

The journey had been a ractiated horror as they sailed the rough mighty waters. As soon as the day came, the waves sobbered down, their destination was nary. It was like Darwin could smell Argentina's immense rainforests. But when Darwin stared carefully, he could see his destination, he jumped to his feet with joy. When the ship got close enough, they threw the ~~lassak~~ colossal anchor down, immediatley the metal anchor scraped loudly against the shallow sea bed.

When they finally managed to get ~~out~~<sup>on</sup> to the untouched overgrown island, Darwin marvelled at the beautiful environment. The rainforest was vast and unexplored, sweltering hot and humid. Soon enough, Darwin and Fitzroy had a break they were drenched with sweat, that much that it could fill give giant buckets all the way to the top,

Suddenly, an unknown murky-brown animal popped out of nowhere. "Wow, Darwin what species of animal is this?" Fitzroy questioned. Darwin dashed as quick as he could go. Then he was gaze to gaze with the small brown animal. As he slowly came closer, the animal was still as a rock. The unique animal began to ~~of~~ control. These giant leaps were

the size of Charles Darwin himself! "Look at the armadillo's jump... so unathomable!" Darwin spoke with intrigue. "Quick Charles sketch this unfamiliar animal!" Then Charles carefully and quickly drew the jumpy armadillo. After some time, Darwin and Fitzroy began to carefully pack up their equipment and start to head back to the H.M.S Beagle. On the way back, Darwin couldn't stop talking about the small armadillo to Fitzroy and everyone he came across.

Later in the evening, Darwin sat on a wooden barrel looking back at the quick sketch, adding more detail and labeling the sacrocaudal parts of the shy armadillo they had just met. A question ran through his mind, how big do armadillos grow?

