



Dream Catcher

Isabella Swenson

Magic, Romance

Once, a little orphan girl who lived in a tree in the forest beside the village of Yone, awoke one night. A sound hadn't woken her up; a twig hadn't snapped, nor had an owl hooted. It was just a shivery feeling, as though someone had washed her with cold water, that had awoken her.

She looked curiously at the sky. Had it been raining? But no. The sky had not a cloud. One could see the bright, full moon, and the twinkling gold and silver stars around it, though.

The girl stared at the sky, shocked, for one of the stars seemed to be getting bigger and bigger, and brighter and brighter, and closer and closer.

The star came so close that it hung right above her, and she could see that it was not a star at all, but a beautiful- not handsome- man was right above her.

"Hello, child. I have come at last." His voice was deep and rumbly like thunder, but also kind and knowing, like a wise grandfather.

"Who are you?" asked the girl. She felt as though she should be afraid, but she was not.

"I am your father."

"My father is dead, you cannot be him."

"No. I am not dead. To be dead is to be dead. I have only left your earth. I am not dead. And one day you will join me! All you must do is find love, bear a child to continue our bloodline, and then you may join me and our

whole family up in the sky, like everyone before you has, even I. Until then, you will stay here and catch dreams.”

“C-catch dreams?”

“Yes. Here are your supplies...

A net to catch the dreams that soar in the sky,

For those musical dreams, catch them playing this lye.

A spade for those dreams buried deep.

And here is a jar for those special dreams that you catch and want to keep.

Before I leave, I have for you a fair warning!

If by your sixteenth birthday's morning,

You have not found love and given birth to a child,

You will not join us in the stars,

But will stay on earth the rest of your days

And bear all of humanity's woeful ways! ”

On that cheerful note, he gave his daughter her gifts, and left.

And so, the little girl took her gifts, and walked around the wood. Sure enough, there were yellow and pink dreams that floated and twirled merrily in the sky, that were caught with her net. There were dreams, almost invisible to the human eye, that sang merrily, and would only succumb to the girl after the correct chord had been played on her lye. Where the ground quaked and trembled, the little girl learned that blue and green dreams resided, and out of all of these dreams, there were some so lovely that the girl kept them in her jar to admire them whenever she liked. The other dreams were all sent to slip into people's minds. The little girl liked to watch smiles spread over the villager's faces as their dreams began.

The little child grew into a young girl, and a handsome man fell in love with her beauty. They grew very fond of each other, and married. On the very night before the girl's sixteenth birthday, she gave birth to a baby boy and a baby girl- Twins!

The morning came, and was filled with excitement, but also sadness for the girl. She and her husband would join the stars in the sky, but her children would have to stay here. Alas, they would have each other, and that was more than SHE had had. Besides, this wasn't 'good- bye' to her sweet babies, only 'I'll see you again soon.'

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