

A Gecko's Story

By Ethen Hayes

Waverly Elementary School, Wood County

2nd Place Winner (Grades 3-4)

My name is Rip. If you're a lizard, you have probably heard this story. I am not your average gecko. Although my cousins think I'm crazy, I live in the city. I was a young gecko, just living my life in an old fire station. I enjoyed sneaking into fridges, getting into cupboards, and surfing on spoons in the sink. But one day, I decided to explore my world a little more.

I had almost made it halfway across the rocky road when out of the shadows a gigantic thing about the size of my ancestors came towards me. It was a human boy. As I began to panic, I started to run. I ran face first into an invisible wall. Ouch! I rubbed my sore, bruised nose. This was very, very strange.

After a while I realized that I was in a glass jar. I could see I was being carried by the human boy. Pretty soon the boy placed me in a terrarium. In the terrarium there were two other amphibians. There was one with an unusually short tail. The other one was lava red with big black and orange spots. They were obviously salamanders.

"My name is Heatwave," said the last salamander. "You can stay at my place, if you would like."

"Thank you," I responded.

He led me through a long piece of pipe. Finally, we came to a door. Heatwave pushed the door open. Behind the door was a toy fish skull. As we approached the skull, I noticed the eye sockets were rubies, which acted like windows. As we entered, I felt very tired. I curled up in a corner and fell fast asleep. I was happy to have found a new friend.

"Rip, wake up!" Heatwave yelled. I let out a loud groan. "Come on, Rip, we have to get out of here, now!"

As I looked out the window I saw why Heatwave was scared, there was a fire! We ran through the door and down the pipe. Quickly, we woke the other salamander. We all climbed on top of the pipe and crawled out the top of the terrarium. As we climbed down, we noticed three miniature skateboards on the table. They were just the right size! We rode them down the table legs to make our quick getaway. Heatwave did a nifty! We went through the dog door and crossed the road to the fire station.

As we reached the fire station, we ran through a rat hole. Once inside we explained to the rats what was happening to our home. They agreed to help by chewing through the red alarm wire. Soon the fire siren came on. Wow, I had to admit the alarm was a lot louder than I remembered.

Then out came the fire engine as it rushed to help put out the fire. Our home was safe! What a great escape!