

Chapter 1

The sun just barely peeked above the misty hills. Vera tugged on her boots and pulled on her coat and set off into the large expanse of her yard. Her feet sunk into the moist grass leaving footprints in her wake. The fog started to dissipate and the grass gleamed with golden drops of morning dew. She trudged along, passing trees until she found the thing she was looking for. A huge tree, stretching up to the pink dawn sky. It's leaves and flowers spread out, looking as if it covered half the sky, golden light shimmering through the empty spaces.

She grasped the bark of the giant wisteria tree. As she climbed, small bluish flowers brushed against her skin. She stopped and smelled the sweet fragrance the plant released into the air. She resumed her climb, her fingers nimbly finding the cracks and crevices in the bark. She finally stopped at a small hammock hung up high in the branches of the expansive tree.

She patted the tree softly and said, "Welp glad you're still holding this old hammock up, I might get a new one soon, what color do you want?" She waited as if hearing an answer and then went on, "Blue, to match your flowers? How brilliant!"

Vera lay down, her almost black hair spreading out like it was in the water. The girl then pulled out a small notebook and started sketching the small blue flowers spraying down from the tree. She took out a blue colored pencil and began to carefully color the flowers in her sketch the exact same shade of the flowers of the tree.

Vera sat there for hours drawing and talking to the tree. She finally heard someone call her name and say it was lunchtime. She groaned and started her descent down the gargantuan plant.

When she finally got to the bottom she spoke, “Sorry Cynth, I gotta go, my parental units are calling,” She made a face, then laughed as if the tree was a person and had just made a face back, “Well I’ll come back tomorrow if I don’t, my brothers probably got mom to give me more chores,” She leaned down and rubbed a small plaque with the name Cynthia Moore on it and smiled sadly.

She took one last look at the huge tree, turned, and ran towards the huge house that looked so small from Vera’s vantage point. As she ran, more of the house came into view and she could see the huge windows and doors set in the side of the three-story house. The white paint was fresh and new, glistening brightly in the afternoon light.

Vera scrambled up the stairs to the porch, looking back at the barely visible tree when she reached the top. She hummed a little, walking across the large expanse of covered wooden ground. The porch creaked a little when she reached the door going into the vast, white house.

Cool air brushes past the girls’ bare arms, making her shiver. The door slams behind her, though she tried to shut it softly, “Mom, I’m back! Where are you?”

“Vera, honey, I’m in the kitchen,” Her mothers’ sweet voice carried through the house, “Come help me make muffins.”

Vera hurried over to the kitchen.