

A Quiet Night

Johnny Frisbie



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through dual language texts

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A Quiet Night



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When I was a child, I lived on an island.
At bedtime, we all slept under a big mosquito net.

One night, I couldn't get to sleep.
So I crept out for a walk.



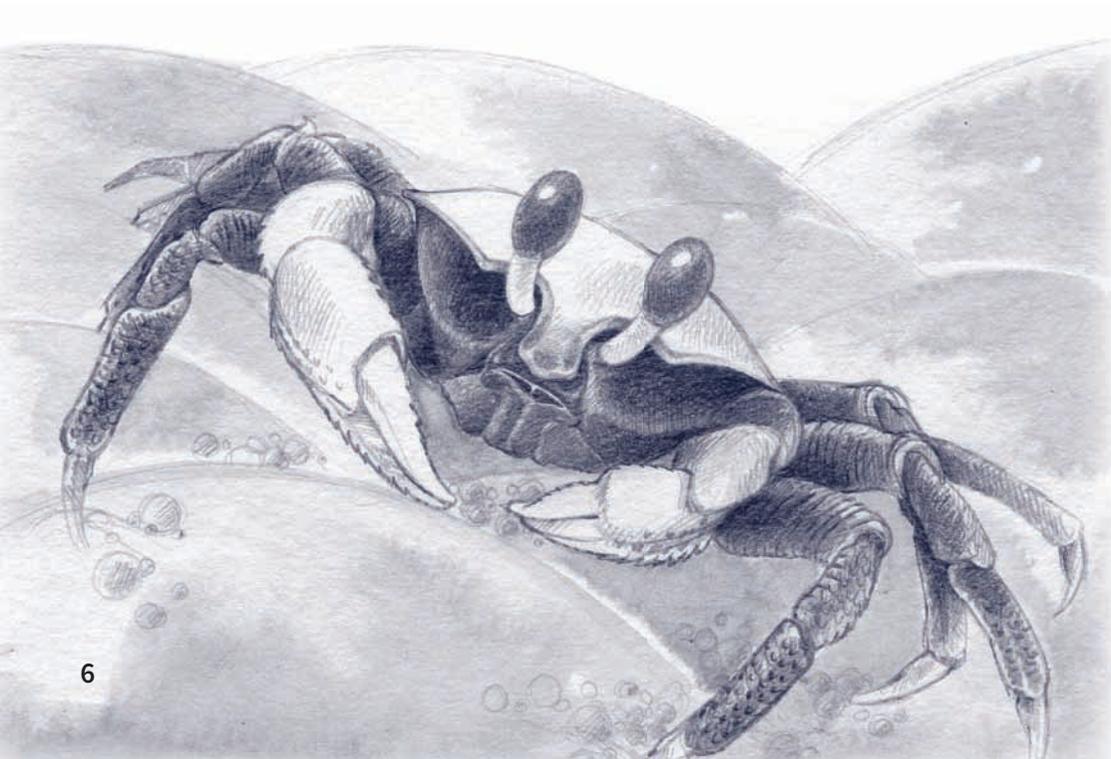


I walked a little way down to the beach and found a place to sit on the cool, white sand.



The shadows of the coconut trees were waving slowly back and forth in the water. Across the lagoon, I could see lights glimmering. I couldn't see the roofs above them, so I pretended they were stars.

Around me, sand crabs crawled out of their holes.
It's funny how sand crabs live.
They work hard all night digging and clearing holes.
At dawn, they wash their shells in the shallow water
and crawl home to cover themselves with sand.



In the trees, the white terns slept quietly,
nesting in pairs among the coconut fronds.



The silver mullet slept peacefully
on the sand in the shallows.



He stopped and looked at me.
His whiskers twitched.
Then I saw his long, stringy tail
disappear into his nest
in the heart of the tree.

Then, sneaking from nowhere, like a thief,
a rat appeared on a frond not far from the terns.





The moon looked down on me from above.
I smiled back.
Then I walked back home
along the cool, white sand.