

The Adventures of Emma Lee

Emma Lee seems like the name of a very simple, unpretentious and rather uninteresting girl. Don't let the name fool you, though. This is the story of how a feisty twelve-year-old girl overcame adversities and turned her life around. Emma Lee, a short girl, stood out for being a proficient artist and for being very organized. These two qualities helped her to excel at painting. However, much before her talents received plaudits and made her famous, Emma Lee led a normal life. She lived in the small town of Woodington on a small island off the coast of Germany. A beautiful forest, which adorned the center of Woodington, was filled with leaves of a myriad hues. The close proximity to the North Sea caused the woods to be filled with the soothing whooshing sounds of the gentle sea breeze.

Perhaps it were these beautiful surroundings of Woodington that gave the twelve-year-old Emma her amiable, lively nature, her long blond hair, and her bright blue eyes. The one disadvantage she suffered was that she was abnormally tall. Her six feet height and long limbs made her very clumsy. Emma's social life was affected by her clumsiness because she was perennially dropping things on people standing nearby.

Emma had a strong desire to win the upcoming spring art contest. In this contest, children from the ages of nine to twelve were given two hours to complete a work of art. Last year, a dejected Emma had returned home empty handed while the winner had walked away with a rare species of a speckled water snake. Its glistening green scales created an illusion of emeralds.

Emma seriously doubted her chances of winning the art contest. The odds were against her. First of all, she was too clumsy. She feared that she would drop all her paints, waste time replenishing them, and would never have enough time to finish her masterpiece. Second, Emma's confidence was low, and she felt that her abilities were mediocre. Third, Emma's nemesis, whose name shall not be revealed, was an unmatchable artist. Fourth, Emma's parents did not support her in her pursuits. Poor Emma!

One week before the art contest, Emma, feeling very depressed, sneaked out of her house to go to the woods. She had packed her favorite things for lunch. When Emma arrived at her favorite place, a spot under the huge oak tree, she spread out her lunch and got ready to eat. Suddenly, Emma caught sight of a rabbit and sauntered towards it. Her eyes were fixated on the

rabbit, so Emma did not notice where she was walking. She tripped and fell into her picnic basket. When the basket rolled and nudged a heavy log, which was resting on a boulder, a seesaw effect catapulted Emma upward. Emma was airborne!

After a few seconds, she found herself lying on her back on some pink grass. Since her head was still spinning from the accident, she thought she was hallucinating. When she had regained her balance, she looked up and found herself surrounded by some unusual surroundings. The grass was indeed pink, and so were the trees. Suddenly, something nudged her leg, causing her to jump. She spun around and found herself face to face with a gopher.

Emma was just recovering from her shock when the gopher said in a squeaky tone, “Lookin’ for somethin’?”

Emma stammered, “D-d-did you just talk?”

The confused gopher replied, “Why of course I did. What did ya expect me to do? Cartwheels?” The gopher was thoroughly offended and marched away with its nose up in the air.

Emma scrutinized her surroundings more carefully and noticed several stalls surrounding her. In one stall, a witch was shouting, “Broomsticks! Broomsticks for sale!” In another stall, a dwarf was hollering, “Magical items for sale. Anything, I mean anything you want is available!” Finally, Emma saw a stall that caught her attention. The stall was run by a very old witch. This witch was advertising in a hoarse voice, “Potions of any type for sale!” Emma gathered her courage and walked up to the witch. She asked the witch, “Do you have a potion that will make me shorter?” The witch said she did. Emma emptied all her savings and picked up the small bottle containing the potion. Despite the potion being a murky yellow color, Emma took the plunge and quickly drank the potion. To her dismay, she shrunk to the size of a mouse within seconds. Even her hair and clothes had shrunk. “No, no! I didn’t want to be this small,” squeaked Emma. The witch just gleefully cackled.

A bright idea erupted in tiny Emma’s mind as she sat under a giant sunflower to think. She got up and walked over to the dwarf who was selling all possible magical items and narrated her story. The sympathetic dwarf offered a potion that would resolve the issue. He predicted that her final height would be around four feet eight inches. This was exactly what Emma had originally wanted! Since Emma was broke, the dwarf told Emma that if she wanted the potion,

she would have to recompense him by fetching a diamond from the lair of a dragon a few miles away.

The dwarf lent Emma a magic carpet to make the journey shorter. Emma got onto the carpet and commanded, "To the lair of the dragon!" The carpet lurched and zoomed forward. When it landed on a patch of moss outside the dragon's cave, Emma jumped off and bravely made her way into the cave. After salivating to the smell of a tasty human, the dragon, which made a futile attempt at finding Emma, decided to go out hunting in nearby jungle. Emma used this opportunity to gather some poisonous berries, crush them, and make a lethal juice.

When the dragon returned with its prey, a deer, Emma found an opportune moment to pour the deadly juice over the deer. When the dragon bit into the deer, it sensed that something about the smell and taste was awry, but it was too late. As soon as the juice dripped down the dragon's throat, the dragon fell dead. Emma crept out from her hideout, ransacked the cave, and finally found the diamond in a ring on one of the dragon's claws. She took the diamond and set off to the dwarf's place.

True to his word, the dwarf took the ring from Emma and gave her the enlarging potion. Emma gulped down the potion and was elated to find herself four feet eight inches tall. The dwarf, who had been very pleased with her bravery and perseverance, lent her his magic carpet. Emma thanked him profusely, sat down on it, and commanded, "Back to the forest in Woodington we go!"

In the blink of an eye, Emma found herself sitting down next to her picnic basket in the woods. She was shocked to discover that it had been one week since she had left home and that it was the day of the art contest. Obviously, time had passed much slower in the magical land!

Emma quickly ran towards the city square where the contest was taking place and skidded to a halt in the room one second before the commencement bell rang. Not being clumsy anymore helped her to paint with ease a beautiful picture of the majestic dragon that she had been forced to poison. Emma won the art contest by a huge margin, beating her nemesis! She received the prize of a new set of expensive art supplies. She was exuberant because she had achieved her goal! When she returned home, she was welcomed by her mother and the police. For the past one week, the city of Woodington had been brought to a screeching halt. Citizens and Police spent the days looking for the missing child. Everyone was relieved beyond words to see Emma Lee safe. Emma Lee's mother was on cloud nine to hear that her daughter had won

the art contest although she had not originally encouraged her daughter's participation in art related activities.

Several hundred years later, a girl named Emily was born in America. She resembled her ancestor, Emma Lee, very closely. She shared the same short blond hair and the same short height with her famous ancestor, Emma Lee. She even shared her ancestor's talent for art. Even though I have a strong inkling as to who this Emily is, her identity will be a secret!