

**CHILDREN'S  
CORNER**

# Felicia

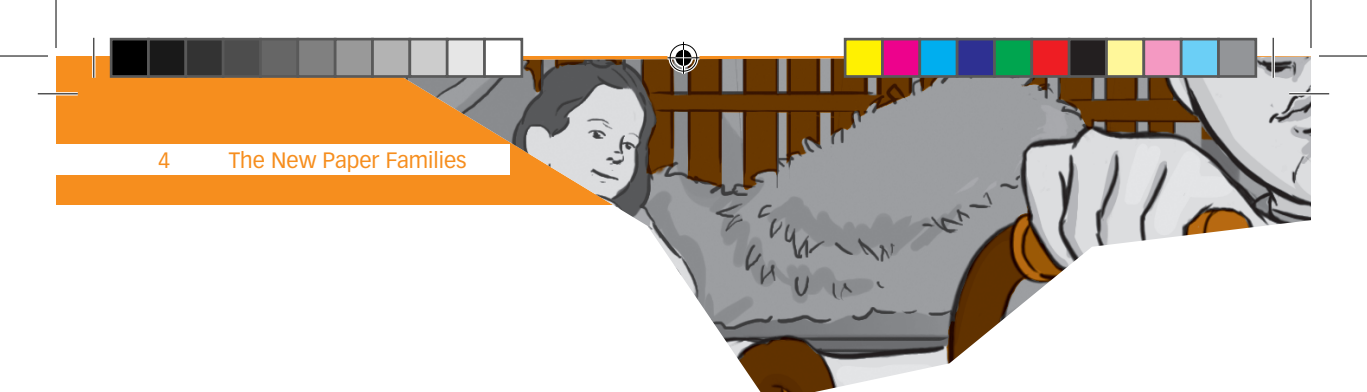
Taria Baquie (2006)

Felicia said her mum had gone and sworn offa men for good cos they're not nothing but a fat waste of space. Anyway, her mum had said most of them weren't even good for the one thing she was sure God had put them on the earth for. I asked her what that was cos I was too dumb to know God's plan for the men on the earth, and she looked at me funny like she had some big secret that I didn't know nothing 'bout, and she was trying to eye me up to see if I was worth knowing it too. For giving the pleasure, she told me. I still wasn't sure what she meant by the pleasure, but I didn't really want to, especially from someone like Felicia who always had stains on her T-shirts and never brushed her hair once.

Anyway, Felicia told me her mum had said that all she ever needed was Felicia and never mind any rotten old dog that tries to woo her just for some cash and pleasure. I could tell by the way she was looking at me that she was showing off how much her mum loved her that she would even sacrifice getting herself a husband. And she said that probably my mum wishes my daddy wasn't round too, wasting space and being a pain in the bum. Well, when she said that, I decided that I'd had enough of smelly Felicia from number 14 telling me my daddy wasn't good for nothing, so I ran home to tell.

Felicia's house wasn't quite opposite mine, but it was next to Mr Fatialofa's house, which was. We all lived in a dead end, and hardly any cars drove down there, so I could ride my bike wherever I wanted. My driveway even sloped downwards, so once you got to the bottom, you were going fast enough to get a bit of wind on your face, and you could ride all the way up to Mr Fatialofa's front lawn without your feet touching the pedals.

Sometimes Felicia would be out too, watching from her driveway or sitting on her fence. Most of the time she just watched me with her small eyes and sniffy nose. She'd say, nah, you're just a baby. I don't even wanna play your stink baby games, even though she was only eleven, and I was seven-almost-eight. Also, she liked watching her American movies, and she always talked 'bout Julia Roberts like they were sisters, and she even said she was American like Julia even though she talked like a bunga. I could tell she was a bunga anyway cos she had her brown skin like the rest of us and her flat nose and big dirty feet with no shoes on. I pretended to believe her though just so she didn't feel bad for lying. I didn't know where her daddy was who should have told her not to lie. Or where her mummy was either cos I had never seen her come out of her house. I didn't even know what she looked like, but I

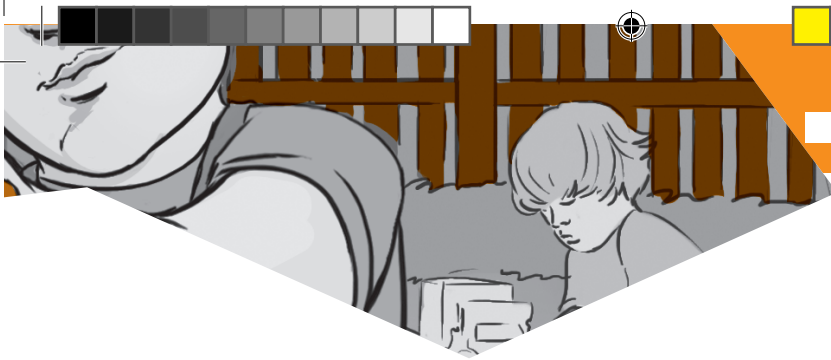


figured that she was beautiful-looking if she could turn away men like Felicia said she did. But all she needs is me, Felicia would say. Just me.

I was riding one day, listening to the whirring of the bike wheels as they spun round and round and feeling the pedals' bumpy plastic on my bare feet. Felicia came over to me as I stopped to rest. First she had kinda stood away a while like she normally did, like she was waiting for me to do something. I didn't want to talk to Felicia that day cos I knew all she was going to do was tell me my bike was dumb, even when she didn't even have one. She always shouted at me as I whizzed past her sitting on the fence, her bum spread out under her like a hamburger patty, that her mum had bought her a cooler bike for Christmas once. Except someone stole that bike and no wonder too as it was a flash one. It would make your bike look like a tin can if you put it next to my bike my mum got me, which would be like a Lamborghini. Anyway, I kept pretending not to see her standing by the lamp-post. She must have had enough after a while though cos I stopped for a rest, and she came over to me.

Up close, Felicia looked like she had never had a bath before. Her hair was all frizzy, and she still had bits of dried stuff in the corner of her eye. When she opened her mouth to talk to me, I could see her yellow teeth, but I tried not to look too hard in case she noticed and said something mean 'bout my face to make up for me staring at her yellow teeth. So I had to look at the gap between her eyebrows cos it seemed like just 'bout the only place that wasn't covered in something that shouldn't have been there. You can play at my house, she said. I didn't really want to go play at her house, but my mum always said that if someone offers you something of theirs you'd better take it so as not to give offence. I didn't know much 'bout giving Felicia any offence, but I knew that if I said no she might give me a thump, seeing as she was older and bigger than me. Okay, I said, and I followed behind her, wheeling my bike beside me as I tried to step on my own shadow so I didn't burn my feet. I left my bike out on her front lawn and followed her inside.

Her house had as much light as the inside of a shoe and smelt almost the same. I don't know why they had all their curtains shut cos it trapped the flies in and kept the sun out. She showed me her room and said her mum was sleeping next door. It was dark in her room too, but I could see all the stuff on her floor like bits of paper and toys, which all looked like she'd found them somewhere and didn't get any of them new from the shop. Everything was on

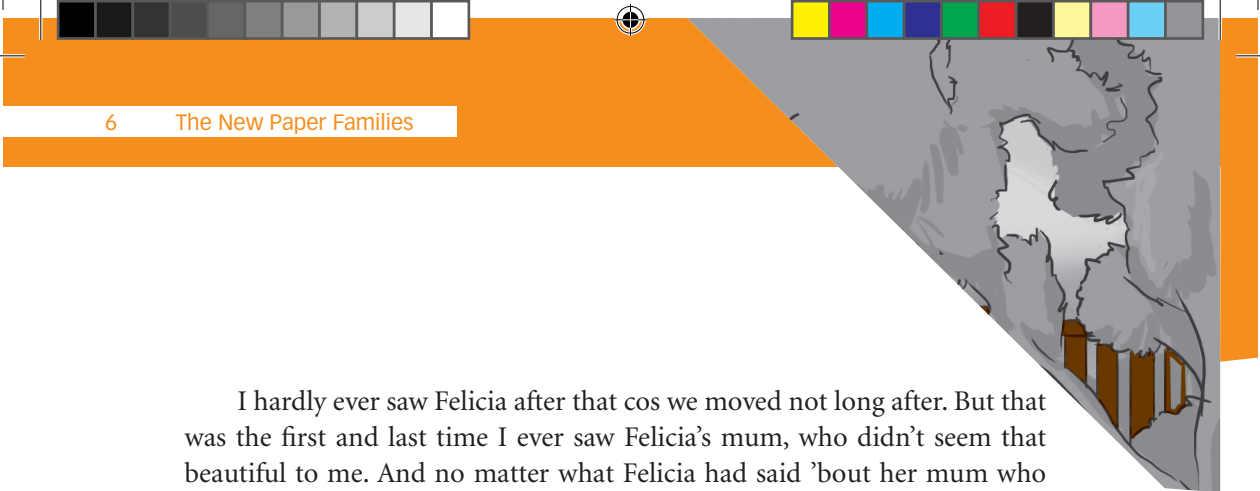


the floor but not this plastic man with a beard who stood on her window sill. She said he was Jesus who was coming to save us cos her Nana said he was, and if you pray to him, he'll give you things. I thought then maybe Felicia should pray more to get some new stuff, but then I never prayed and didn't even know that was Jesus by her bed, and I had a bike, tin can or not.

Anyway, she said did I want some peanuts, but I wondered if her peanuts were old cos it didn't look like anything in her house was new, but I said yes please cos I didn't want to give her any offence. We went out to the lounge, and I waited while she went to the kitchen to get the peanuts. When she came back she gave me five peanuts exactly and kept the rest for herself. She turned the TV on and just sat right up close to it so all I could see was the back of her scruffy head, and she even had the volume up real loud though I thought her mum was supposed to be sleeping.

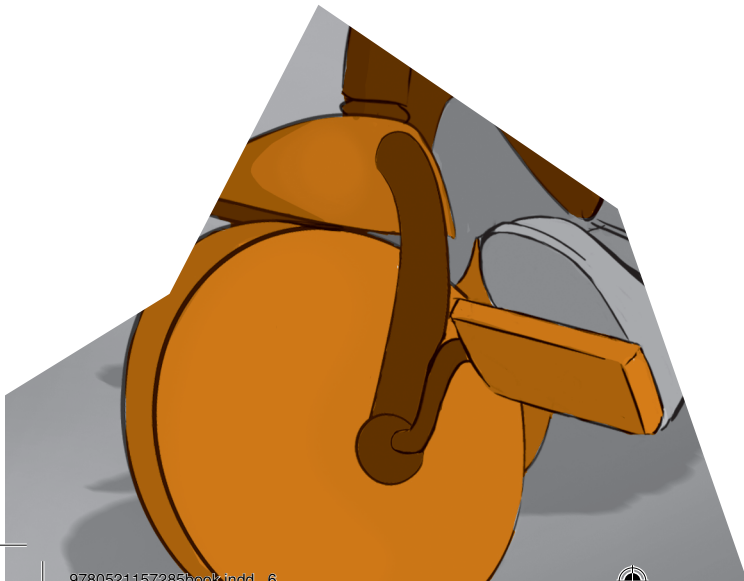
Now, I wish that I'd reminded her 'bout her mum in the next room, but at the time I was busy trying not to touch anything and trying to slip those five peanuts into my pocket so I didn't have to eat them. Well, Felicia was right up to the TV, and I was just standing behind her when her mum came storming into the lounge and gave me such a fright that I jumped, even though I wasn't doing anything bad.

Felicia's mum was real angry and told Felicia to turn that goddam TV off. I was glad she didn't notice me standing there, but soon enough she looked up and saw me. Felicia's mum didn't look much like Felicia cos she was real skinny, but she had scraggly hair and was wearing a dirty white T-shirt, and as she yelled and pointed, I could see her boobs moving round like she wasn't even wearing a bra. I didn't think anyone could be so angry at me for doing nothing. I wasn't even sitting on her dirty sofa, but she was yelling at me anyway, and I hoped she didn't want to check my pockets and find the peanuts and take the offence. She was yelling at me to get the eff outta her house, and who the eff was I in her goddam house, and Felicia get her the eff outta here. Spit was coming out of her mouth as she yelled, and I was so scared she was gonna give me a hiding I just ran out of there with Felicia just staring at the TV like she was off on another planet. I hoped, as I ran past Felicia's mum, that she wouldn't try to stop me or anything, but she was too busy swearing and pointing and jiggling her boobs around. I didn't stop running till I got home, but I made sure to get my bike in case Felicia never gave it back.



I hardly ever saw Felicia after that cos we moved not long after. But that was the first and last time I ever saw Felicia's mum, who didn't seem that beautiful to me. And no matter what Felicia had said 'bout her mum who only needed her, I couldn't imagine her mum with the stained clothes ever saying anything nice to Felicia, or to anyone. I don't think you could live in the dark and forget 'bout your daughter and be nice at the same time. No wonder Felicia told me lies 'bout her mum and who cares 'bout no daddy being a waste of space.

Anyway, I guess there's no harm in pretending to be someone you weren't, especially if you had to be Felicia.



# The Islander

Naila Fanene (2006)

'Open your desks!' Sister Anne bellowed from the front of the room. Her steely, cold eyes were fixed firmly on Malia.

'Oh, oh, the hunchback's on the warpath again,' Jane Johnson lisped in a high-pitched squeal, 'and she's heading for that dark girl down the back.' Malia was the only 'dark' girl in the class.

Sister Anne's masculine frame rocked from side to side down the narrow aisle towards the vicinity of Malia's desk. Her beady eyes narrowed, like those of a predator about to pounce on its prey. 'Ugh, what a witch.' Malia cringed in silent terror.

'You, what's your name?' Malia had been in Sister Anne's class for a whole month now.

'Malia Sefulu-Vai, Sister,' Malia responded, eyes downcast as Sister Anne hovered over her desk, all the while glaring down at the frightened ten-year-old.

'What sort of a name is that?' she sneered.

'It's Samoan, Sister,' Malia was proud of her name, which she'd inherited from both her aunt and her grandmother. 'But my English name's Mary.' The apology in Malia's voice was unmistakable.

'Then why didn't you say so in the first place?' the old nun croaked hoarsely. 'I can't pronounce that other name.'

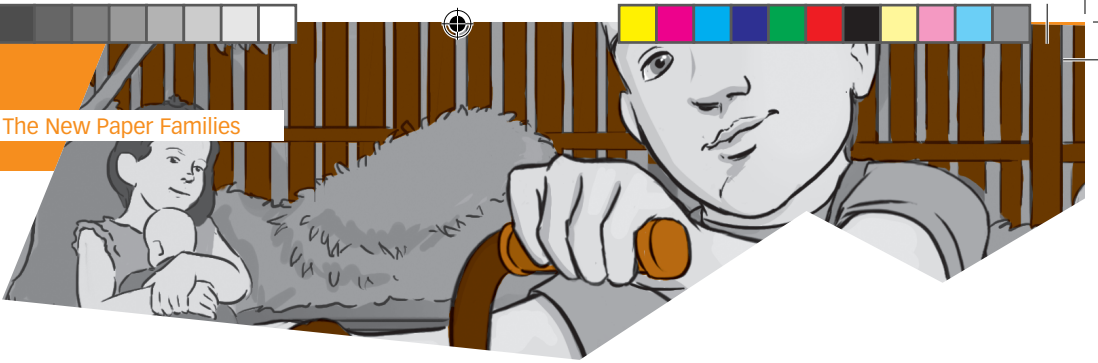
'You mean you won't.' Malia could feel a burning rage surging within her young belly. She was angry at herself for not having the courage to speak up for her aunt and her grandmother.

'Why don't they have normal names like ours?' Joan Hoggett, who sat across from Malia, mumbled just loud enough for Malia to hear. Nothing about Malia was normal to her white classmates or to Sister Anne.

The old nun lowered her voice. Her menacing tone sparked a renewed uneasiness in the pit of Malia's stomach. 'Any's blue fountain pen is missing.' Her eyes rested firmly on Malia. 'When did you notice your pen missing, Anya?' The sick charade continued.

'This morning after play, Sister,' Anya squealed politely. Malia never squealed or shrieked at the top of her lungs like some of the other girls in her class, but somehow 'white' voices didn't offend Sister Anne. Malia's voice did.

Anya was one of several students in the class whom Sister Anne openly indulged. This select group included Olga the Croatian brainbox, Joan and Barbara, who openly flaunted their dubious reputation of being the local



'bikes' and Jane Johnson, whose parents were upstanding pillars of the community.

Joan and Barbara, who were both thirteen and still at primary school, gave free lessons on boys and sex around the milk crate every Monday morning. The salacious, spiced-up details of their weekend exploits shocked even the most liberated palate among their curious audience of eleven- and twelve-year-olds. Mortal sin and the threat of hell didn't bother Barbara and Joan. They wanted a good time, and they wanted it now. Even Sister Anne knew better than to push their uncouth buttons. In fact, nobody dared to stand up to Barbara and Joan.

Jane Johnson, on the other hand, had the perfect family. Her father was a successful businessman and an active member of almost every committee in the parish, and her mother was always involved with fund-raising for the school and parish. Jane, however, was a nondescript, bland individual whose pan-white face, crust-speckled, red-rimmed eyes and annoying lisp belied her real qualities. When Jane had something to say, she didn't speak, she whined. But Jane knew how to play Sister Anne. And the old nun treated Jane as her intellectual equal. She listened attentively to whatever Jane had to say. She laughed along with the rest of the class at Jane's funny stories that abounded during class lessons. And despite the fact that most of what Jane said was utter tripe, she was given plenty of air time by Sister Anne.

Ten-year-old Malia, with her brown skin and working-class, Island background, was conspicuously outnumbered in this white, middle-class Catholic girls' school. Malia's parents didn't work in an office or own a business like the parents of her white classmates; they were shift workers who worked long hours in a factory. Furthermore, her parents spoke Samoan to her at home, not like the parents of her white classmates.

Malia's classmates saved the 'best' of themselves for the cooking bus each week. Joan Hoggett was always the first to start the ball rolling. 'My boyfriend said there are too many bungas in New Zealand.'

'Yeah,' echoed her offsider, Barbara Cress.

Jane Johnson joined in with her own dose of venom for people she didn't particularly like. 'Well, my mother said we should send all these coconuts back to where they belong because they can't speak English properly, and they get into too many fights when they've been drinking.'

'Yeah,' echoed Barbara.

Jane's diatribe of insults had only just begun.

'My parents were going to send me to Senior Grammar, but they've changed their minds because there are too many horis and coconuts there now. I'm going to St Catherine's instead. At least all the kids there are white like us.'

There was only so much of Jane Johnson's snootiness that her rival Joan Hoggett could stand before she'd reassert her rightful position again as the leader of the group. 'Me and my boyfriend did it on the back seat of his friend's car on Saturday night at the Speedways,' she screeched. Bullfrog eyes had everyone's attention back again. But only a select few on the bus were privy to the 'delectable' details of her sexual encounters.

The sting from these insults seeped into the very core of Malia's soul. She was now convinced that being 'different' and 'brown' was the worst possible fate to befall anyone.

'Hey, Malia, or whatever your name is,' Joan would screech from the back of the bus, 'how do you say coconut in your language?'

'Don't know,' Malia would lie. 'I can't speak Samoan.'

'Why not?' Joan had a habit of hissing through her teeth at you if you were 'different'. 'You're a coconut, aren't you?'

A chorus of high-pitched, triumphant shrieks cheered Joan on as Malia withdrew; defeated once again, into her invisible, brown shell.

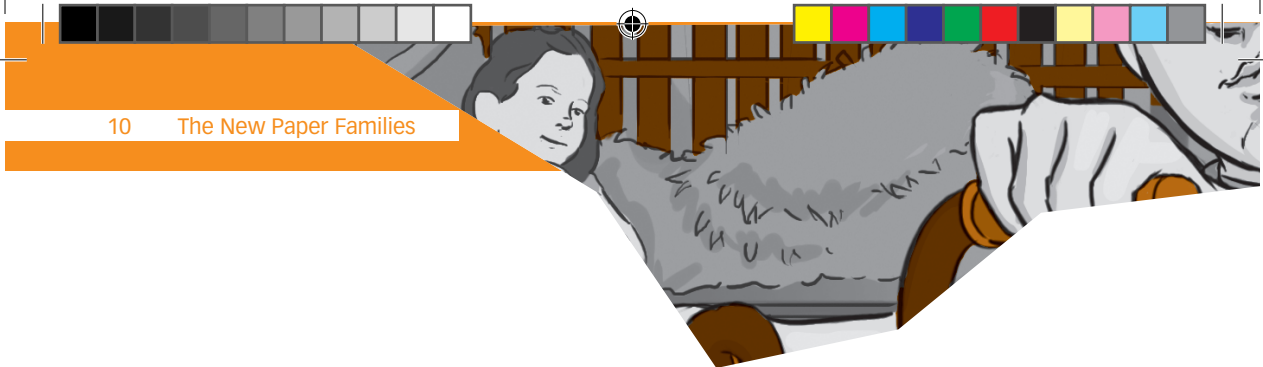
Amanda Brown, who usually sat behind Malia on the bus, did not join in the 'fun'. Amanda was short and stocky with thick, short-cropped hair and a face that was a blot of ginger freckles. In fact, Amanda could easily have passed for a boy. 'Malia, you don't look like a typical Islander. You know, you're actually pretty for an Islander,' Amanda whispered into Malia's neck. This backhanded compliment was the nicest thing anyone had ever said to Malia on the cooking bus. It could only have come from someone who was herself 'different'. Malia needed to feel good about herself. It had been a long day.

'What is a "typical" Islander, Amanda?' the naïve young Samoan whispered.

'Um, I don't really know. You're the first Islander I've ever met.' Amanda shrugged her shoulders and buried her head again in her book.

The class now closed ranks in the hunt for the culprit who had stolen Anya's pen. The silence was deafening as the lid of each desk flipped open in





unison. Sister Anne had bypassed all the ‘white’ desks. With every squish of her rubber-soled shoes, the cramps in Malia’s stomach intensified.

‘Where’s Anya’s fountain pen?’ the old nun demanded, elbows akimbo. Malia tightened her stomach muscles in defiance.

‘I don’t know.’ Her voice was steady as she forced back tears of indignation and shame.

Accusing eyes, devoid of human compassion, bore down on Malia’s drooping shoulders. ‘Empty out your desk!’ The old nun spat out her words as she tossed Malia’s textbooks, her exercise books and all her pens and pencils willy-nilly across the floor.

‘I didn’t take Anya’s pen,’ Malia protested quietly. But her pleas fell upon Sister Anne’s deaf ears.

‘Where’s Anya’s pen?’ the old nun insisted. The whites of her grey, lifeless eyes were now blood red with rage. Malia stood her ground, fighting back the tears as she looked down at her now-empty desk. Anya’s pen was nowhere to be found. The old nun slammed Malia’s desk shut. ‘You find Anya’s pen and bring it to me tomorrow morning before school or else!’ she shrieked, jabbing her crooked finger into the side of Malia’s face.

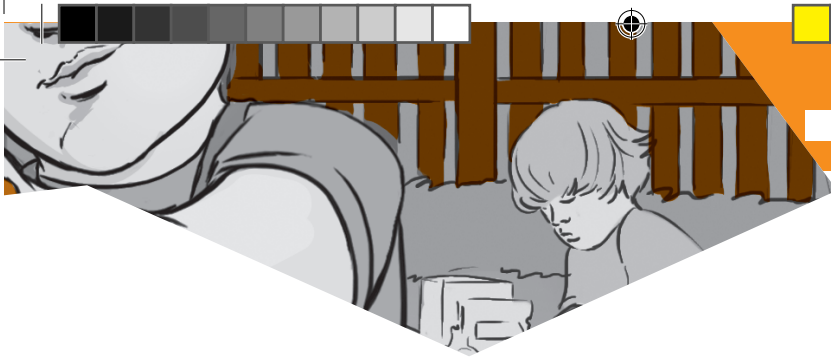
‘That’s if I come back to this bloody school again, you old hag.’ Malia swallowed hard before she could open her mouth to speak. Sister Anne turned and walked back to the front of the room without stopping to inspect any of the ‘white’ desks on her way. Why would she? Malia was the only Islander in the class, and white girls don’t steal.

Suddenly, Anya’s angelic squeal pierced through the uneasy muttering in the room. ‘Look.’ She held up her fountain pen for all to see. ‘I’ve found my pen.’

‘Where was it?’ Joan enquired, annoyed that Anya had owned up about her pen before Sister Anne could sink her claws into that dark girl again the next day.

‘Right here inside my English book,’ Anya confessed with a sheepish grin.

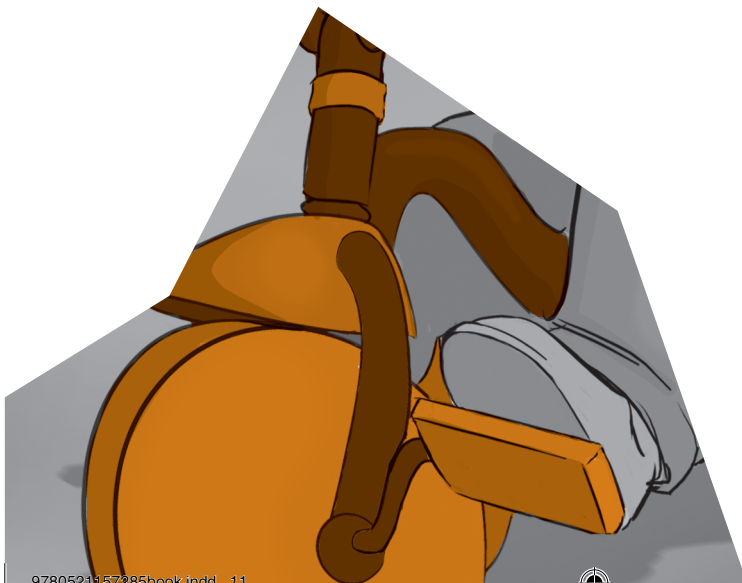
Sister Anne smiled approvingly at Anya. ‘Please stand for prayers, girls.’ With her right hand about to make the sign of the cross, Sister Anne roared at Malia once more. ‘You! Down the back!’ Malia heaved yet again with embarrassment. ‘Make sure you tidy up your books before you leave this afternoon.’



No apology from Sister Anne.

No apology from Anya.

Malia looked at her books strewn over the floor at the back of the room. And as she gathered her things together, she repeated Sister Anne's mantra one more time to herself before leaving her class. 'All people, black, white, brown, yellow and red are equal in the sight of God.'



# The Grasshopper and the Bell Cricket

Yasunari Kawabata (1924)  
Translated from the Japanese by Lane Dunlop

Walking along the tiled-roofed wall of the university, I turned aside and approached the upper school. Behind the whiteboard fence of the school playground, from a dusky clump of bushes under the black cherry trees, an insect's voice could be heard. Walking more slowly and listening to that voice, and furthermore reluctant to part with it, I turned right so as not to leave the playground behind. When I turned to the left, the fence gave way to an embankment planted with orange trees. At the corner, I exclaimed with surprise. My eyes gleaming at what they saw up ahead, I hurried forward with short steps.

At the base of the embankment was a bobbing cluster of beautiful varicolored lanterns, such as one might see at a festival in a remote country village. Without going any farther, I knew that it was a group of children on an insect chase among the bushes of the embankment. There were about twenty lanterns. Not only were there crimson, pink, indigo, green, purple, and yellow lanterns, but one lantern glowed with five colors at once. There were even some little red store-bought lanterns. But most of the lanterns were beautiful square ones which the children had made themselves with love and care. The bobbing lanterns, the coming together of children on this lonely slope – surely it was a scene from a fairy tale?

One of the neighbourhood children had heard an insect sing on this slope one night. Buying a red lantern, he had come back the next night to find the insect. The night after that, there was another child. This new child could not buy a lantern. Cutting out the back and front of a small carton and papering it, he placed a candle on the bottom and fastened a string to the top. The number of children grew to five, and then to seven. They learned how to color the paper that they stretched over the windows of the cutout cartons, and to draw pictures on it. Then these wise child-artists, cutting out round, three-cornered, and lozenge leaf shapes in the cartons, coloring each little window a different color, with circles and diamonds, red and green, made a single and whole decorative pattern. The child with the red lantern discarded it as a tasteless object that could be bought at a store. The child who had made his own lantern threw it away because the design was too simple. The pattern of light that one had had in hand the night before was unsatisfying the morning after. Each day, with cardboard, paper, brush, scissors, pen-knife, and glue, the children made new lanterns out of their



hearts and minds. Look at my lantern! Be the most unusually beautiful! And each night, they had gone out on their insect hunts. These were the twenty children and their beautiful lanterns that I now saw before me.

Wide-eyed, I loitered near them. Not only did the square lanterns have old-fashioned patterns and flower shapes, but the names of the children who made them were cut out in squared letters of the syllabary. Different from the painted-over red lanterns, others (made of thick cutout cardboard) had their designs drawn onto the paper windows, so that the candle's light seemed to emanate from the form and color of the design itself. The lanterns brought out the shadows of the bushes like dark light. The children crouched eagerly on the slope wherever they heard an insect's voice.

'Does anyone want a grasshopper?' A boy, who had been peering into a bush about thirty feet away from the other children, suddenly straightened up and shouted.

'Yes! Give it to me!' Six or seven children came running up. Crowding behind the boy who had found the grasshopper, they peered into the bush. Brushing away their outstretched hands and spreading out his arms, the boy stood as if guarding the bush where the insect was. Waving the lantern in his right hand, he called again to the other children.

'Does anyone want a grasshopper? A grasshopper!'

'I do! I do!' Four or five more children came running up. It seemed you could not catch a more precious insect than a grasshopper. The boy called out a third time.

'Doesn't anyone want a grasshopper?'

Two or three more children came over.

'Yes. I want it.'

It was a girl, who just now had come up behind the boy who'd discovered the insect. Lightly turning his body, the boy gracefully bent forward. Shifting the lantern to his left hand, he reached his right hand into the bush.

'It's a grasshopper.'

'Yes. I'd like to have it.'

The boy quickly stood up. As if to say 'Here!' he thrust out his fist that held the insect at the girl. She, slipping her left wrist under the string of her lantern, enclosed the boy's fist with both hands. The boy quietly opened his fist. The insect was transferred to between the girl's thumb and index finger.



‘Oh! It’s not a grasshopper. It’s a bell cricket.’ The girl’s eyes shone as she looked at the small brown insect.

‘It’s a bell cricket! It’s a bell cricket!’ The children echoed in an envious chorus.

‘It’s a bell cricket. It’s a bell cricket.’

Glancing with her bright intelligent eyes at the boy who had given her the cricket, the girl opened the little insect cage hanging at her side and released the cricket in it.

‘It’s a bell cricket.’

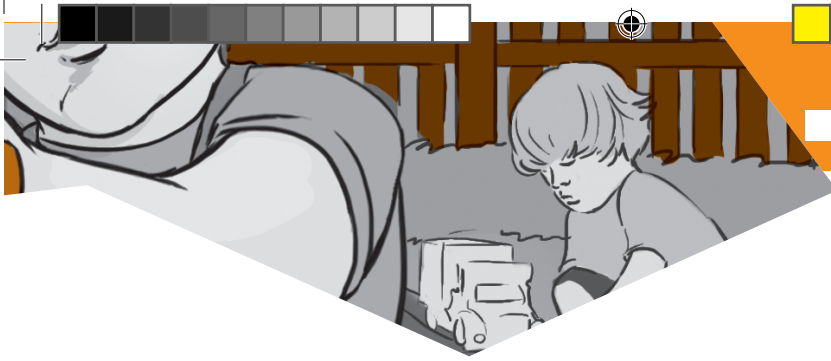
‘Oh, it’s a bell cricket,’ the boy who’d captured it muttered. Holding up the insect cage close to his eyes, he looked inside it. By the light of his beautiful many-colored lantern, also held up at eye level, he glanced at the girl’s face.

Oh, I thought. I felt slightly jealous of the boy, and sheepish. How silly of me not to have understood his actions until now! Then I caught my breath in surprise. Look! It was something on the girl’s breast which neither the boy who had given her the cricket, nor she who had accepted it, nor the children who were looking at them noticed.

In the faint greenish light that fell on the girl’s breast, wasn’t the name ‘Fujio’ clearly discernible? The boy’s lantern, which he held up alongside the girl’s insect cage, inscribed his name, cut out in the green papered aperture, onto her white cotton kimono. The girl’s lantern, which dangled loosely from her wrist, did not project its pattern so clearly, but still one could make out, in a trembling patch of red on the boy’s waist, the name ‘Kiyoko’. This chance interplay of red and green – if it was chance or play – neither Fujio nor Kiyoko knew about.

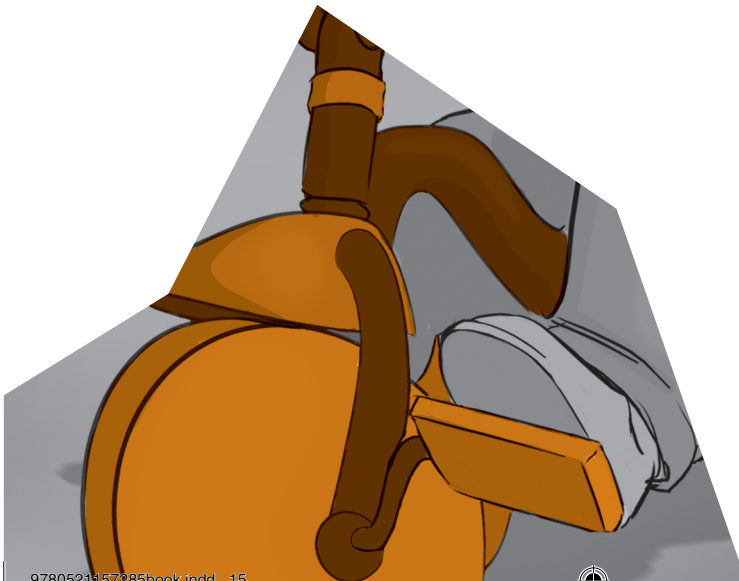
Even if they remembered forever that Fujio had given her the cricket and that Kiyoko had accepted it, not even in dreams would Fujio ever know that his name had been written in green on Kiyoko’s breast or that Kiyoko’s name had been inscribed in red on his waist, nor would Kiyoko ever know that Fujio’s name had been inscribed in green on her breast or that her own name had been written in red on Fujio’s waist.

Fujio! Even when you have become a young man, laugh with pleasure at a girl’s delight when, told that it’s a grasshopper, she is given a bell cricket; laugh with affection at a girl’s chagrin when, told that it’s a bell cricket, she is given a grasshopper.



Even if you have the wit to look by yourself in a bush away from the other children, there are not many bell crickets in the world. Probably you will find a girl like a grasshopper whom you think is a bell cricket.

And finally, to your clouded, wounded heart, even a true bell cricket will seem like a grasshopper. Should that day come, when it seems to you that the world is only full of grasshoppers, I will think it a pity that you have no way to remember tonight's play of light, when your name was written in green by your beautiful lantern on a girl's breast.



# Felicia

## Discussion

- 1 What do you understand by the word 'bunga'? Is it a racist word? Does it make a difference if it is used by a member of the same culture rather than by an outsider? What do you think?
- 2 In groups compare Felicia's upbringing with that of the bike-rider, who lives in the same street. Who or what is responsible for their differing attitudes to life?
- 3 The *point of view* is important in storytelling. In this piece the point of view is that of a child of seven-almost-eight. We see everything through the child's eyes. What is the effect of this? Would the story have had the same effect if it had been told by an adult? Discuss the reasons for this, picking out moments and specific words from 'Felicia' as you go.

## Activities

- 1 In one paragraph, describe the young bike-rider's bedroom. Mention at least seven objects.
- 2 Imagine that Felicia's Nana dies, and Felicia goes to the funeral. Write the last page of this episode, describing the conclusion of the funeral and showing clearly in what way Felicia has changed.
- 3 Write a letter asking for advice about a serious problem confronting young folk today, and then pass it to the student on your right. The recipient, imagining that they write an advice column in a local newspaper, pens a considered reply. Read the pairs of letters aloud to the group and discuss the issues they present.

# The Islander

## Discussion

- 1 All teachers teach something, either by their words or by their behaviour. What is Sister Anne teaching her girls? Find at least three answers to this question.
- 2 What do you think are some of the reasons and root causes of racism? In groups, discuss this subject honestly but respectfully.
- 3 The author of this story uses many *words in inverted commas* in her storytelling. Go through the story picking them out and discussing why each one is presented in such a way. Is it necessary for them to be given this 'special' treatment?

## Activities

- 1 In half a page describe the inside of Jane Johnson's school bag. Include at least one word in inverted commas.
- 2 What do you think is going to happen to each of these students in later life? Choose from either five, ten or twelve years later. Imagine that you are a fly on the wall in the workplace of:
  - Joan Hoggett
  - Amanda Brown, or
  - Malia Sefulu-Vai.What do you see during the course of a Monday morning?
- 3 Groups or gangs of students roam the playground during the lunchbreak. They tend to collect into clusters of like-minded types: sporty or beautiful or rich or . . . Write a story in which a group of students picks upon a lone student for some reason, but in this case the individual stands up to the group and defuses the situation.



# The Grasshopper and the Bell Cricket

## Discussion

- 1 What is the significance of the grasshopper and the bell cricket in this story? Why is the moment of the giving of the insect such a precious one? What is the significance of the coloured writing lit up across the children's bodies?
- 2 In the last three paragraphs of the story, we look ahead to the lives of Fujio and Kiyoko. What ideas are contained in these final lines of the story?
- 3 Kawabata makes great use of *repetition* in this story. What is the effect of the repeating of certain sentences and phrases throughout this tale? Examine these repetitions individually.

## Activities

- 1 In half a page describe either a leech, a spider or a cockroach. Make your reader squirm.
- 2 'The Grasshopper and the Bell Cricket' has been referred to by Charles Baxter, an American writer, as 'one of the best stories written by anyone anywhere'. How do you react to this statement? Write a page.
- 3 Write a story inspired by one of the following lines:
  - 'Even if you have the wit to look by yourself in a bush away from the other children, there are not many bell crickets in the world.'
  - 'Probably you will find a girl like a grasshopper whom you think is a bell cricket.'
  - 'And finally, to your clouded, wounded heart, even a true bell cricket will seem like a grasshopper.'

