



Long ago, there was a colourful island with white, sandy beaches by the lapis, blue ocean. Squawking, red parrots chattered within the lush, green treetops. The tawny, brown, stem was swaying because of the strong breeze.

On the island, a rocky, charcoal black volcano towered above the beautiful island. Sometimes it breathed out black smoke from its mouth or shadow, black rocks. Barren, jagged cracks were buried far within the volcano.

A day came when no matter how hard the villagers tried, the volcano would not go back to sleep. The villagers had to quickly pack their things into heavy, wooden crates.





The scared, worried people paddled away in their wooden, simple boat with curved, spiral and flapping, silk sails.

The volcano groaned like a menacing beast. Sparks crackled. Rocks rolled and rolled and rolled until...

BOOM! The villagers could see and hear the volcano from a distance. Jet, black smoke shot into the sky. Roasting, emi son lava scoured down the volcano's mountainside. When the smoke cleared the volcano was gone, it had ended.

