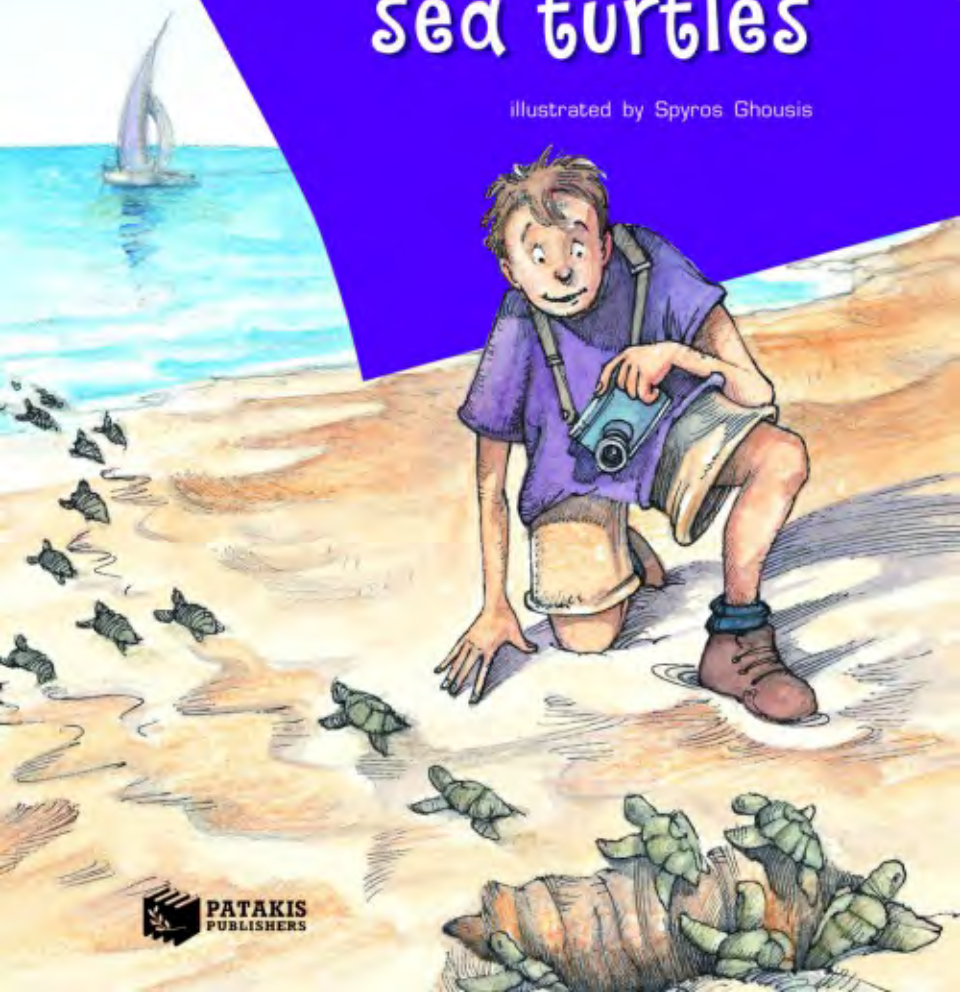


Sophia Kalantzakos

Parlos and the baby sea turtles

illustrated by Spyros Ghouis



In the deep! 4,000 Leagues

PAVLOS AND THE BABY SEA TURTLES



I was born under the shadow of the Acropolis, but spent my summers in my father's village, Kyparissia, in Southern Greece. Near there, on a beautiful sandy beach that goes on for miles and miles, thousands of baby sea turtles are born every year struggling to make it to the sea to begin their life's journey. The turtles are lucky because they have ARCHELON to take care of them and many young volunteers like Paulos who study and protect them. Just like Paulos, I too love adventures, so rest assured that more are on their way...

by SOPHIA KALANTZAKOS

PAVLOS AND THE BABY SEA TURTLES



translated by J.K. Mabin

Illustrated by
Spyros Ghousis



ΕΚΔΟΤΙΚΗ
ΠΑΤΑΧΗ

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For my father, Aristides



It was a three-hour drive from Athens to the village. The car went past Corinth, Tripoli, and Megalopoli then took a turn towards Kyparissia, and just before reaching the coast, it began to climb the mountain.

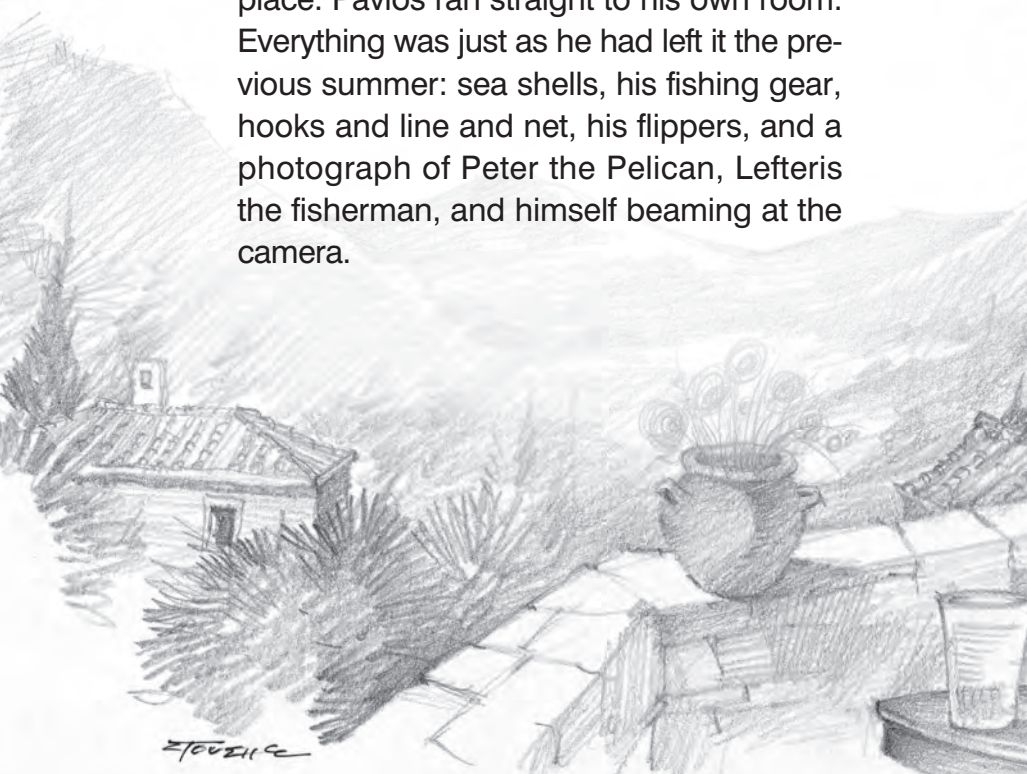


Nestled between two slopes lay their destination, Sidirokastro, shaped like an ancient theatre. It is a spectacular village, with tall houses made of stone and several marble statues adorning the squares.

Grandpa Aristides opened his arms to Pavlos and his three-year-old sister Alexandra.

“Welcome! My, you’ve grown!” he said as he gave them a hug. “Papou, Papou, we’ve missed you!” they cried out in reply.

The children rushed inside their grandpa’s house, leaving their stuff all over the place. Pavlos ran straight to his own room. Everything was just as he had left it the previous summer: sea shells, his fishing gear, hooks and line and net, his flippers, and a photograph of Peter the Pelican, Lefteris the fisherman, and himself beaming at the camera.



“I’m off to see my friends, I’m sure they’re all here,” he cried out.

“Run along! They’ve been asking about you,” Grandpa said.

Pavlos got his bike; he noticed the sparkling black metallic paint.

My bike’s ship-shape, all polished, tyres pumped; you did this for me... Thank you Papou.



His first stop was next door, as usual. His friend Marianna spent her holidays there too. He had a secret crush on her. Pavlos and Marianna had known each other all their lives. They were in the same class at school in Athens and they were inseparable at parties and outings. They fought like cat and dog but made up in a flash. Lately they bickered all the time, as Pavlos was trying hard to impress Marianna with his antics. Yet she refused to be impressed.

“Oh, come on, Pavlos,” she’d say, rolling her eyes. “You can’t expect me to believe you actually spoke with Peter the Pelican.”

But those of you who have read the adventure of Pavlos and the famous pelican from the island of Mykonos know it’s true: Peter the Pelican, who was, of course, a pelican, could speak.

The previous summer Pavlos and his pelican friend had helped to prevent a disaster when a ship spilled crude oil in the waters off the coast of Mykonos.



Marianna pretended she did not believe a word of it. Although she secretly admired Pavlos, she never admitted it so it wouldn't go to his head.

Pavlos knocked on Marianna's newly painted green door.

“Marianna, are you in?” he called out.

