

Once there was a child named Jack.

Jack loved going to the library with his **mama**.



Jack took out his favorite crayon—the **brown** crayon.



Brown like the mud he loved to roll in when it rained.



Brown like the chamorado, the chocolate rice porridge that his lolo, his grandpa, often made him for breakfast.

**MOCHA** • [mohach](#) / [mohach](#) / [mohach](#)



Brown like his **mama's** skin.

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That night, Jack's mama tucked him into bed and told him a **story**.

"Once there was a child named Agyu," she said. "His lolo, his grandpa, gave him an **anti-anti** to wear around his neck to protect him from harm. He grew up to lead the fight against the invaders of his homeland. He had black hair and brown skin and looked very much like you."

As Jack's mama told the adventures of Agyu, Jack's ears perked up, his eyes grew wide. He imagined he was with the brave Agyu...

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