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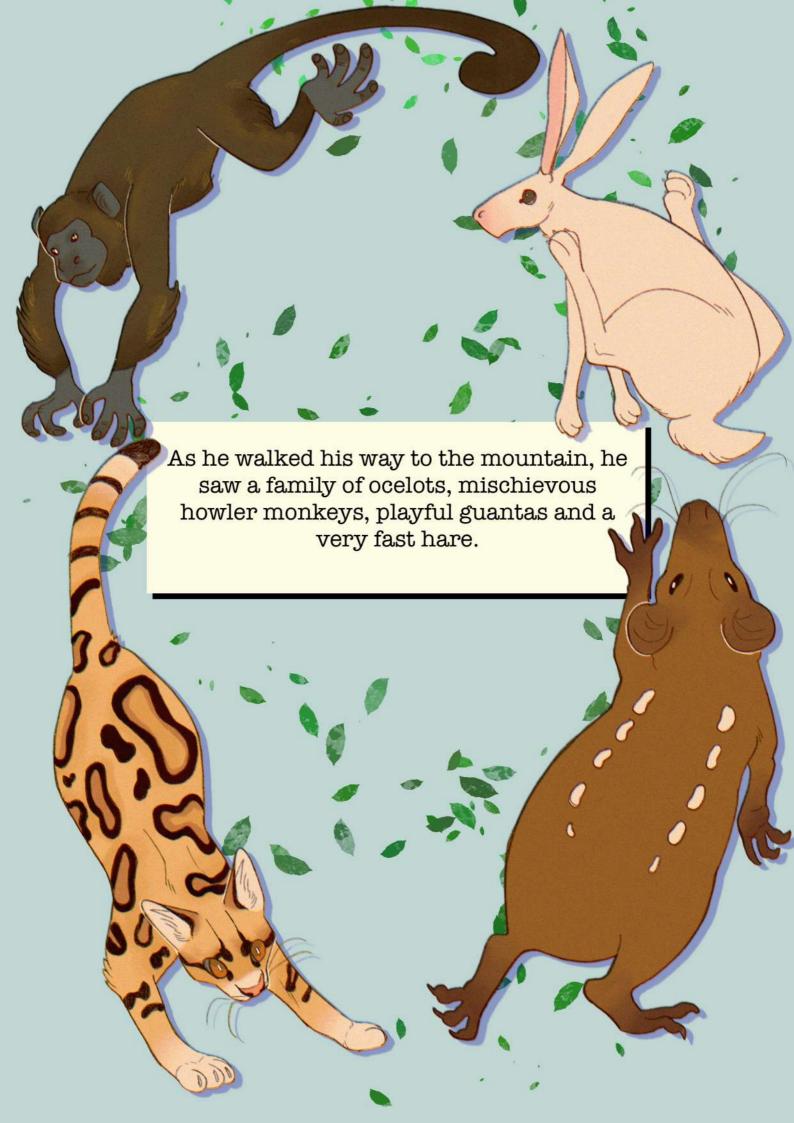


My grandpa told us about the day the long summer ended. That summer had been difficult for our community, Platanales, but my grandpa had an idea. He was going to make a big clay oven with two cavities, for all our family and community, so we could cook our meals.

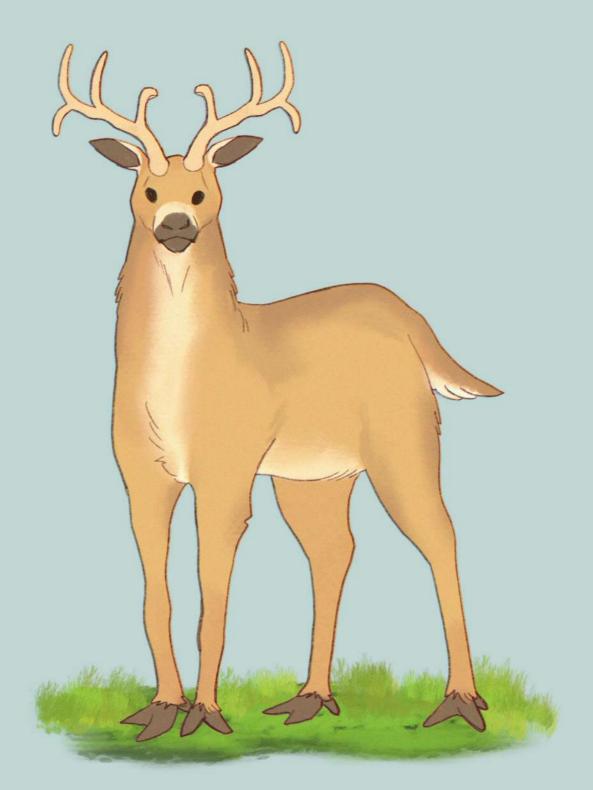




My grandpa went to the mountain where he lived when he was a child. He remembered that there was a good kind of clay he could use to mold into pots. He wanted to make two large pots that could fit a lot of wood to cook the meals.



He also thought he had seen a deer,



but turned out to be just a dog.



When he arrived, he grabbed all the clay he needed and took it to his house. And after working all night, my grandpa finished the clay oven and felt very proud. The whole family and community celebrated by preparing delicious seco de pollo, yuca asada and queso.



That was the day the long summer ended, and a light drizzle began to fall down from the sky.

Sitting under a roof, we heard my grandpa tell us stories about the wonderful animals he had seen on his journey in search of clay: the ocelots, the monkeys, the guantas, the hares and the dog that look like a deer.

The end



"The clay oven"

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