

The Girl with the Mask

By Daniel and Ruby Kay

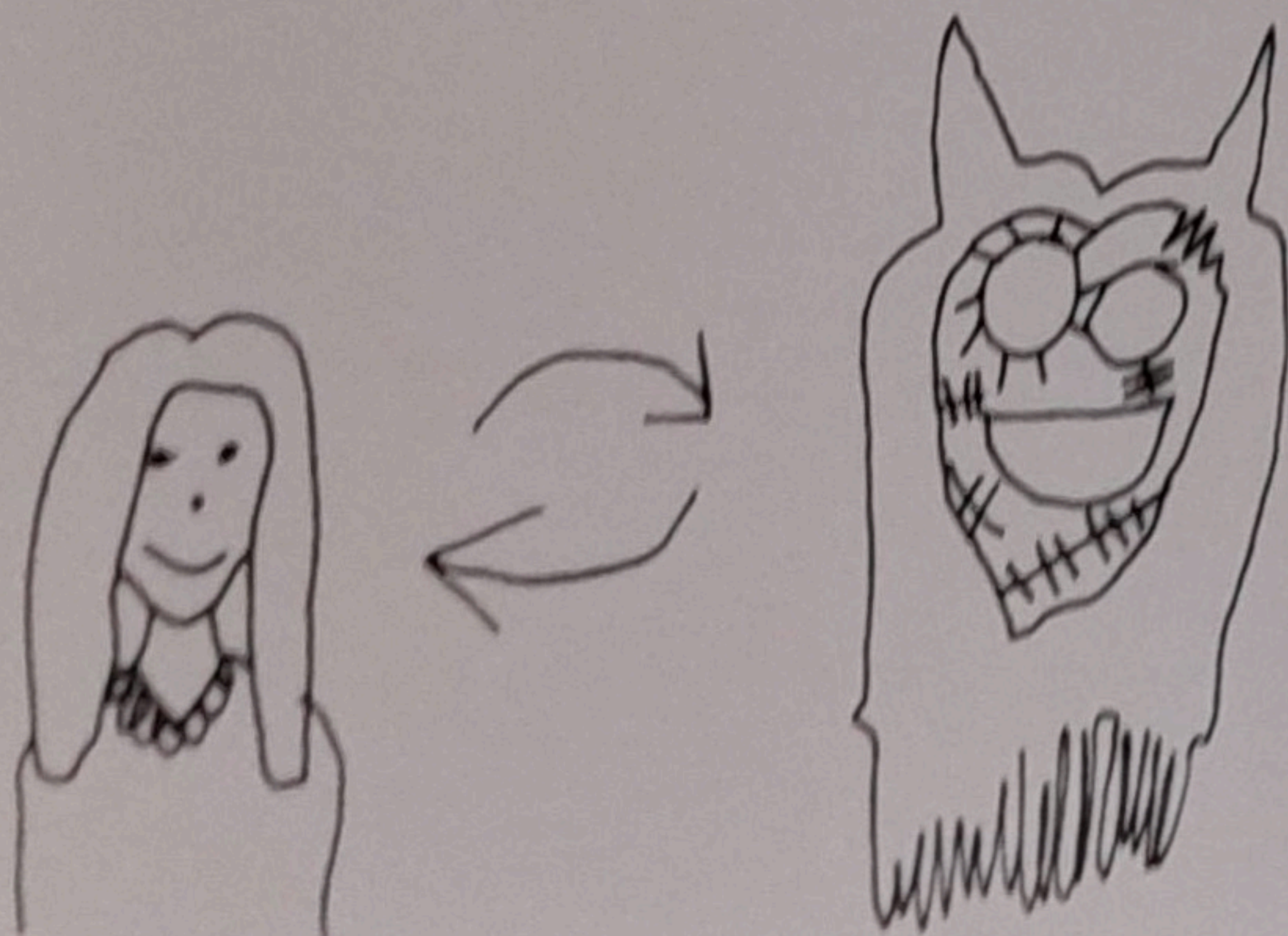


The Girl with the Mask

By Ruby Kay & Daniel

T'was a cold misty morning
and Isabella slipped on her
mask as her dog was outside
finding breakfast.

She opened the door and
called him inside.



The dog never returned.
She went to search for it.

She ran for hundreds of
metres looking everywhere.

She stopped because of
how tired she had become.

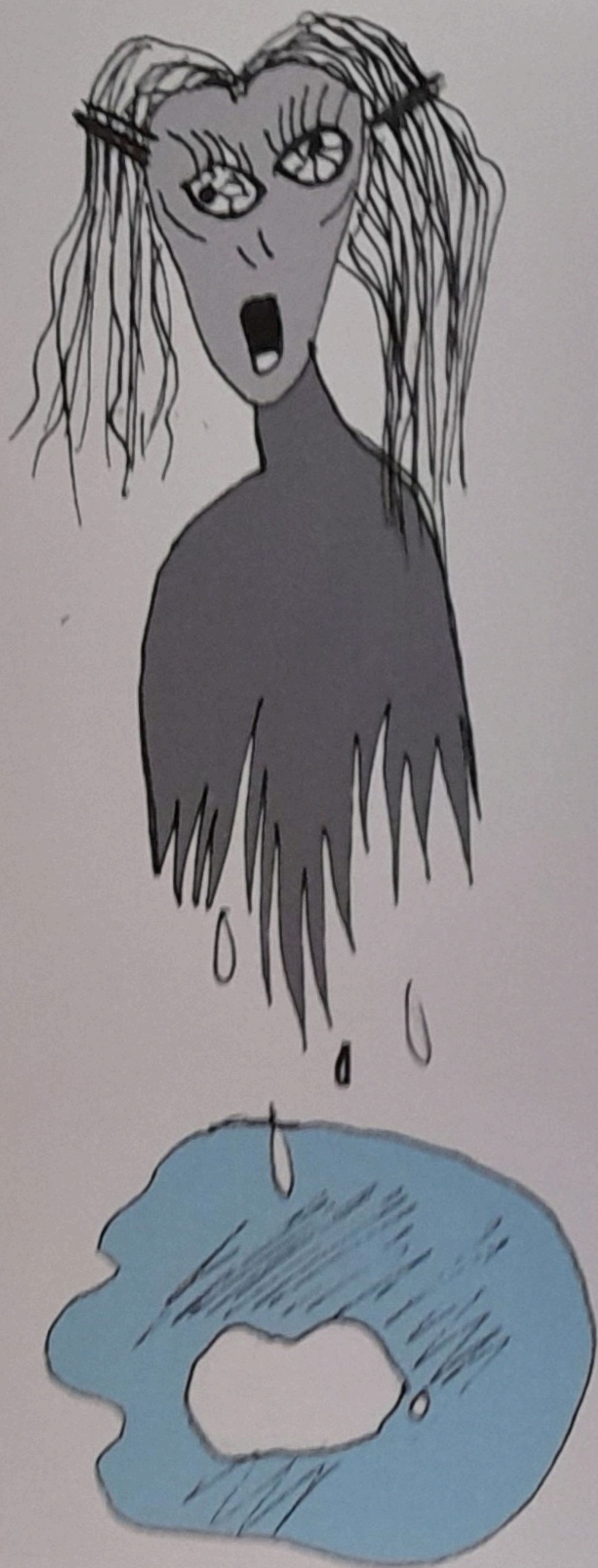
There was a noise far
away in the distance and it
was getting closer. There
were footsteps in the
distance. The noise of the
snow crunching was
amplified by the loud echo
the woods produced.

She didn't know where she was anymore. She'd been walking for hours. She felt there was someone watching her. It spooked her and she ran. The adrenalin was killing her. Slowly, but surely her heartbeat slowed, she became dizzy. Her sight began to fade. She fainted. The footsteps were getting closer.

It was here. Bye, bye!

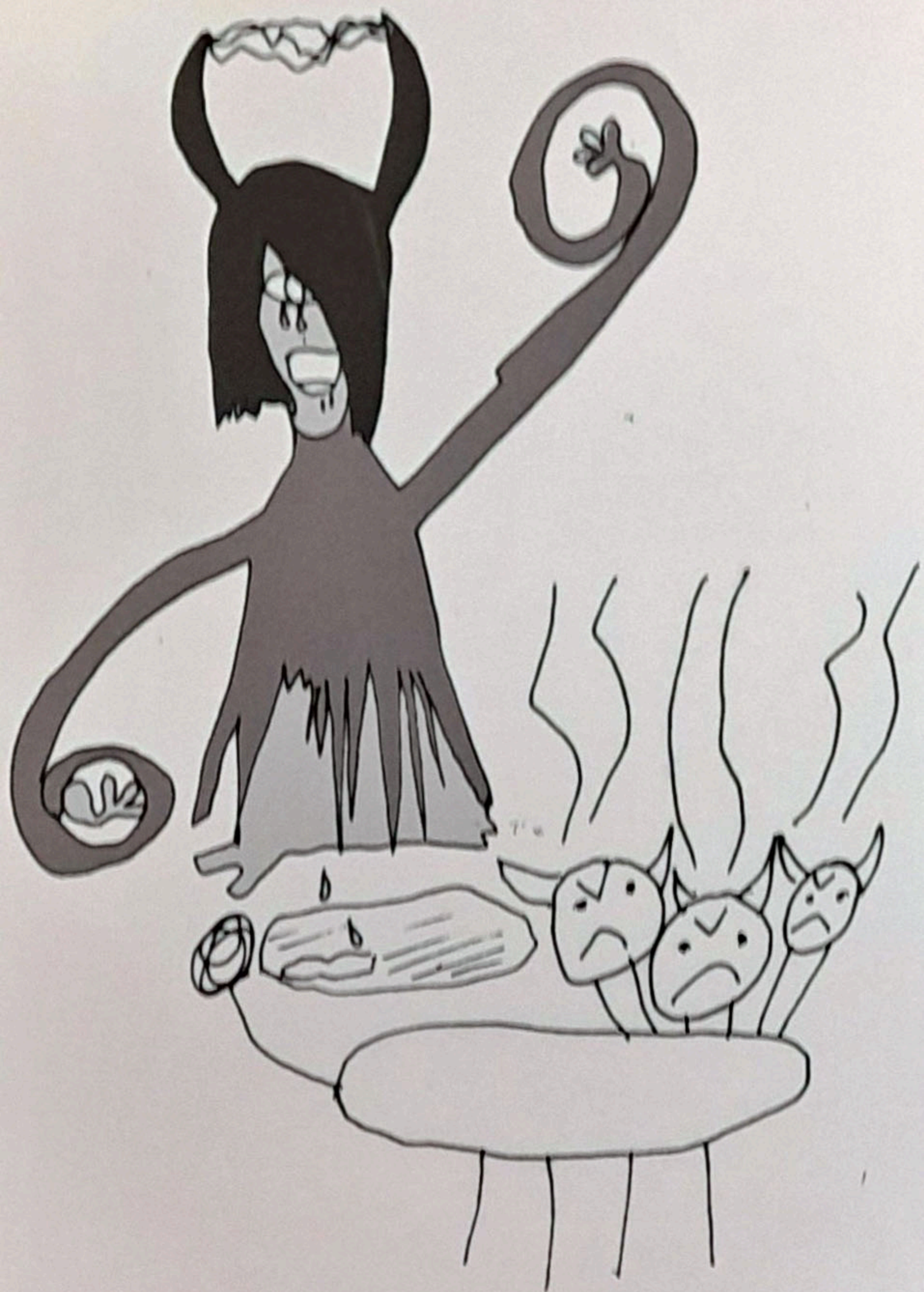
She woke up a while later
in a pond. A strange feeling
overcame her, and the
realisation hit her. It was...
tons of leaches on her poor
body. She screamed for help,
but no one responded.

This was fortunate, perhaps
even deserving that this
happened.

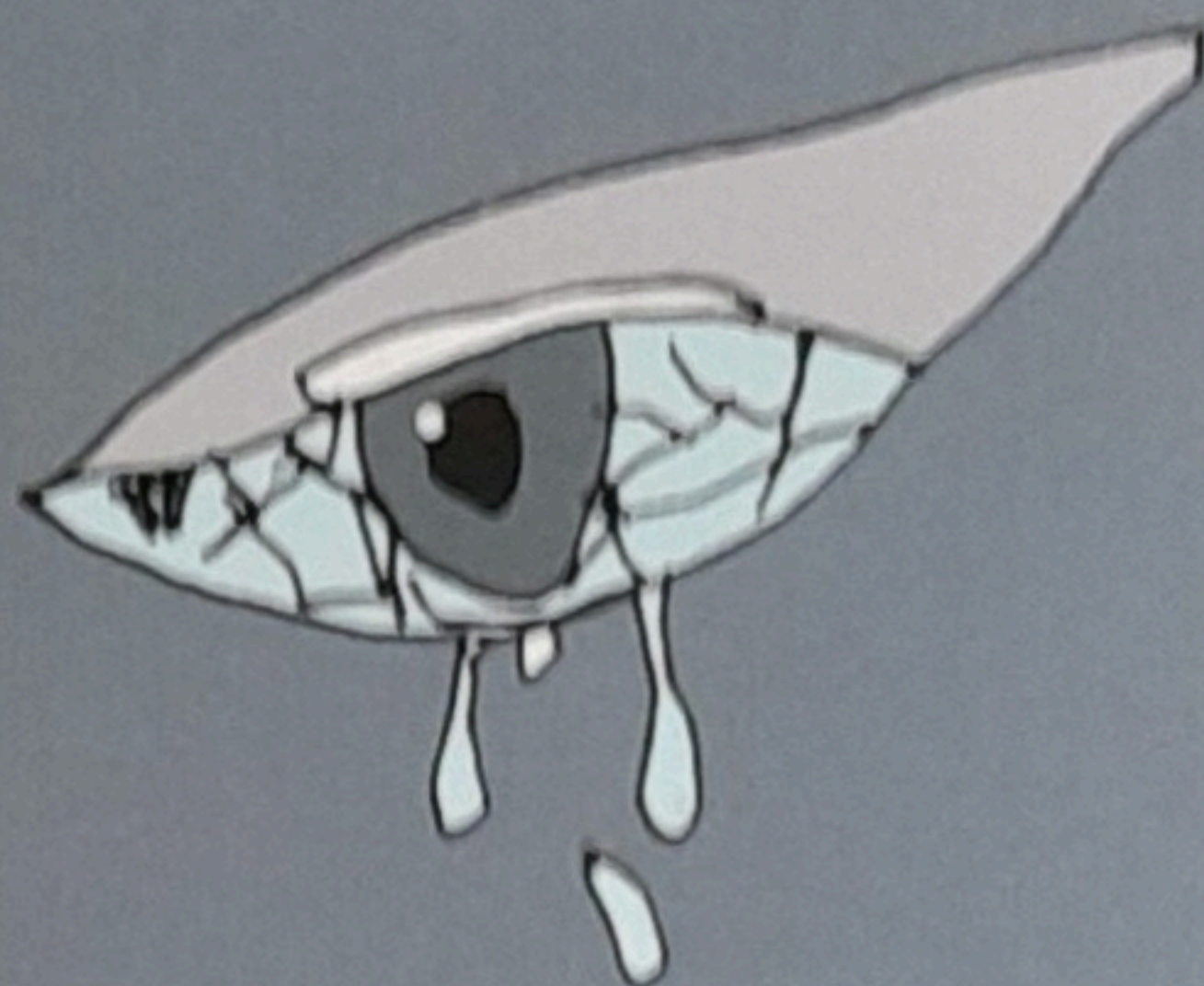


You see hundreds of years ago in the depths of the forest she – Isabella – had become one of the most powerful, overconfident human beings in the Kingdom.

She had randomly been summoned in an unknown way. She set rules and orders in place which put all of the brownies into slavery in the forest. Their population rapidly decreased as she took on their power.



Her breath, her sight, her
life. Her throat was closing
up, she was leaving.



This event was set up by
the brownies, they were
currently watching
nervously from the
heather where they were
hiding and it was swaying
slowly in the wind.

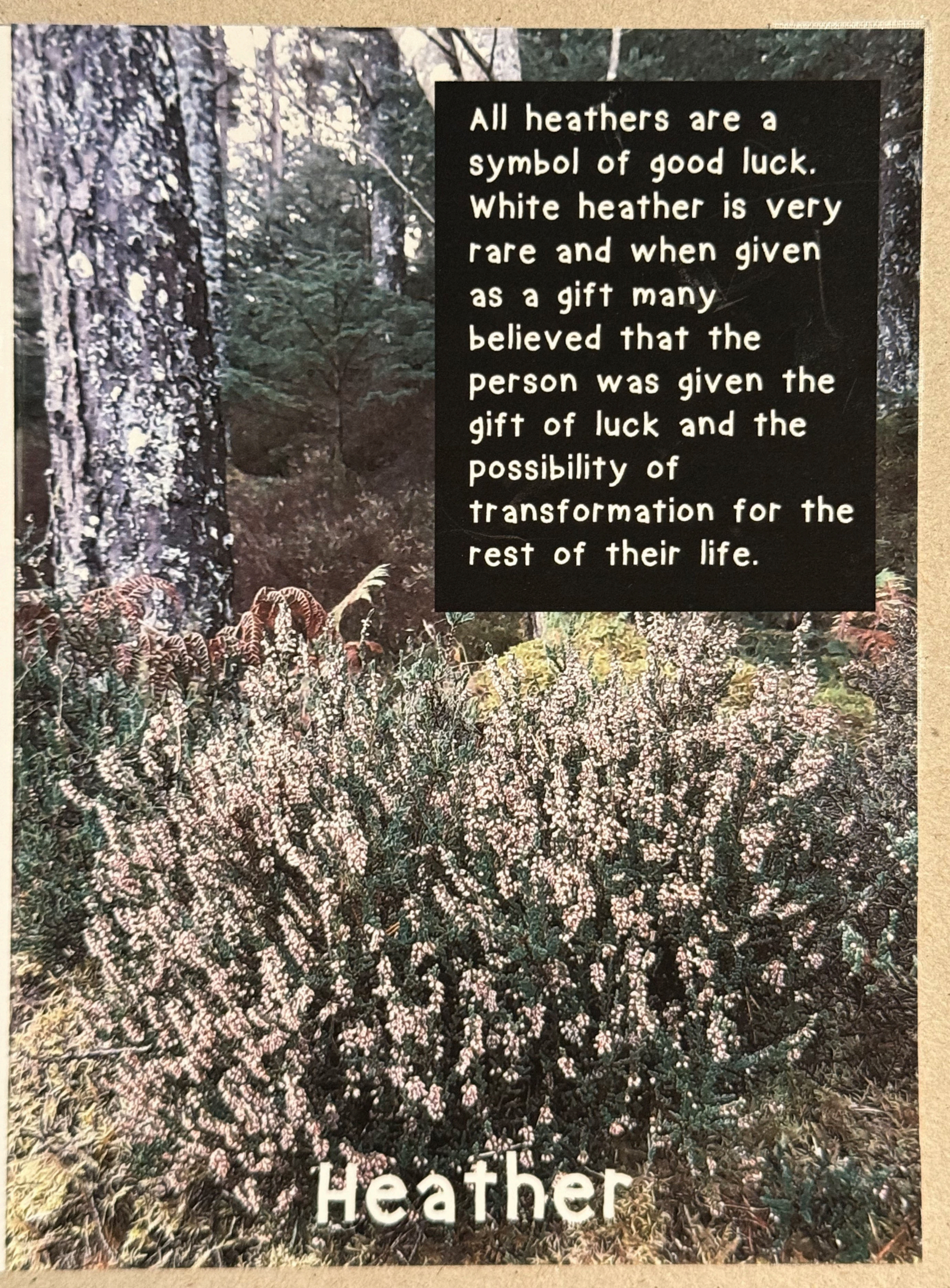
The last of what was
left of the wicked
Isabella slowly sank into
the water. The screaming
suddenly turned muffled,
then stopped.
She was dead.



Her reign of terror
was over.

*"The forest will answer
the way you call to it"*

Old Finnish proverb

A photograph of a forest floor. In the foreground, there is a large, dense patch of white heather. To the left, a large tree trunk is visible. The background shows more trees and foliage.

All heathers are a
symbol of good luck.
White heather is very
rare and when given
as a gift many
believed that the
person was given the
gift of luck and the
possibility of
transformation for the
rest of their life.

Heather

Years ago traditional folk tales were an important part of entertainment and could sometimes be quite gruesome or scary, but they could also be used as a warning to young children to keep them from wondering too far away or to encourage respect for nature.

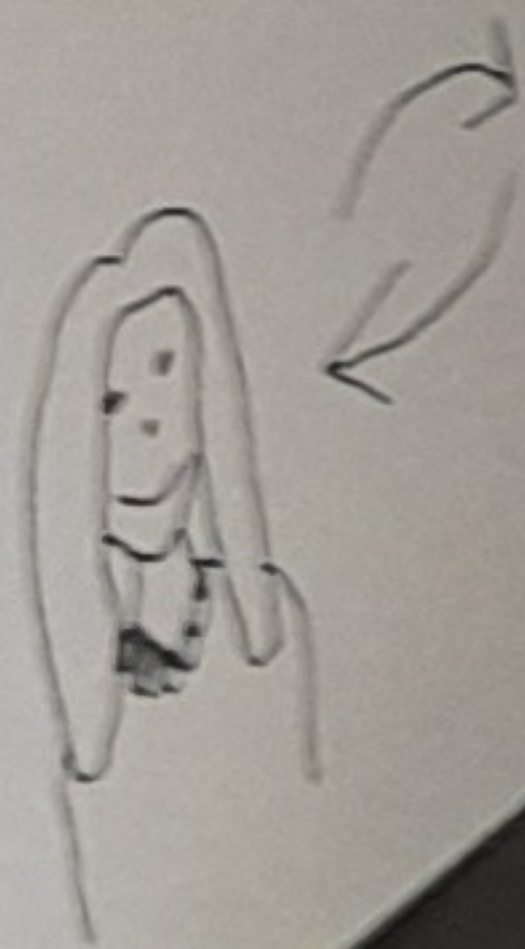
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They are mischievous and easily offended - they could also be quite troublesome if not treated properly



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DISNEY

