

BY: Zainab P.

ROSEMARY IN THE THYME KINGDOM

Once upon a time there lived a girl named Rosemary. She lived in a small village called Thyme that was banned from singing and dancing. Twenty years before Rosemary was born, there lived a Queen who loved to sing and dance. Some say that's all she ever did and that's why she was known as the "Sunflower" because she is always looking towards the light of happiness. The "Sunflower" Queen died suddenly with a heart attack and the king was shattered. His heart was so shattered that he did not want to see anyone having fun with any type of music. So he burned books, painting, and other things that had to do with singing or dancing. Ever since then, no one had the joy of beautiful sounds and movements.

Rosemary was 12 years old when her mother asked her to buy spices for the dinner they were going to have later that night. Rosemary was delighted to go outside because there was a lot of rain that weekend and she was not allowed to go outside. Rosemary loves outside; (epically the forest) she will try to do anything to go out there. She even had a bag that has candlestick, flint rocks, a pencil, and a note pad just in case she will go there. She is really adventurous and loves to have fun.

The rain must have been strong, because the side walk was covered with a thick sheet of blanket. When Rosemary finally went to the bridge, it was over flowing with water. She needs to take a short cut to go to the store so... "I'll get to go to the forest today!" Rosemary exclaimed to herself. Running as fast as she can, she raced down the hill

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to the forest. She loved seeing the flowers getting tickled by the wind, the grass dancing to the bird's song. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, rose tripped on something hard... and she ungracefully fell, harshly.

Confused, she started ripping off the grass to see what was there. What Rosemary saw was a metal handle on the ground. Rosemary was so overwhelmed she did not think of what happened next. It was like her hand was controlling on their own, and they opened the door. When the door was open, there was a long stairway going towards the darkness. Rosemary was scared, but she wanted to know why there would be a door on the ground. Digging in her bag furiously, she got out a flint rock, a candle, and a candle holder. Rosemary hands were starting to sweat and there was butterfly's in her stomach and it was like her body was telling her "Stop what you are doing. This is not a good idea..." But nothing was going to stop her she needs to find out what is inside there.

The stairs was as loud as a train stopping real quick. Every, Single, Step! When she reaches to the end her breath is taken away by the sight of books after books on every shelf's! There was painting too! Everything had a layer of dust. That's when she saw many boxes on the ground. She picks one up and wipes the dust with her hand and reads "MONOPOLY" What is that? She thought to herself. She picks up another box and wipes the dust this time with her sleeve of her dress and reads "PARCHEESI" "I've never heard of these before! Rosemary exclaimed. Then she turned around to the other side of the room to see what else was here. She sees a record player and comes closer to have a better look. Just as she was about to touch it, she heard a noise that made her spin to see nothing. She started to move backwards

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forgetting about the record player and then bumped up to it .and she never heard such a beautiful sound.

It was the best think she ever heard, it overwhelmed her and that is when she learned that she needs to keep this quiet and finely left to go get the spices.

Every time she has time to, she will go to the underground secret fun land to listen to more of that beautiful sound over and over again. Then one day she started humming and singing to all the things she has heard. Her parents are getting confused because she has never been this happy before. Weeks later Rosemary went to the fun land and starter listening to the nice sounds again but this time when she was going to leave, she had company. They covered her mouth and knocked her out and rosemary was to surprise to do anything at all.

She woke up to see that she was in a dark place. “Where am I?” Rosemary whispered to herself. As soon as she said that, it was like a spell that she has broken, because that is when she saw light coming towards her. Rosemary’s heart was pounding Hard. So hard that she was surprised that told her to be quiet. All of a sudden there was a loud “BANG!” And the door opened. The light was brighter than the sun facing towards you in the summer. “GET UP YOU LITTLE RASCAL! HURRY UP YOU DANG PIG! I DON’T HAVE ALL DAY!” yelled the guard. Rosemary stumbled up as fast as she can but fell down. “YOU LITTLE-” Than grabbed her arm so tight that it was like he was trying to squeeze the lights out of her, Then took her to the King. “Well, what do you have here? A little trouble maker!” The king boomed “What did I do wrong?” Rosemary squeaked. “What did you do wrong? You got to be kidding me? You were listening to music!” Music. That must be the

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name of all the wonderful sounds. What is wrong with that? You don't even know what it is like to hear those sounds! Please listen to me, but I need you to listen to-." Why would I want to listen to you? All you say is a lie and I don't need to listen to you because I AM THE KING! But she did not listen to him. She went right to singing. No matter what She was sent to the dark place... again. It has to be the dungeon rosemary thought. Two days later, the King his self, came to the dark place and told her that he was wrong. "I am sorry that I never ever knew that it was wrong for me to not let anybody not listen to music. I know now that no matter what happens, I can't just steal light from others. I was so blindfolded with madness I did not see what was really going in front of me. I'm sorry" The next day she was free and now everybody can hear music again. Not only did the king let them get to have music, they were aloud to have paintings, games, and books. And they lived happily ever after.

The end