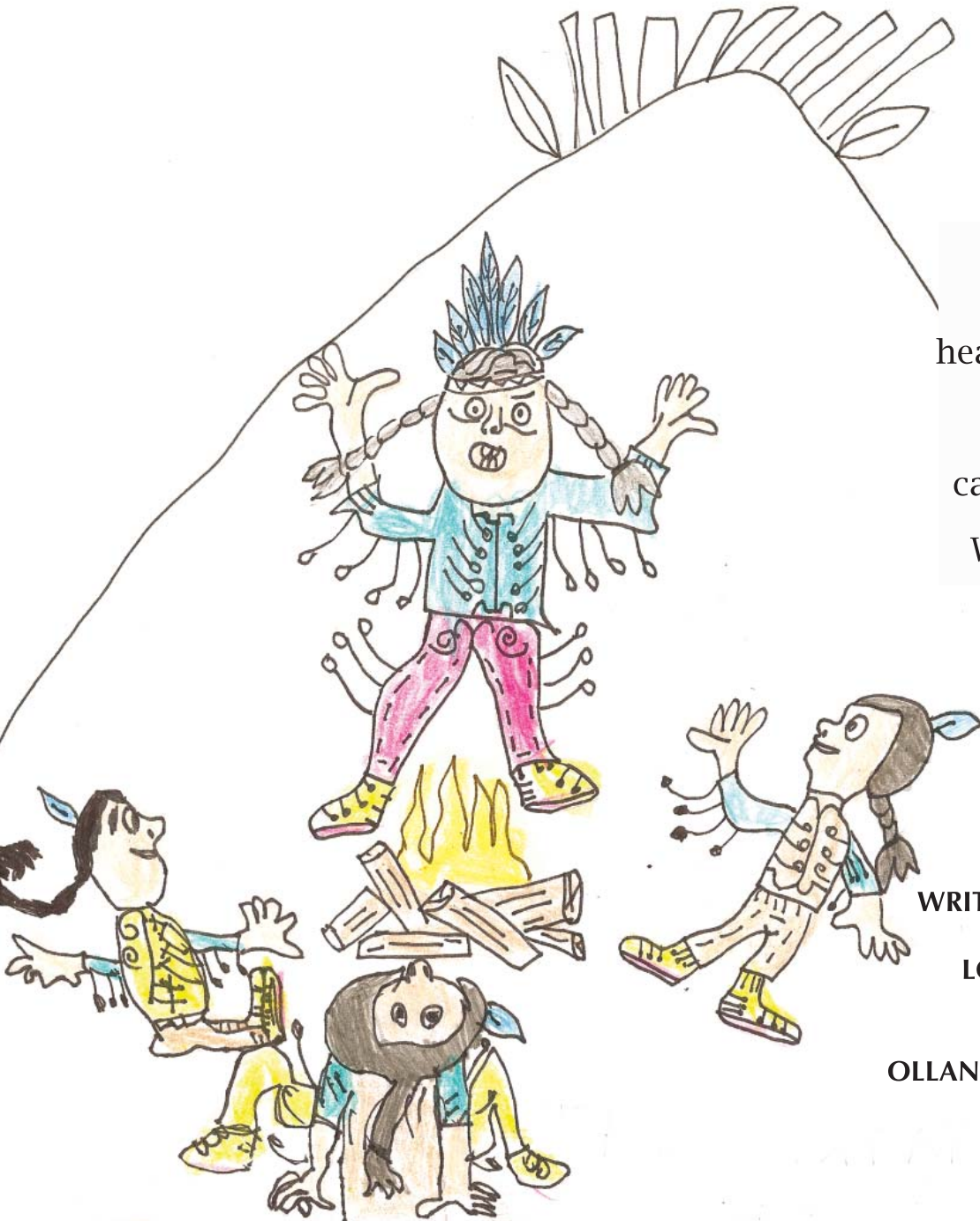


FATHER ALLIGATOR



Hello, I am Father Alligator. I am the head of our family. You may ask, why am I called Father Alligator. Well here is my story.

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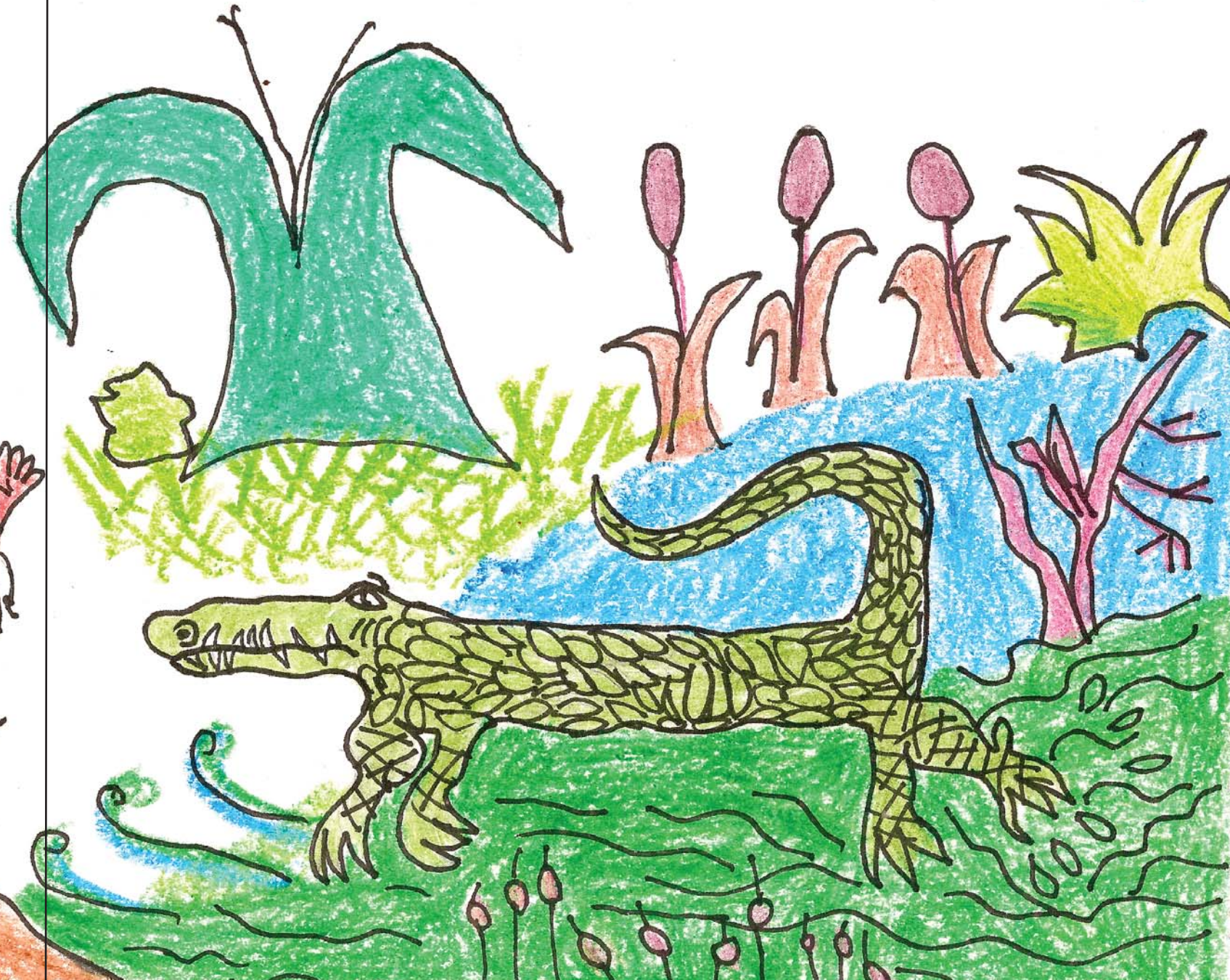
As a child, I was sadly regarded as rough and disagreeable. But the truth was, I was nothing of the sort. I was just very protective of my friends and family, sometimes to the point of aggressiveness. I could get upset very easily, and responded in a way that could have been more agreeable. I was also very territorial. But deep down, I was really a kind person and had good intentions.

One day, I was out hunting with my father, Father Chipmunk. On the way, I asked if I could go down to the swamp. When Father Chipmunk disagreed, I went anyway, snapping back, "I can if I want to! You're just a big old 'fraidy cat!"

So I went, but Father Chipmunk went with me. "Just in case," he said. I stared at the bubbling green water. The gurgling sound and thick flowing water silenced and calmed me. I liked it down here, and came here often.



Suddenly, a large slimy, scaled alligator came slithering out of the swamp. My father shrieked as I protectively jumped in front of him. Just let it try to hurt me or my dad, I thought, and I'd blast it into bits!



But when I looked into the creature's eyes, I somehow knew it would not hurt me. It seemed to be saying something... It was telling me, "You are one of us." Then, just as quickly as it came, it once again vanished into the murky water. Then and there, my father chose my animal: Alligator.

