

Grogg Kids in Dominica

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Volume 1 – Issue 1

After our last newsletter, we had a request for more about the kids. So, we decided to let them have their own newsletter. Their content is raw, mostly unedited, with the exception of some grammar. Enjoy!

Hannah



Hello peeps. I've been told that people have asked after us, not that surprising if I were to think about it. We have those who care about us, but I wasn't aware I would be required to partake in the newsletter beyond simply being present in the stories.

I guess I should start with what you all want to hear. It's not terrible down here, there are a lot of fun things. It's quite an adventure.



As far as school is concerned, I am finishing what the public school system considers 10th grade. And before anyone even thinks about being concerned that I am not where "I'm supposed to be" in school, you would be basing all your knowledge and assumptions on a corrupt, secular, government regulated, indoctrinating school system whose job is no longer, and has never truly been, the care of its students.

Beyond that, I am doing very well completing my first year of Biology, which I am finding very intriguing. I have always wanted to know the terms and conditions of life, and much more besides.



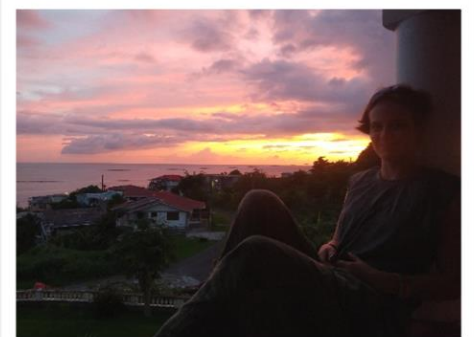
As for "work," I have been helping my father up at Syndicate (If you are unaware of the place, simply check our Gab page, which you should already have been doing). It is a nice, cool environment with ample wildlife including parrots, Smooth Billed Anne, hummingbirds, snails, lizards, geckos, etc. The place has so much potential, but it will take quite a bit of time to achieve.

Now for the fun part! My parents are letting me start a YouTube channel in September. It will be a gaming channel. I might end up adding something else eventually, but figured I should mention it in case the world was getting too boring without me.

Anyway, now I have completed this rigorous assignment so I can go munch on the dessert my mother has constructed.

Good day all – Hannah

Gracia



I'm not exactly sure what to put here since I wasn't given much time in advance (but that might be due to my lack of observation and that I am distracted easily). I shall give you a rundown of my average day. (This keyboard is a pain to use.)

Get woken up by a cat. Mango has become my living alarm clock, though it's a shame I can't change the time it goes off since it seems to be permanently set around 5:00am. I can't decide if it is a curse or a blessing to be woken up

by a wet nose and furry body that's decided the only reasonable place to sleep is of course, your face, or by an adrenalin rush because your fingers have unwillingly become breakfast.

Go back to bed. On a good day I can calm Mango down enough to go back to bed. That is, after I have hidden all body parts he deems munchable, such as fingers, elbows, arms, legs, toes, ankles, kneecaps and face. How I manage to hide all this under a paper-thin blanket. . . I'm not sure. I guess if Mango can't see it,

the cereal we store on top of the fridge. Other mornings (when I'm a little more awake) I will make myself *razzberry* toast with a Sunnyside up egg. And most mornings I don't even remember what I ate.

Chores. Chores are an all-day thing, the few that have become predominantly mine are:

- taking out the trash
- hosing off the front porch
- doing the dishes (because I get to listen to music, so why not)

I do other chores but none of those are really classified as mine.

Spare time. It mostly consists of one of three things: drawing, writing and imagining. I have a book going but who knows if I'll finish it before I lose interest. I also recently acquired two,

100-page art pads, of which I am so happy for. A few of my art pieces will be put in here. . . somewhere.

I also enjoy playing with Mango. Sometimes when he wants to play a little more on the rough side, I'll put on my hoodie so he's attacking the thick fabric and not my very valuable and easily puncture-able limb.

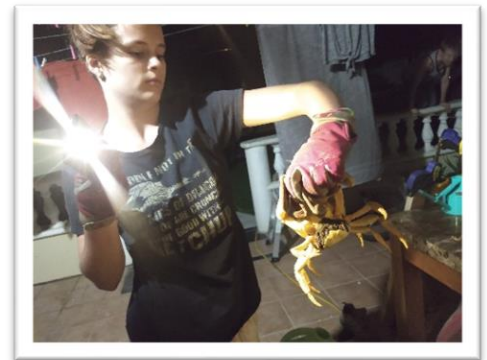
Back to the topic of the edible. I have CHOP STICKS NOW! (*HOLY NOISES*) Yes, yes, I know, great right? My IQ has receded and now I'm eating with sticks. Though I must say spoons still hold value to me. Ever tried grabbing soup with

chop sticks? It's impossible (at least till I figure out how to do it).

I very much enjoy the cuisine down here since I can use my choppy sticks of choppy-ness quite often. Here at our house, we have somewhat of a food routine. Wednesday is mac n cheese, Friday is pizza, Sunday is leftovers and for the rest of the week it's "eat what is made and be happy."



Bed time. Every night is shower night, to which Mango will hang around the bathroom for, sometimes even coming into the water a little, but only if the shower head is facing away from him. After a shower I will normally sit in bed for an hour drawing or writing before going to bed.



So that's my normal day. I don't know if we will ever do another one of these but if we do, I'll see ya'll then!

-Sincerely, that one child (Gracia)



it no longer exists to him.

On a bad morning, I'm stuck wandering the house with a needy cat, mosquitos and an Antillean Bull Finch couple that resides on our front porch for a few hours 'till the rest of the family wakes up. What seems to be my normal wake up time is around 9am, so I get up (on a good day) around 3 hours after the rest of the family. Fact: I am not a morning person.

Consuming the edible. Some mornings (if we have it) I will eat

Elijah

Someone said there wasn't enough children in the newsletters (which I agree with personally). Ergo, I have written these things for the children's newsletter.

There are two ways I wake up in the morning. The first, and one that happens most often, is where I wake up for unknown reasons (I suspect Mango, but he always fakes being fast asleep when I wake up). Gracia is still asleep (we share a room), so I lay in bed for a bit and when Mango's screaming to get out of our room gets too loud, I roll out of bed and get dressed.

The other way is that Gracia wakes up before me and takes Mango out of the room so I can sleep in a bit. After getting dressed, I will take Mango's food and water out into the kitchen, fill his food and then go and get breakfast. My breakfast is always cereal if we have it. If we don't, it might be peanut butter balls or something else, I don't remember. Then I go back to my bedroom and read my devotional before going outside to water the plants. (Which is apparently my job forever.)

After that I either do school or chores. Ima* write about my school first because I really like my school. (School is awesome! Anyone who says otherwise is either crazy or doesn't have the right school.) So, mom used to do

school with me but since she needs more time to do school with Nathan and she isn't ready when I want to do school, plus I'm old enough to figure it out on my own, I started doing school by myself.

My school consists of Bible reading, which is a chapter a day, history and then historical fictional or kinda fictional reading. (There are little story books which are about fictional or sorta fictional people who lived in those time periods.) After that I have language arts, which includes Wordly Wise, Cursive, and learning about things like verbs, pronouns, adjectives and other stuff like that. Then I have science. I'm learning about the theory of evolution

and the facts about the fossil record. (I recently read about a fossil that was phony and National Geographic magazine knew that it was fake but published it like it was real.)

For chores I normally sweep the kitchen or living room, vac the rug, wipe off the kitchen counters and island. After about ten in the morning, I will do my math, which right now I am learning more about geometry and figures.

Mango has closed door syndrome, which is an illness one gets when there are closed doors and you must find out what is on the other side.

So, every morning at my closed bedroom door, he will scream until we let him out. We also have a chair that he likes to play with. There is this stuffy snake that Gracia has that Mango loves. He will attack it and kick it with his back legs, and then carry it off somewhere to bury the body.



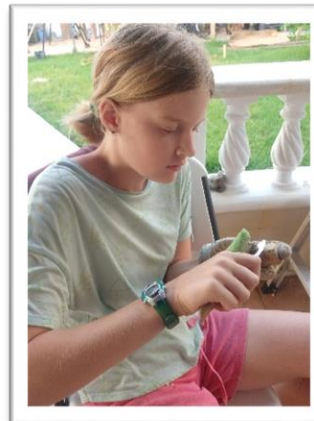
In my free time, I have been reading some random school books (which means that I will have less books to read later in my school, which is bad...). I have also been working on a story and I am in chapter seven of it and pretty proud of my progress. I have also been playing with Mango a lot and taking him on walks (which gets me some pretty weird looks from people walking by on the road.)

I have taken up wood carving because I am bored a lot and it's fun to scrape off little pieces of wood with a knife.

So far, I have made an extremely rough cat and am working on a bear. I also doodle, which is me drawing stick figures.

Whenever I can, I like to make life more interesting for my parents so that when they are older,

they can never say that raising us kids was boring. :] For example, I love spelling and Grammar, and



normally it is my top priority to make sure my grammar is good, but not this time. "Ima" is a word I am going to use now, just for mom. >:]

Well, I think that's all for now.
Cya, Elijah

Nathan



Hi guys, it's Nathan and I would like to introduce you to my chicken, my favorite chicken. Her name is Kitty or Princess Kitty Feathers. Funny name, but it suits her. Now, every morning, I would get up around 6 o'clock and around 7 o'clock Kitty would come flying down from her roosting spot, then would go to where dad's chapsaw is and would go under it and just lay there until I would come out, grab her and walk around the house to the front porch. Why? Because mom won't let me take her through the house because she said she didn't want Kitty to poop all over the house. I don't think that's a good enough reason, but anyway.

When I get to the porch I would go inside, get some crackers and feed her. I would feed her a full package if she would eat it all. Then when she would be thru eating, I would grab her chicken harness, put it on her and we would go for a walk. When we are done with our walk, I would feed her some more then repeat the process every day.



Now I made a friend while he was riding his bike, and being me, I decided to go make a new friend. I did and his name is Rae Shon, or Rae, as I like to call him. He is a really nice friend. Rae and I loved to play together. We would play swords, hide-and-seek, tag, and lots more. Rae is the type of friend that you would want to be around. He is not mean and he doesn't say any cuss words.

Mom also taught me how to make bread. The rolls are my favorite though and sometimes I eat 5 at a time. I would eat 7 if mom would let me.



Now, I would like to share my favorite memory verse.

Proverbs 133: "How good and pleasant it is when God's people live together in unity!"

It is like precious oil poured on the head, running down on the beard, running down on Aaron's beard, down on the collar of his robe. It is as if the dew of Hermon were falling on Mount Zion.

There the Lord bestows his blessing, even life forevermore."

God is KING bye!!

Until next time,
the **Grogg Kids**

Don't forget you can see more pics of the kids, their antics and what they're up to on our Gab page. You don't have to sign up or be a member to look at our page.

<https://gab.com/JasonJenn>



All the kids playing Code Names.