

Dreams of the Ocean

Even as a small girl on the little island, I always thought I had knowledge, but my mother told me when I was born I knew nothing. “You have to experience life in order to gain knowledge,” she would always say to me. We would walk by the ocean and I wondered what was beyond that ocean. Could it be a whole new world? Momma said she believed nothing was beyond our island, but I had wandering thoughts.

Every evening after dinner, I would walk down to the beach and talk to the old fisherman, Kanoa. I would sit and talk with him for hours about his adventures on his ship, and how he lost all he loved because of it. After hearing his stories, I would go and tell my mother about his amazing travels, but she never believed me. “That is nonsense, my daughter,” she said, “there is no possible way. I have never seen anything like that in my years, you’re making it all up, now go to bed.”

I could not get those vibrant adventures out of my head, Kanoa sailing away in the sea, knowing nothing but the water beneath his ship. I knew he was telling the truth, but how could momma not understand? She didn’t believe in anything she couldn’t see, except this one weird man that had control over everything. How could she believe in his power? “God,” she calls him, but I have yet to see him on our little island.

Momma always said Kanoa was crazy, spreading lies into children’s minds, but I never believed her. After hearing so many of his stories, I couldn’t get the idea of experiencing something new out of my head, so I decided to leave. I needed to find something new, to show momma there was more in this world besides the sea and our island. I knew if I told her of my plan, she would too call me crazy, so I had to gather all the food carefully. The boat was finally

ready, on the other side of the island so momma wouldn't know I left, and I said my last goodbye to Kanoa.

The waters were rough, I couldn't believe I did it. I sailed for days, catching fish and waiting to see the world I have not known. Once I woke, I began to see it, the mountains and trees all on a new island. It didn't look like my island, it was quite different. When I reached the beach, I saw beautiful flowers and fruit I have never seen before. The birds that flew through the trees were colors I could have never imagined. It was so perfect. I couldn't wait to go home and tell my mother about the amazing and beautiful land I have discovered. I made a shelter for the night, and I decided to set sail home in the morning.

My boat began to sail to the island I once only knew, and I began to grow sad. I did not want to return to the boring life I had once lived, the colors so dull. Once I returned to my home, I ran to Kanoa and exclaimed all that I found. He said he had once gone to a very similar island, and we talked all night about the beautiful island. After talking with Kanoa, I went home and exclaimed to momma about the island. "My beautiful daughter, it was all a dream. You have been sleeping this entire time. There are no flowers, no new colors, I am so sorry my love." This couldn't be true. I traveled all day to get to that island, she just didn't believe me. She needed to see it, but I knew she would never leave this island. I got up and went to the beach to dream of the island I would never return to, while a flower slipped from my bag. Momma looked at the flower and believed.

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