



Kofi's Golden Island Rhythm

Lauren Kirby



Kofi wakes up to the bright Jamaican sun pouring through his window like liquid gold. Outside, the turquoise sea sparkles and the tall palm trees dance gently in the warm morning breeze.



In the kitchen, Grandma is busy cooking a delicious traditional breakfast of ackee and saltfish. The air fills with the mouth-watering aroma of fried dumplings and sweet, steaming hot chocolate.



Kofi walks through his colorful neighborhood, waving to neighbors sitting on their verandas. Brilliant red hibiscus flowers bloom along the fences, and a tiny, iridescent doctor bird sips nectar nearby.



Under the shade of a massive, leafy mango tree, Kofi and his friends laugh as they bite into juicy, sweet Julie mangoes. The sticky, golden juice runs down their chins in the midday heat.



Later in the afternoon, the sky turns a deep violet as a sudden, warm tropical shower falls upon the island. Kofi and his sister run outside, laughing and splashing in the clean puddles as the rain cools the earth.



The rain clears just as quickly as it arrived, leaving behind a magnificent, giant rainbow that stretches across the blue mountains. Kofi stands on the lush green hillside, marveling at the bright bands of color.



Down at the lively street market, Kofi helps his uncle sort through mounds of bright yellow scotch bonnet peppers, green callaloo, and sweet yams. The market is alive with the chatter of vendors and the bright colors of fresh produce.



As the sun begins to set, the smooth, rhythmic beat of reggae music begins to float through the air from a nearby sound system. Kofi feels the bassline thumping in his chest and can not help but tap his feet to the joyful island rhythm.



Everyone gathers in the town square for an evening street party filled with dancing and laughter. Kofi sways and spins alongside his family, feeling completely wrapped in the love and energy of his community.



Back at home, Kofi snuggles into his bed as the gentle sound of tree frogs chirping fills the cool night air. With a happy heart and a belly full of good food, he drifts off to sleep dreaming of his beautiful island.