



photo taken by elementary student, Austin Miller

The Flamingo Tribe

a story by Kayla, a fifth grade writer



Hello, everybody, I live in Argentina. I am a pink bird known as the flamingo. When I was little, my parents died and I was left alone. I became very lonely and the only thing that was protecting me from the outside world was my heart. I had not yet found any more of my species.

I hoped to find friends on my long journey to Brazil in search of more flamingos. I left the next morning. It was a hot day, and I was dying of thirst. Finally, I found a stream and took a giant gulp of water. It really quenched my thirst. Then something started to come at me from under the water. All of a sudden, *Pop!* Out hopped a frog. He said, "Hello, Miss. How are you today?"

I said that I was doing fine although it was awfully hot that day. I told him about my parents, how they had died and the struggles I have been facing since then. He actually listened to me, unlike the ladybugs and the butterflies back home. He understood me. He said I must be lonely, and I said that I was basically all the time. He said that he would love to accompany me on my long journey and that his name was Smooth. Then he asked me what my name was.

I said I never really had a real name because my parents died before they even had a chance to name me. Smooth said that he would call me Flow, short for Florian. I liked that name. It was late so we decided to call it a night. We set up camp by an old oak tree. We lay down and we talked for about ten minutes before we fell into a deep sleep.

In the morning I woke up feeling very hot and sweaty so I decided to take a cool dip in the pond behind the oak tree. When Smooth awoke, he felt very hot and sweaty too, so he decided to join me. After about an hour of swimming we set off again.

In the late afternoon, we took our first step in Brazil. It was beautiful. We kept walking and after about 15 minutes we stopped to take a break. We were both talking to each other when all of a sudden we heard a giant splash. It came from behind a few trees. Smooth and I got up and walked around the trees, the sun shining bright. I could not believe my eyes. I finally had found my flamingo tribe.

The long trip that I had taken taught me more than to never give up. It taught me how to have courage, to meet new friends, to face my fears, and to trust in the one thing that got me to this very spot...trust in myself.

What do you like about Kayla's writing style? Which writing trait(s) does she excel with?

What story or poem might you write inspired by this photograph?