

Don't scream I don't bite

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Is it too difficult for these humans to let me walk in peace? I can't take their screams anymore! Am I too ugly for them?

Since I was born, I have been called beautiful by all the honorable nature around me. My long tail is perfect for my precious green color, and they, the humans, are always looking at *me*... as if I were a monster!

My crest is the most refined of all the iguanas in this territory, and my scales shine like the dewdrops that fall from the sky at dawn. I know. I am very poetic, but I can't avoid being narcissistic. I just love my self.

One day, I decided to go to the yellow oak tree to walk among its branches. Sometimes, the wind can play against you, and, that time, it was against me. It blew so hard that the branch I was walking on shook and made me lose my balance.

I fell...

3 meters...

2 meters...

1 meter...

Ouch! That really hurt! I would have liked to get help, but then came... another scream. It almost burst my eardrums!

I think humans like to scream too much. It's not like I am going to bite or hurt them; on the contrary, I'm afraid of them. The other iguanas have told me that in other places, far from here, they hunt us to take our eggs and other times to ... to ... to eat us!

I would like to tell them that I am not a dangerous animal, that I also have the right to walk freely, and that I don't like the way they look at me. I consider myself extremely beautiful; my mother told me so, and ... I believe it.

If I were as tall as them, I would help all my species. What would happen if we disappeared? I don't want that! We were here first! It's just... too unfair.

We promise not to be mischievous, but, with all the screaming, we don't hear any promises from the humans. *Do you?*



Audiocuento



