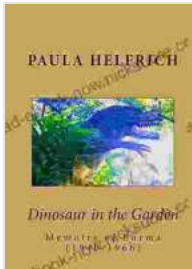


Dinosaurs in the Garden: Memoirs of Burma, 1940-1966



Dinosaur in the Garden: Memoirs of Burma (1940-1966)

by Paula Helfrich

★★★★☆ 4.7 out of 5

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By Judy Lindbergh

In the heart of Burma, surrounded by lush gardens and towering mountains, I lived an extraordinary childhood. Little did I know that my idyllic existence would soon be shattered by the outbreak of World War II and the invasion of Burma by the Japanese.

As the war raged around me, my family was forced to flee our home and seek refuge in the jungles. Along the way, we encountered a cast of unforgettable characters, including a mysterious old woman who claimed to be a witch, a band of Kachin warriors, and a group of American pilots who crash-landed in the jungle.

My father was a geologist who had been working in Burma for several years. My mother was a writer and photographer. I was born in Rangoon, the capital of Burma, in 1930. I had two older brothers, John and Peter.

We lived in a beautiful house on the outskirts of Rangoon. The house was surrounded by a large garden, which was filled with tropical plants and flowers. I loved to play in the garden, and I would often spend hours exploring its hidden corners.

In 1940, when I was ten years old, the Japanese invaded Burma. My father was called up to serve in the army, and my mother and brothers were evacuated to India. I was left behind with my grandmother.

As the Japanese advanced, we were forced to flee our home. We packed up our belongings and set off on foot. We walked for days, through the jungle and over mountains. We were often hungry and tired, but we kept going.

Along the way, we met many people who helped us. We met a group of Kachin warriors who gave us food and shelter. We met a mysterious old woman who claimed to be a witch. She told us that we would be safe if we followed her.

We eventually reached India, where we were reunited with my mother and brothers. We stayed in India for several years, until the war ended.

After the war, we returned to Burma. Our house had been destroyed, but we were able to rebuild it. I continued to live in Burma until I was eighteen years old. I then went to England to study at Oxford University.

I have never forgotten my experiences in Burma during World War II. They taught me a great deal about the resilience of the human spirit and the enduring power of memory.

Dinosaurs in the Garden

One of my favorite memories from my childhood in Burma is of a time when I was playing in the garden and I saw a dinosaur. I was about six years old at the time, and I was playing in the garden with my brother John. We were building a fort out of sticks and leaves, when I suddenly saw something move out of the corner of my eye.

I turned around and saw a huge, green dinosaur standing in the middle of the garden. The dinosaur was about the size of a horse, and it had a long neck and a long tail. It was the most amazing thing I had ever seen.

I stared at the dinosaur for a long time, and then I turned to John and said, "John, look! It's a dinosaur!"

John looked up from his fort and saw the dinosaur. He was just as amazed as I was. We both stood there for a moment, just staring at the dinosaur.

Then, the dinosaur turned and looked at us. It blinked its eyes and then it smiled. I smiled back, and then I reached out and touched its nose. The dinosaur's skin was soft and warm.

I played with the dinosaur for the rest of the afternoon. We played hide-and-seek, and we played tag. I even rode on the dinosaur's back.

When it was time to go home, I said goodbye to the dinosaur. I told it that I would come back and play with it again soon.

I never saw the dinosaur again, but I never forgot it. It was one of the most magical experiences of my childhood.

The Kachin Warriors

Another memorable experience from my childhood in Burma was meeting a group of Kachin warriors. The Kachin are an ethnic group who live in the northern part of Burma. They are known for their fierce warriors.

I met the Kachin warriors when I was twelve years old. My family and I were fleeing from the Japanese, and we had to cross through Kachin territory. We were afraid of the Kachin, because we had heard stories about their ferocity.

However, when we met the Kachin, they were nothing like what we had expected. They were friendly and welcoming, and they offered us food and shelter. They also gave us protection from the Japanese.

I spent several weeks with the Kachin warriors, and I learned a lot about their culture and their way of life. I learned that they are a proud and independent people who are fiercely loyal to their friends and family.

I also learned that the Kachin are skilled warriors. I saw them train with their swords and spears, and I was amazed by their strength and agility.

I left the Kachin warriors with a great deal of respect for their culture and their way of life. I will never forget the kindness and hospitality that they showed me and my family.

The American Pilots

One of the most exciting experiences of my childhood in Burma was meeting a group of American pilots who had crash-landed in the jungle. The pilots were part of a bombing mission over Burma when their plane was shot down. They bailed out of the plane and landed in the jungle.

The pilots were lost and alone in the jungle. They were hungry and tired, and they were afraid of the Japanese. They were also afraid of the wild animals that lived in the jungle.

However, the pilots were not about to give up. They were determined to survive, and they were determined to find their way back to their base.

The pilots eventually met up with a group of Kachin warriors. The Kachin warriors helped the pilots to find food and shelter. They also gave the pilots protection from the Japanese.

I met the pilots a few weeks after they had crash-landed in the jungle. I was with my family at the time, and we were fleeing from the Japanese. We met the pilots at a Kachin village.

The pilots were very friendly and welcoming. They told us about their experiences in the jungle, and they told us about their hopes of returning to their base.

I spent several days with the pilots, and I learned a lot about their courage and determination. I also learned about the importance of hope.

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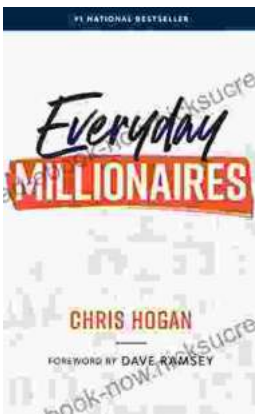
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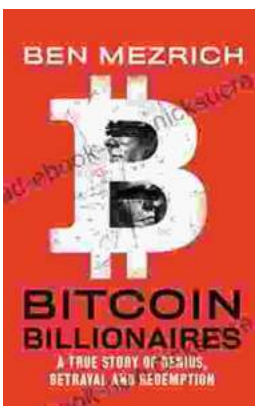


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