuisine, and people of Cayman add to the mystique and appeal of this island in the Caribbean. With its all-year-long summers, why would anyone want to live anywhere else? "I love my verdant Isle Cayman!"



Big Birthday Surprise

Vanda L. Crawford
Aged 10

Alfredo Andres Elementary School
St. Croix West

In my family, the week of someone's birthday is their birthday week. So, we celebrate as if the person's birthday was the whole week. I was excited because somebody's birthday week was coming up. I like to celebrate birthdays, even though it's not my birthday. But this was not just anybody's birthday week. It was my mom's birthday week, and I was filled with excitement! On my mom's birthday week, our family wanted to make it extra special.

A few days before my mom's actual birthday, I wanted to do something special for her. But, I didn't know what to do. I went to my room, laid on my bed, and kept thinking and thinking. "What should I do for mom?" I thought. I wanted to help my dad wash her truck and he said, "No sah! Ge' yo' own present fo' she!" So, I then asked my older sister, Victoria, the same question. Victoria snarled, "Find someting else! I already doing someting!" She really did not want me to know what she was doing. Boy did they 'cuss' me up.

Then, I decided that I should make a song as mom's birthday surprise. So, I rushed to my bedroom, got on my laptop, and wrote a song for mom. Victoria heard me singing it over and over and she asked, "Can I sing with you? That song is catchy!" I rebutted, "No! I asked if I could do something with you and you said no!" Then I thought about it. I remembered the golden rule, "Do unto others as you want them to do to you." I replied to Victoria, "You can help me write the song, but you can't sing it with me. Okay?" Victoria gulped. (She can really sing well, but this was my special gift to mom.) Victoria agreed. Whew! We created the song and I practiced singing it day and night until mom's birthday.

We wanted to make sure that everything took place according to our plan. Victoria decorated a jar and she put notes in it for mom to read to cheer her up and some money too. The next morning, I woke up, got ready, and practiced my song one more time.

Then I popped into the kitchen and sang my song to mom with all my heart. She cried tears of joy. With a quiver in her voice she bawled, "This is too much!" Then Victoria handed her present to mom. We were all cheerful!

The next morning, it was time for Mom to leave the house to head to work. When she opened the front door, she saw that her car was clean, and she was ecstatic. When mom returned from work at night, we lit the candles and sang happy birthday to her. "Mmm....." I said as I smelled the chocolate cake that Dad bought for her. It was very appetizing. The next day, I made Chocolate Chip Belgium waffles for breakfast. The waffles were as big as my face. I put blueberries and strawberries on the waffles to make a happy face. It even had a nose made of whip cream, drizzled with caramel sauce. Mom was delighted! We were delighted! And our stomachs were delighted too!

My mother's birthday week wasn't special just because we did all these nice things for her. It was special because each person in our family showed her that we love her and that she is very important to us. Doing little things to show people that you care about them can make a huge difference for the giver and receiver. The effect is so much greater when we all work together!



A Fisherman's Tale

Written and Illustrated by
Taiden L. Culmer
Aged 10

Kingsway Academy
RC South Ocean, Bahamas



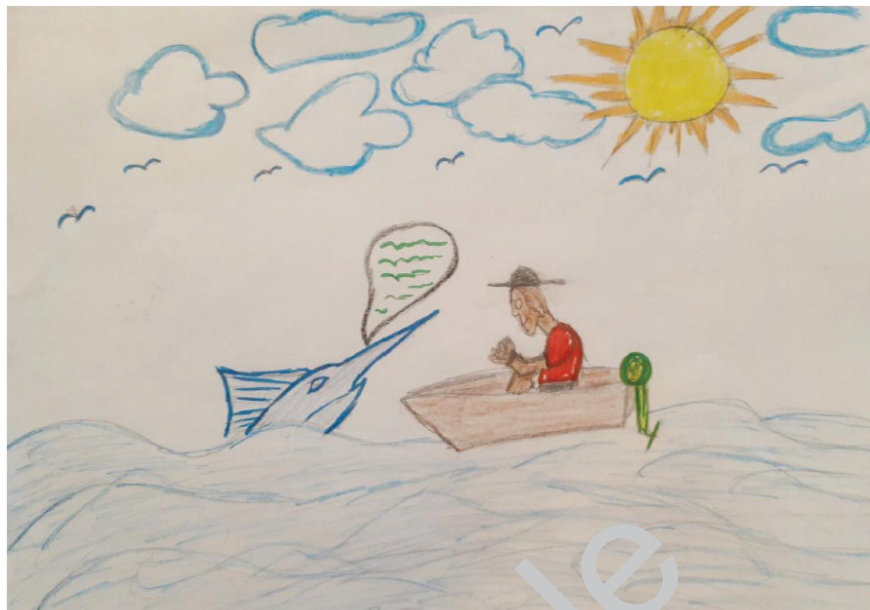
"Hi Hee, Hi Hoo, catching fish is what I do Hi Hee, Hi Hoo, catching fish for me and you Hi Hee, Hi Hoo, it's the only thing I like to do."

Josh Rolle, a young fisher boy, sang cheerfully as he skipped to the dock with his silver fishing rod and red pail of bait. Josh was eager to start his day of fishing. His Grandpa Joe was a well-known fisherman in Harbour Island. Josh worked along with him to sell fresh fish at the

market. On this Saturday morning, Grandpa Joe told Josh that from now on he would have to fish without him. He explained that he was getting up in age and his old bones were aching. Josh saw this as an honor and did as he was instructed.

Josh jumped into his wooden dingy boat and threw his fishing line into the crystal-clear water. He started to catch a lot of fish like barracuda, grouper, and yellowtail snappers. While Josh was fishing, he heard an alarming sound to the east of him. Josh was amazed to discover a long, shiny blue marlin glistening above the waves of the turquoise sea. He was even more stunned when the blue marlin said, "Hello Josh" in a brassy voice. The mysterious grey eyes of the blue marlin mesmerized Josh. He was astounded by the real, yet mythical creature. They chatted





for hours about the adventures under the sea. This soon became a regular occurrence, and they became great friends.

One Saturday afternoon, after their usual conversation, the blue marlin exclaimed in a friendly voice, "The boys of three, look out for thee." As quickly as those words were spoken, the blue marlin plunged underneath the sea. Josh was puzzled by this utterance. He scratched his head and pondered for a while. He finally jumped off his boat to unload his 'catch'. He then placed the fish alongside the dock and went back to the boat to get his fishing equipment. When Josh came back his heart dropped, all of his fish were gone. Josh was petrified and searched endlessly. His efforts proved to be in vain.

The next day, Josh went to the dock to fish. The events of yesterday still plagued him. While fishing, the blue marlin appeared. He asked, "Why such a long, sad face today, Josh?" Josh replied with much disappointment, "My fish, all the fish I caught yesterday was stolen." The blue marlin flipped his sharp tail and cried, "The boys of three, look out for thee!"



The blue marlin then vanished into the depths of the sea. Josh was confused once again and shrugged off the comment. After he was finished fishing, he placed his fish in a pail. Josh then went to get his fishing supplies.

When Josh returned, he discovered his fish was missing. Josh yelled, "No, not again!" in disbelief.

Josh remembered the words, of the blue and marlin. He finally realized he was warning him. Josh then decided to come up with a plan to catch the thieves.





The next morning he tied a piece of rope around a mango tree with a gold bell attached to it. Shortly after this, he placed his bucket of fish by the mango tree. Before he could blink his eyes, he heard the sound of the bell. Josh ran as fast as a hungry potcake dog to the area. When he got there, to his surprise, he saw three boys sneaking up on his fish. Josh yelled, "Hold it you thieves!"

One of the boys was so startled that he ran and accidentally fell off the dock.

Josh knew that even though the boy treated him unfairly, he still had to rescue him. Josh ran with all of his might towards the dock. The blue marlin suddenly appeared and yelled frantically, "Hop on my back, Josh!"

Josh took a leap of faith on the marlin's back and the animal launched him high in the air. Josh dived in the clear, cold water to save the boy. He pulled the boy out of the water and brought him back on land.

From this day on, Josh and the boys formed an unbreakable friendship. Josh was praised throughout the island for his act of



bravery and kindness. His peers now had the highest respect for him. However, after this day, Josh never saw the blue marlin again. He swam into the sunset, and Josh wondered if he was just a figment of his imagination.



Crashed in the Caribbean

Zoe Jordan
Aged 9

Lyford Cay International School
RC South Ocean, Bahamas

"I'm Tired!", the Canada Goose huffed. He had been flying for days all the way from British Columbia trying to get to Mexico. Without looking, he banged his left wing into an old palm tree. "Ow!", he cried out. He crash landed near a flock of flamingos and bumped into one eating shrimp.

"Oops! Be careful! Welcome, I am Eliana. What is your name?"

"I'm Gus! Where are we?", Gus asked, holding his injured wing.

"We're on Paradise Island, which is in the Caribbean. Why are you here?", Eliana asked.

"Well, I was migrating from Canada because of the cold weather, but on the way here, my left wing hit a tree," he explained.

"Oh no! Should I put some medicine on it for you?" Eliana asked.

"Thanks!", Gus replied.

Eliana grabbed an aloe vera leaf with her beak. She opened it up and spread it across Gus's wing. "In the Caribbean we use aloe vera for everything! We use it for cuts, burns, and it even improves your digestive system. We're very proud to grow aloe vera here in the Caribbean!", Eliana explained.

Gus was very curious, and his head was swimming with questions: What was Caribbean history? What did the Caribbean people like to do? Are they friendly here? As the aloe vera sunk into his feathers he smiled, I think I am going to like it here!

The next day, Eliana woke Gus up really early. It was time to test out his wing. Gus rolled out of his small sandy nest and looked at Eliana. How did she sleep standing up the whole night? And on one leg?

"Let's test out your wing! Our goal is to make it from the Bahamas to Cuba. We can do it!".

The feathery friends flew straight to Cuba. They needed a few pit-stops to rest his wing, but they arrived in only a few hours. Gus was amazed, "Wow, Cuba is so tiny compared to Canada!".

"Just wait until you feel the rhythm of the Rumba here! It's the most exciting dance you'll ever find in the Caribbean!", Eliana exclaimed.

Gus was having second thoughts, but he remembered how much fun the Bahamas was, so decided Cuba must be awesome too. The birds saw a group of locals starting to dance Rumba.

"This is so boring! They're moving too slow!", Gus said with a ho-hum look on his face.

"Rumba is not Boring! You might not like it, but many people do, especially Cubans! You have to learn to be respectful of other cultures even if they're different or not as exciting as you thought. This dance represents Cuba's African Influences, which is so important to their culture", Eliana explained.

"You are right.", Gus was a bit embarrassed. "I should respect other cultures even if they are not like my own." Eliana started to teach Gus the moves and the next few hours flew by quickly with lots of smiles.

"Can we see another Caribbean country? I would love to learn more!" They got back into the air and continued south. Next stop: Haiti!

When they arrived, there was a parade happening! Gus couldn't believe his luck; it was January 1st - Haiti's Independence Day! The island was celebrating its 217th birthday!

"Let's listen in!" Eliana said, "We can learn more about their history!" The birds moved closer to a tall, dark man standing on a stage before hundreds of people.

"We are proud to celebrate today, not only because it is our day of independence, but the independence of the first black republic in the world!" Then the crowd screamed wildly.

"Wow! I had no idea", Gus was amazed. "I can't wait to go home to Canada to share all of this cool culture with my Canadian Friends!"

Eliana looked at his wing. "Do you think you could make it all the way back to Canada? You know, I have never been outside of the Caribbean!"

"I feel reborn with this energy! Let's go now!", Gus beamed.

"You mean, I can come with you?", Eliana said shyly.

"Of course! Except ... I have never led a journey before ...".

"This is my first time being a leader and look how fun it was! There is a leader inside all of us, but you just haven't found yours yet. Being a leader is such an important experience", Eliana assured him.

The new friends started soaring. Gus felt powerful and happy being the leader and making such a great friend. And look! There was North America on the horizon!



The Banana Man

By Shevaun Lynch
Aged 10

New Providence Primary
Liguanea Plains, Jamaica

Rob Lynch was a kind and honest man who lived with his wife, Sonia, and son, Keith, in the district of Green Hills in Eastern Jamaica. Sadly, his wife and son died in the Covid-19 pandemic, and he went into deep mourning. His friends and family felt sorry for him but had decided to give him time to grieve.

Rob lived in the hills in a small two-bedroom house, his mother had died and left for him. He planted lots of bananas, plantains and yam and was well-known by his community as "The Banana Man". Everyone in the community of Green Hills always received green or ripe bananas from him. The kids would pass by for their finger of banana each morning on their way to school.

Rob loved his wife and son, they meant everything to him. His wife was a Christian woman and was the only dressmaker in Green Hills. Rob would always kiss his wife every morning before he left for the fields and tell her that she is his sunshine. His son, Keith, was extremely intelligent and a very good footballer and had dreams of one day becoming a Reggae Boy with Jamaica's national football team.

The people of Green Hills realized that Rob, the Banana Man, had changed after his family had passed. They stopped seeing him deliver bananas to his neighbours, the kids stopped getting their little snacks in the mornings and his fields were starting to dry up and weeds started growing everywhere.

He locked himself in his house and wasn't responding to any calls or visitors. The community started worrying and decided to all gather at his home to get him out of his sadness. Deep inside, Rob knew he couldn't hide away forever, and he knew that if he didn't get up soon all his crops would waste away.



Rob knew the children, and his neighbours also must be missing his ripe bananas. He knew this, but his depression made him feel helpless and lonely. Then it happened that he could hear the distant voices of people outside his house, the crackling of fire and the chopping sounds of the machetes.

Rob slowly got up and peeped through his window to see the entire community at work in his fields. He was so astonished by the act of kindness that he started crying, something Rob hadn't thought he could do. Not even when his family died had he shed a tear, but he felt all the emotions of pain and loss, but for some reason seeing his friends coming together and helping him, had caused all the resentment and loneliness he was feeling to all break down like walls being demolished. On that day Rob decided that he would not lay in bed anymore and feel sorry for himself. He wiped the tears from his eyes and said to himself: "I'll get up, dust myself off and make my wife, son and community proud."

When Rob emerged from the confines of his house, and his neighbours looked up and saw him they all clapped, whistled, shouted praises and some even cried.

Rob now realized that, although his wife and son were gone, he still had a community that loved and respected him. He put on his mask, touched elbows with his neighbours and went straight to work alongside them. He felt great, he felt like the man he once was, the man his wife loved and cherished, the man his son saw as a role model.

Three years later Rob's field had flourished. He even opened up a bakery where he sells banana bread and everything that could be made from bananas and plantains. He named the bakery Sonia's in memory of his late wife. Banana Bread and To-To (a small banana cake) were his specialty.

The community was also developing and now had a football field named after his son, and Keith Lynch Park was now the location of all community events such as Independence Jonkanoo parades, Christmas grand market and sports days for the community's all age school.

Rob Lynch, the Banana Man was now proud of himself and knew his wife and son were proud of him too.

The Beautiful Butterfly

K'Ranii Mornix
Aged 10

Orealia Kelly Primary School
RC Anguilla

One bright and sunny summer morning Noel and his mother went for a ride in the park. As they were passing through the neighbour's path he saw a brown caterpillar with black spots laying on a bright green carberry leaf. "What is that on the leaf mommy?" he asked.

"It is a caterpillar" his mom replied.

"A caterpillar?" he asked with his face skin-up. "It's an ugly worm" he continued saying in disgust.

As they continued their journey a beautiful brown spotted butterfly flew in front of them "Look mommy, look a butterfly!" he yelled with excitement and a smile on his face.

"Why are you so excited to see a butterfly?" his mother asked. "Do you know that butterfly was once an ugly caterpillar just like the one we saw on the leaf?"

"Ah?" he asked surprisingly.

"Yes, it was," his mom replied, "The transformation of a caterpillar into a butterfly reminds me of a story of a little boy named Greig who lived in a tiny, lush, serene village, on Rosemary Lane, on an island in the Caribbean we call Paradise Island."

"Tell me the story mommy" Noel said anxiously.

Greig was the fourth son of a single mom who had to work very hard to support her family leaving him alone with his three brothers to be raised by the community. As Greig got older, he was loved by a gang of boys he called his friends, these friends caused him to love the streets and fighting and other wrong doings. In school Greig fought, skipped classes and disrespected teachers so much that he was often told, "The ship that can't be guided by the sailor would meet the rocks," and "Who don't hear

does not feel" and "You ain't gonna turn out to be a thing but a bum."

Greig took all the words and became just as he was told he would be. After completing school Greig remained the bad boy he was and ended up in jail. It was there where he realized that the people who say they are your friends are not. Greig served his time, after he was released Greig decided to move to the United Kingdom. In the United Kingdom Greig went back to school and began cooking as a career. Today Greig is known as the "Top chef of Great Britain", he gives back to those who never thought he would become something, and shares his testimony as a mentoring guide to young boys.

Greig was once an ugly caterpillar, who ended up in a bottle for some time and transformed into one of the most colourful butterflies anyone can see, he spread his wings and flew.

"Wow mommy this story is truly a beautiful transformation,"
"Can I become a butterfly too?" he continued asking.

"Yes you can son, you can and I know you will," replied his mother with a big smile.

"I will mom. This story will go with me all through my life and I will be a colourful butterfly flying so high brightening the day for other boys and girls just like Greig.



Adventures of the Tropical Butterfly

K'Myla Moses
Aged 10

BVI Seventh Day Adventist School
Central Tortola

Once upon a time there was a beautiful Butterfly named Lola Bloom. She was born on the island of Tortola but was sent away to the island of Bahamas by her grandparents to start a new life. She was colourful like a tropical parrot and was the Master of all butterflies. Lola guided big and small butterflies who were not able to be on their own. Lola was the most adventurous butterfly of them all. As the leader of the butterflies, she embarks on epic adventures.

Lola decided to go on a really big adventure back to her hometown Mae Berry Botanics which is located in Tortola, BVI. She flew day and night to get back home. However, on her way she bumped into some other butterflies. The butterflies she met were Sam, Berry, and Joseph and they all became friends. All of them were kind and helpful. They always helped Lola do the mapping and if she is too tired, they will give her water. All of them were heading back to the BVI but from different islands. On the trip she also saw different countries like Puerto Rico, St. Thomas and many more. It felt like Lola was flying for ages just to get to Tortola but finally she reached. Lola flew all around and still couldn't find her Hometown Mae Berry Botanics. As the night raced in, Lola went to sleep with doubt and hopes of finding her home and learning more about herself. After that long break Lola decided to pick her wings and continue on her way back to Mae Berry Botanics.

The next day Lola flew past a sign that said Mae Berry Botanics. She had the brightest smile on her face. When Lola got there, she saw her grandparents and they flew and hugged each other. They told Lola that they regretted flying her away and leaving her on her own. Lola forgave them because she was very loving, and kind and she stayed with them for 3 months.

One day when flying around the Botanics, many of Lola's neighbors said that she reminded them of her mom. They said they were both brave, bold, intelligent, and looked beautiful. Lola was

brought to tears and decided to ask her grandparents about her mother. They realized that it was time for Lola to get her mother's last wish and note. When they gave Lola the box she quickly opened it and flew around in haste because she was nervous. She first saw her Family's heirloom and she burst into tears and her little colourful wings stopped fluttering. The heirloom was beautiful and on it was a note "Be brave, be strong and never give up -Love Mom".

Lola was filled with joy because a piece that felt missing now felt whole. She felt a part of her mother that she never felt before. After that day Lola decided that it was her mission to help other butterflies in the same predicament as her to be a guide. She fell in love with doing that and was very respected in the butterfly community. Lola is the queen of her butterfly family and 20 years later is still helping other butterflies. Lola continuously exhibits love, peace, passion, and hope to everyone.



The Island Hoppers

Luuke Vinke
Aged 9

St. Maarten Montessori
St. Maarten Sunset

It had been a hot summer in Sint Maarten. Thankfully, there had been no hurricanes this year, but summer had passed too quickly, and now school was just around the corner. Liam was thinking about how to spend the last few days of vacation before Grade 6 when the phone rang. It was his best friend, Jordan. "Do you want to fly around the Caribbean with me and my parents?" Jordan asked.

Liam's dream had come true. He had wanted to do that since he was four years old. "Of course," Liam beamed. "Ask your parents if it's OK to come," Jordan encouraged. "They can come, too."

Liam's parents said he could go, but they would stay home. Liam was sad, but he knew he would not be sad for too long. Jordan wanted to give his best friend a really special gift, because he knew it was Liam's dream to visit every island in the Caribbean. They would hop on Winair and fly around. First, they thought, "Let's go to Saba!" As they flew, they told Jordan's parents, "We wanted to go to Saba first because we've heard that the landing is really exciting!" The pilots landed safely and smoothly on Saba's short runway. The boys took a deep breath.

In Saba, Jordan and Liam explored the smallest island that either boy had ever set foot on. They climbed the steps to the top of Mount Scenery, the highest point in the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Even on a hot day, the rainforest was cool and misty. Happily, the clouds cleared as the boys reached the summit. They got a great view over the sea.

After a busy day, the boys returned to the plane. New passengers entered, and they flew back to Sint Maarten.

The next day, it was a short hop to St. Eustatius – known as Statia, where the runway is more than a kilometer in length. The boys were eager to visit the beach at the foot of the cliffs where turtles are known to nest. Then it was on to the French island of St. Barth, and another short, steep descent that felt like riding a roller coaster!

With Jordan's dad at the wheel, the boys jumped into an open-topped rental car for a look at the fine stone buildings and super-modern yachts that line the harbor of the island's capital city, Gustavia.

Back in Sint Maarten, the boys realized they could visit another country without flying. All they had to do was drive across the border to Saint Martin, and they would be in France! Together with Jordan's parents, the boys had fun on the zip line in the tropical canopy at Loterie Farm. They even got a close-up look at the island's famous guavaberry trees. On the way home, Liam couldn't stop smiling.

"Hey, what are you thinking?" Jordan asked.

"I just realized something great," Liam smiled.

"We've visited some of the islands we can see from Sint Maarten – Saba, Statia and St. Barth."

"We haven't even been to St. Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat or Anguilla yet," Jordan added.

"And then there are all the other islands up and down the Caribbean that we can't see from home."

Jordan and Liam smiled happily at each other. Jordan asked, "Hey, are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"Yup," Liam nodded.

"Let's ask our parents about doing some extra jobs around the house to earn a little pocket money," he added.

"It looks like we've got a lot of flying to do!"



The Butterfly With No Pattern

Rezoni Webster
Aged 11

Valley Primary School
RC Anguilla

Many moons ago there lived a village of beautiful butterflies, who all existed together in their tiny houses on a small beautiful island. Every butterfly had its own special pattern. However, there was one particular butterfly who stood out from the others. Her name was Danielle, she was chocolate brown in colour and she always got made fun of, because she didn't have any pattern at all, and nobody wanted to be her friend, which made her extremely upset. The entire village thought she was dangerous, or had some sort of horrific disease. At school everybody kept their distance from her, including the teachers, all she wanted was to feel included and have a pattern like everybody else, but she knew this would never happen.

At home, her mom always told her she didn't need a pattern to be pretty, but her dad was ashamed to be seen with her, so she had to fly alone to school every day. As for her brother, he would play with her at home but at school he behaved as if she was a stranger to him, and this made her unhappy. One day, after school she begged her dad not to go back. "I can't go back here, everybody hates me!" She exclaimed. Her father sighed and replied, "The answer is no, you're going to school." She flew off to her room and slammed the door. In an instant she began to cry, but after a few moments she decided she'd go outside to clear her head.

After a while, she flew out of her window so her dad wouldn't see her. She flew far, far away to a beautiful beach. Here she was able to relax and think. She hovered under a shady papaya tree, the smell of the salt water filled the air and there was a nice, gentle breeze blowing the leaves of the trees. Despite her surroundings, she sighed, and tears trickled down her chocolate-coloured cheeks. That's when she saw another butterfly in the distance, she flew over to her and as she got closer, she noticed she was just like her. The girl was indigo in colour, and she did not have a pattern either. She flew over to the girl and noticed she was crying. "Are you okay?" she asked, as she got closer. The girl quickly turned around and her eyes widened. "You're just like

me!" the girl exclaimed surprisingly. "Yes, but why were you crying?" Danielle asked. "Everybody hates me, they think I'm dangerous just because I do not have a pattern like them, that's why I came here," the girl answered softly. They talked for hours but the sun was setting, and it got dark pretty quickly. "It's late, we need to get home," Danielle proclaimed.

"Yes but I never got your name."

"My name is Danielle," she answered. "I'm Nellie," she replied as a little crooked smile emerged across her face.

Even though they were sad, they were excited to have found each other, so they promised to meet back at the same beach the next day to continue their conversation, then they flew back to their homes. When Danielle got back home she flew to her room and went straight to bed. However, Danielle couldn't sleep, she was overjoyed that she made a new friend, one who was exactly like her. The next day she happily woke up, ate breakfast and got ready for school. She flew downstairs, took a deep breath, and flew to school. When she got to class everyone slid their tables away from her like they always did. Soon after, Mr. Web, their teacher, announced that they had a new student. Before he could finish his sentence, Nellie flew through the door, she was the new student.

Soon after, Mr. Web made Nellie introduce herself, which she did and while she was doing that she noticed Danielle at the back of the classroom, then she sat next to her. As the day went on they talked and realized that they had so much in common and even though everyone made fun of them they weren't bothered because they now had each other. That afternoon, Nellie's mom invited Danielle's family over for dinner. They became best friends and visited the beach where they met very often. They didn't listen to anyone who made them feel bad because they knew they were special. From that day on they were known as the butterflies with no patterns.



Annie, the Agouti and Pablo The Pestering Parrot

Written and Illustrated by
Makennah Wright
Aged 10

Prospect Primary School
Grand Cayman Sunrise

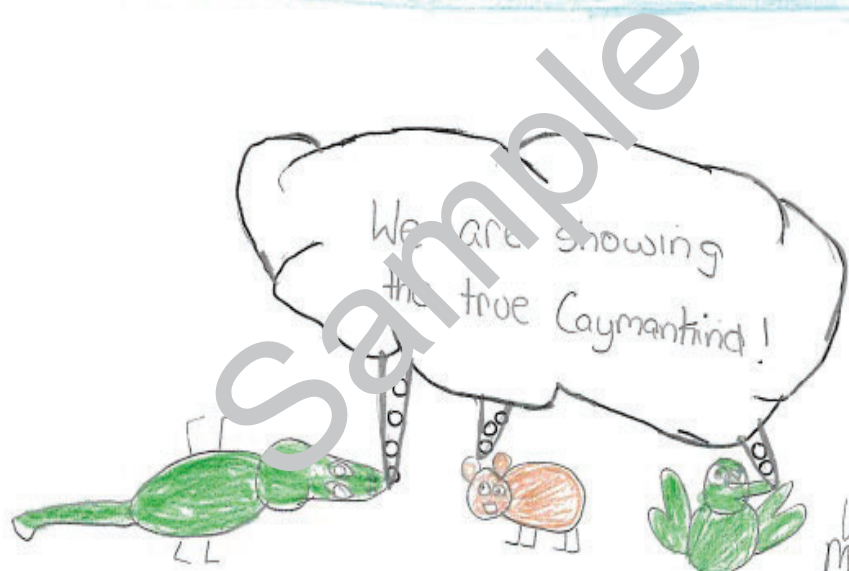
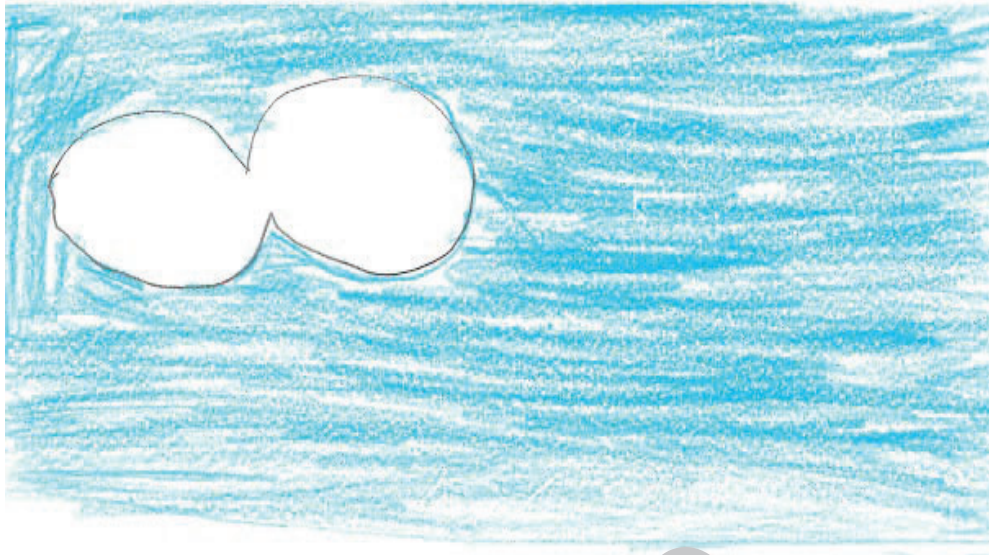
CACAW! CACAW! Pablo, the parrot was pestering Annie, the Agouti again with his tuneless song. "When will this annoying parrot let me have some peace?" she wondered. Pablo was perched on the dry twig of a tree in the cool, calm, eastern coast of Grand Cayman when he saw Annie hiding in the nearby lush, overgrown bushes. The sage green leaves covered a marvelous mango tree like a leafy blanket. The tree was laden with ripe, mouthwatering, delicious mangoes and whenever the wind gets into a playful mood, it makes music with the leaves of the trees. SWIISH! SWIISH! Leaves rustled noisily as the playful morning breeze tickled them and the golden-red fruits were rudely ripped from their slender stems. BIP! BAP! Sweet, yellow, finger-licking juice oozed from the mangoes as they hit the jagged edges of small rocks, and rolled to the dry ground. SQUELCH! SQUELCH! Succulent mangoes spat on Pablo's face as his sharp beak pierced the smooth, soft skin of the mangoes. Pablo and Annie both loved mangoes but these fruits always seemed to be saying hello from the top of the tree. This way, only Pablo, the parrot was able to eat most of the delicious mangoes. Suddenly, the wind got angry and blew one juicy mango off the tree. Feeling ecstatic, Annie sprinted to the mango. Her beady, black eyes shone brightly and she was about to take a huge bite when Pablo swooped down and pecked Annie in her neck with his razor-sharp, ivory beak. "Ow!" Annie yelled in agony "Do not eat my mango! You are so annoying!" Pablo screeched. Annie was flabbergasted that her own friend would act so cruel and hostile towards her.

Iggy, the independent iguana was enjoying the warm sunshine after eating his stomach full of sweet, ripe mangoes. He could not believe what he had just heard and seen. His eyes almost popped as he gasped with fright and hung onto the green canopy with shock.

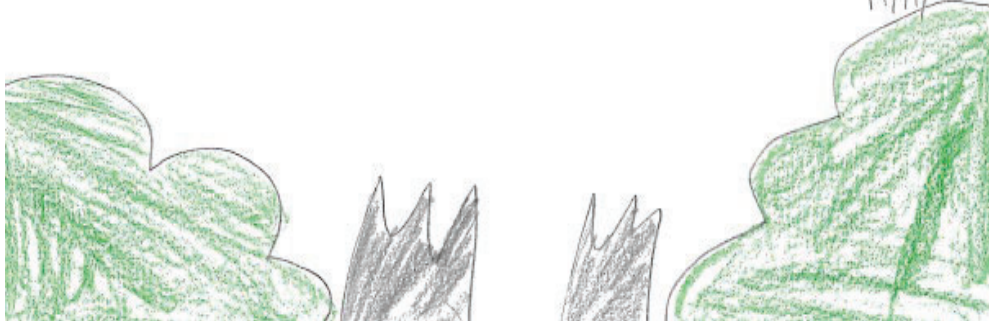


Luckily, he decided to be the bigger person in this bad situation so like Superman to the rescue, Iggy whipped his long spiky tail and hollered, to Annie, "Mangoes look out! Off these trees they are coming for you!" Iggy then jumped enthusiastically off the tree to assist Annie in securing big juicy, ripe mangoes. The sad agouti was now beaming from ear to ear and she was so grateful for everything that Iggy had done to help her. Pablo, on the other hand, felt bad for how badly he had treated Annie. Pablo apologized for what he did and promised to change his behavior. Later that day, Pablo brought two tasty mangoes from the tree - one for Annie and one for himself. "Annie, I am truly sorry of how I treated you earlier today, I am begging you to forgive me", Pablo said as he stared at the ground. "Of course!" Annie exclaimed. "Pablo, you really hurt my feelings today because I was starving but I appreciate you taking responsibility for your unkind act; it really means the world to me," replied Annie.

Pablo spent the next few days working on his behavior and every day he would pick three of the best mangoes from the tree and give to Annie. Pablo ran into Iggy one day as he was handing Annie the mangoes. As soon as Pablo saw him, he flew to the tree and brought three mangoes down for Iggy as well. "You have learned your lesson well, Pablo, and I respect you for showing kindness," said Iggy. Pablo responded, "I respect you too, Iggy because you did not make an argument when you realized how selfish I was acting. Without a fuss, you showed me what it is like to be a good leader. Iggy swished his tail in the air from side to side as he laughed and said, "You know, Pablo, we might be creatures of the wild but we are Caymanian creatures. If we must survive in these bushes, we need to stick together, show kindness, treat others with respect and lead by good examples as Caymanians always try to do". "These are excellent ways to show the true Cayman Kind", chanted Iggy, Pablo, and Annie joyfully.



Wright
19/11/21



**OUR THANKS TO
PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS**

Anguilla

Orealia Kelly Primary School
Valley Primary School

Bahamas

Kingsway Academy
Lyford Cay International School

British Virgin Islands

VI Seventh Day Adventist School

Cayman Islands

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St. Joseph School
Ruby Labega School
Sint Maarten Montessori School

United States Virgin Islands

Alfredo Andrews Elementary
School

OUR THANKS TO PARTICIPATING ROTARY CLUBS

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Central

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BAHAMAS

South Ocean

JAMAICA

Liguanea Plains

Manor Park

SINT MAARTEN

St. Martin Sunrise

St. Martin Sunset

UNITED STATES VIRGIN ISLANDS

St. Croix West



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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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Our distinct point of view and approach gives us unique advantages:

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HOW DID WE GET HERE?

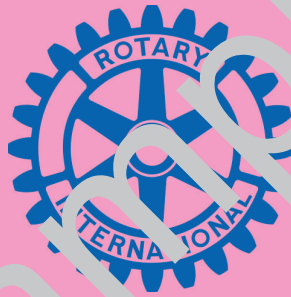
We've been making history and bringing our world closer together for over 100 years. Since forming in 1905, we've taken on some of the world's toughest challenges and helped a wide range of international and service organizations—from the UN to Easter Seals—get started.

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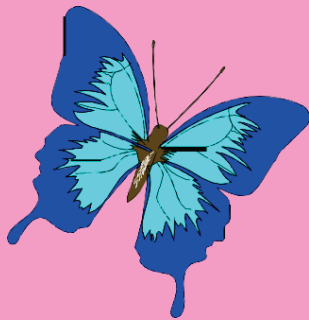
The young authors who contributed
to this StoryBook have
Received a gift of books in recognition
of their efforts



We have printed this book so that children
worldwide have an opportunity to read the stories



The publishing of this book in other languages is made possible
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