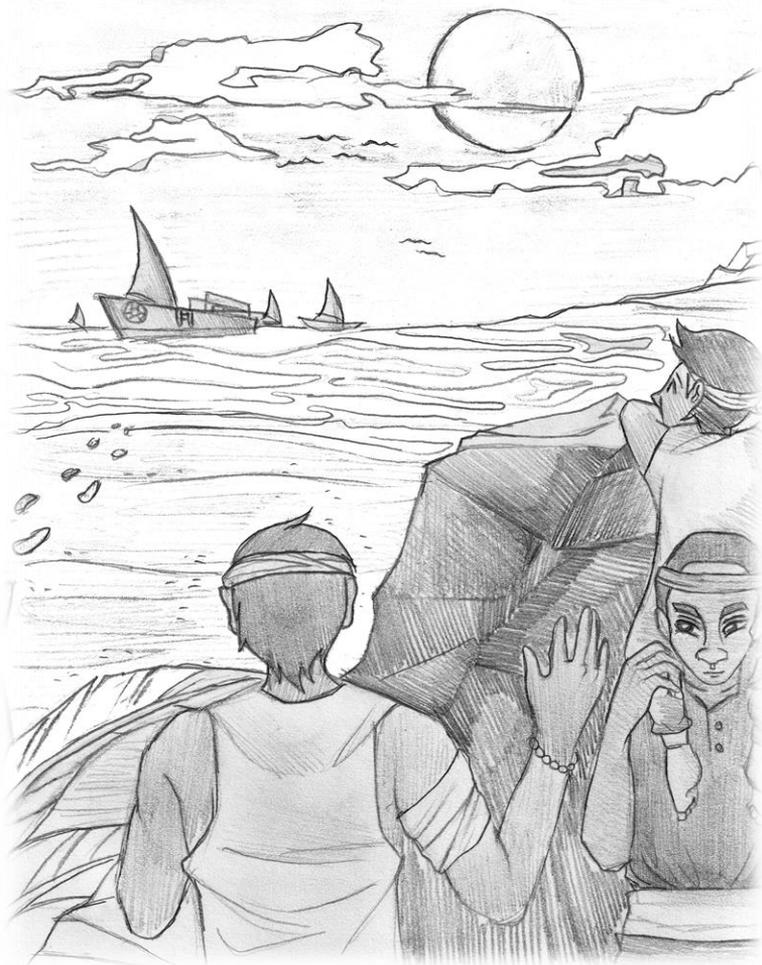


Chapter 1

The Yellow Plague

This is a story about our island, Rote, and our great forefather, Maku Fanggi.

Like any other calamity, the yellow plague was preceded by an unusual sighting, the appearance of 3 Portuguese caravels not far off the coast of Thie, a narrow strip of land in the south part of Rote Island. Several Caucasian-looking sailors on the decks of the caravels could be seen from afar. Many islanders, especially young children and men, gathered



around a big rock on the beach and looked anxiously at the ships as they disappeared in the horizon.

Days later, something odd began to happen. A few Palmyra trees near the coast of Thie started to turn yellow. The yellow color was a bit bright, quite different from the usual brown color the Palmyra leaves gave when they had dried. Nobody had ever seen this kind of disease before. It quickly spread to the other parts of the island. Soon the whole island was gripped by what the islanders later called 'The Yellow Plague'.

Searching for a Drop of Hope



Aaron Xander

Chapter 1

A Day in My Life

“Let’s jump in!” I cried as mud splashed on my curly hair. Covering my big eyes, my sister Juna jumped into the sludge and some of it went to her soft and squishy cheeks.

“Wait for us, Tobias!” my friend shouted.

He immediately jumped into the filthy mud, made sludge balls and threw it at me. My sister and I threw even more muck back at him.

After more than an hour of playing in the mud, my mother called us, “Stop playing!”

Suddenly, a sludge ball was thrown. Luckily she quickly ducked, as it nearly hit her short and black hair. Instead, it hit my father's bald head and some of the filth smeared his long eyelashes.

“Take a bath now!” commanded my mother.

“Okay, mother!” my sister and I replied obediently while giggling at the sight of our muddy father. He scowled at us but that only made us laughed even more. Before he became more irritated, we quickly escaped. After my bath, I ate my favorite fat-wriggly *sagu* caterpillars. My sister took her color pencils and started drawing a picture of our father covered in mud. I was amazed at her detailed drawing.