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Summer Time Fun Begins at BI-MART



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Imagine

Dolphin Lady



Once, in the warm waters of Coral Paradise Ocean in West Africa, a school of dolphins approached the shore for their regular snack of fish. They waited patiently. Soon she came, the old lady who owned a small seafood market. She was a happy lady, very, very small, but with a big heart. But today she was sad. She gave them an extra big snack, then sat down as if she was going to say something. "Them bad ole dolphin catchers goin' come tomorrow," she began. "Them blubber thieves," she continued, "just wanna make money. Some of 'em will take you to the aquariums, some kill for blubber. So get as far north as you can 'cause them boats gonna be floatin' round tomorrow at sunrise."

The old lady had named all 20, but now she counted 22. Babies with their mother, Rainbow, and their father,

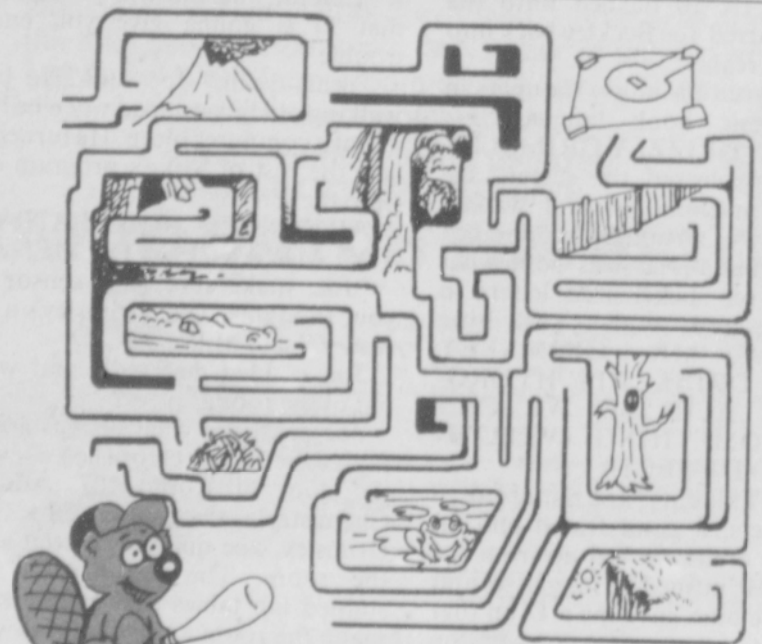
By Cresta White, age 9

Sunset. The babies were cute. She thought, then carefully selected two names, one for a girl and one for a boy. Cinders for the boy and Flowers for the girl. The school swam off when the old lady had gone. They swam north, as if they had understood the old lady.

In the next few weeks, the boats were gone, and the dolphins returned. They waited all day for the old lady. Then her son came and said, as if he knew what the dolphins were looking for, "She died last week. She always said she wanted to be buried right here, and she is."

All the dolphins looked at each other, as if tears were coming to their eyes. Then they all jumped into the air and dove underwater, and each surfaced with a shell or piece of coral and placed them on her grave by the water.

A-MAZE-ING



Help Buck Beaver get to his game.