

for my friend  
**Birgitta Godlund**  
who lives by the sea



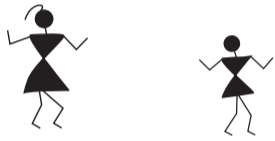
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## Amanika and the Seven Seas

by  
**Elizabeth McKee**  
alphabeth55@gmail.com  
website: 60by62.com

What is a wave? asked Amanika.

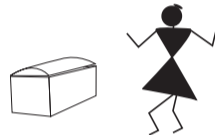
What is seaweed? asked Samtam.



We would beat you with rain and bounce you across lightning, the oceans boasted.

What is rain? asked Amanika.

What is lightning? asked Samtam.



But, said grandmother, I can crawl through this slit.

And I can lie down in this box.

I cannot be big but can you be small?

But one day when Amanika and Samtam were playing hide and seek, Samtam found the key to grandmother's box.

Look! he said to Amanika. I have the key to the ocean box!

Oh! said Amanika, leave it where you found it!



And he did.

But Amanika couldn't stop thinking about that key.



Every time they played hide and seek she would spend a little time holding the key before she went to find Samtam.

And every time she held the key she wondered what waves and seaweed and lightning and rain were.



And slowly, slowly she really wanted to know.

Until...

Amanika hung on to the box and was carried around the earth three times before the oceans settled down. She saw coral reefs and whales. For a while a turtle swam beside her and schools of fish nibbled her toes. Dolphins sang songs to her at night so that she wouldn't be afraid. When she finally hit dry land she had to walk for seven days before she found Samtam who wouldn't come down from the tree until he saw her trudging over the hill.

Then they knew what thunder and lightning were. And they knew what seaweed tasted like.

But they missed their mother, father and grandmother and grandfather.

And they missed the sun which only woke them on some days because on other days they woke up to rain and sometimes snow and wind.

They didn't have time to play games and all the songs and stories they could remember were sad.

Finally one day Amanika said to Samtam, I miss the sound of the waves. Maybe the seven seas know where to find mother and father and grandmother and grandfather. Let's go see.

And they did.



But that's another story.

Amanika lived with her mother, father, grandmother, grandfather and little brother, Samtam in a large, beautiful cave that looked out over a lake. Every morning the sun woke them up by curling its fingers over the ledge of their cave. And every evening they watched it disappear behind the mountain. Every day they would go out and find the food that they needed to eat. From their mother they learned to catch fish with a spear. Their grandmother taught them where to gather tasty green leaves that grew on the shore. Their father showed them the best trees for fruit and where to dig the roots that they loved to eat. Their grandfather let them help him cook their tasty meals.

The seven seas looked at each other and thought and thought about it. They made the clouds rain and they made the lightning flash – that was the way their brains worked.

Then all of a sudden they had a big thought and started to shrink.

They got smaller and smaller until each one showed grandmother that it could slide into her treasure box. As soon as they were all inside she slammed the box shut, trapping them inside.

When Amanika and Samtam listened to the box they could hear the oceans crying to get out but grandmother had hidden the key well and laughed.

one day

when Samtam was hiding  
and her mother was catching fish  
and her father was picking fruit  
and grandmother was harvesting green leaves  
and her grandfather was collecting wood  
she opened the box.

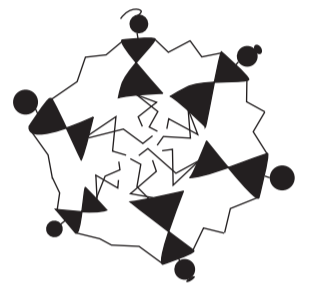


And...

At night they would gather around the fire and tell stories. Amanika's favorite story was about how her grandmother had captured the seven seas and locked them in her treasure box. She had worked slowly and carefully teasing first one ocean and then another. Telling them how strong they were. Showing them that they could break her in an instant because she was so small and weak.

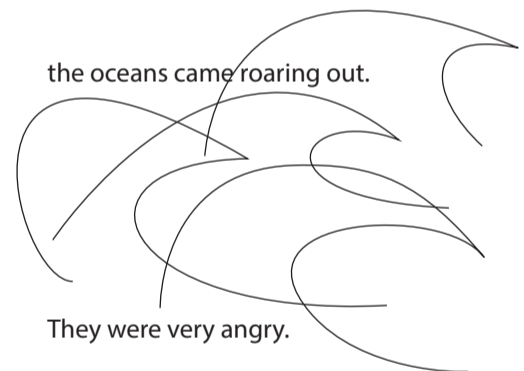
Oh, they said, you are a feeble thing. We could crush you with our waves and make you into a seaweed soup.

Yes, you are right, grandmother said.



In those days there was no rain or snow, or wind or thunder or lightning. Every day was beautiful. There was enough water in the lake for drinking and enough songs for singing. There were enough people for hugging and trees for climbing. And every day they gathered food, told stories and made up new games.

the oceans came roaring out.



They were very angry.

They threw up their waves creating clouds and thunder and lightning.

Amanika's mother, father, grandmother and grandfather were all swept away.

Only Samtam who was hiding in the top of a tree on top of the hill was saved.

This text is laid out so that the page can be cut into 8 equal sections.

They can then be made into a book with DRUM LEAF BINDING.

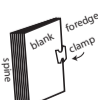
1. Each section should be folded in half to form two facing pages of a book.



2. The pages should then be gathered, knocked up at the head (top) and the spine.



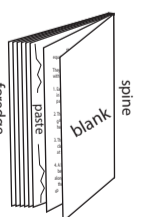
3. The sections should be clamped together firmly at the foreedge (front).



4. A little paste should be run between each section along the spine so that the pages will all hold together.



5. With all the pages pasted together at the spine, the clamp can be removed from the foreedge and paste should be applied along the foreedge on the **blank pages between the printed pages.**



6. To make sturdy covers, cut 2 sheets of cardstock to size A7. One can be pasted on the front and one on the back.

To see a finished book of **Amanika and the Seas** go to <http://60by62.com/amanika-and-the-seven-seas/4593932570>

With thanks to the Warli artists from the North Sahyadri Range in India.