

MANGO MOUTH

By Victor Peter-George ©22-7-2010

Chapter One

A gentle morning breeze crawls down the lush green hills and tenderly strokes the leaves of the trees, as it cools the quiet country village of Toco, a farming community peacefully resting in a valley under the protecting embrace of the Pariah Hills. The lazy Guapo River runs through Toco quenching its thirst whenever the need arises.

Toco is known island wide for the many crops its fertile land produces so effortlessly. However the sweetness of its numerous varieties of mangoes is almost legendary. So tempting is the taste of these mangoes that all of its inhabitants eagerly await the mango season. When they can sink their teeth into the juicy flesh of a mango and savour the taste as nectar runs down chin, fingers and arms.

One little girl living in Toco named Annie, is known by the villagers to have a huge appetite for the mangoes. Annie who is just 9 years old seems to know before anyone else in the village, which tree will bear the first mango and which will ripen first. Every mango season since her fifth birthday, Annie is always the first person in the village to be seen eating a mango. She also knows where the largest mangoes can be found. Therefore it came as no surprise to anyone living in Toco that Annie got the name 'Mango Mouth'. No one can recall who gave her the name or at what age she acquired it, Annie just became 'Mango Mouth'.

Mango mouth lives in one of the larger houses in Toco, with her parents, two brothers and two sisters. Her house is situated alongside the winding narrow road which runs through the center of Toco, dividing the village into two equal parts. The northern section slopes directly from the first Pariah hill until it meets the road. The southern section slopes from the road down to the Guapo River, crosses it and ascends the other Pariah hill. Mango mouth lives in the Southern section with the window to her room facing the river, looking down upon her

family's land. The land is populated with many varieties of fruit trees- mangoes included as if I needed to say, vegetable plants and livestock. This is the norm in Toco, regardless of which section you live in. The land owned by those on the northern section extends up the mountain. Those owned by those on the southern section normally covers both sides of the river. Narrow wooden bridges link both sides of the river since a few villagers live across the river and have to cross daily. A few use river boats to make the crossing, especially to deliver their produce to the trucks and vans which transports it to the markets and factories across the island. Mango mouth can open her window and view all of these activities as she stands on her bed looking out every morning.

Most mornings, whether it is school or vacation time, she will forget everything as she closely observes the daily activities of the farmers including her parents. However this morning is different, mango season is approaching. So she is looking and smelling for something special, the first sign of growing, ripening fruit. Where she got this gift or how is a mystery even to her. All she knows is that she can sense when the fruit is around even if it is on one of the trees over the river. School is on vacation so there is no hurry to move from her observation point at her window.

"Good Morning Annie", her mother Indra says as she enters the bedroom, giving her the usual tight hug and a long wet kiss on the cheek. Mango Mouth bursts into laughter instantly. She just reacts this way every morning to her mother's hug and kiss.

"Good Morning mommy" she says as she hugs and kisses her mother.

"What is this I hear, laughter before I have arrived?" her father says as he enters the bedroom with his usual wide smile.

"Yes Daddy, just warming up for you!" Mango Mouth says between laughs as she is warmed by a hug and wet kiss from her father.

"Good Morning Annie."

“Good Morning Daddy”, she replies as she hugs him tight with her eyes squeezed shut.

“Come now child let go of your daddy so he can prepare to do his work”, her mother says with a serious tone in her voice.

Mango mouth hugs him even tighter knowing her mother is only teasing her.

“Anything yet?” her father asks.

“Just something slight” she replies still hugging him very tight, “Very slight”.

“The season coming late this year.” her mother says.

“Last year this time Annie was covered in juice from head to toe.” her father responds.

Mango Mouth laughs out loud while still hugging her father and says, “I even got fat!”

“Yes and talking about fat, OH my back!” groans her father.

“Daddy!” she says, loosening the hug so she can look him in the face.

“You are getting heavy!” he replies still smiling.

“Daddy!” she says again feigning hurt.

Simon could not hold his laughter any longer; it burst out filling the entire house. The other children laugh as they hear it. If there is one thing they all miss when they are away from home, it is the sound of their father’s laughter every morning. They pray it will last forever.

“Daddy!” continues Mango Mouth between her own laughter and tears of joy.

“O.K., O.K., you are as light as a feather.” he says between his laughs.

“Time to let your daddy go Annie.” her mother finally says.

Reluctantly she releases him and sits down on the bed leaning against her mother.

“I will be going to see Gramps. Want to go?” her father asks knowing very well what her response will be.

“YES! YES!” Mango mouth screams at the top of her voice.

This day will include a river boat ride, lots of fruit to eat, grandma’s food, grandpa’s stories and swimming in the safe pool- “YES! YES!”

“Why do I always ask her this question?” her father says shaking his head.

“I have no idea.” her mother replies as they both watch Mango Mouth. She leaps from the bed unto the floor, grabs a towel and sets off full speed ahead toward the bathroom.

“Careful child there is a speed limit!” her mother shouts after her laughing as Simon sits beside her on the bed.

Chapter Two

The morning sun is still on its lazy climb in the sky between the Pariah Hills when Mango Mouth exits her house, skipping joyfully protected between her parents. She holds their hands, Simon on her right, Indra on her left. The entire family makes the downhill walk through the estate to the boat waiting at the river bank. Mango Mouth looks at her brothers and sisters walking ahead of her, as they talk to each other.

Her eldest brother Charles is head and shoulders above her father and is considered quite tall. He is serious faced, yes, to everyone but Mango Mouth. She takes every opportunity she can to jump on him kissing, tickling, pinching and rubbing his head. She pulls his feet, legs, fingers, arms and nose and look him directly in the eyes up close, making funny faces. Charles tries to be serious and ignore her but eventually he laughs and cries out to his parents for help.

“Mom, Dad, PLEASE, HELP!”

“Annie!”

“Yes Mom?” she will reply and continue what she is doing, for they never come to move her away.

“If you do not stop I will” Charles usually says.

“Will do what?” she will reply and continue her actions.

Soon they will both be laughing, tears flowing. When the laughter stops and there is a long period of silence, her parents will then check. It is always the same. Mango Mouth cuddled up next to Charles.

Andrew, her second brother wears a smile like her father but is considered the miser in the family; he will save a fraction of a cent, if it is possible. His family continually teases him about this, all except Mango Mouth; he is secretly generous to her.

“You will tell us NO, NO, almost every time but secretly give Annie gift after gift.” Ginger the eldest girl will blurt out after “too many” of his wordy reasons for refusing to give money to her.

“Gifts, which gifts?” he will reply with a confused look on his face.

“Gifts, which gifts?” Mango Mouth will echo, if she is close, with the same confused expression on her face. They will then look at each other and burst out laughing, repeating in unison, “Gifts, which gifts?” and laugh even more.

Ginger is strict and can be as serious faced as Charles. She is the only person in the family who does not “tolerate” the sometimes “crazy” antics of Mango Mouth. She disciplines her much more than her parents; however she is very protective of Mango Mouth, even over protective. Whenever she has to supervise her, she will not let her out of her sight for the briefest moment. She monitors her every movement especially when she is climbing one of the many trees on their estate.

“Be careful, Annie!”

“I am always careful when I climb, Daddy and Charles taught me how to do it right.”

“That may be so but anyway, girls should not be climbing trees!”

“Why, why, I like it and..... and even Grandpa and Granma let me do it when we visit.”

“Still.....”

“Still what, Ginger?” Annie will ask, not understanding her sister’s reason for not wanting her to climb.

“Just still.”

“Is that why you do not climb any of the trees?”

“It is not ladylike.”

“Well, I am just a little girl, remember?”

“Still.....” she replies and says no more.

Wendy is more like Mango Mouth. She is quite a tomboy, just the type of person you need when you want to be a bit “crazy”. Like jumping into the safe spots on the river fully clothed and then run home. Climb a tree and stay there for hours eating fruit while telling jokes, or climbing onto the roof of the house and do the same. Walk the road at night with the flashlight off while running from shadows and strange noises and telling scary stories in the dark bedroom.

“Years ago there was a donkey with gold teeth that would walk the road of Toco at midnight, dragging a long chain, CLANG, CLANG, CLANG!”

“I..... I..... do not believe you.”

“The donkey would stop at each house and listen to hear if any children were awake and call out their names.”

“Donkeys cannot talk.”

“This donkey could and it would call out. ANNIE, ANNIE, ANNIE!”

“Not my name, use another name.”

“If any of the children were foolish enough to answer, the donkey would say, ‘Would you like some guava jelly, tamarind stew, coconut buns, soursop ice cream or Julie mangoes?’ ”.

“Mangoes.....Julie mangoes?” she asks.

“Yes, mangoes, the donkey was smart. It offered you the things you loved the most to eat. If the child answered “Yes.”, it would say, ‘Come with me and I will carry you to a land where you can eat it all day long, all day long!’ ”

“Did..... any.....any child go.....with the donkey?”

“OOOOOOOOHH YESSSSSSSSSS! Do you know why old Ma Procupe has no children and lives alone?”

“N.....no.....w.....why?”, Mango asks.

“Her one and only son loved tamarind stew as much as you love mangoes. One night he was up very late eating tamarind stew and wanted more. The donkey stopped in front of his house and called, “Jacob, Jacob?”, he did not answer because all of the children were warned not to answer but the donkey had changed his talk.

“Jacob, would you like to eat the sweetest tamarind stew all day long?”

Jacob’s heart leapt in his chest, he looked at his empty bowl and his mouth began to water.

“Yes, I do, oh yes I do!”

“No. Jacob no!”, Annie says

“Then come with me to a place where there are bowls filled with the sweetest tamarind stews, bowls which never get empty, you can eat as much as you like!”

“Jacob could not resist this offer; he opened the door and walked out to the donkey.

“Come, come Jacob, see I have a bowl of tamarind stew here just for you.”

“Jacob came close to the donkey and bent down to pick up the bowl filled with tamarind stew. SUDDENLY, the donkey grew hands, grabbed Jacob and laughed out loud,”

“HA, HA, I CAUGHT ONE, I CAUGHT ONE!!!!”

“EEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!”, Jacob screamed and tried to escape but the donkey held him firmly.

“EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”, Annie screams and hides her face with a pillow.

“STOP, STOP, I DO NOT WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE, EEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!”

“WENDY LISA, STOP RIGHT NOW!”, Simon’s voice booms from the corridor, it sounds like thunder in the quiet of the house.

“Yes, Daddy!”, Wendy shouts in reply.

“Stop crying Annie.”, she says to the sister.

“I..... don’t want to hear anymore.”, she says in muffled voice from under the pillow.

“Is she O.K. now, Wendy?”, her mother asks from outside the bedroom door.

“Yes, Mommy.”, Annie says removing the pillow from her face and wipes away her tears, while snuggling closer to her sister.

“Go to sleep, both of you!”, their mother says.

They giggle, become quiet and listen to the night sounds which drift through the opening in the bedroom window, soon the girls yawn.

“Goodnight Wendy.”

“Goodnight Annie.”

Chapter Three

Mango Mouth is feeling happier than usual as she skips down the winding path which leads from her house, through the estate down to the river, holding the hands of her parents, often looking up at them, then to her brothers and sisters. The leaves of the many trees and plants respond to the gentle touch of the friendly morning breeze, mirroring the happiness of Mango Mouth and her family. She does not fail to notice this, smiles even more, then hums softly. Her parents watch each other and smile, remembering the difficult delivery Indra experienced with Mango Mouth. The entire village prayed that night for both mother and child, many camped the entire night outside Mango’s house, listening for the sound of a baby crying, they prayed even more when midwife Ma Tim came out and said, “She come out feet first, de cord ‘round she neck.”, then rushed back inside. Moments later the pleasing sound of ‘Annie Mary’, Mango Mouth, telling the entire village and the world, “I am here, healthy and ready to go!”.

It therefore came as no surprise to anyone in Toco when Mango Mouth spoke clearly and walked before she was three years old. Ma Dee, the senior midwife asked Indra one day while on her regular village visits,

“Indra, that child ever creep, I racking my brain trying to remember?”

Indra smiled and replied, “Ma Dee, Simon and I asked ourselves and the other children that same question just yesterday. None of us can remember her ever creeping, but we can recall her moving around on one knee holding unto the furniture.”

Ms Dee laughed out loud and said, “That child very special, Indra, you just wait and see, you just wait and see!”

Indra and Simon remember this when they look at each other and laugh. Mango Mouth looks up and asks, “Daddy, Mommy, what are you laughing at?”

“We remembered something very special about you.”

“Me, me what is it?”

“Ma Dee said you were a very special child.”

Mango Mouth laughs and asks, “And am I?”

“Yes, you are!”, they both reply, bend down and kiss her.

The family reaches halfway to the boat when Mango Mouth stops and begins looking up into the mango trees on her left, then walks toward one of the trees looks up and points. Everyone’s eyes follow the path of her finger and they see it, mango flowers.

MANGO SEASON IS HERE!

Mango’s parents and siblings walk over, stand at her side looking up into the mango tree as she points out even more flowers high up in the tree. Almost in unison they look down at her smiling, shake their heads, then look at each other, thinking but not saying, ‘this little girl is unbelievable. How does she do it?’

“Soon, I will be eating MANGOES!”, Mango Mouth says and does a little dance as her family roars with laughter. Wendy joins in and dances with her while the other family members encourage them.

“Like everybody forget ‘bout me, eh?”, Mr Boatswain says standing with a serious face, arms folded across his chest, chewing on his morning meal. “I was waiting long, long, see nobody coming. So I walk up and what I meet dancing and singing!”

“Boa.....”, Simon begins to say but Mango Mouth stops dancing and points up into the mango tree. Mr Boatswain’s eyes follow the direction of her finger; his mouth drops open, he walks closer to the tree never taking his eyes off

the welcomed sight, for him and almost everyone in Toco, mangoes mean money for their families.

“It here?”, he finally asks, to no one in particular.

“Yes, Boatswain.”, Simon answers, “It here!”

Mr Boatswain then looks down at Mango Mouth and asks her, “Mango, you saw it first, right?”

“Yes, Mr Boatswain, I saw it first.”

“Good!”, he says stoops down, hugs her and gives her a big kiss on the cheek. Mango Mouth erupts in laughter and returns the hug; he is as close to an uncle as she can find in Toco, even though the villagers are close knit and appear to outsiders as one big family.

“My girl did it again!”

“Yes, I did it again Mr Boatswain.”

He releases her, takes a deep breath and lets it out noisily.

“Everyone ready for a boat cruise?”, he asks.

“Boat cruise?”, Charles asks, giving Mr Boatswain his usual serious look.

“Of course, Charles”

“I like it. Yes Mr Boatswain, a boat cruise, just like the one Ms. Phillip read to us in a story last term.” Mango says.

“Yes Mango, we are going to Grandpa and Granma land!”

“YES, YES!”, Mango Mouth yells out and does another dance.

Everyone laughs as Mango Mouth does her dance, arms straight out from her sides, head back, eyes tightly shut, a big smile across her face.

“Grandpa and Granma land! YES, YES!”, she sings, dancing beneath the trees.

Her parents hold hands and watch her dancing, deeply grateful for the blessing of Mango Mouth to their family.

“We have to go now Annie.”, Simon says.

“Annie!”, her mommy says when she continues to dance.

“Sorry Daddy, sorry Mommy”, she says stopping her dance, holds their hands once again, humming and skipping along as they continue their walk down to the river.

Mr Boatswain leads the group, walking in measured strides as he would when hunting in the forest which surrounds Toco. He usually spends most of his time there when not farming, walking through the dense vegetation. Since, his neighbouring farmers will tend his crops and animals if he is gone more than one day he is free to roam as he pleases. When he does return there are generous portions of fruit and meat to repay all who have helped with the farm, for he does not sell his harvest and becomes upset when anyone suggests it.

“I want to give to my friends. What is wrong with that? Tell me. Sell, sell, sell, I have enough to sell on my land. What is on God’s land is to give freely, he does the farming not me!” He will then become very silent with his arms folded across his chest and after a few minutes, walk away and go to his home. Mr Boatswain lives with his hunting dogs, Jubal, Hero and Peaches; they are three of his most prized possessions. He will talk about them for hours, with a deep passion in his voice.

Mr Boatswain looks ahead and smiles, there she rests, pulling gently on the rope which connects her to the land, his other treasure, the ‘River Queen’. The Queen, as all in Toco refer to her, is the #1 water truck and taxi in the village, people will wait for hours until she is available for use, for not only is Mr Boatswain very punctual, helpful and safety conscious, he tells stories above the roar of the motor. He speaks about his adventures in the forest with his dogs, folk tales and legends. The village favourite, of which no one tires of hearing and he of telling, relates to the time he got separated from his dogs, got confused and lost for two weeks. They were eventually united but spent another week in the forest before

being found by an army search party many miles from Toco. He makes special mention of the soldiers, "Some of them were close to tears.....close to tears, when they found us that morning."

Chapter Four

Mango Mouth releases her parent's hands, runs past everyone, stands at The Queen with her hands on her hips. She looks up at Mr Boatswain, who just arrives at her side, he winks at her, and she smiles broadly then looks at the boat.

"Good morning Ms Queenie. How are you?, Mango Mouth asks the boat.

"Oh, is that so. I am very glad to hear that. Yes, I know he treats you like a queen. Everyone is O.K. Yes I will tell them.", Mango says as she stoops close to Ms Queenie, with her ear nearer to the boat.

She stands up and says, "Ms Queenie says to tell you 'Good morning' and to let you know she is very well and ready to take you safely to Grandpa and grandma."

Everyone laughs including Mr Boatswain, as they observe the thoughtful look on her face, the same expression she wears whenever she repeats a verbal message given. Mango Mouth is always careful to repeat exactly what is said to her, if she forgets anything she returns to the sender and asks them to repeat it for her. Due to her excellent memory everyone soon learns not to promise her anything unless you intend to fulfil it, for even if many weeks pass, when she meets you again, she will greet you, "Good morning Mr or Ms X." And once you answer will say next, "Did you bring the gift you promised me?" Many mouths have dropped open and stay that way as she stands waiting, expecting to receive the gift they have forgotten about. Her parents therefore warn anyone who visits or meets Mango Mouth for the first time, no to promise her anything unless they intend to fulfil it.

"Well, good morning Ms Queenie. We are all delighted to hear you are well this morning and able to take us safely to visit grandpa and grandma.", Simon replies.

"Ms Queenie says you are very welcome thank you."

“Well then, let us get on our way. All aboard!”, Mr Boatswain says in the most authoritative tone he can muster, but with a smile on his face. He assists the family to get on board, arranges the bags and boxes in order to balance the boat, then sits next to Mango Mouth in her usual seat, next to him, she is always his first mate on these trips, checking to ensure that all is O.K. and all orders are obeyed.

“Are you ready to cast off and begin the journey, first mate?”

“Yes captain Mr Boatswain.”

“Then off we go!”

Mr Boatswain gently pushes Ms Queenie off the bank; she drifts lazily into the middle of the river, showing her ever present eagerness to begin any voyage under the guidance of her owner Mr Boatswain and his only first mate Mango Mouth. A firm tug on the cord, Ms Queenie begins her sweet humming and confidently moves forward on the road of water she has known all of her life. She has driven this road countless times always completing each voyage in safety, ensuring that both passengers and cargo arrive at their destination.

Mr Boatswain turns the throttle, Ms Queenie picks up speed as she heads up the Guapo River toward the settlers who live the farthest from the main village. The journey to grandpa and grandma should take 15 – 20 minutes if there is no reason to stop due to any obstruction in the river. Heavy rains in the hills, natural erosion or just trees grooming themselves, place various types of objects into the river, so the captains of the river vessels are ever watchful for anything different in the gentle ripples of Guapo’s surface. Mr Boatswain’s eyes constantly surveys the banks, trees, water, passengers and cargo, his ears listen attentively to Ms Queenie’s smooth humming alert for any change in her voice. However he cannot resist the opportunity every journey presents to tell another episode in the life of Asa Boatswain and his love for the forest.

Mango Mouth sits beside Mr Boatswain, her long curls blowing in the wind, a permanent smile on her face. She is enjoying again, one of her favourite things, being first mate of the vessel the River Queen, helping Mr Boatswain to guide her

up the river. He allows her to place her hand on the throttle, as he manoeuvres Ms Queenie, in her mind she is steering Ms Queenie for Mr Boatswain when he says,

“First mate, we need to go to port”

“Yes Captain, to port we go”

“First mate we need to throttle down”

“Yes Captain, throttling down”

“First mate, full stop obstruction in the water”

“Yes Captain, coming to a full stop”

“First mate, advise all passengers to please sit still while I investigate.”

“Yes Captain, all passengers please sit still while the Captain checks the river.”

Her family does all they can to prevent bursting into laughter when they see the look of pure concentration on her face when Mr Boatswain gives these commands. Her expression however quickly changes into one of complete joy when the boat is moving again, but it takes a distant second to the one she wears when eating a mango.

Soon Mr Boatswain says,

“If there is one period in my life I can never forget, is the time I got lost in that forest for three weeks, three long hard weeks!”

“Is that so Boatswain?”, Simon asks.

“Yes Simon. I will never forget I was two days up river tracking an elusive deer. Jubal, Hero and Peaches could smell him and were always restless but he was keeping ahead of us. They almost overturned Ms Queenie a few times, pulling at their leeches, nothing would settle them down, so I decided to tie up Ms Queenie and go it entirely on foot that day, first mistake. As soon as we hit land them dogs take off, had me almost sailing through the air behind them, I felt like a kite in the

wind, after falling a few times I had enough of that. I let them loose, second mistake, in a flash the dogs gone, I run after them calling, whistling the come home call but all I hear is barking that getting softer and softer. Boy I pick up my pace and run as when I ran in the village sports years ago. I could really run then, 'FLASH', they called me "D MAN FLASH". The more I run, the softer the barking becomes, so I run even faster, then I duck under a branch, crash through some bushes and go from daylight to dark night."

"Day to night, Mr Boatswain, just like that?", Mango Mouth asks.

"Yes Mango, just like that WHAP! I stand there stiff as a log, in that pitch black place, could not see my hands, it was dead silent, no sound, not even that of my precious dogs. I reach for my torchlight, turn it on and try to see where I am but it was of no use, the light could not penetrate the darkness. For the first time in all my years in the forest I get scared!"

"Did you tremble, Mr Boatswain?"

"Yes child, just like someone with a bad fever. I stood there for a long time and then I decide to retrace my steps moving backward. Suddenly I hear my baby's voices distant to my left, my right and in front of me, I do the come home whistle time after time but it was of no use, just silence. So I begin to step backward one step, two steps, three steps, then more and more but I was still in the darkness. I continue to step backward faster and faster but still I could not reach the daylight, I kept it up, suddenly I fall backward and am looking up into the night sky, a sky without stars."

"Rain was coming, Mr Boatswain?"

"No Mango, no rain, just a normal sky without any stars. I was happy to be out of the darkness, tried to see if I could recognize a landmark but it was all strange to me, plus without stars or moon I did not know where was North, South, East or West, I was completely lost. I again hear the voices of my babies but they are distant, I still whistle but they do not come to me."

"What did you do then, Mr Boatswain?"

“There was only one thing left to do, wait until daylight, when I can get up high to see around me and use the sun to find north. So I brace myself against a tree, eat some food, think about Ms Queenie, lonely there on the river, no cover, insects buzzing around her. I think about my babies out in the forest without me, no food to eat, water come to my eyes, but I believe I will find them in the morning, so I go to sleep.

When I awake, the sun is high in the sky; I never sleep past sunrise even when I am ill. I jump up, look around and realise the place very strange, it did not appear to be the same point where I went into the darkness; I climb a tree and look out, nothing familiar. I use the sun to locate north and decide to head east, the direction my babies were heading in, after walking a short distance I realise I am off course and change direction but end up off course again. I keep adjusting my course but cannot keep in the direction I want to go in.”

“What did you do then, Mr Boatswain?”

“Mango girl I stop, sit down, eat some food, pick some fruit and eat it, then fall asleep. When I awake it is daylight but the sun is just rising, I had slept an entire night. I eat some fruit again and begin to walk again but do not choose any particular direction since it made no sense; I just keep walking and walking. After how many days I do not know, I am dirty, smelly, hungry and tired; I push through some bushes and fall down a steep slope. The branches and leaves cut through my clothing slashing my body and face then thump I come to a stop, my skin is burning, my eyes are running water. I find the healing leaves my grandma Nussy taught me about and applied them to my wounds, it burns like crazy, I again eat some fruit and go to sleep.”

“What happens next, Mr Boatswain?”

“Well girl, something very good, three wet tongues awake me from my sleep”

“Yes, yes, Jubal, Hero and Peaches!”, shouts Mango Mouth.

“Yes Mango, my babies have found me, I hug them we cry together”

“Dogs crying, Mr Boatswain?” Mango asks

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