

Mary and the sweater

by: Jessica
Manning

Once upon a time in a little forest on the coast of Vancouver Island, a little girl named Mary awoke to the bright sun shining in her sleepy eyes. She stumbled over to her window and gazed out upon the vast forest below her. She wished she had a bigger house but felt as though she shouldn't leave her little house because her grandma had lived in it and on her death bed left Mary a note saying there was an ancient family jewel somewhere in this house.

Today Mary was fed up, she wanted to get out of this little house and choose a bigger one. Mary decided that this was the day she would find the family jewel. She laid out a map and started looking under every carpet, couch and dresser in the house. But finding only cobwebs and nickels made her frustrated, so she leaned against the wall to take a rest. Suddenly the wall started to move and she fell through doing a face plant in a pile of dirt. She stood up shaking the dirt from her dress and looked up to see a big oak tree. This oak tree was the biggest tree Mary had ever seen. She stared at it for quite some time and realized it had a sweater on. Mary had remembered that her grandma had always been busy knitting something, though keeping it a secret as to what she was making. Mary thought that maybe this sweater was for her, so she started to approach the tree being cautious with every step. As she got closer, the tree seemed to get larger and she seemed to get smaller.

Mary finally reached the tree and examined the sweater it was wearing. It had the most beautiful designs and colours all over it. Mary decided she wanted this sweater. It looked so warm and she seemed to think it would look better on her even if it would be a bit big. She looked around to make sure nobody was watching and started taking it off button by button. As she struggled with the last button she heard footsteps coming from behind her. Startled, Mary turned around to see a deer standing before her he had an evil look in his eye and Mary just wanted to run but then remembered the sweater so she turned around and tried to rip it off of the tree but it wouldn't budge. Mary pulled and pulled but it wouldn't move an inch. She turned around to the deer but he was gone. Then she started to get scared. She looked back to where her little house used to be but nothing was there, just a thick fog covering the forest she was in. As she turned back to the tree it started to move as though it was trying to do the buttons back up. The sky started to grumble and Mary started to run. She ran farther and farther into the fog, starting to hear footsteps behind her. Her feet led her farther and farther until they gave out from exhaustion. She tumbled to the ground and turned around to see the deer approaching her quickly with the same sweater that the tree had on. The deer's feet didn't stop moving, Mary was sure she would get trampled. She closed her eyes ready for death. But everything went black.

Mary awoke in her bed with the bright sun shining in her eyes. She threw off her covers and stumbled sleepily over to the window. Staring out upon the beautiful forest she was glad it was only a dream.