

The

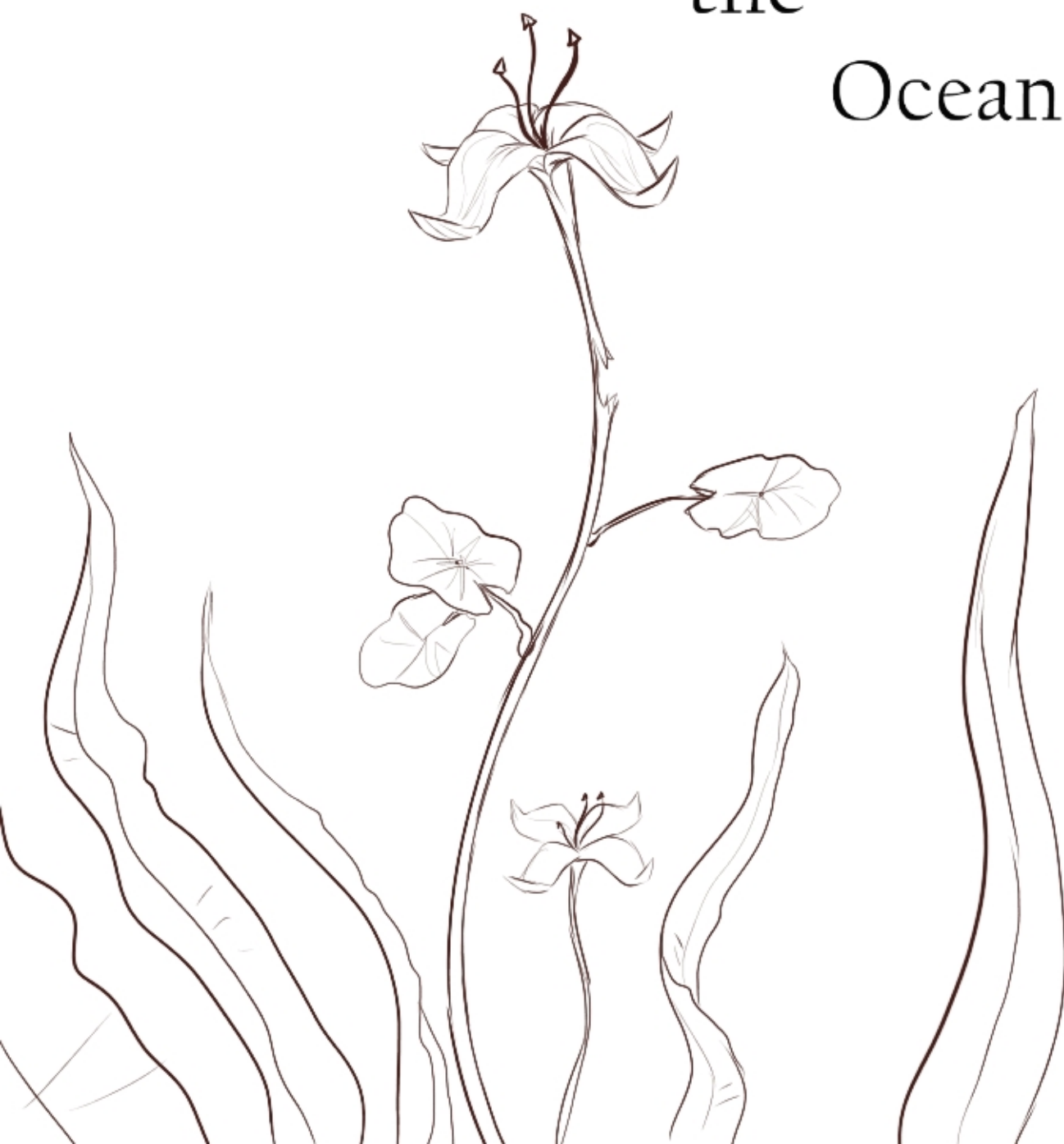
Flower

from

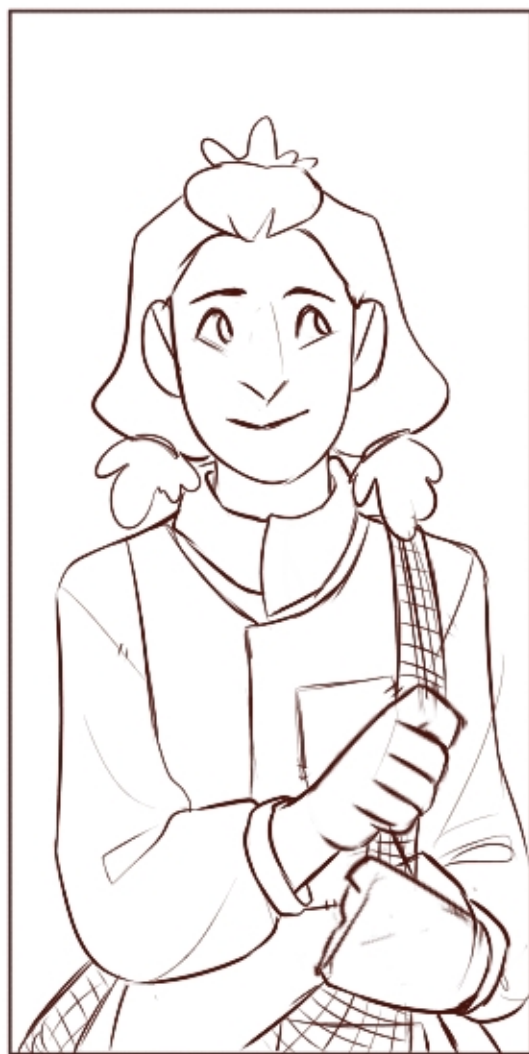
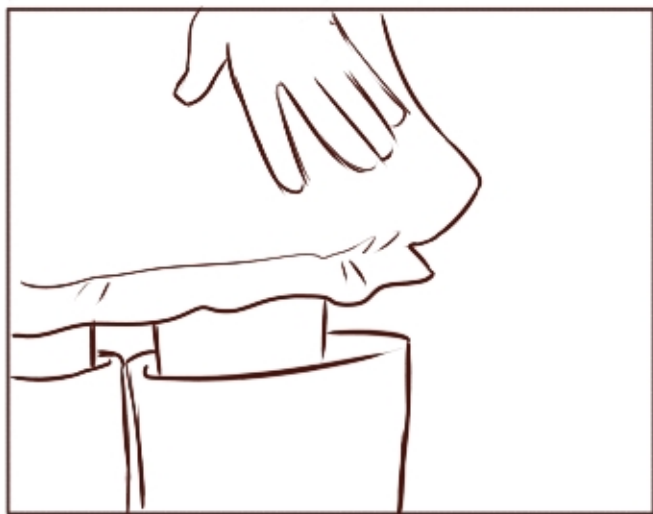
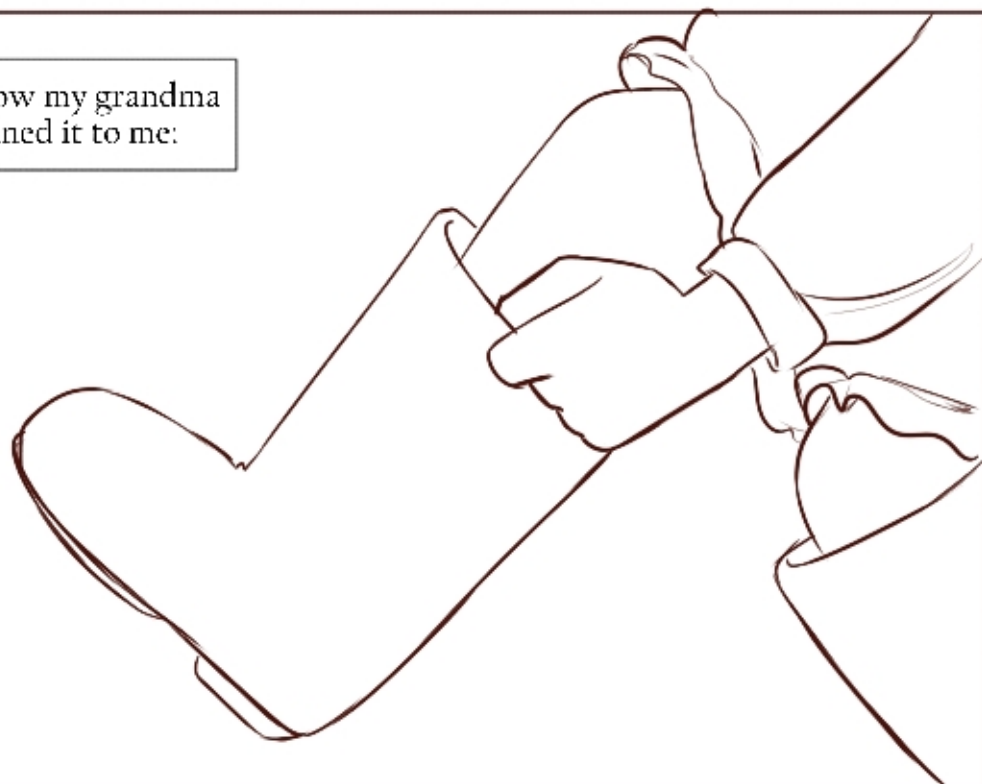
the

Ocean

Written and
Illustrated by
Angela Hammon

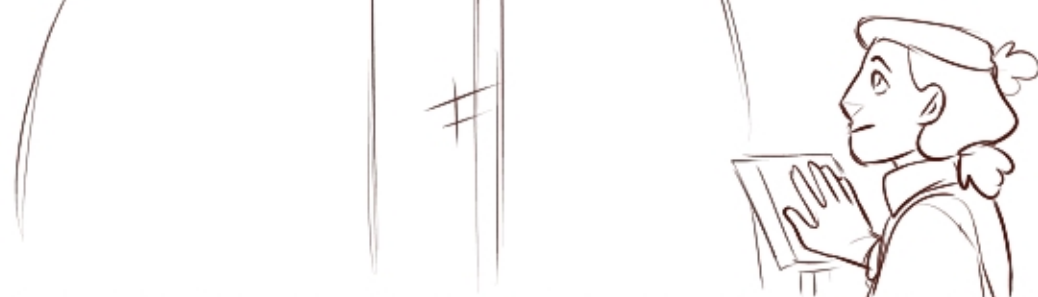


This is how my grandma
explained it to me:





The People That Came Before
didn't understand the ocean.

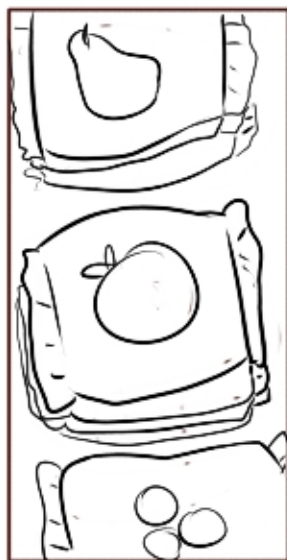


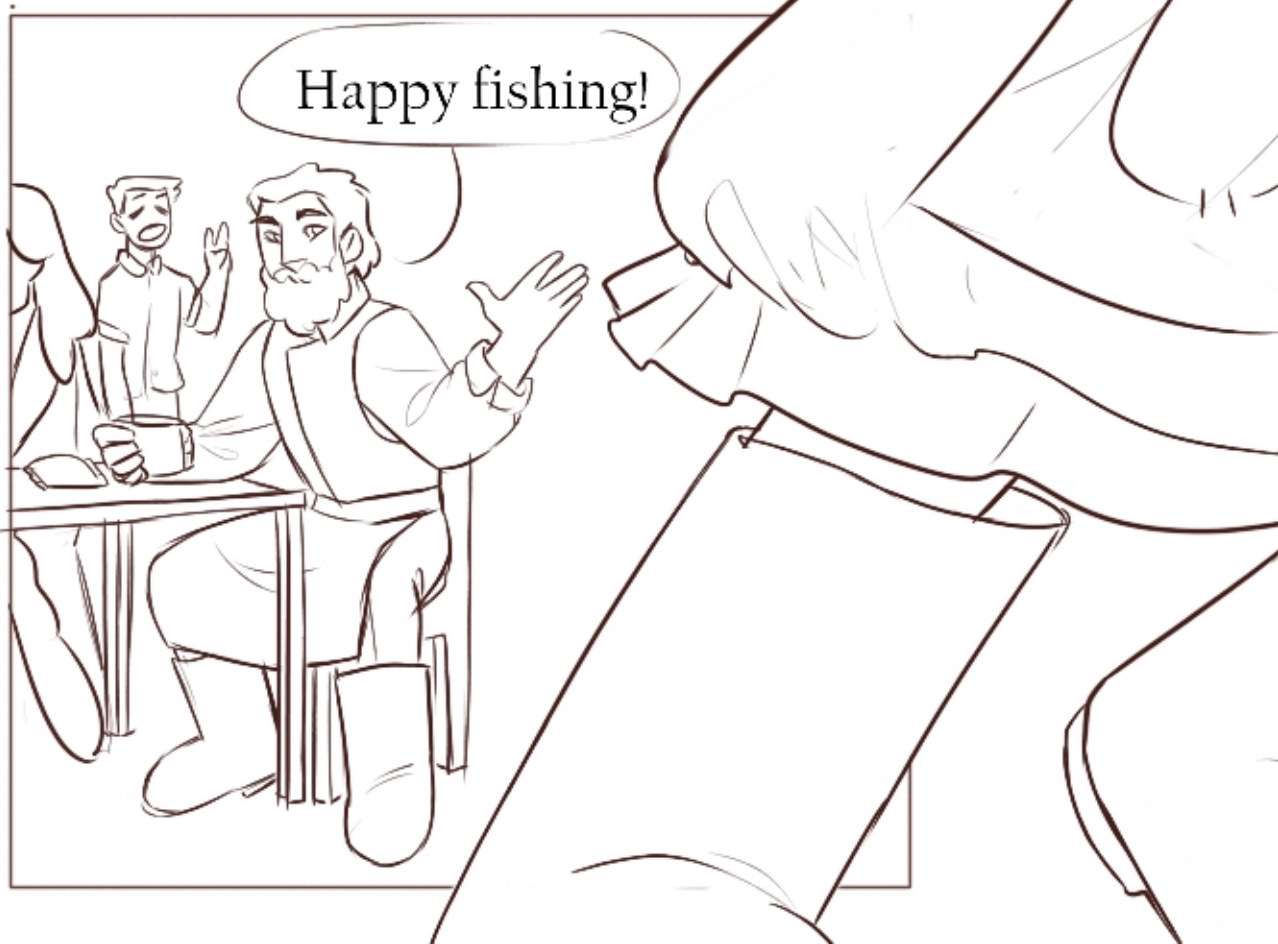
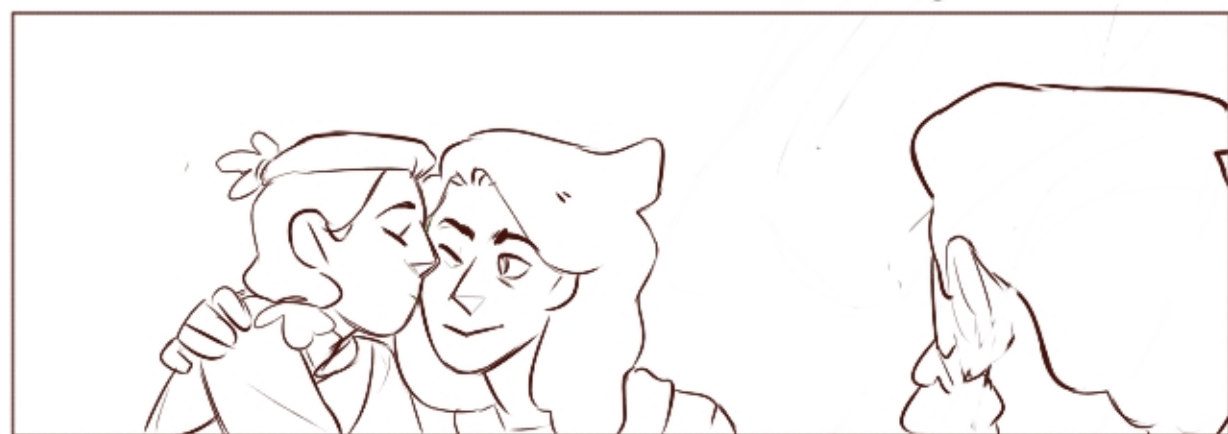
That's why they built things in strange places.
They didn't expect the tsunamis and the floods.

That's why they left so many
things behind, I think.



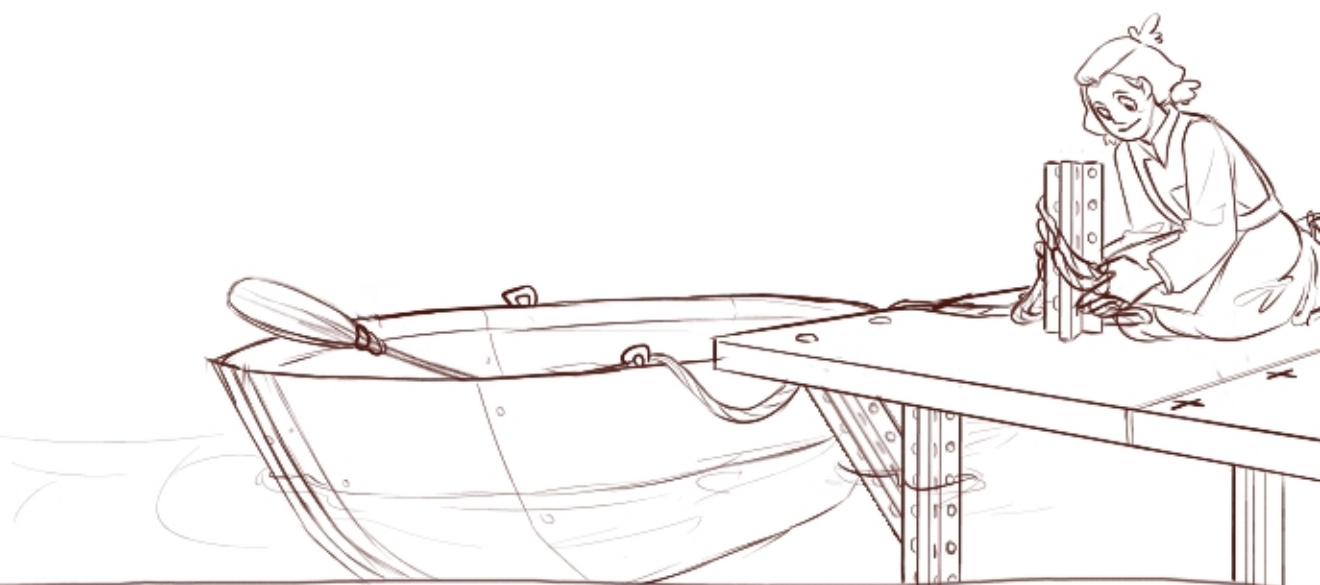
They must have left in a big hurry.





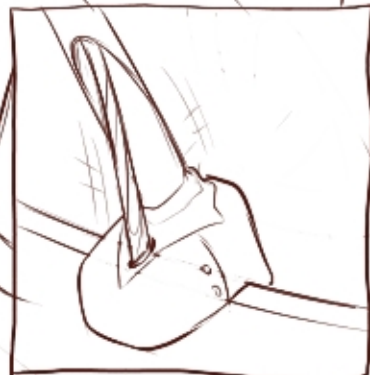
The end of monsoon season is
the best time for fishing.

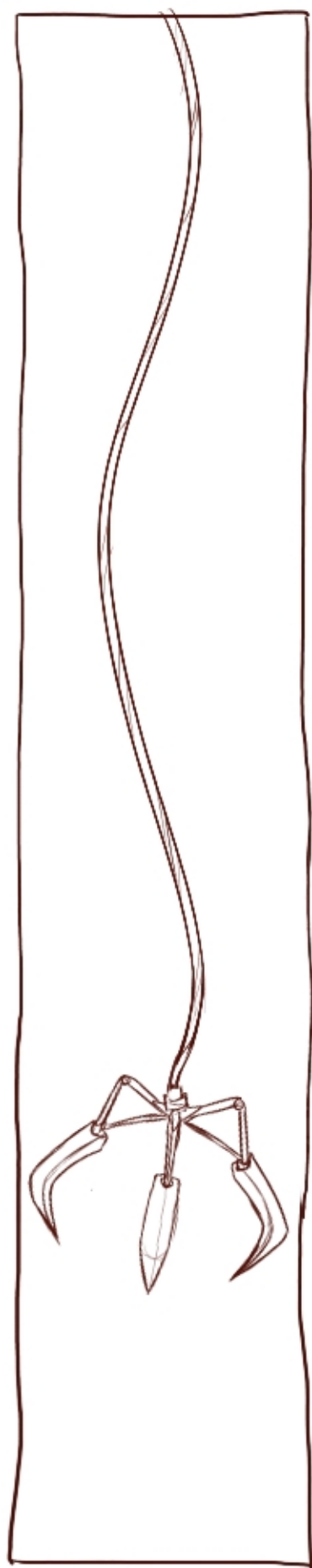




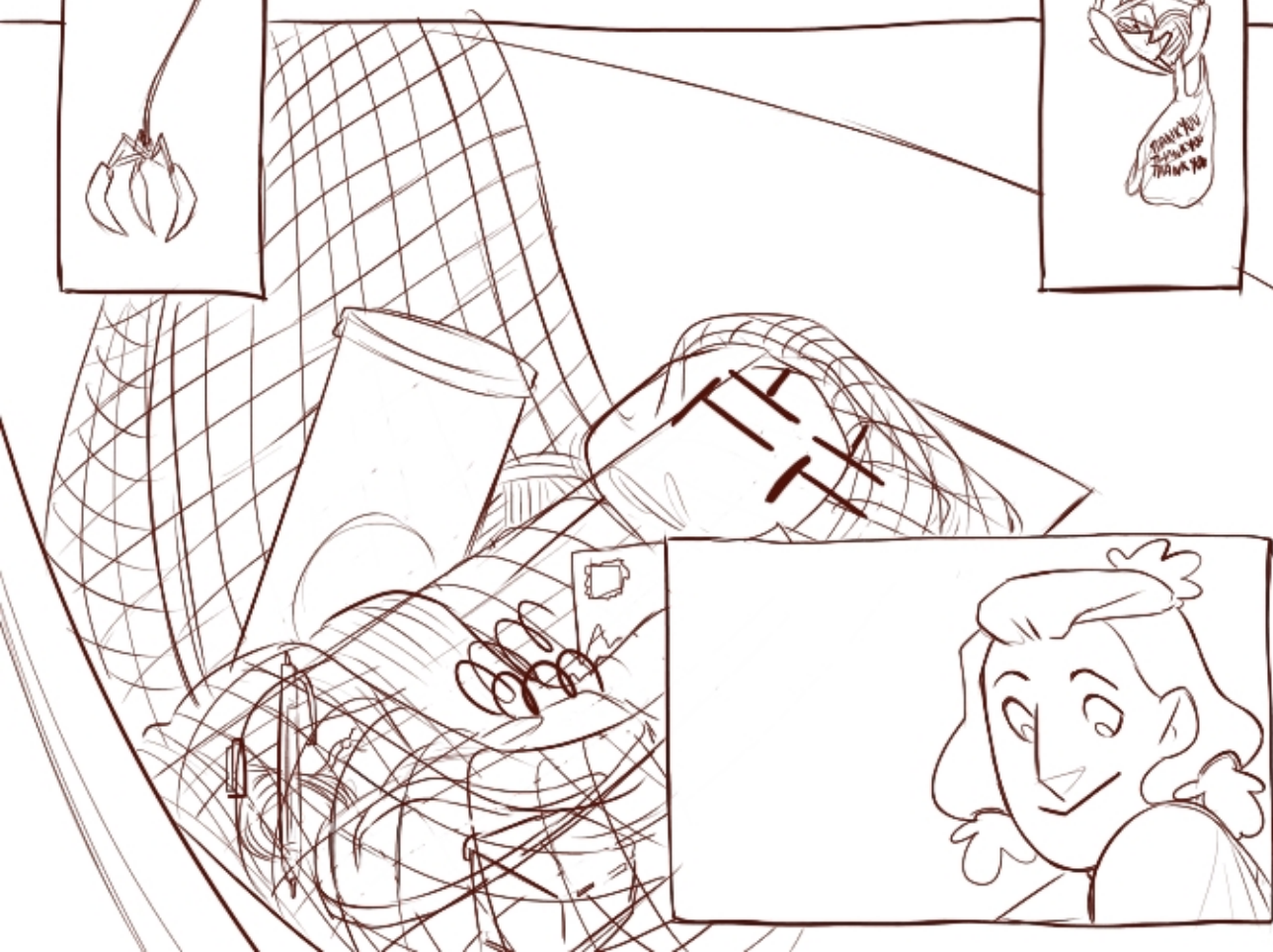
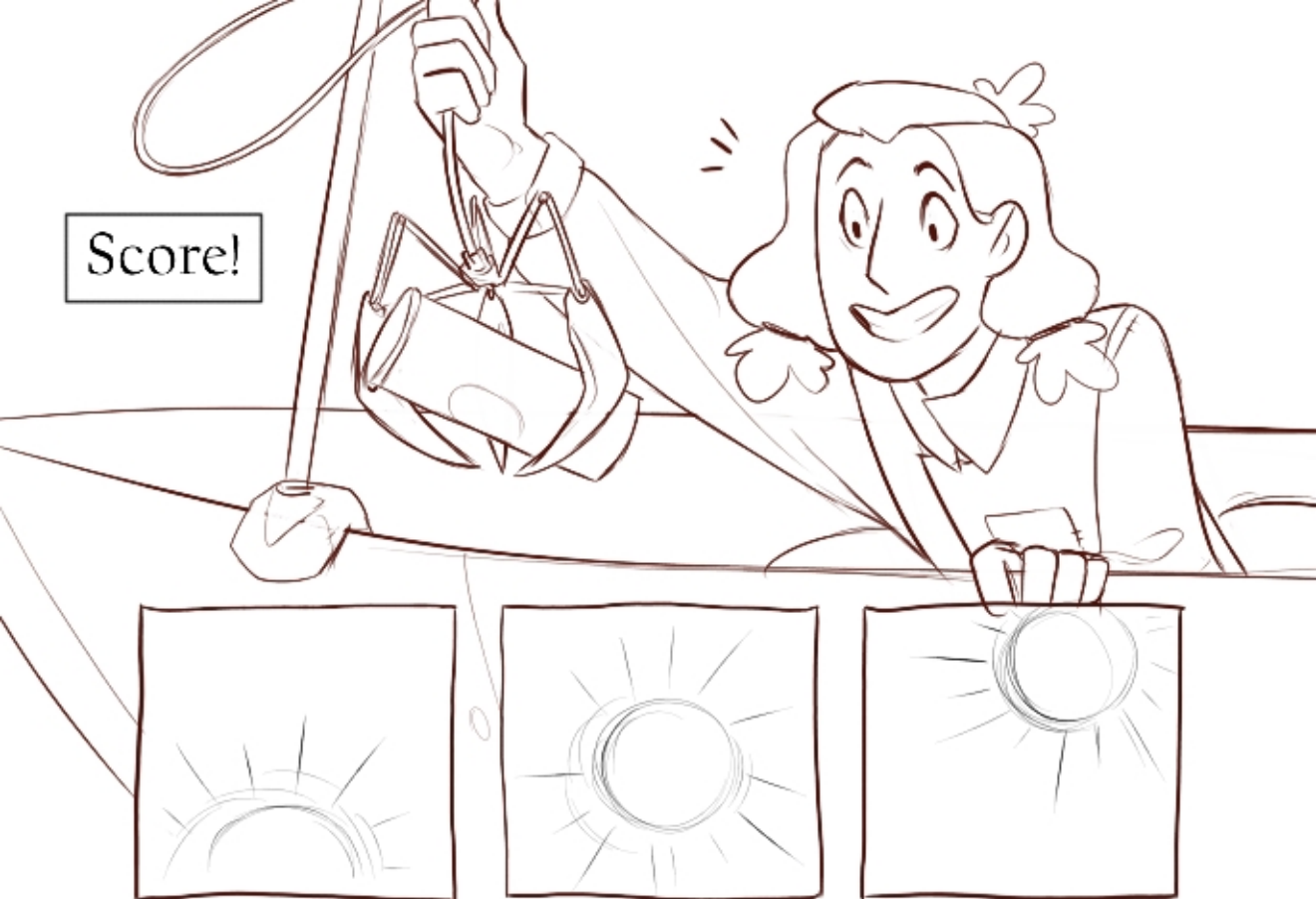
They say the water used to be poisonous,
so diving is dangerous.

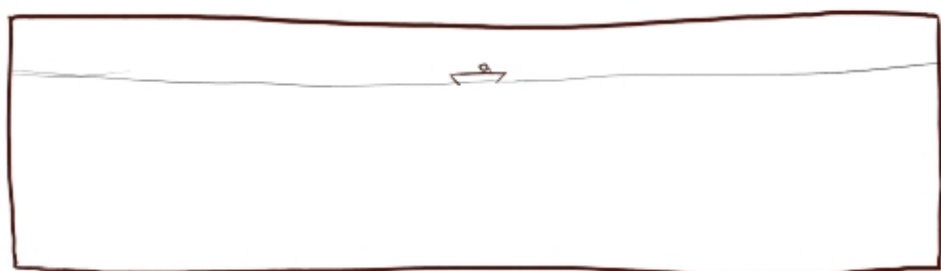
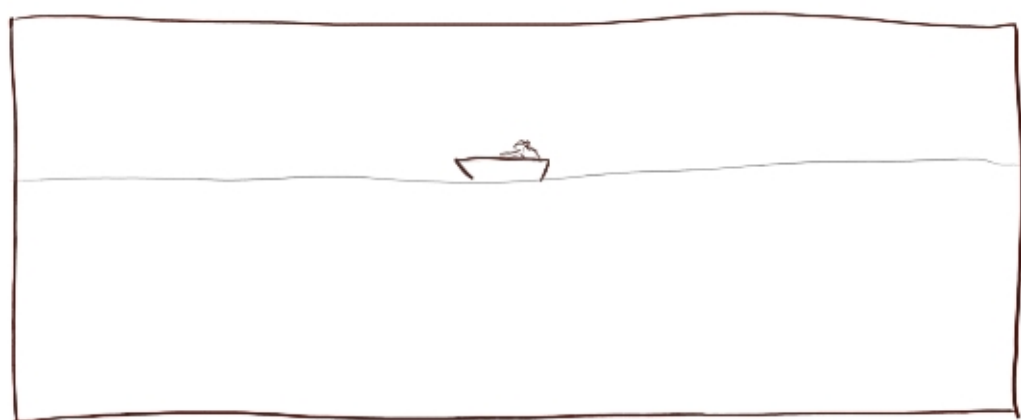
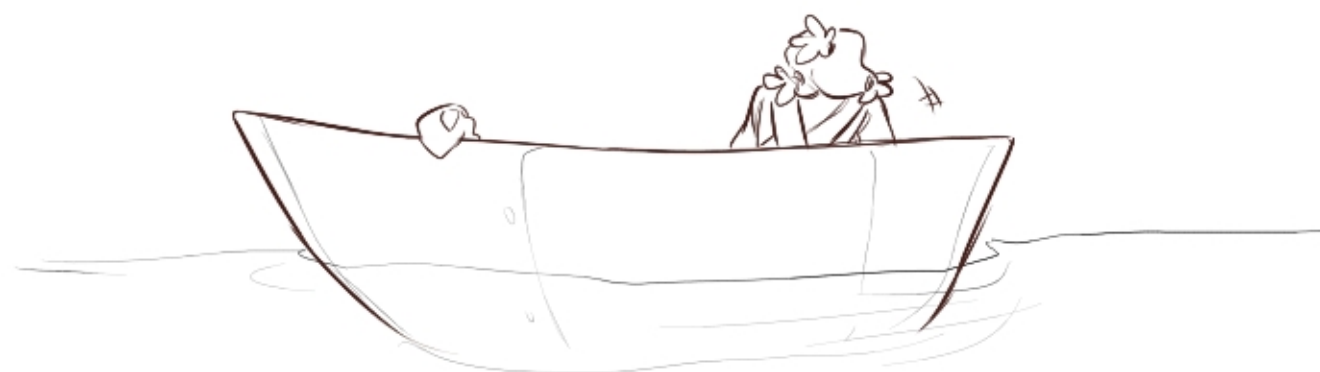
But fishing is fine.

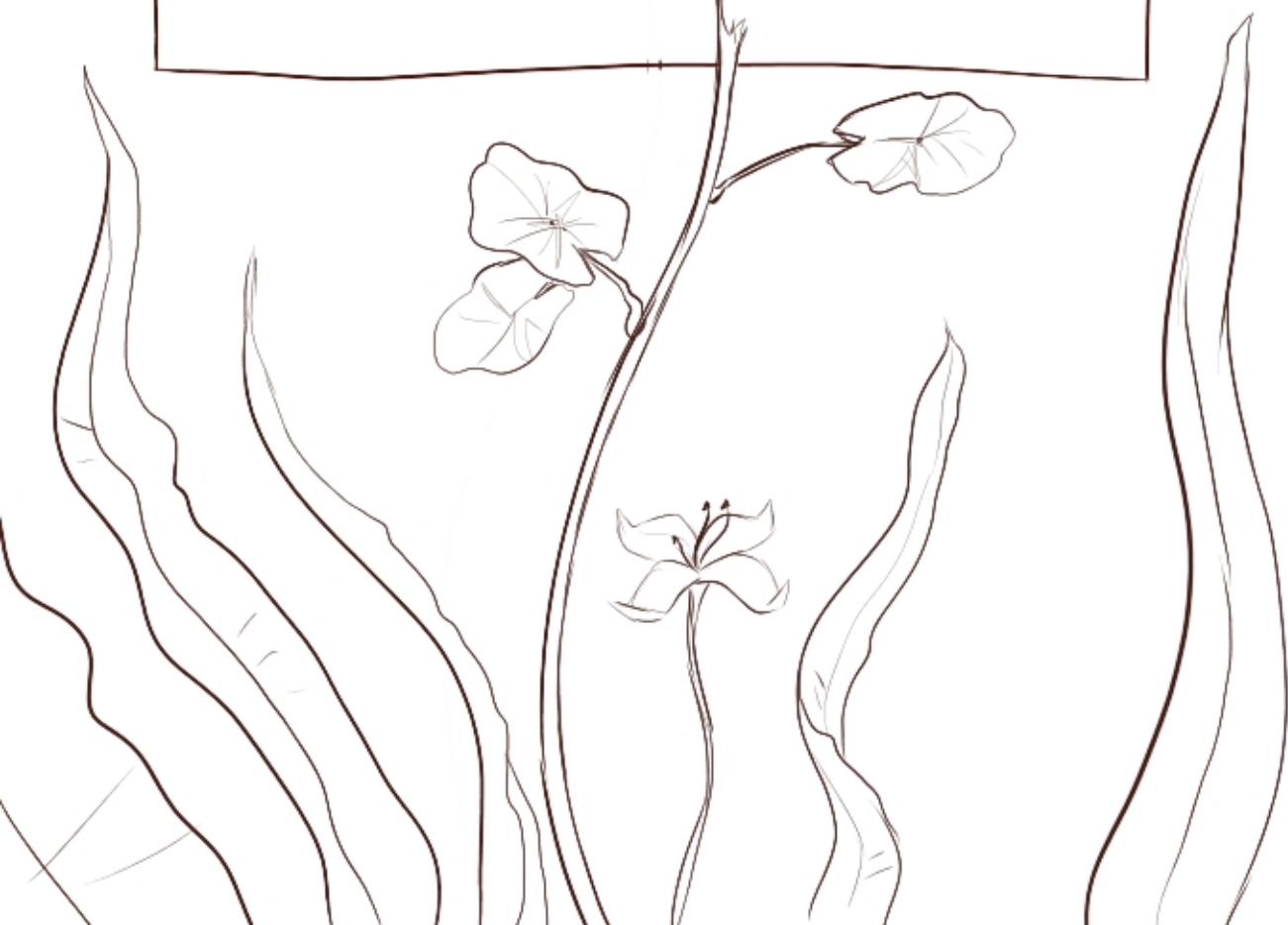
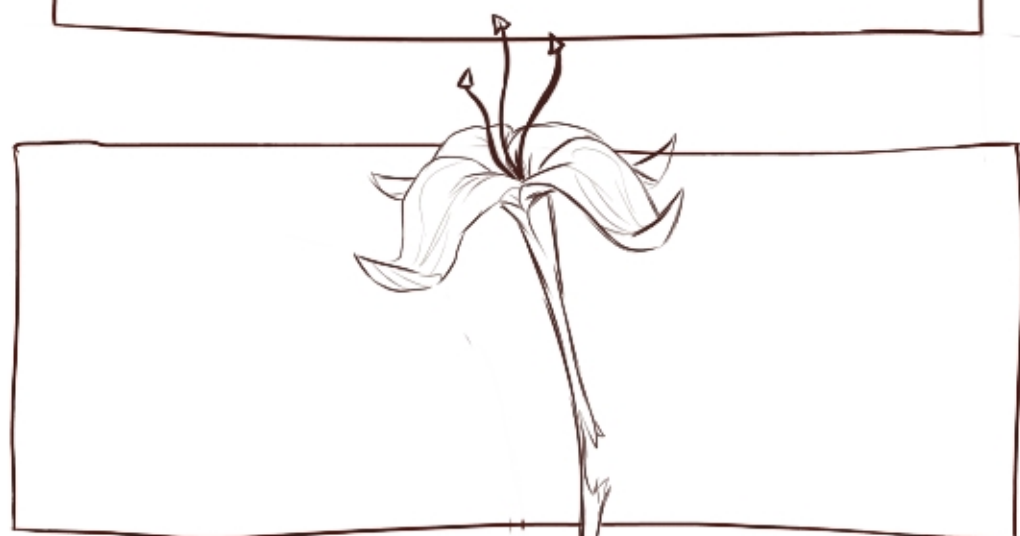
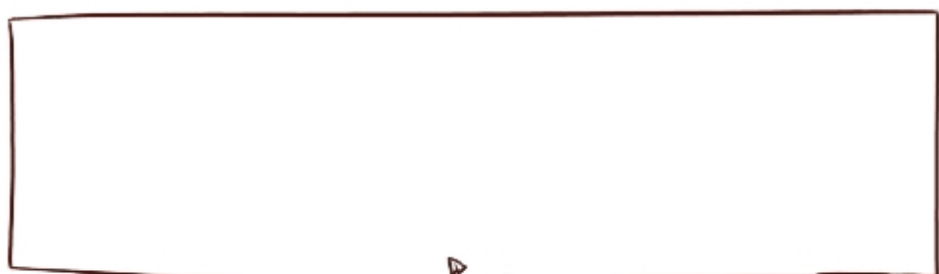




Score!

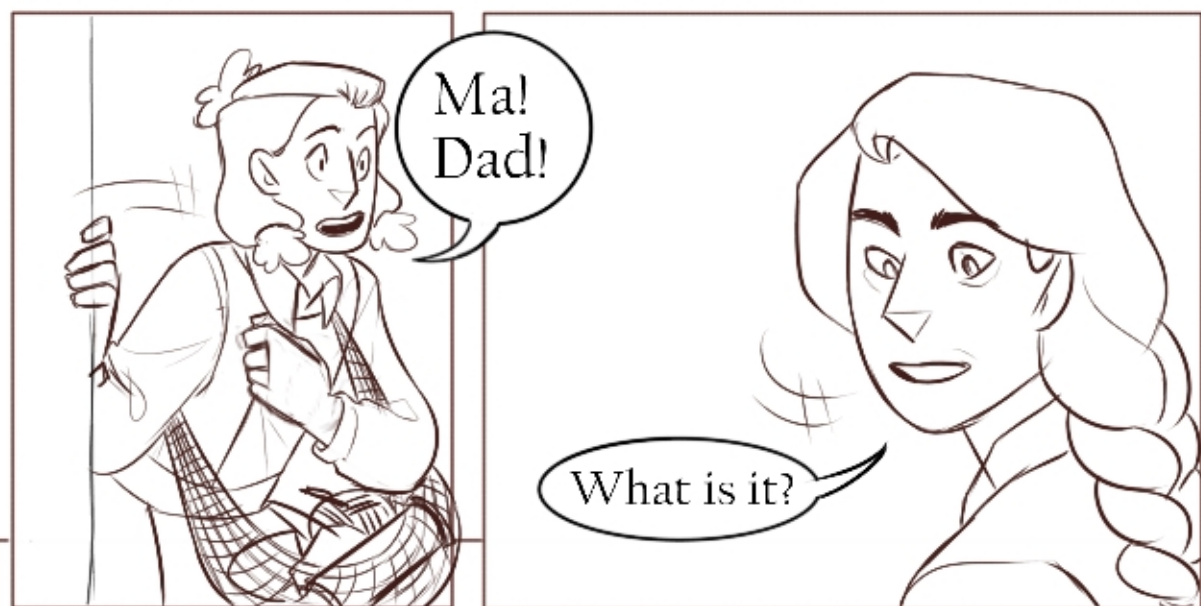














I've never been to a town meeting, before. Too young.

Even the mayor is here.

It's a lie!

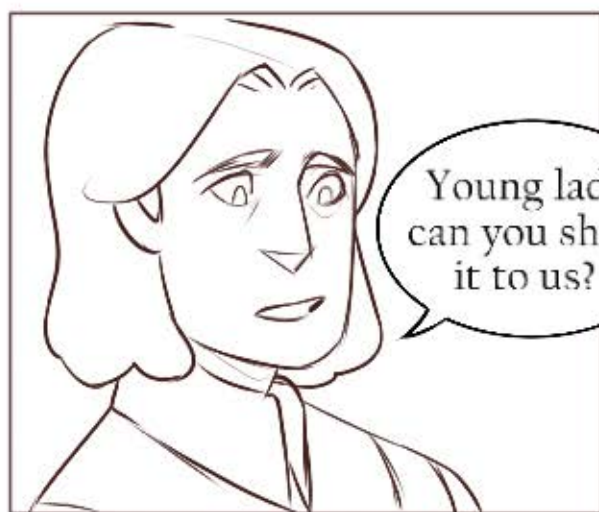
Please, everyone,
stay calm . . .

Where's
the proof?

It's a fake.

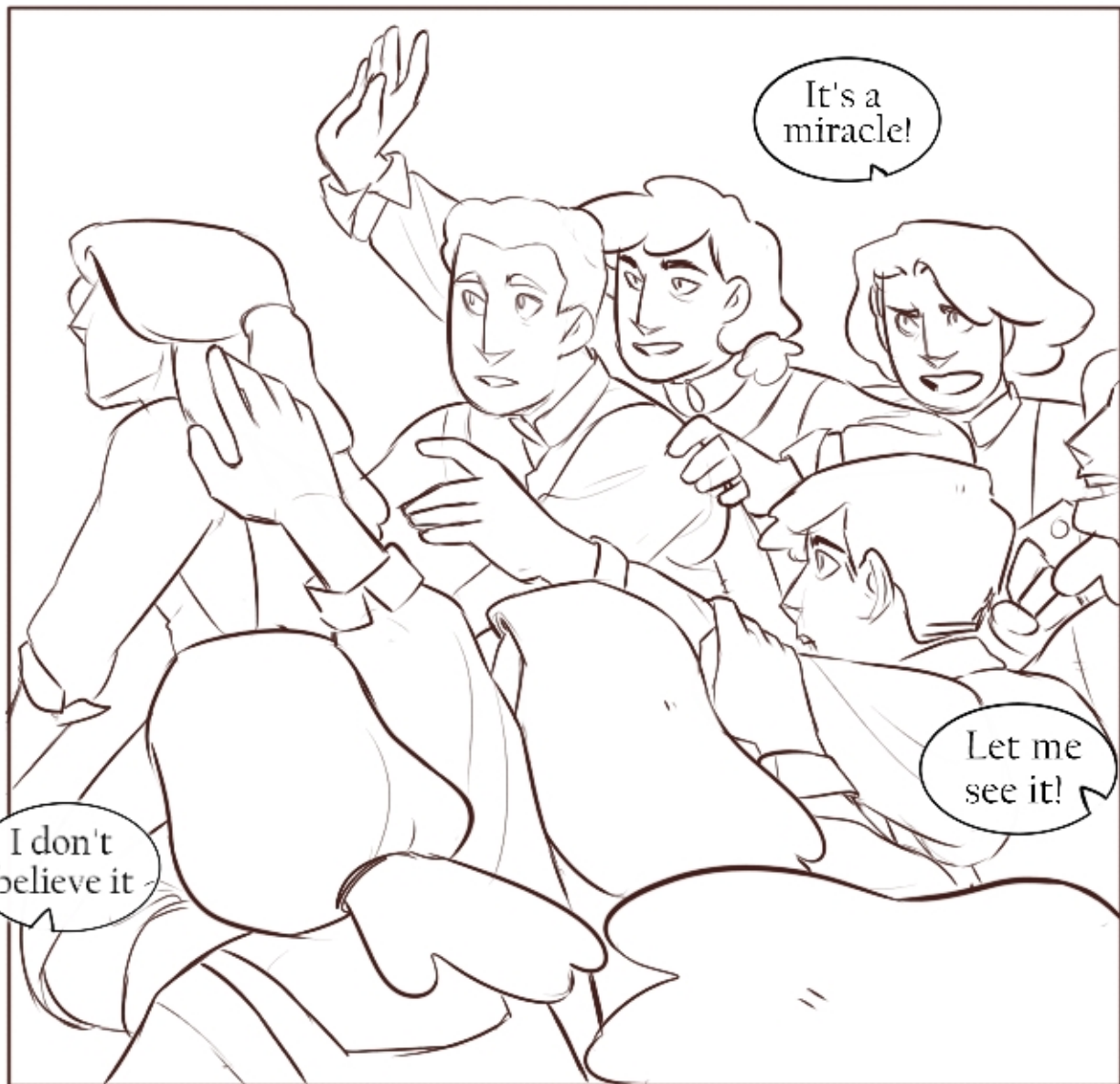
Yeah! Show
us the thing!

We don't know
what to call it.



Young lady,
can you show
it to us?





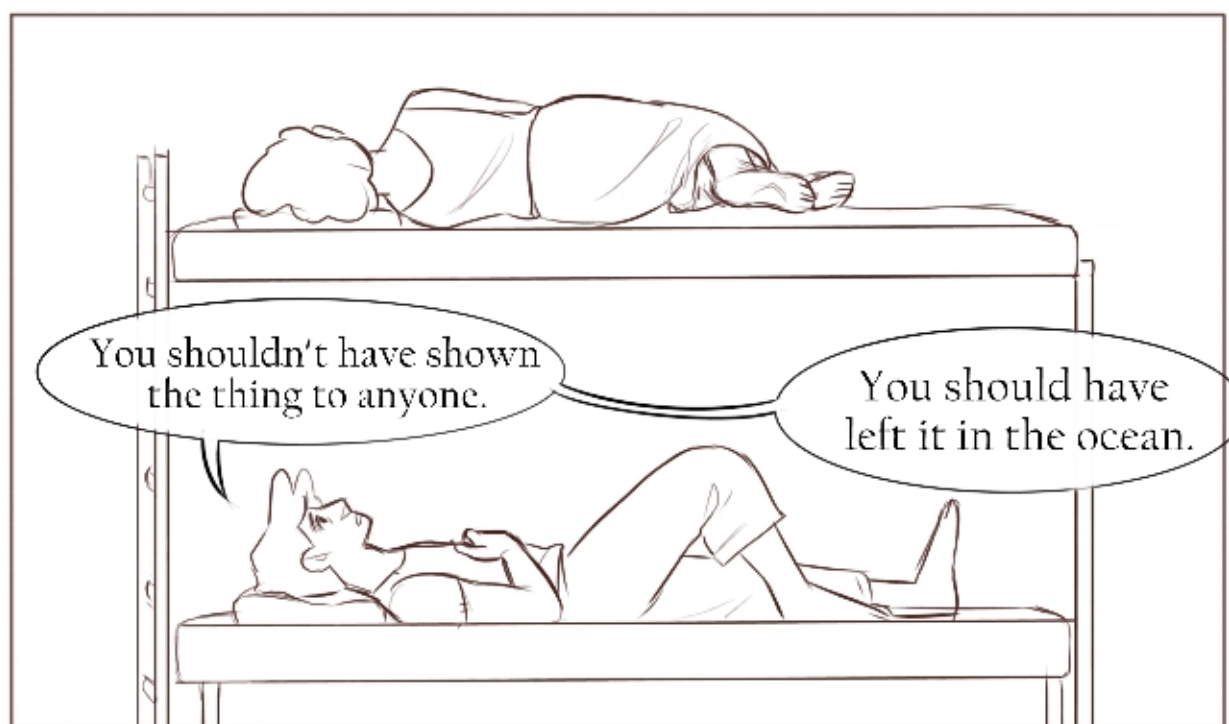
It's a miracle!

Let me see it!

I don't believe it







They moved Departure Day
up to next week.

That's probably
for the best.



There's a lot
to do to get ready.

Mom says you can only
bring two things from
your collection.



There must
be more.



In the ocean.

It can't be the
only one.

But don't
you see?

That's why
we need
to leave.

We're past
miracles.

There's no coming
back from where
we are.

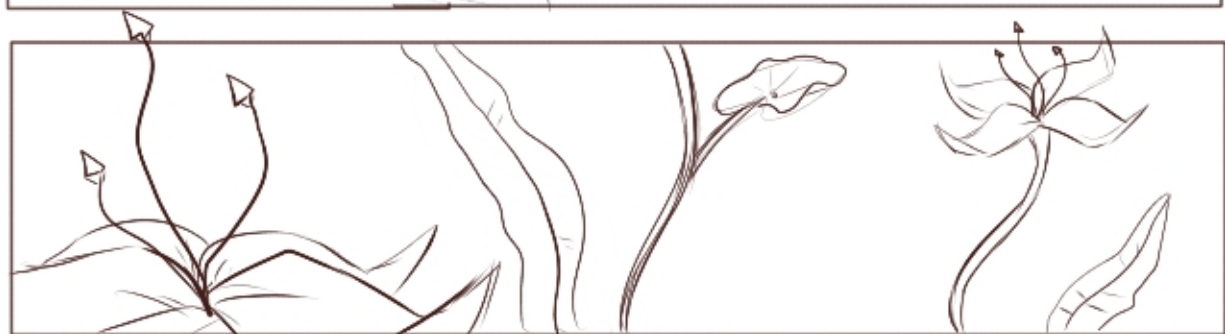
It's too late.

All that's left
is leaving

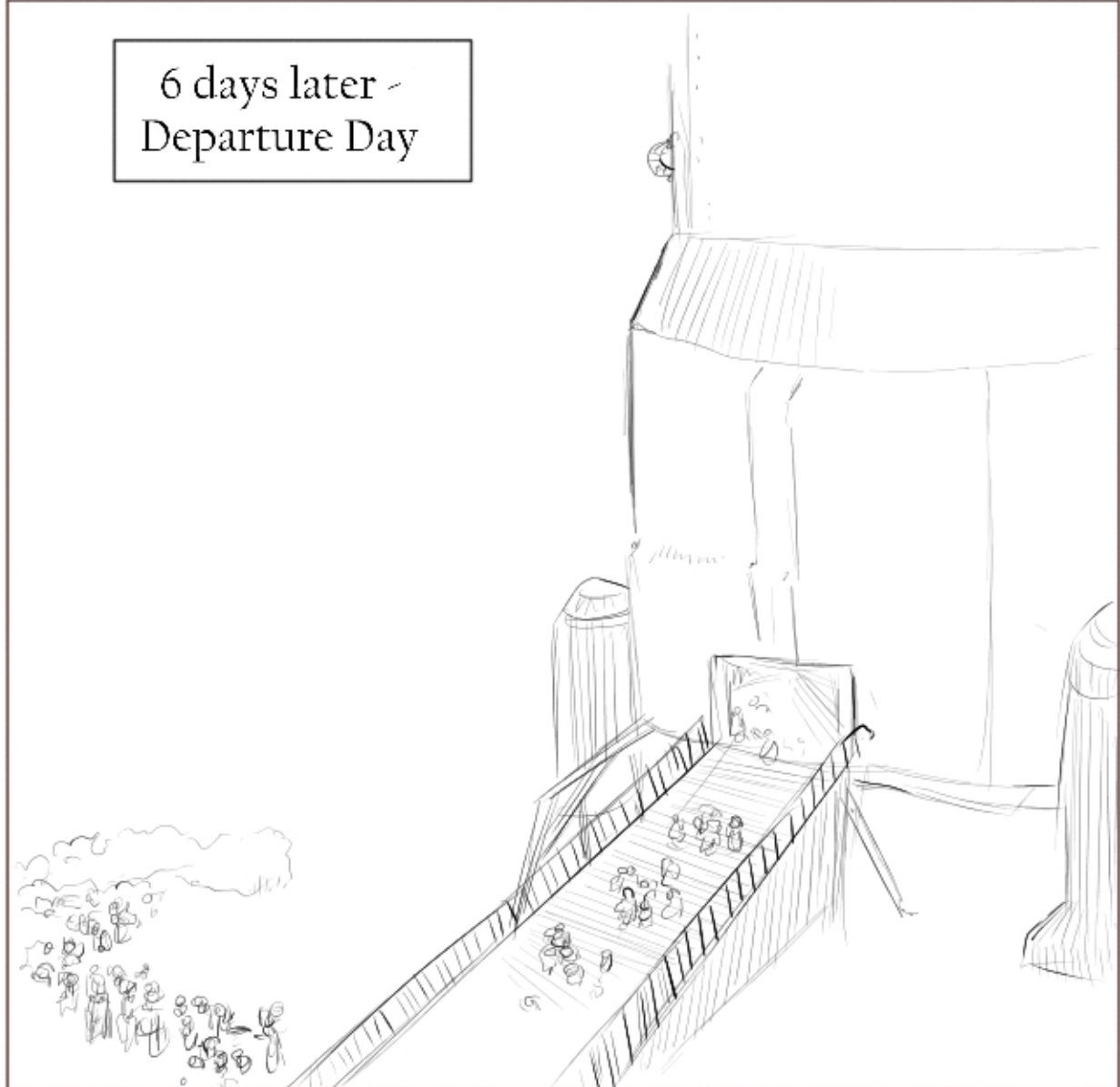
We should
already
be gone.

We're one of the only
colonies left,
you know.

It's over.



6 days later -
Departure Day





Maybe they're right.



We're up next, okay?



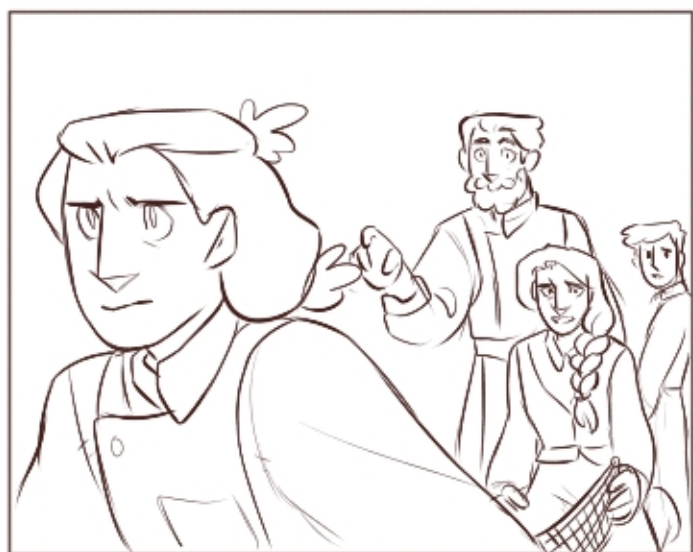
Maybe it is too late.

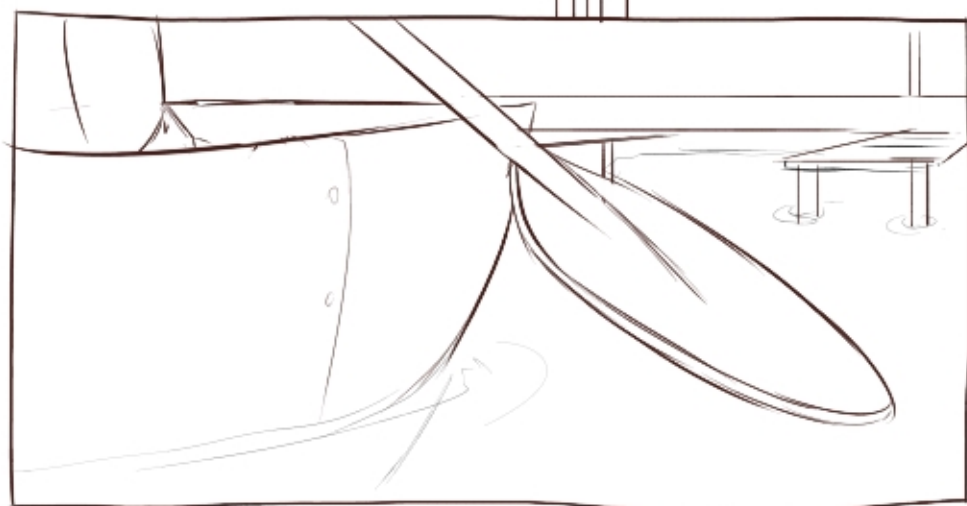
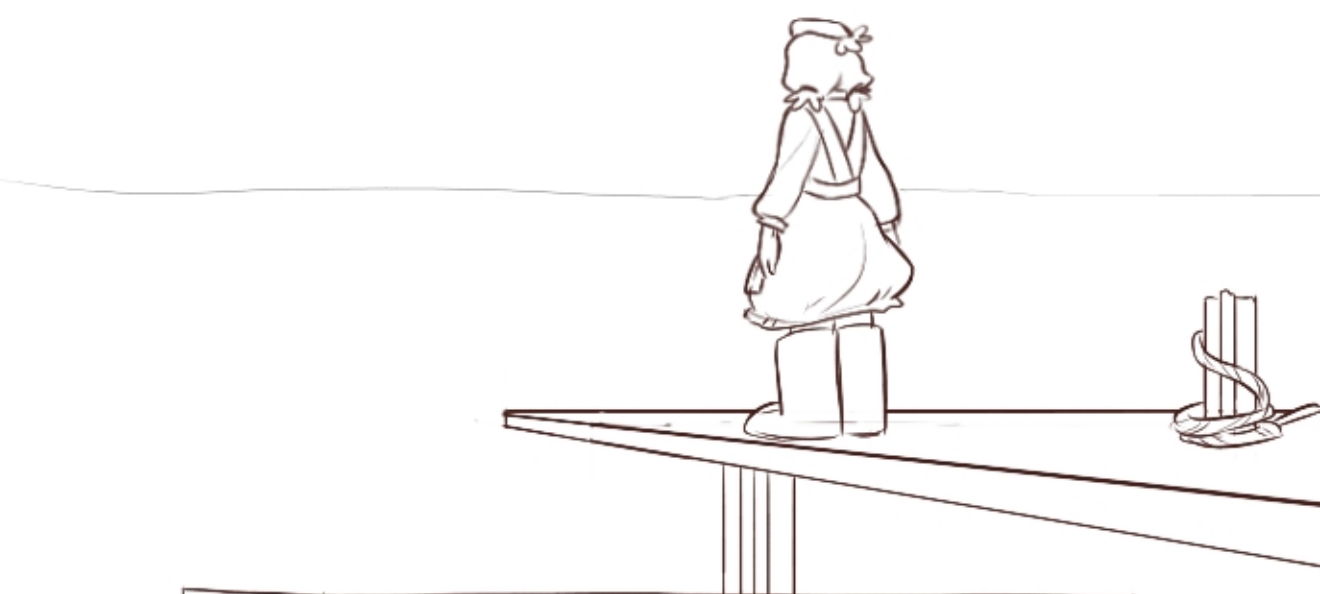
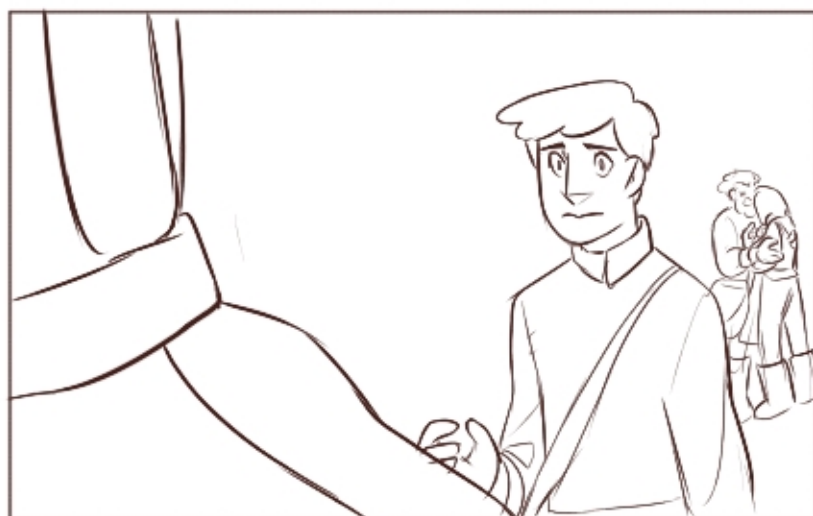


But I don't think it is.



No. I'm not going.

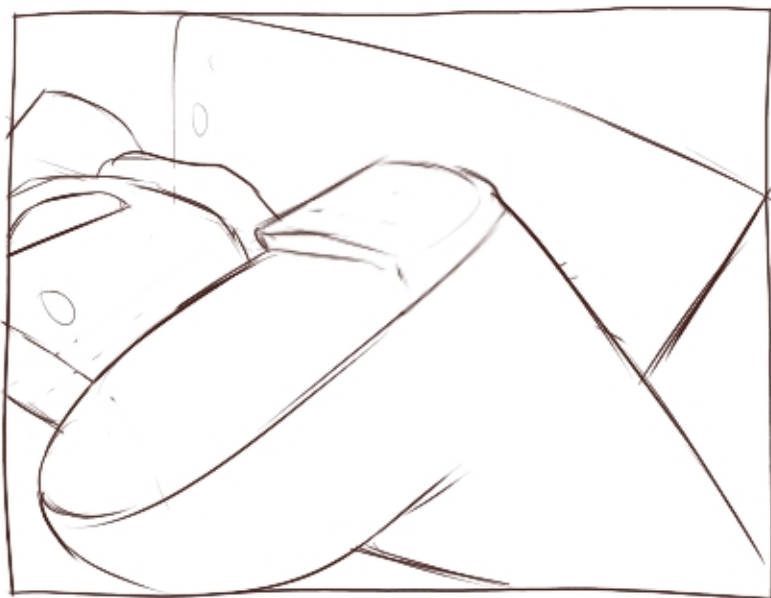


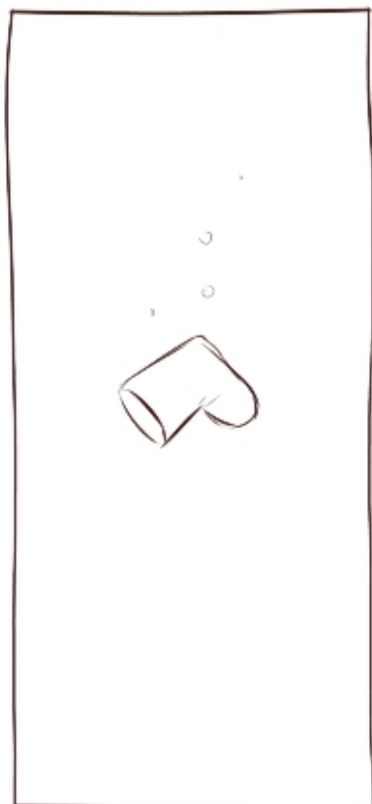
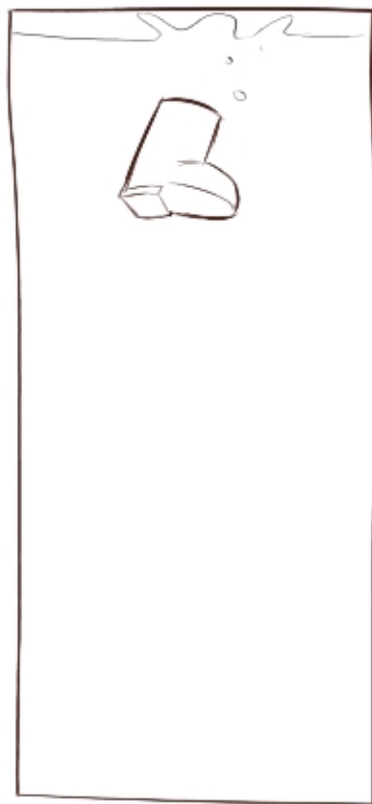
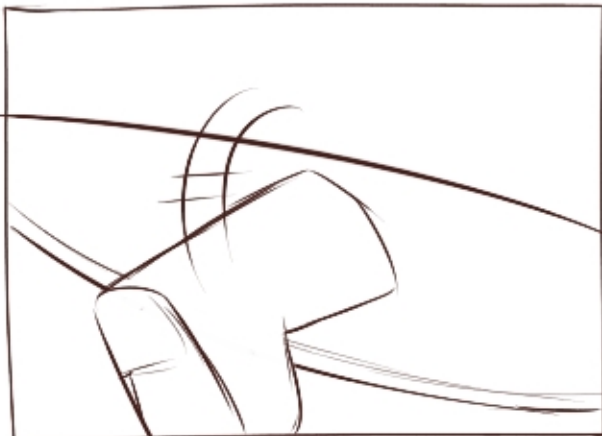
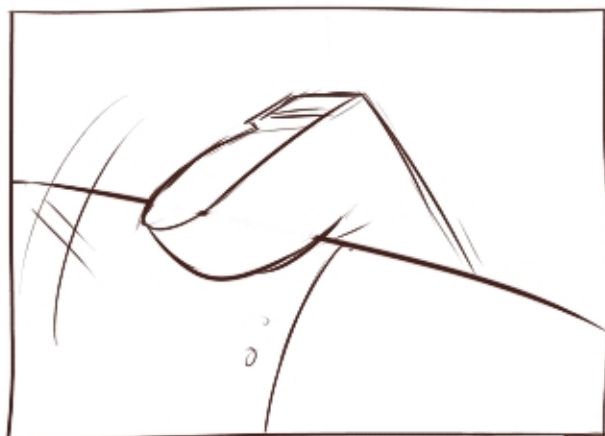


There are
more of them.

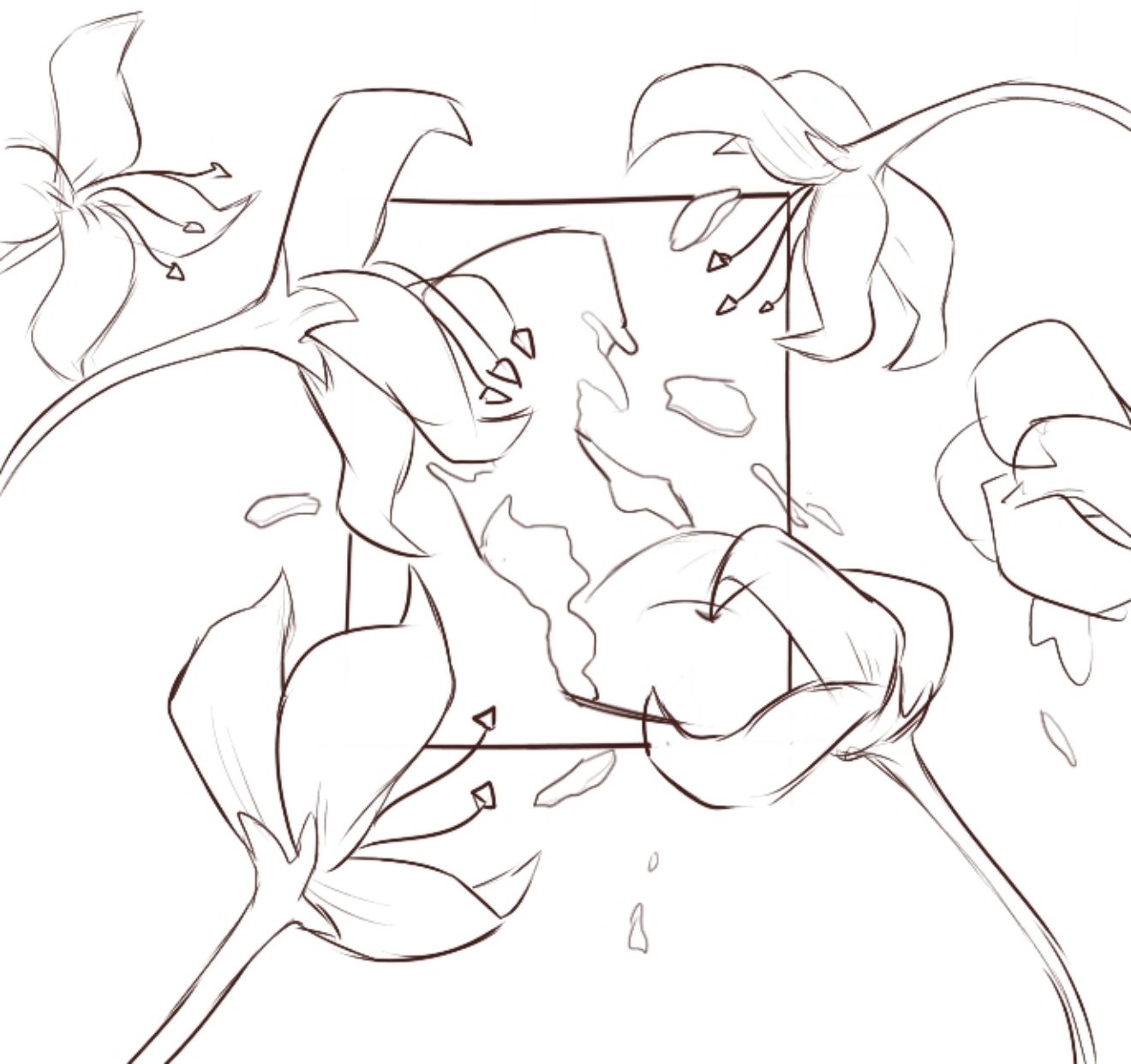
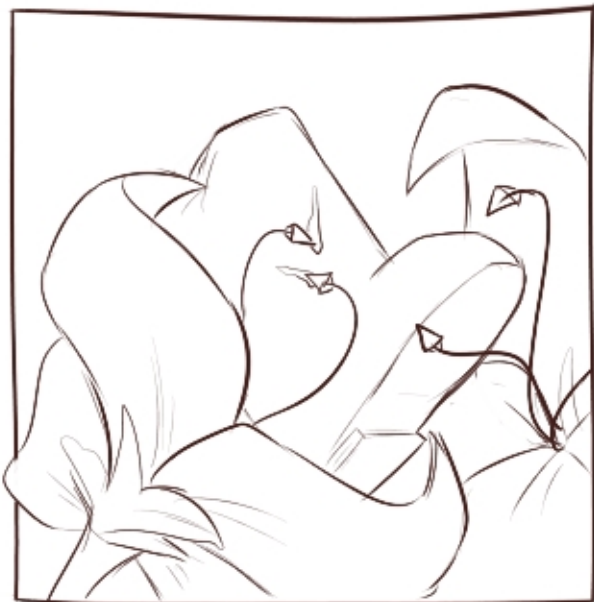


Out there,
alive.











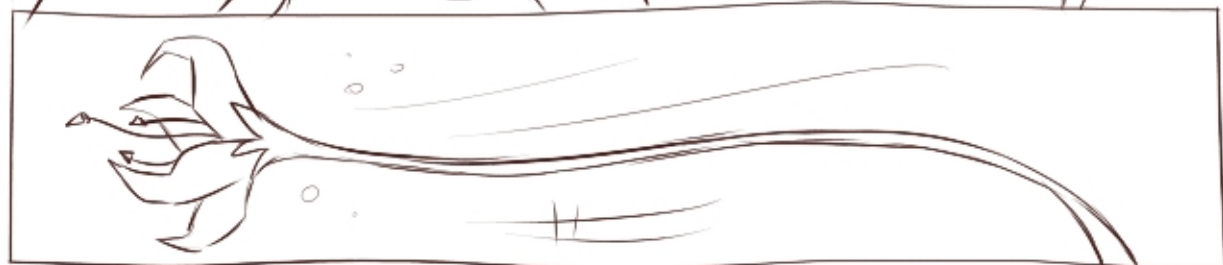
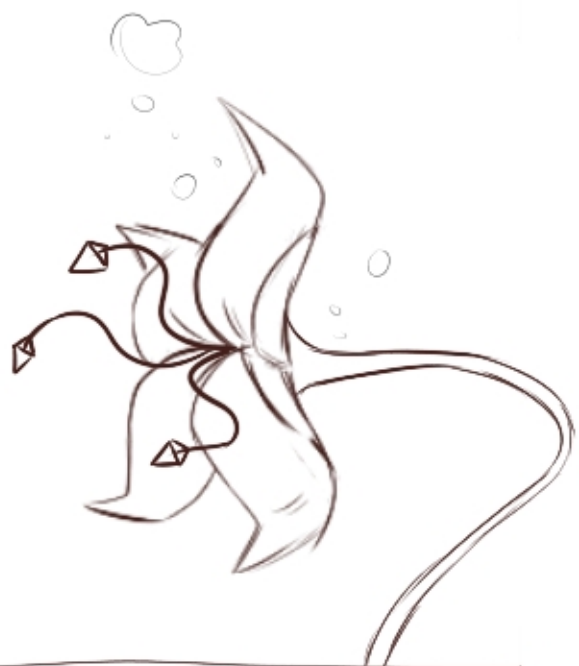


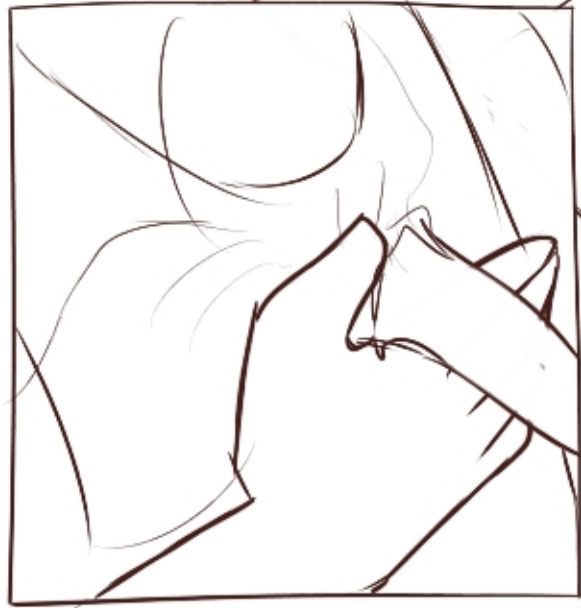
There's so many of them.

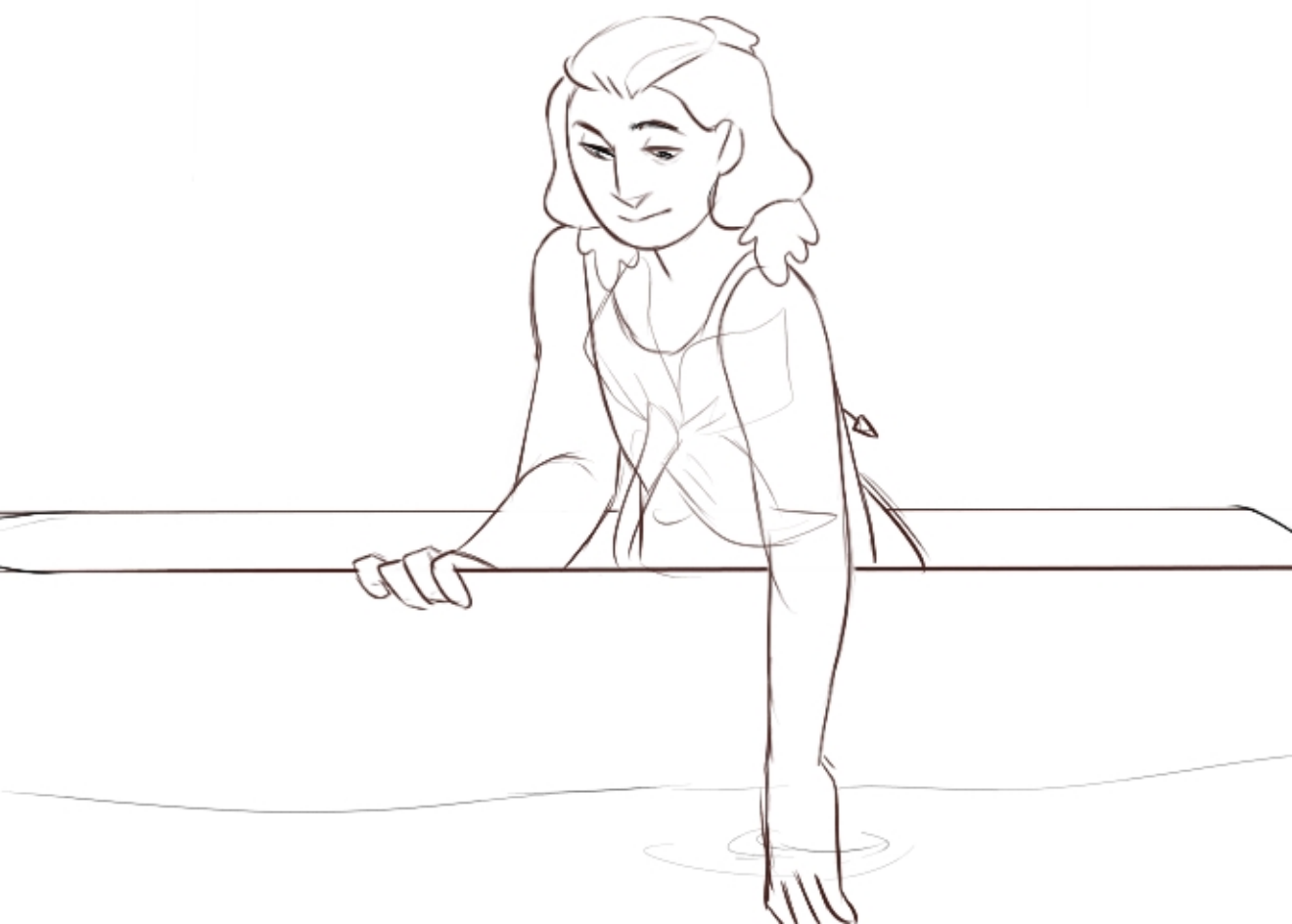
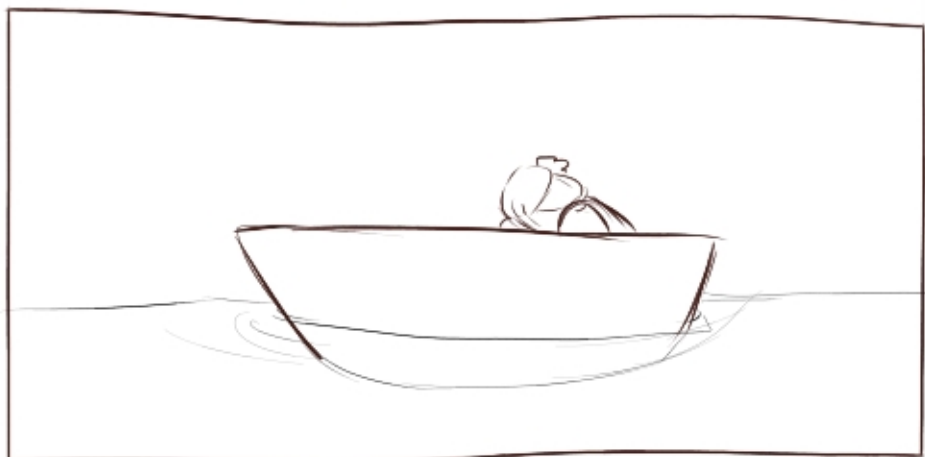
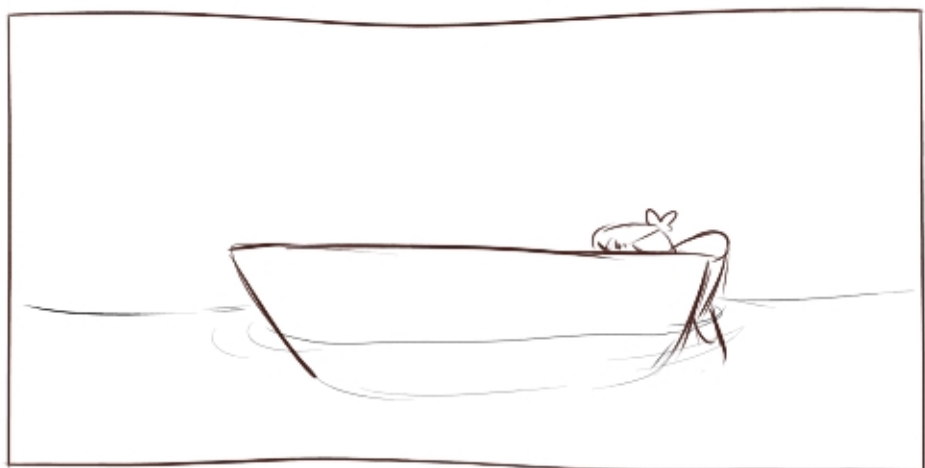




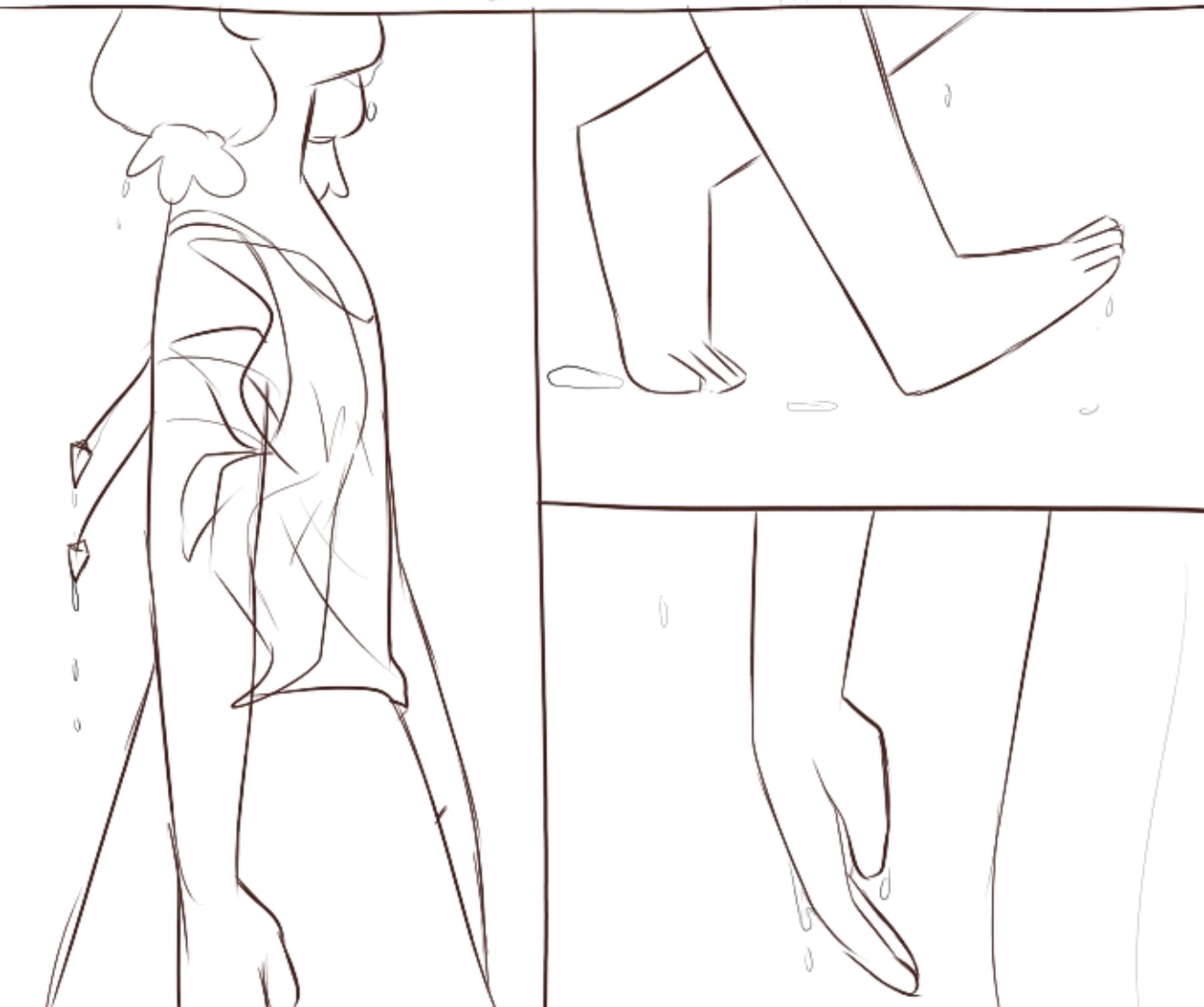
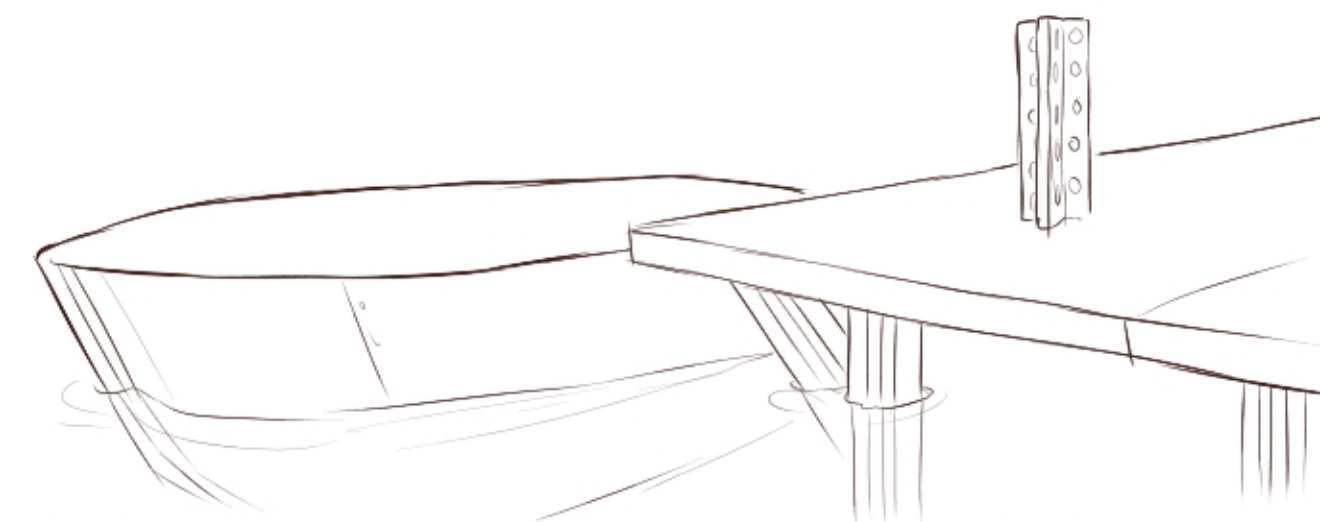
I wish there were
some way to stay
with it forever.



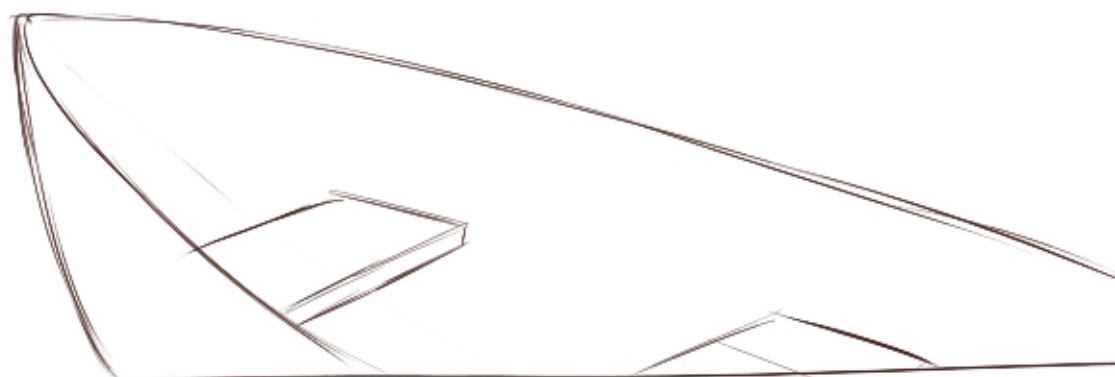




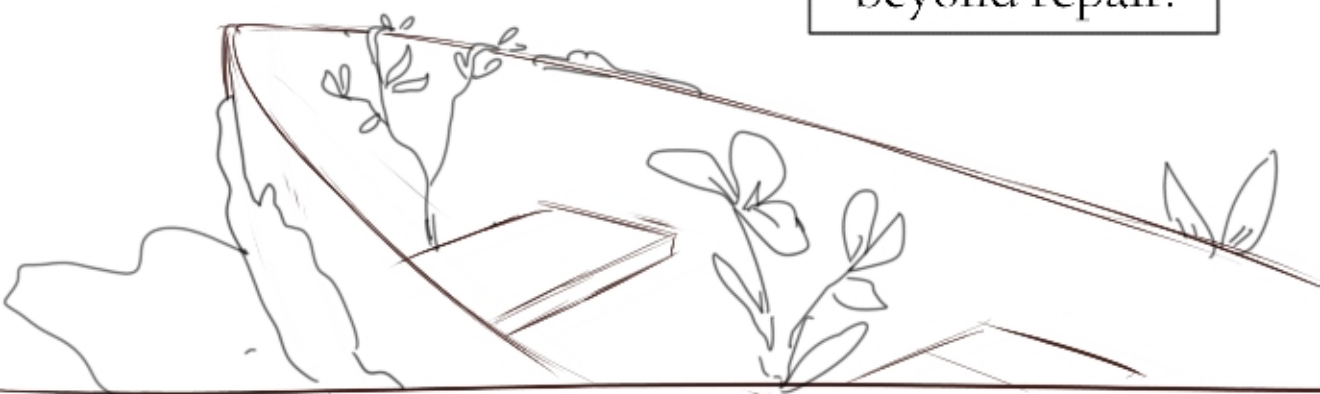
The People That Came Before
didn't understand
the ocean.



They thought
it was dead.



They thought
it was damaged
beyond repair.



They were wrong.





