

# Spark & Song

by Melissa Jo Gordon

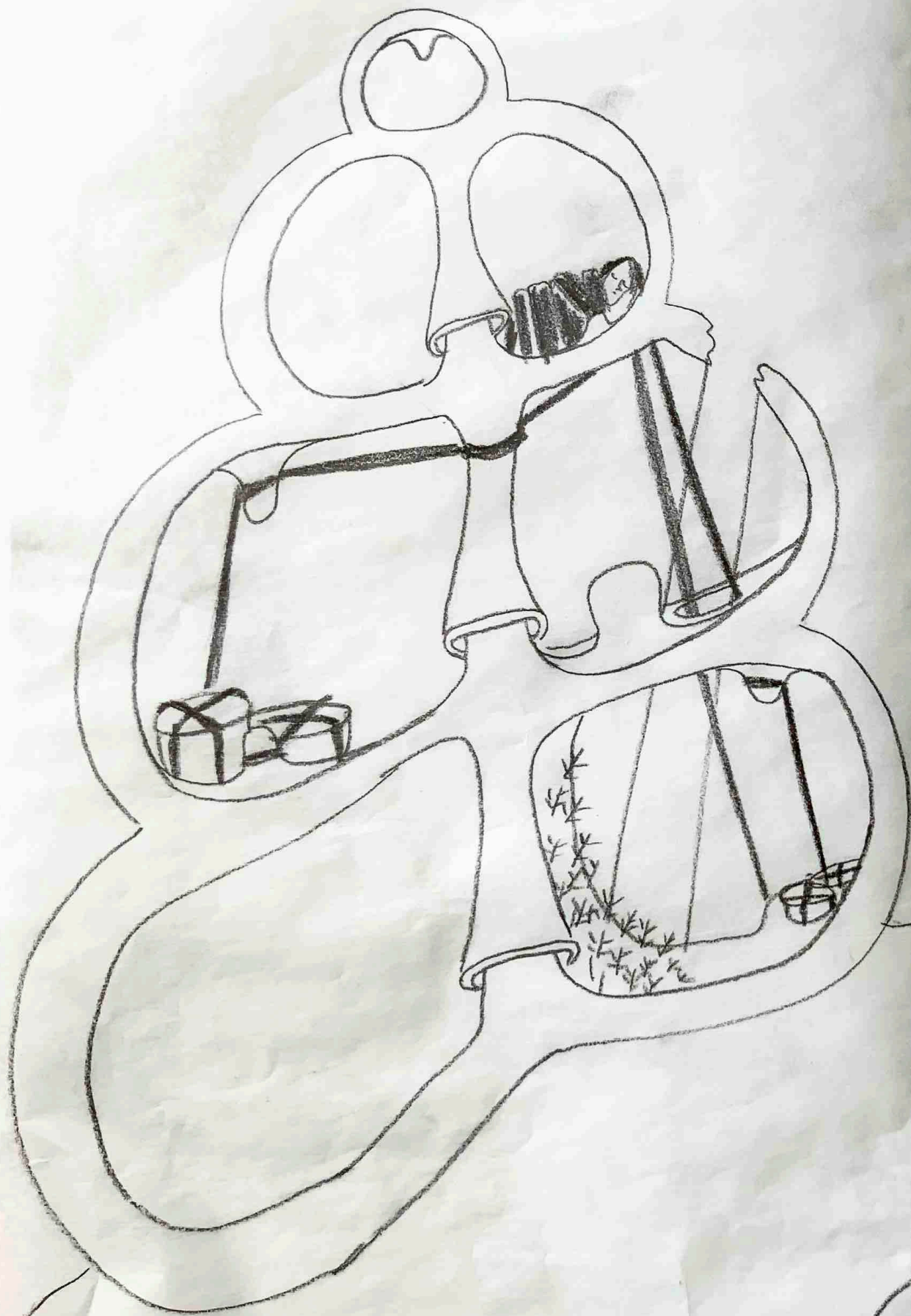






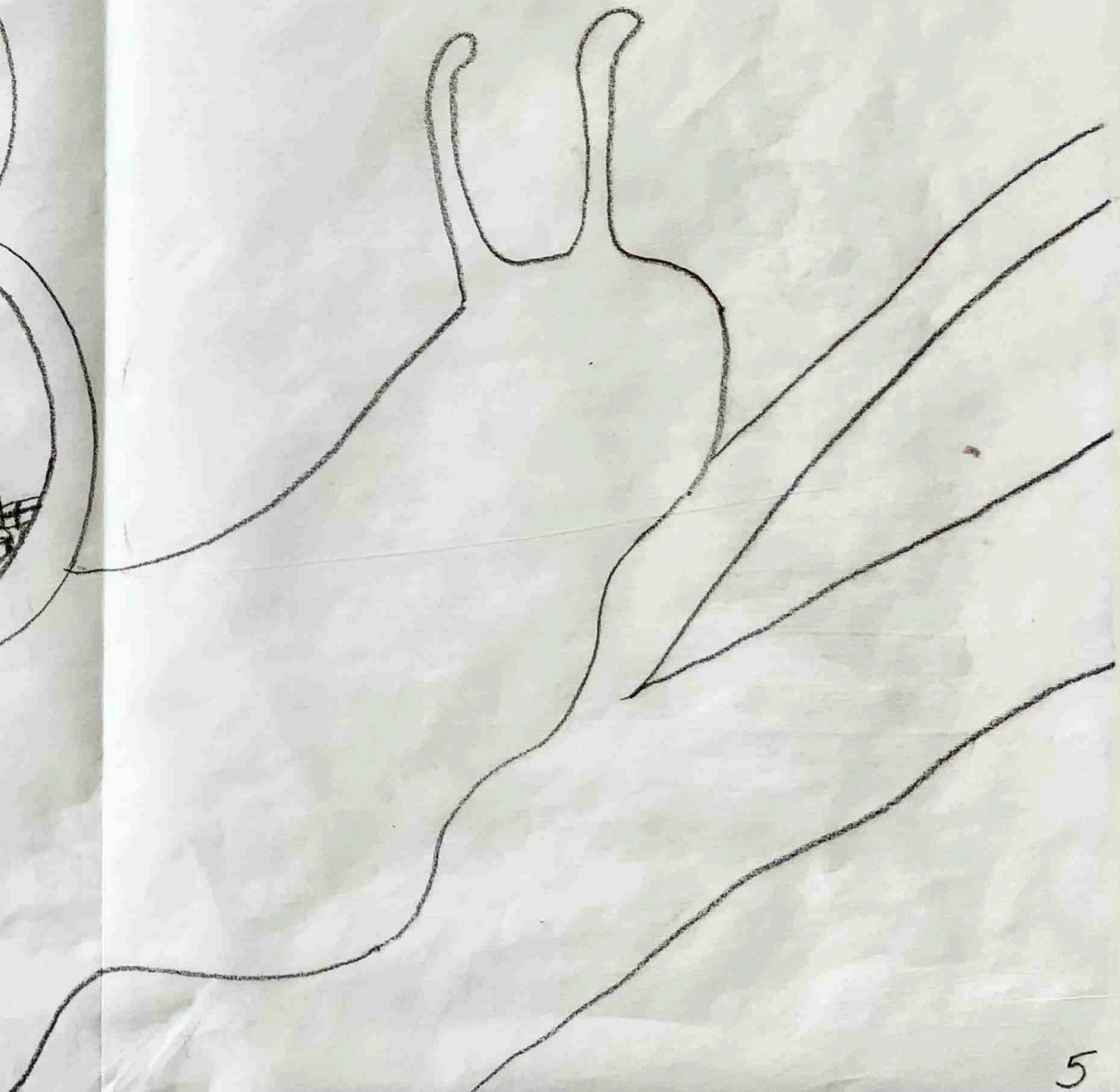




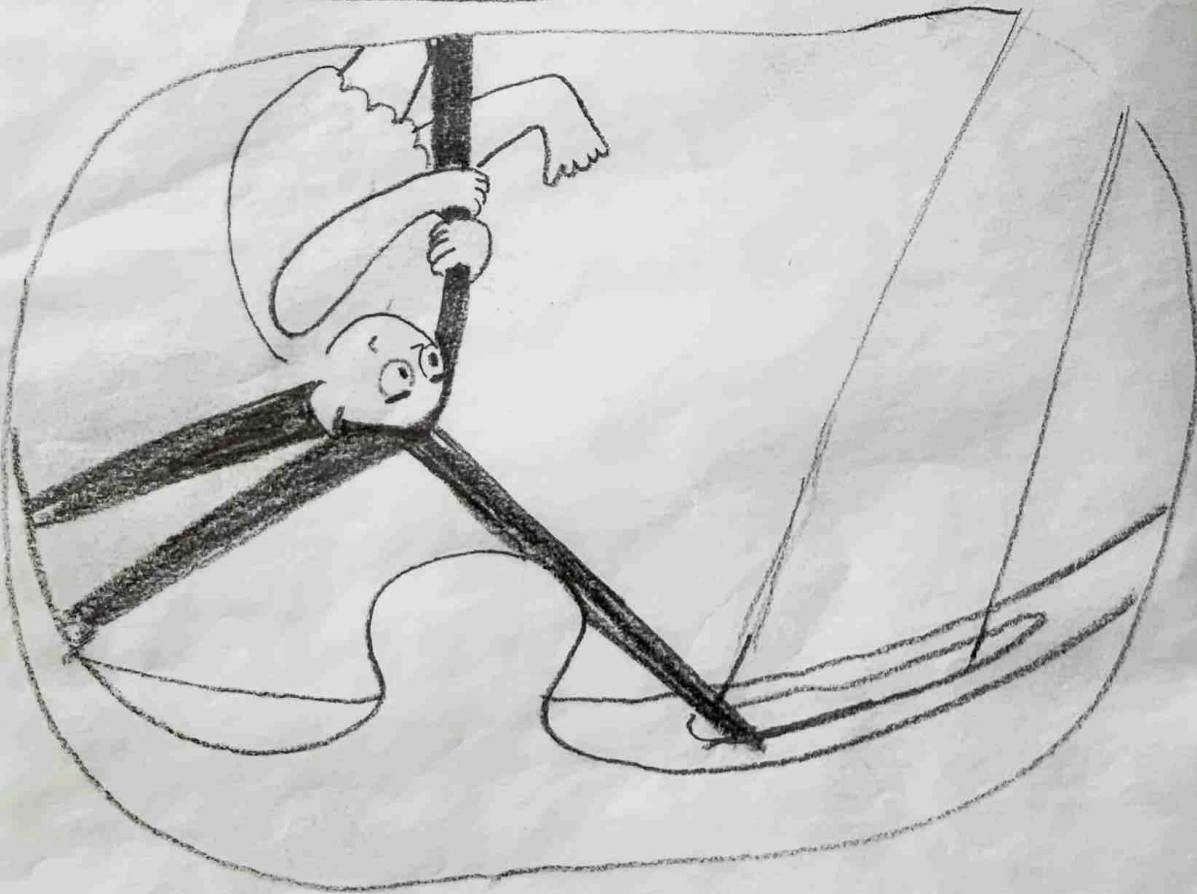


Spark loved her Home and all the things  
inside it.

Most days were like the  
ones before.



Everyday Spark would get  
out of Bed, climb down to her table  
and make herself some tea.



As she would drink her tea, she  
would look out the window to see  
what the weather was like.



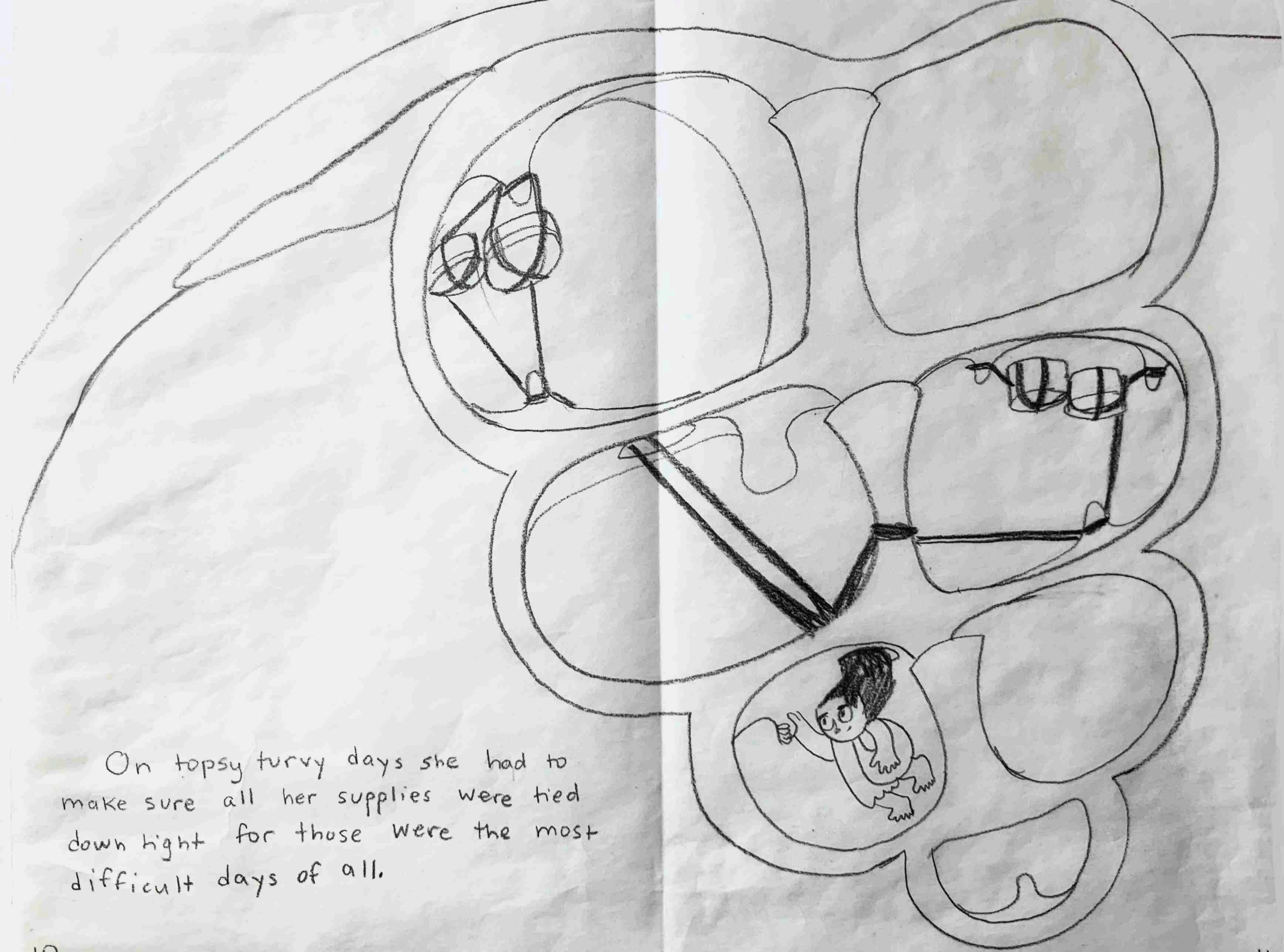


On sunny days she would weed her garden and gather mossberries.



On rainy days she would gather rain water in large drums while knitting strands of moss for her clothes.





On topsy turvy days she had to  
make sure all her supplies were tied  
down tight for those were the most  
difficult days of all.

rain

sun

rain

rain

topsy-turvy

topsy-turvy

sun

topsy-turvy

sun

rain

rain

Days repeated  
themselves one after  
the other. There was  
no pattern to what  
days were sunny or  
rainy or topsy-turvy.





Spark loved everything about her Home, because, even on topsy turvy days she felt safe and secure.





One evening, as Spark was harvesting moss for her tea, she heard a faint sound unlike anything she had ever heard before.

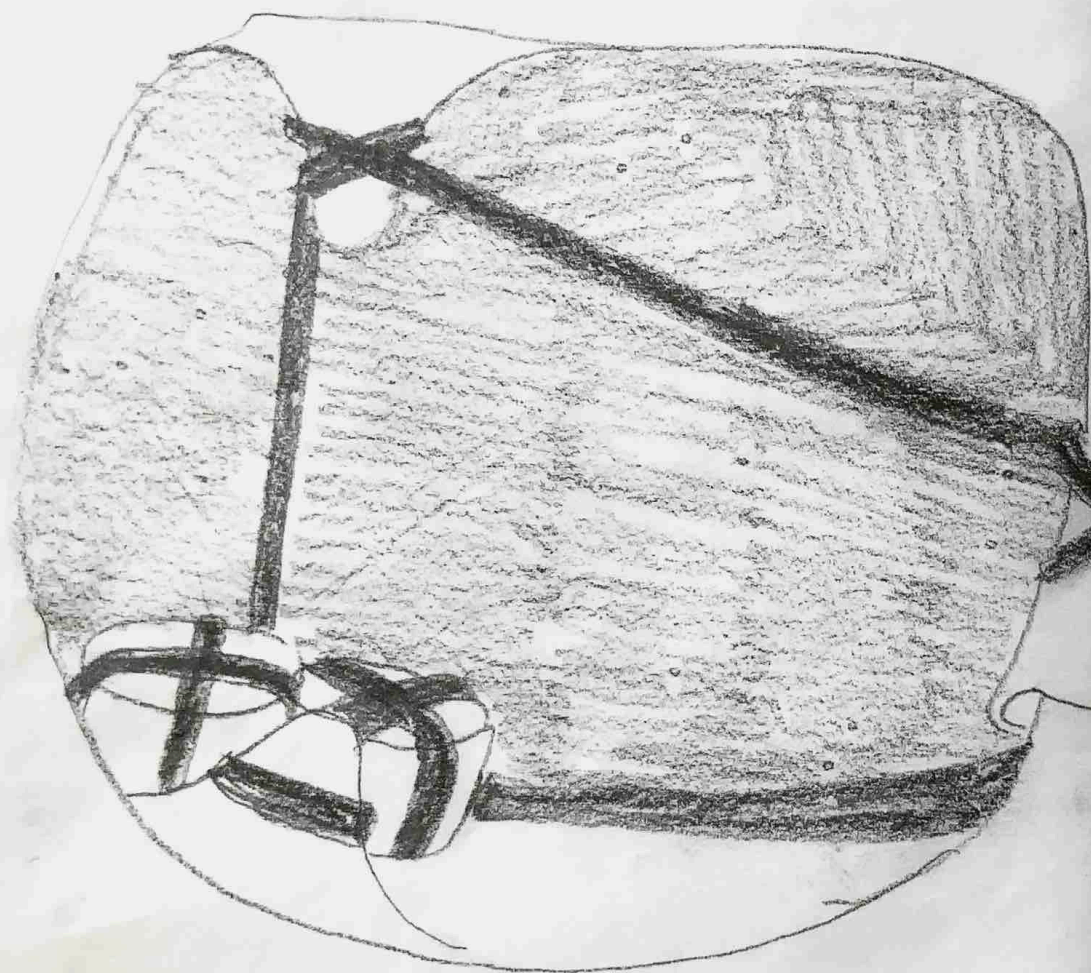


One moment the sound was joyful and the next was terribly sad.



Spark didn't know it was possible to feel so many feelings all at once.





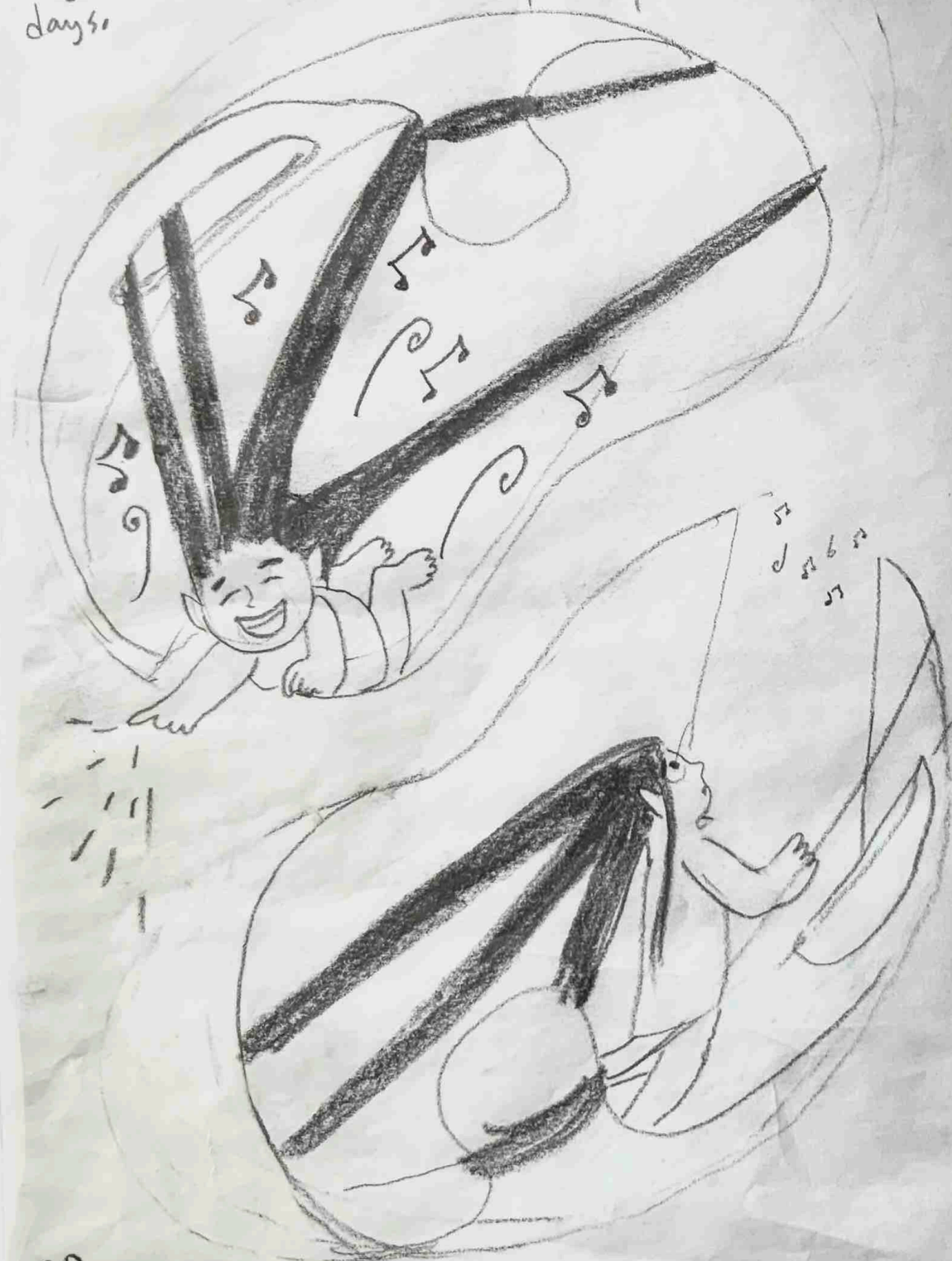
Spark understood this sound, because she felt it inside herself. It was Song.



As the sound continued, Spark climbed up to the Window and sent sparks flying in unison with Song.



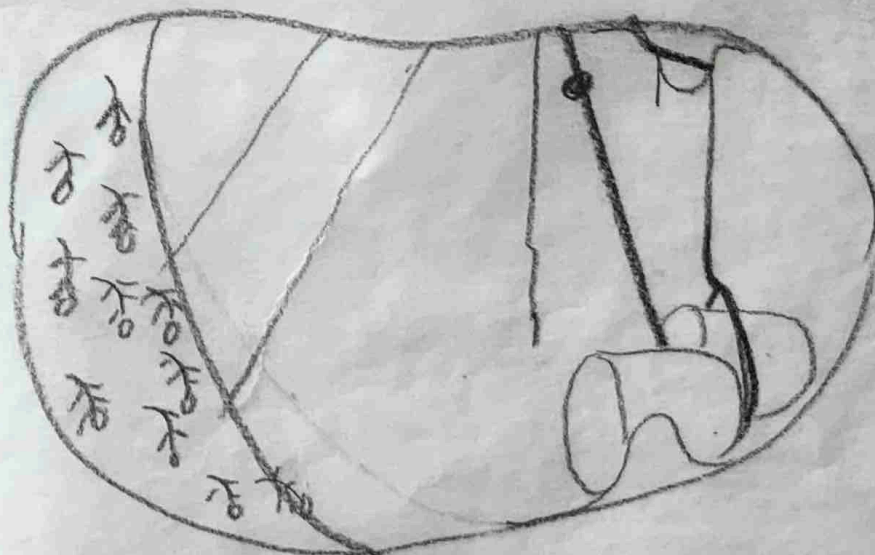
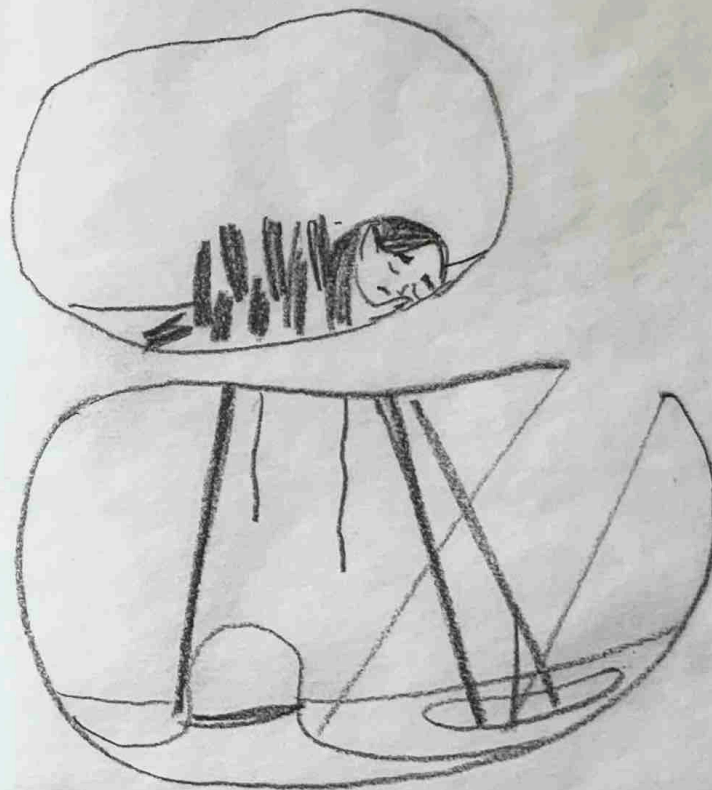
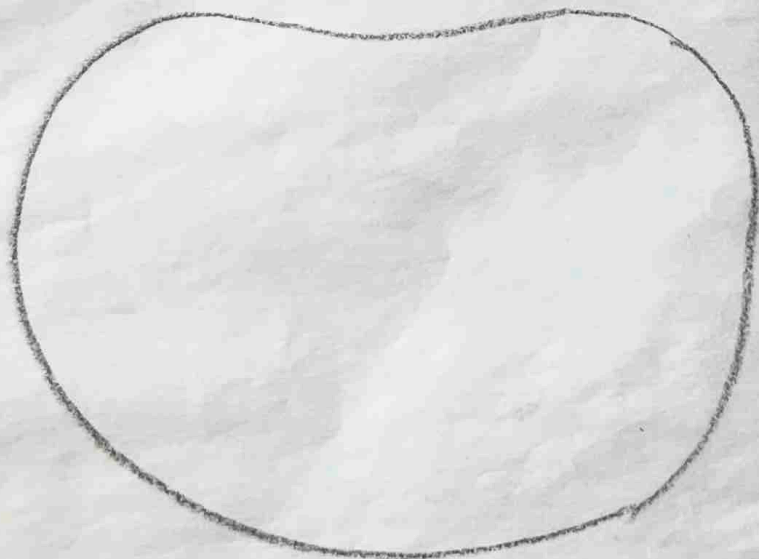
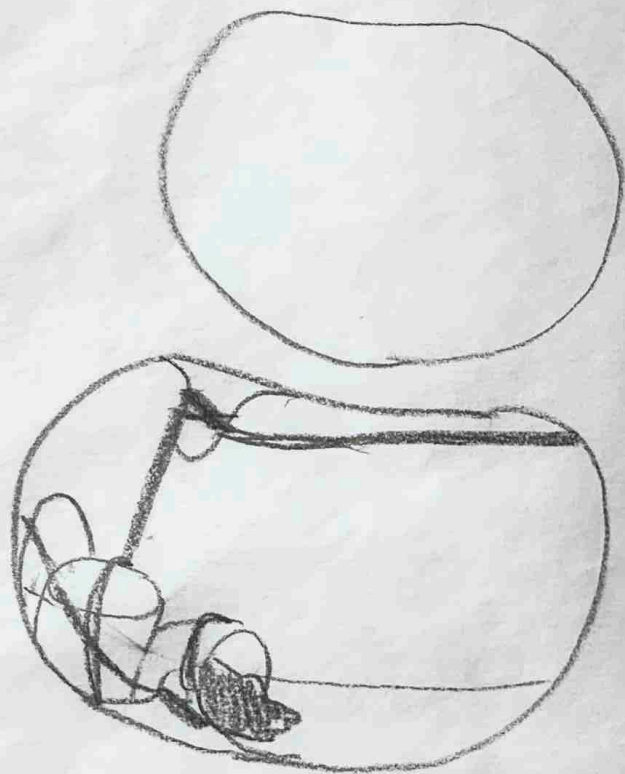
Everyday from then on, Spark rushed thru her chores and waited for Song. Sometimes Song was so loud Spark felt like she could touch it. Other days it sounded like a whisper. Spark hated those days.



One night, as Song became quieter and quieter Spark could barely hear it at all. She cried herself to sleep that night.



Home felt grey and dreary without her  
evenings filled with song.

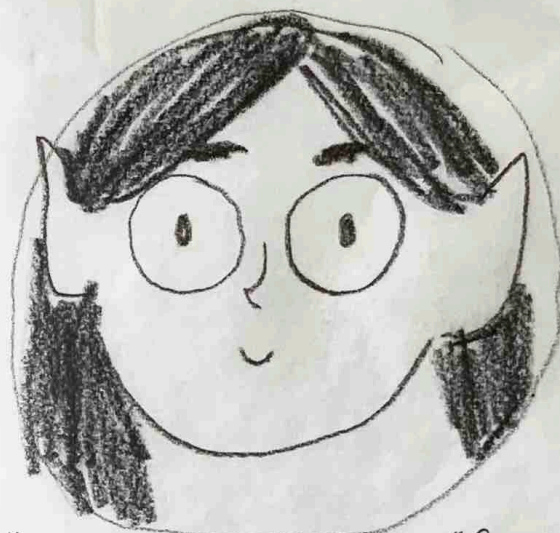


Spark dragged through her chores each day,  
until one day she didn't even get out of bed.





One evening, as Spark lay half-asleep, half awake, a familiar sound echoed in her ears. She was so hungry and tired, she could barely lift her head to take in Song, but it was there once again!



"Why was it back?" Spark thought,



What if it goes away  
"again?" she wonder  
ed



"I never want to lose  
Song again!" she shouted.





In the morning, with all the determination she could muster, Spark crawled out of bed and ate a snack.

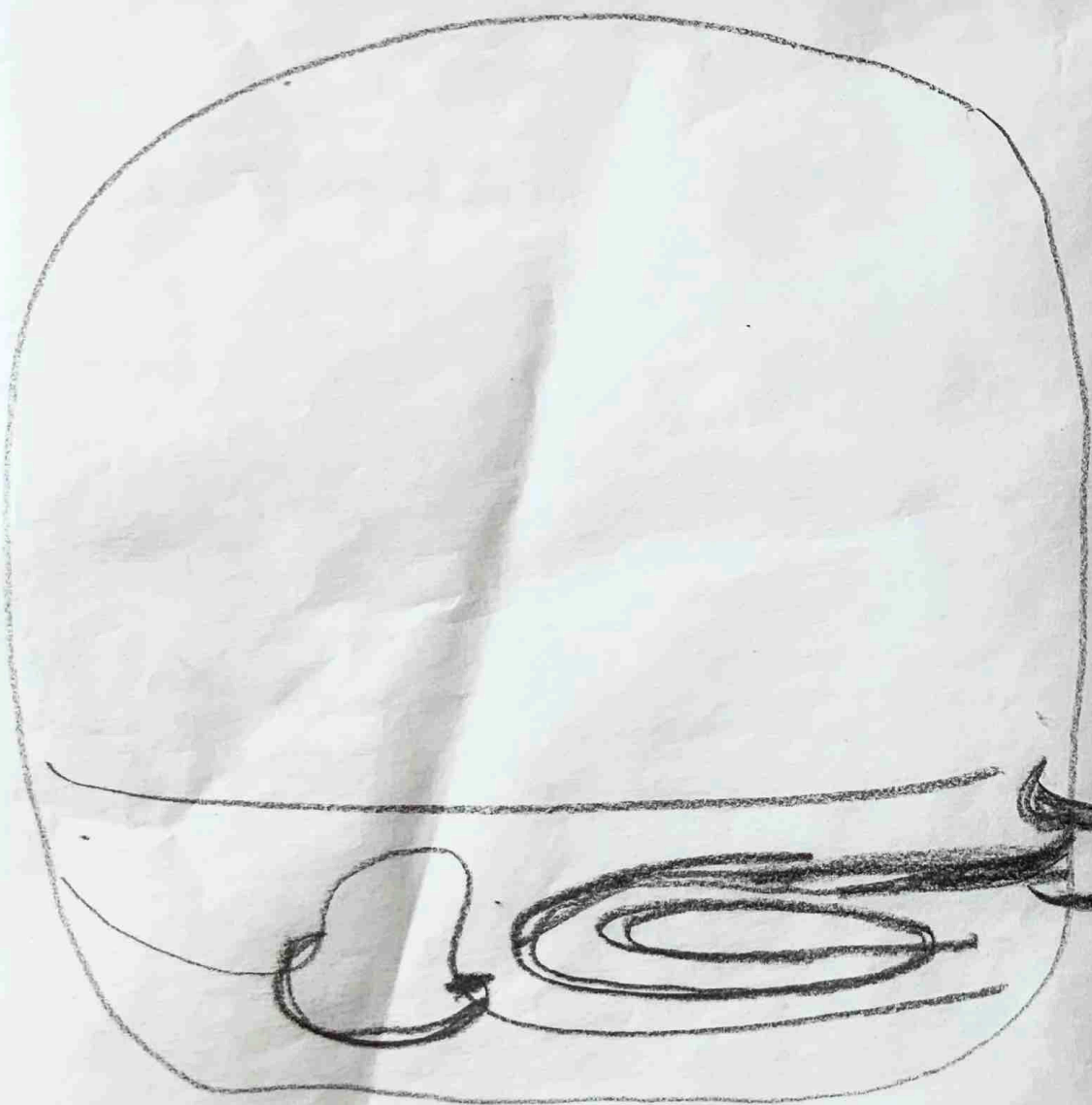


Then she packed a small bag of supplies,



Finally, she grabbed a chunk of hair and slowly burned it all off.





Then Spark piled up all of her barrels one on top of the other and climbed up and out of her home.







