

Ernie

discovers an island



SUSAN BRANDT

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These people and many who believe in magic still exists in the world. Each in his own way knows that all of us will have a better tomorrow if we learn to enjoy reading today. Each has contributed in some way in making our unique style of books possible.

Elroy Christopher
SOUTH AFRICA

Susan Brandt
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Khonal Sonut
CANADA

Carol Anton
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Freepik.com

Khonal Sanut is one of the original members of the brain team for freebooks-4u.com.

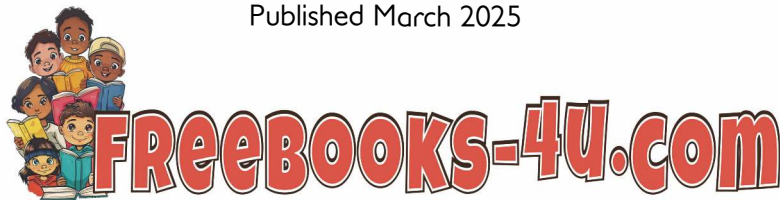
He is a native of Mauritius. He has donated endless hours of research so the books are factual, especially the Ernie series. He is a mechanical engineer with an emphases in trouble shooting.

He has donated endless hours, "...as long as you don't asks me to write." He did not have to twist our arm into letting Ernie visit his homeland.

There is a mini-picture book at the back displaying the beauty of Mauritius. We are very honored he has never let us nail him to his chair and won't let him even think of leaving.

Book #5 in the series of Ernie Books

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It was warm out. The sky was clear. The sun has said it's last good byes. Ernie thought about counting stars to go to sleep. Instead, she decided to count sprinkles on the donut she was going to have for breakfast.



She didn't have to count long before she fell asleep. She was very, very tired.

She dreamed of carefully pulling the donuts apart, so there were two pieces. She did not mess up the sprinkles on any of the other donuts she had on the shaft of her umbrella.



Ernie liked to pick each sprinkle off - afterwards eating one at a time. She did not always like sprinkles, but in her slumber, she was just in the mood for the little colorful additions to her donuts.



She could hear the voice in the tall grass far away. The wise voice once said, "all thing in life have a purpose." She didn't totally understand everything Zaphier said. He was a tortoise who

lived at the edge of the watering hole and his voice sounded the same as the tall grasses'. Sooner or later, whatever the tortoise said would always make sense. As she ate, she dreamt about a little bit of everything. She saw momma elephant and one of her mice friends as she dozed off into a very deep sleep.



During that deep sleep she was tossed about like a huge ball being bounced here and there. Going way up and then falling almost to the ground again and again. She was so deep in sleep she did not realize it wasn't totally a dream.

She had fallen asleep near the sea on Madagascar, located on the eastern side of Africa. In the middle of

the night a great and mighty storm came and blew the little pink elephant and her belongs into the air. The umbrella popped open and carried Ernie, softly about, above the storm clouds.

At one point she was above the tiny island of Reunion. (The small island is under control of the French government.) Then suddenly the wind came with the biggest of gusts, and jerked Ernie high into the sky. She bounced about and

finally landed her on the beautiful beaches of Mauritius.

When she woke everything looked different. The water was bluer. She rubbed her eye with her big trunk to see if she was dreaming. No, she was awake.

"How did I get here?" Ernie blurted out, trying to see if there was someone, somewhere who might have an answer.

She gathered herself and her umbrella up and moved away from the beach's edge. She sat down under a wonderful tree. It seemed a perfect place to be.

She decided to have breakfast. "A very important meal," she said, "at least that's what mom always says."

As in her dream, Ernie picked the sprinkles off the doughnuts. Stacked the sprinkles by colors into piles and was thinking about which color to eat first, when she heard, "I'll eat those little colored seeds for you."

"I'll help! The red ones look really good."

"Come on girls share with me, too. There's lots of them....Remember sharing is fun."

"**Wait!**" blurted Ernie. "I don't see any of you and who says I'm sharing my breakfast? **Let me see you now!**"





Ernie's voice had more force in it than she ever remembered. Her plan was to roar like a lion and see what happened. She had no idea what the reaction would be.

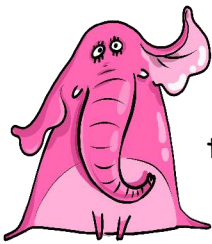
Four brightly colored birds shook the tree's leaves. They fluttered to the ground, landing right in front of Ernie. Then a

silly looking black bird fell out of the tree on to the ground. It quickly pulled it's self up to a standing position acting as if nothing had happened.



Ernie admired the first four birds, petite and on the small size and very colorful. Their names were Rainbow, Sunshine, Gracie and Bleu. The black one, was a dodo bird, He was named Kevin.

Ernie had once read in a book, there were birds like Kevin living in the Indian Ocean area. This made her think. She scratched her head.



Where I am? What kind of birds are you? I have never seen birds like you before! Why do they think my sprinkles are seeds? What kinds of seeds might they be if they were indeed seeds?

Ernie had a thought. "What if sprinkles where seeds for donuts? If they are she had better start planting sprinkles everywhere. Then she never had to worry about them again.



Ernie realized that not only were the birds sitting in the area in front of her, but other animals had came to the little area by the sea.



"We felt if the birds were talking to you, then it would be safe for us to come see you. Find out where you are from. Do you know where you are?" asked the zebra.

"Yup, I agree," said Buffy, the large water buffalo.

Ernie had one of her pink ears turned up into the air so she could hear everything being said. Each was talking right after the other.... There was no time to breathe between them. "That zebra is asking lots of questions - good questions," thought Ernie.



"My given name is Ernestine. I prefer to be called Ernie. Ernie is the perfect name for those who like adventures - just like me. I come from the area of the large watering holes in the heart of Africa. At my hole who have the tall grass who talks. No. I do not know where I am at? I do not know your name. Please tell me. I have told you mine."

The zebra chuckled. He agreed. He had forgotten to say his name while spitting out his words. He lifted his head high saying, "I am Nash. I keep all the records of interesting facts and information about the island."

Ernie leaned toward him, slowly saying, "And what island is that?"

All the birds shook their head. Left to right, rapidly as if to warn Ernie, chirping, "No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! don't ask him that question." It was too late.

Nash had pulled in a full lung of air. Everyone knew he was about to tell Ernie more than he wanted to know. Ernie remembered the look from his friend Panda, the panda bear, when she had asked about bamboo.

Nash didn't disappoint them in the least bit:

You are on the island of Republic of Mauritius. Most commonly just called Mauritius.

"This little island is shaped like a pearl. It is only 30 miles wide and 40 miles in length. Yet it is the gem of a home to 1.4 million people. The humans speak English (the official language) as well as French and Creole. The most common faith for folks here is Hindu."

"Did I see Nash breathe," Ernie thought.

"The highest mountain on Mauritius is de la Petite Riviere Noire, where the peak is 2,727 ft. That is located in the southwest part of the

country."

At that point Nash, dropped his shoulder. He was out of break. Ernie thought, "Oh, good. I barely remember any that. Won't try but at least I know where I am at." Ernie' wanted to find silence to absorb everything she had just been told.

Buffy started in. He talked much slower, drawing out each sentence as he spoke. Ernie thought, " they must not talk to many people here and they are going to use all their words. Right here. Right now. Yes, now.'



Buffy was full of information. Ernie's brain was over flowing and she was wondering if Buffy would repeat it later.

The dodo bird waddled up to center of the group. Ernie could tell by the way he opened his mouth he had lots to say as he stood up straight.



"So are you going to share your seeds, " blurted Kevin. The other birds bobbed their head up and down in agreement. Ernie never really got a chance to answer the question. "Well?" said Gracie.

Ernie blew her trunk loud and clear., Every one shook their head. All became quiet. Ernie softly said, "These are not seeds. These are sprinkles. They are chocolate, strawberry, butterscotch, carmel and other flavors.

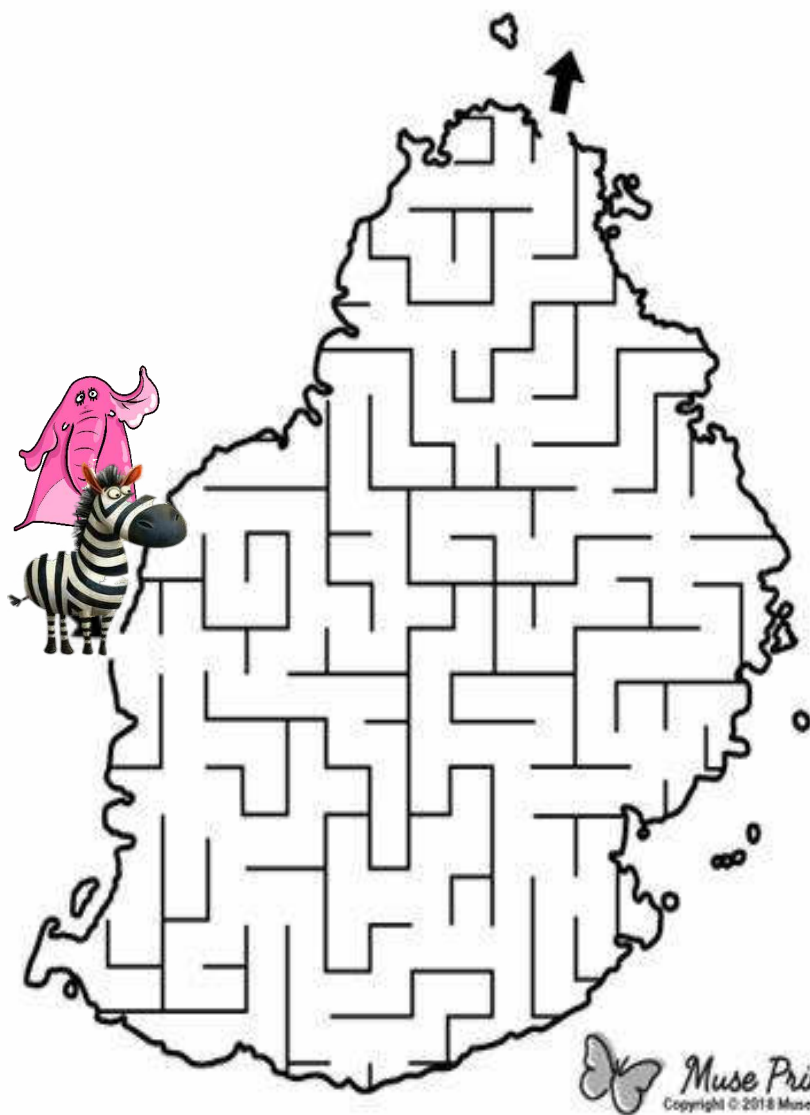
They are not seeds! Got it! I can share, but I fear there are more of us than there are sprinkles. So I'm not sure what to do."

The birds started laughing. They laughed and laughed. They laughed some more. They looked at each other, then said, "We knew. We just wanted to have fun with you. We are joke birds."

The bird laughed more, far more than Ernie thought was cool.

It was the zebra who invited Ernie to stay a week or two and see the sights of their beautiful little island. Ernie decided that was the perfect invite. She blew happy melody to show her acceptance of the offer.

Help Ernie and Nash tour the Island of Mauritius





PORT LUIS

BEACHES

ENGLISH

EAST AFRICA

VINDAYE

FRENCH

HINDUISM

CORAL REEFS

INDIAN OCEAN

SUGARCANE

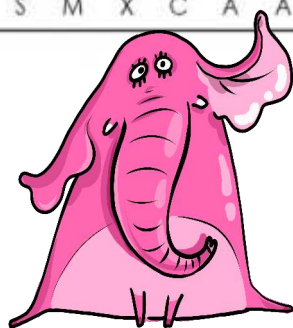
BRITISH

DODO

ISLAND

TOURISM

DUTCH





MAUTRITIUS'S MOST FAMOUS DODO BIRD KEVIN
BEING RIDDEN BY RIDING RUSSELL IN "UP!"