



DANGER IN DOMINICA¹

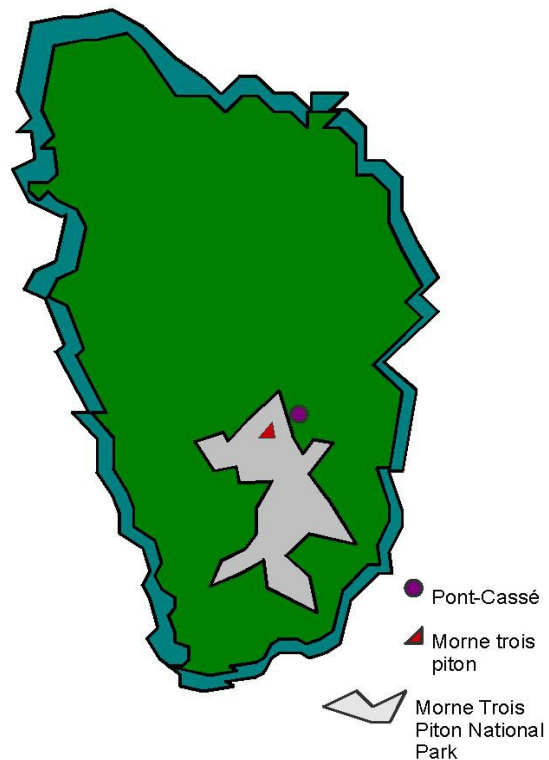
By

Hélène A, 13 - Emilie H, 13 - Léo C, 13

I'd planned to go to Dominica with my friends Michael and Pedro because I had been told that it was the REAL mas' down there.

Down the street, everybody was happy singing and dancing to 'La Po Kabwit' rhythms..

I decided to jump up along with a group of masqueraders. It was very funny!!! Then I met my friends, at Baker Street, in Marigot where the carnival was taking place. After looking at the Carnival Queen show, I worried about Carmen, my girlfriend, who had said that she would contribute to the show; but she never appeared.



Pedro decided to look for Carmen in her tent, while Michael and I asked the other participants of the show if they knew where she was. I saw her beautiful sister who was eating accras under a coconut tree. She was wearing a red dress with a black glittering mask.

Nobody knew anything.

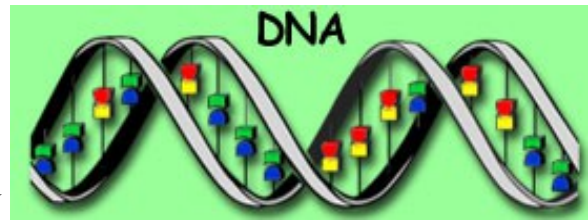
Then, Michael popped up; he was very happy. We asked him if he had found Carmen. He said: “No, I didn't but I found a clue!!! I found a piece of her costume!”

I knew that Carmen was wearing a blue dress for the show. I immediately recognized the blue glittering cloth.

I was angry that he was excited about this whereas my girlfriend was still missing. “OK, it IS a part of her dress; so what, Mr. Sherlock junior? We must call the police; they will find her!!”

¹ DEFIS SELO anglais collège – Avril 2009 – Académie de la MARTINIQUE

“Are you sure about that?” answered Michael. “The police have got so much work at carnival time; they must do a lot of things! They have to check that no alcoholic drinks are sold, they must help tourists find their way, and they must make sure that nobody is hurt. Let's look for Carmen and save her ourselves, it will be funny!!!” Pedro agreed. His father was a policeman and he had already helped him solve crimes...



“If you want too...”, I sighed, “let's go...”

I was very worried; so I went to her house to ask her parents if they knew where she was; when I arrived at Carmen's house, everything was silent. It was a beautiful house surrounded by palm trees and hibiscuses, but at this moment it seemed really grim... Her Creole dog did not bark and the door creaked open. I wearily dragged my feet up to the bedroom: I felt so tired. [1]

While I was walking back to Baker's street, I saw a Sensay disappear in the dark night. I felt really panicky: The street was empty. There was no one singing or dancing to Calypso and Socca music.

I was surprised to see that the float from Martinique was deserted. There was a strange book on the passenger's seat. The title was "Carnival legends in the Caribbean".²

One by one, I turned the pages over and I started to feel really frightened. All the legends told about the terrible E.T Wendigo, a frightening soul-hunter. I closed the book.

It was getting windy on this February early evening.



² Photo prêtée par le Foyer de l'Espérance – Fort de France – DEFIS SELO - MARTINIQUE

I called Pedro on my phone:

“Hello?? Pedro???”

“Diego!!! I've looked for you all day long!
Where are you???”

“I'm near the Shingle beach... but I'm all alone!
There is nobody here... I found a strange book...”
“What are you doing in the street!! Are you crazy?
Meet me at the Morne Trois Piton National Park.
We must speak together immediately.”

“OK.”

I went to the park; it was a long ride; I cycled through all Pont Cassé, my village. Pedro was waiting for me. There was nobody else in this magnificent rain forest.

“Pedro!” I shouted. I was really relieved to see him. But when he saw me, he screamed and ran away. I started to run after him.
Why was he running?

I felt so tired that I decided to have a rest near a Bwa Mang' tree; but I couldn't relax! I was terribly attracted by the delicious smell of cinnamon that was floating in the air...

I was now back in the streets. I passed a Carnival band and some Calypsonians, until Morne Diablotin, the highest mountain in my island.

This is when I found Carmen.

She turned as white as a ghost, when she saw me.

I howled, it was an animal scream....

My name is
Diego Went...
E.T Wendigo,
and I am a soul hunter.³

Then came a worried voice echoing my scream.

**"Diego, Wake Up!
I don't want to be late to my Carnival Queen election."**



THE END⁴