

HW294

18.

Name: TAMMY LOVERDOS

Essay Class C

Date of birth: [REDACTED]

Essay Number 1

CHISIPITE JUNIOR SCHOOL

Exact length of Essay: 512 words

BOX C.H. 96

CHISIPITE HARARE

ZIMBABWE

Certified by: J. MubvumbaHEADMISTRESS
CHISIPITE JUNIOR SCHOOLSatellite to Seashore

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NAME Tammy Loverdos				
COUNTRY Zimbabwe				
TOPIC 1				
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I felt very confined in my small space capsule as it moved around the earth. Through the windows, I could see the blackness of space stretching away for ever, and if I looked down I could see my planet, earth. There were the frozen snowy wastes of Siberia, the vastness of the Gobi desert, and the cold, blackness of the sea. Now I could see North America, held in the iron grip of the worst winter in over a hundred years. I shuddered when I remembered the sub-zero temperatures, the pain of the vicious cold. The satellite moved across my frozen continent, down over Mexico, also suffering bitterly, across the wild, stormy Atlantic.

But wait, what was that sparkling, sunnily below? I adjusted the computerized controls and circled around, peering through the powerful telescope. There below me, in a crystal sparkling sea, was a chain of mountainous islands, dressed in luxuriant green, and wearing sandy beaches on their feet. Of course, this was the Bahamas and there was Cuba and there was Jamaica. Oh if only I could leave the close confines of my capsule, leave dreadful weather in Europe and America, and plunge into the warm seas surrounding this small, commonwealth country, Jamaica. As my satellite continued across the black wastes of the Atlantic, I daydreamed about that beautiful island. Oh to laze on a sandy beach, to feel the warmth of the sun on my body, to hear the wavelets lapping

at my feet. What bliss!

How I would love to take a small jeep and just follow any road that leads through the ^{rich} valleys, thickly planted with sugar cane, past the sugar mills, past fields of luscious yellow pineapples, orchards of grapefruit trees, the fruit hanging in golden orbs, and up into the high lands of magnificent views, coffee and tobacco, and peace and quiet.

Then down again into the gaiety and hustle of Kingston, the capital city. There would be life and laughter, music and song, and how I wished I could leave my orbiting of the earth and join the merry crowds in Kingston.

There would be delicious tropical fruit being sold by brightly dressed young girls, there would be happy carefree urchins scampering along with sticks of sugar cane, round black faces split up by wise, watermelon grins, and how I would like to sink my teeth into a huge slice of watermelon, spitting out the seeds as I walked along the sunny streets.

Then, if I got tired of the noise and music, the hustle and bustle, I could stroll through one of the peaceful, shady parks, enjoying the calm, greenness of the trees, or the gay, happiness of the flowers, and the jewel-like, brightness of the small birds flashing from one to the other in search of nectar.

Oh yes, if I could land my little catelitte anywhere in the world, it would not be in foggy England, nor in strife-torn Africa, nor in drought-stricken and fire-ravaged Australia, nor in cold, rainy New Zealand, it would be in the warm seas surrounding the happy little country of Jamaica.

Jamaica



Happy
Flower
Sellers
Sell
Happy
Flowers



A Hotel near Port Antonio