

The



Secret Island

written and illustrated by Deja Coleman

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Cristina and her friend, Emilly, were surfing in the ocean. It was a perfect day. Not too hot, not too cold.

Cristina was 15 and a few months older than Emilly. The girls

loved to surf and were in good shape from all their activities, both sports and chores.

After
a while,
they were
tossed
by a
wave and
landed
on shore.
They
were
worn
out and
decided
to go get
something to eat.



They followed the trail toward home. Along the way, they heard a noise and felt an earthquake. All of a sudden, the bluff on one side of the trail started a rock slide. They ran and hid behind a big rock. The bluff crumbled and tumbled down into hundreds of pieces.



Cristina heard her friend crying. A rock had hit Emilly's leg and it was bleeding. After a few minutes she decided she was not broken, just scared.

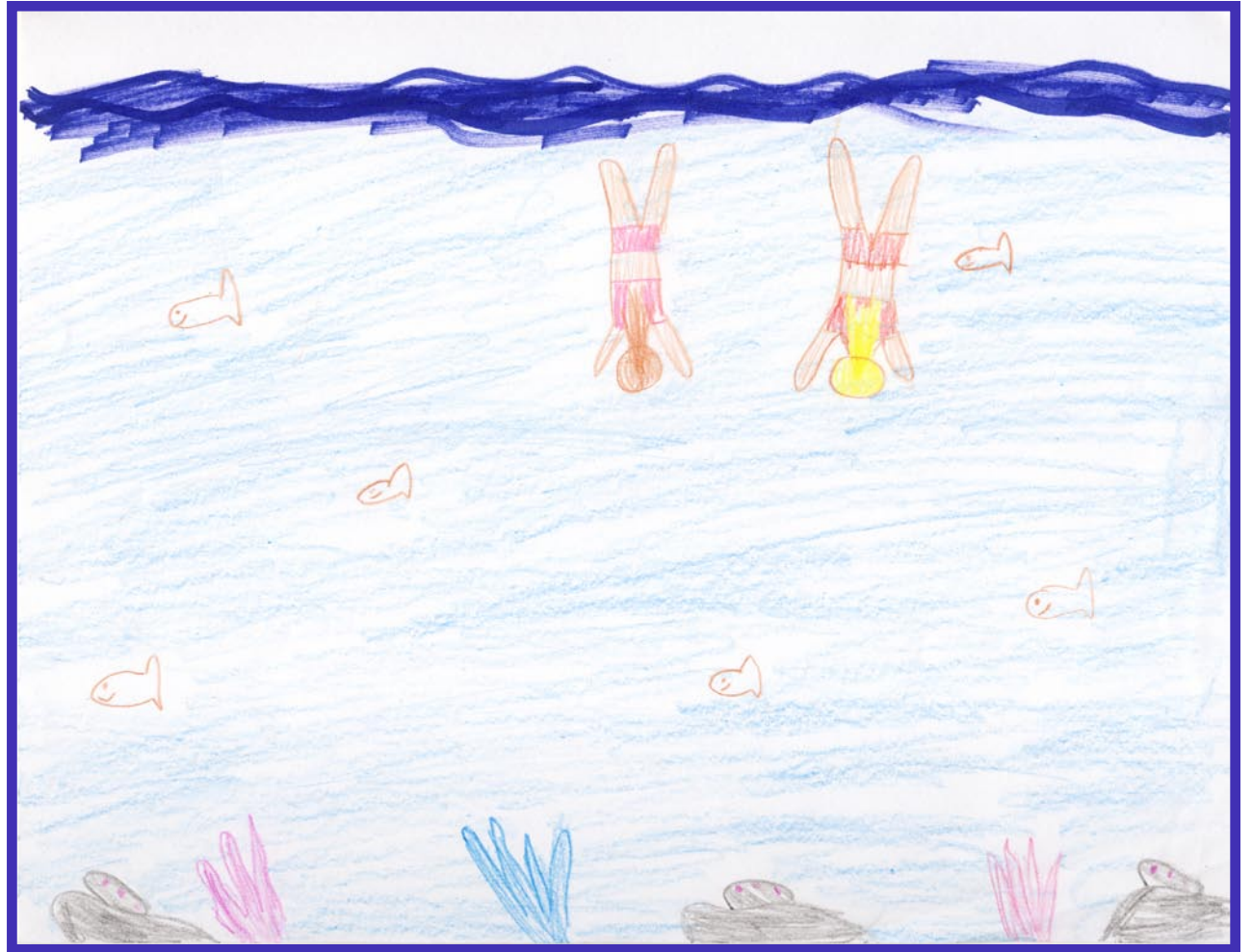


When they looked around, the girls saw an island that no one had seen before.

They got on their boards and paddled to the island. The surf was rough, but they made it.

The island was amazing and beautiful.

The girls were famished. They needed to eat something, so they dove down for abalone. It was hard to open the shells, so they climbed up a tree and dropped the abalone on the rocks and it broke open.



Good thing they liked to eat raw seafood. It was delicious.



Then they were tired so they rested in the shade.

They needed to get home and it was about a mile across the waves to get back to shore. Cristina said,

“well, let’s go. We have to deal with it.” Emily sighed and said “I guess that’s what we’ll have to do.”

They got in the water and started to paddle back, but the waves were too strong and they were tired. Emily's leg started bleeding again and the salt water made it hurt worse. "I need to go back, I don't think I can make it. You go on without me." Cristina said, "No! I won't leave you." So, the girls returned to the island.





It didn't look like so much fun this time. It was getting cold as the sun went down and the girls shivered and hugged each other for warmth. "I wished my mom knew where we are." "Yeah, me too." They

cried a little and didn't sleep very well.



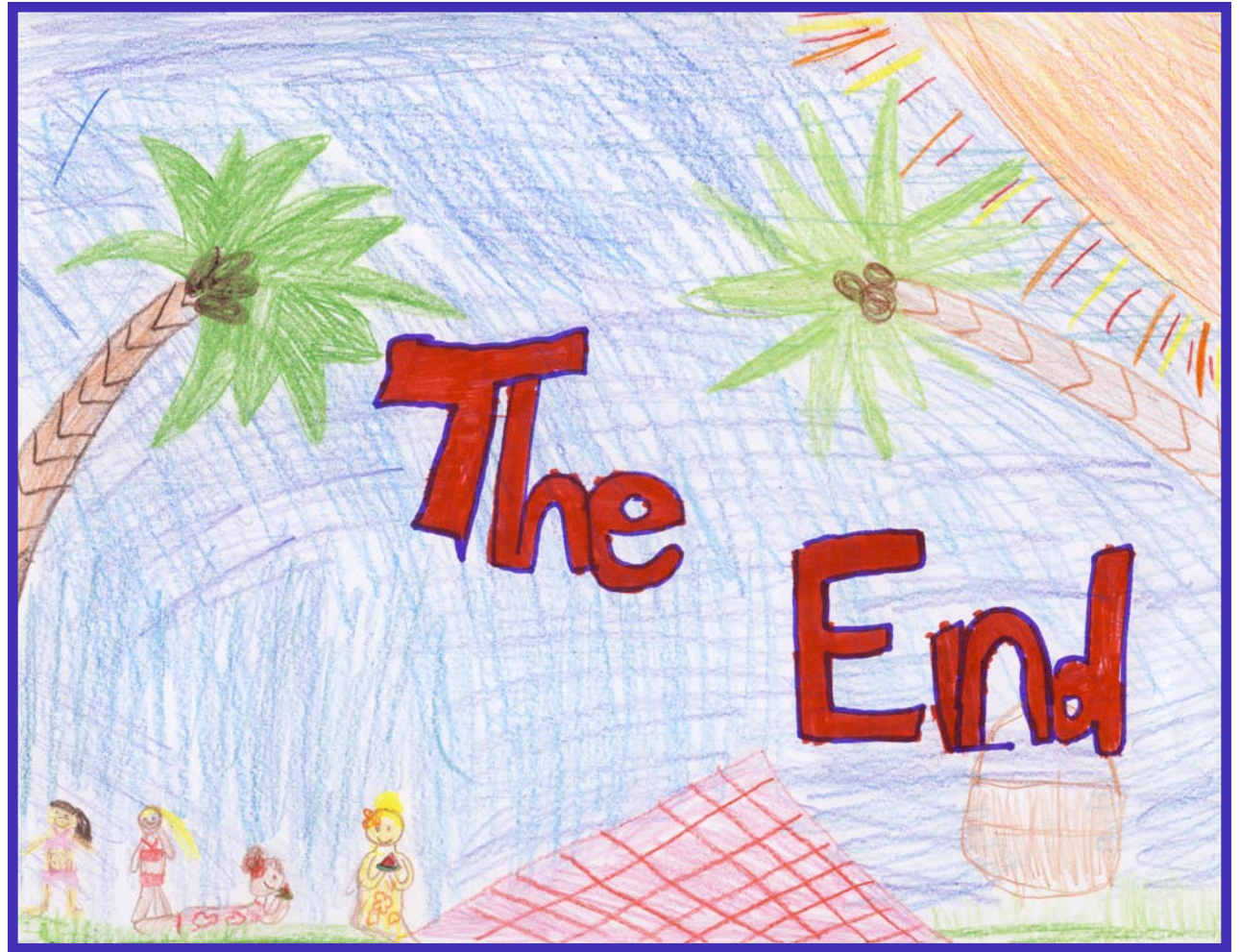
The next morning, the girls woke up when they heard the chopping sound of a helicopter. In the helicopter, their moms were waving frantically and crying with tears of joy.

There wasn't enough room to land, but they sent a basket down and the girls climbed in and were pulled into the copter where they hugged their mommas.

The girls went back to the island again to get their boards, but this time they took a inflatable boat and weren't tired and hungry—and, their moms knew where they were because they came with them and brought a picnic.

It wasn't a secret island anymore, but they had enjoyed it more because they were safe and fed.

Maybe they really didn't like raw seafood so much after all.





About the Author

Deja Coleman is a 10-year-old 4th grader at Orleans Elementary. She likes to sing and dance.

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