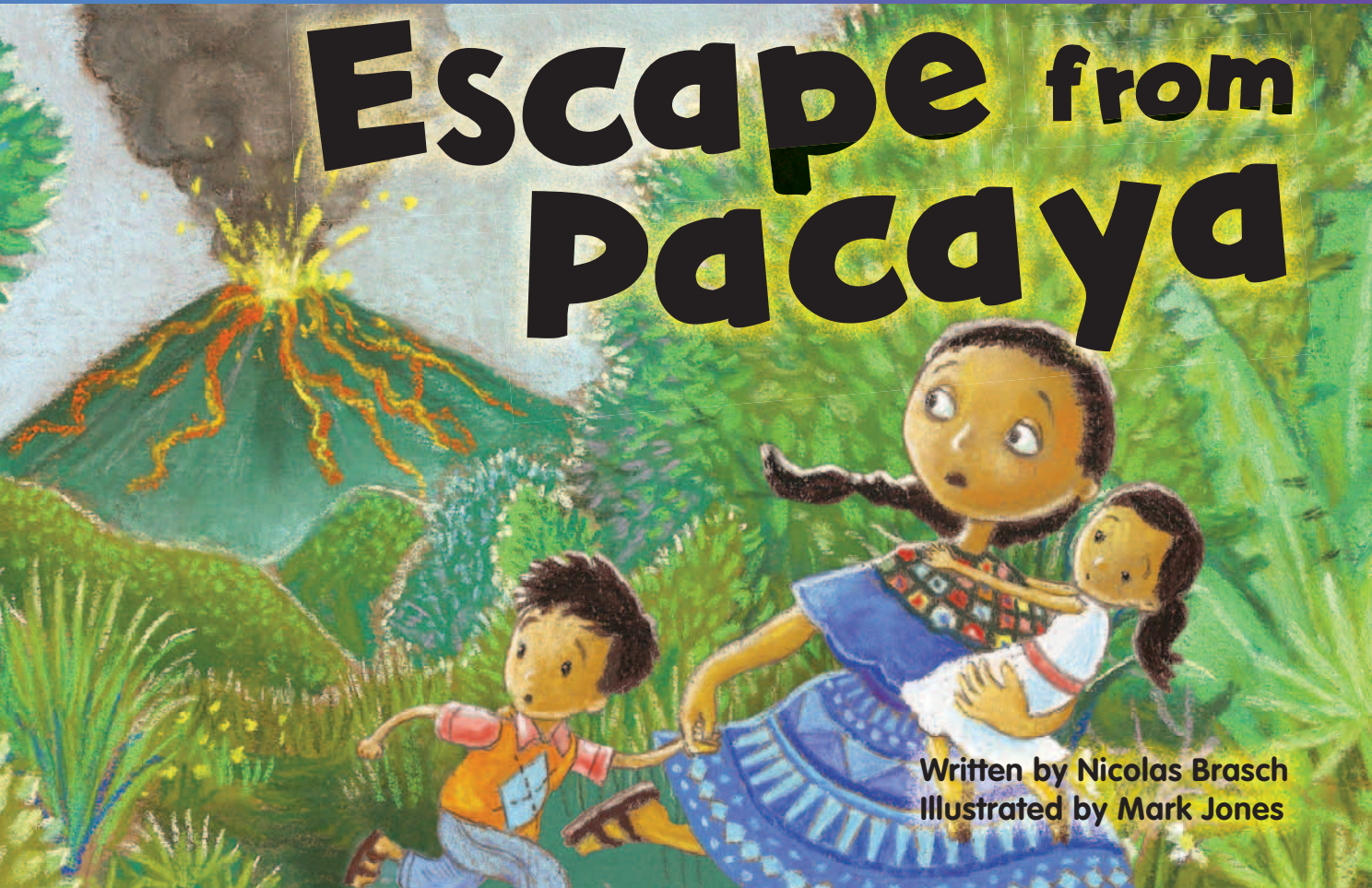
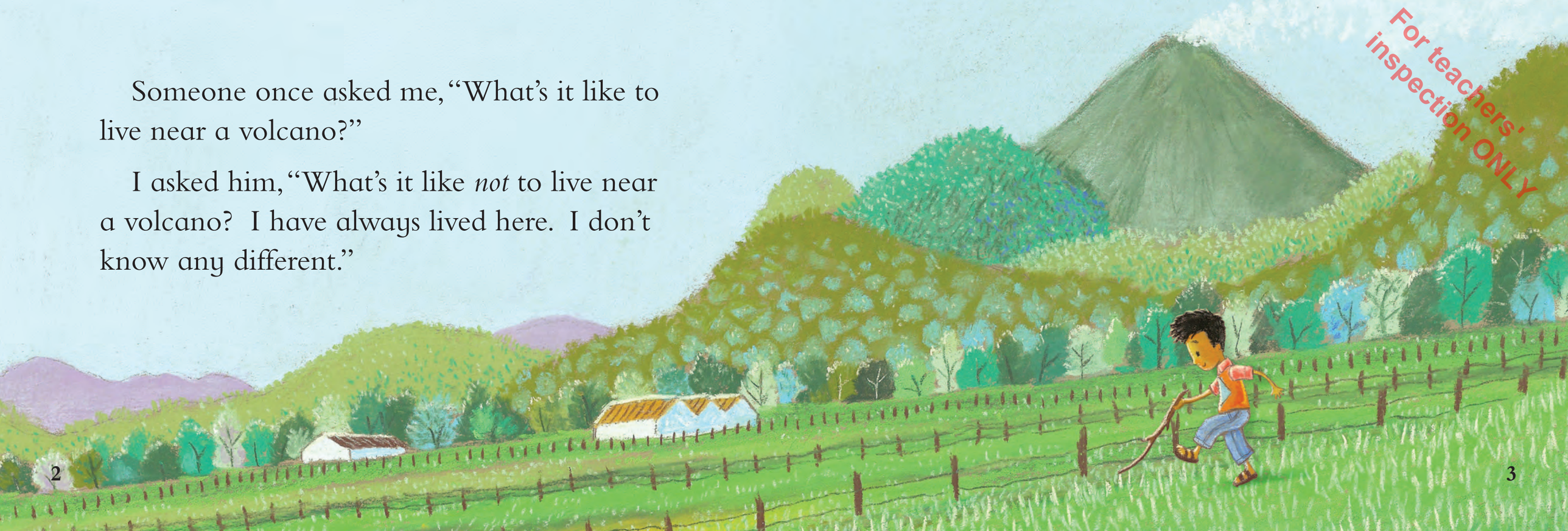

Escape from Pacaya
Written by Nicolas Brasch
Illustrated by Mark Jones

Someone once asked me, "What's it like to live near a volcano?"

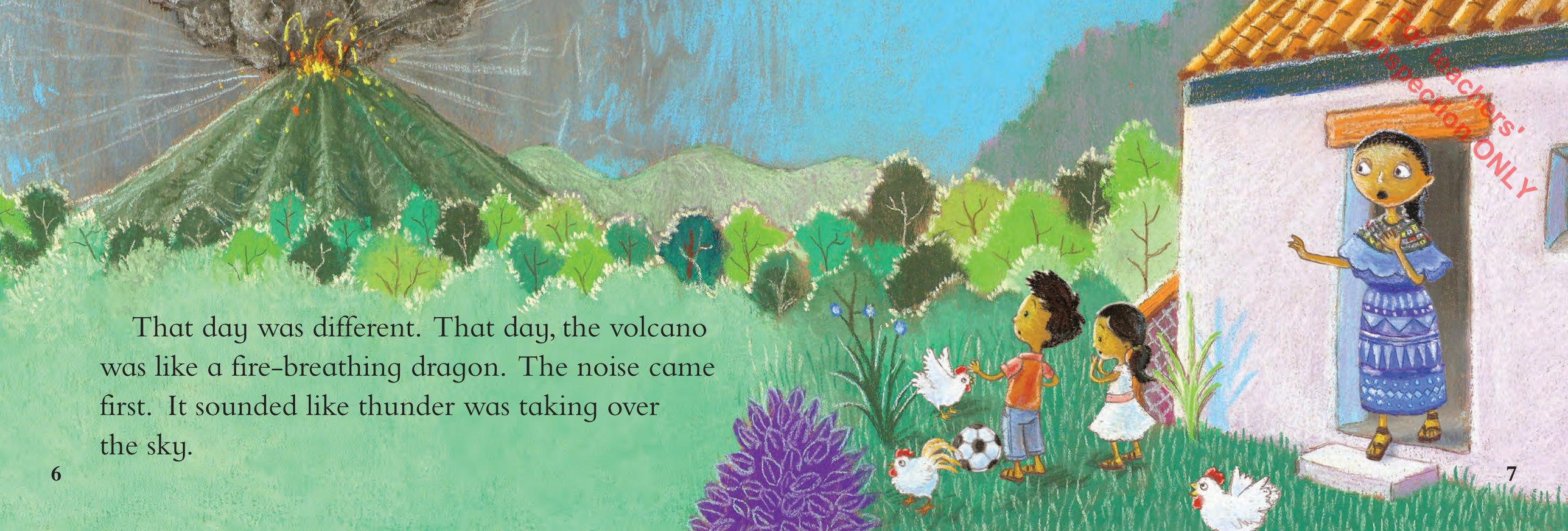
I asked him, "What's it like *not* to live near a volcano? I have always lived here. I don't know any different."



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Then, I tell him my story. Most of the time, Mount Pacaya is quiet. But sometimes, there are small explosions. Lava and ash may shoot out the top. Then, it is quiet again.

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That day was different. That day, the volcano was like a fire-breathing dragon. The noise came first. It sounded like thunder was taking over the sky.





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"The volcano is erupting!" Mamá cried. We saw a huge orange glow as lava and flames shot out of Pacaya. The glow grew brighter and brighter. It filled the sky. Mamá shouted, "Run, Juan, run!"

She grabbed my sister. The three of us ran to the bus station.

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