

## ALICE'S MINIATURE GARDEN

Quietly slipping out the back door, Alice carried a small box toward her backyard garden. She looked over at the early morning sky and smiled. She wouldn't be needing her gardening gloves today. She sat on the grass at the bottom of her favorite tree and waited. One by one her little troll friends came out from the tiny opening in the tree trunk. The small creatures giggled and waved up to Alice, for she was no stranger to them. She waved back, opened her little box and brought out a tiny wooden table. On that she placed a minuscule paint set. The five trolls painted with their little fingers onto blank paper. Alice made a miniature painting of her own with a very small brush. They showed Alice their work, nodding excitedly and murmured little words to each other about their art pieces. Then they scurried back into the tree. Alice watched them go. As she packed the left-over paints and table into the box she thought about how long it would be until the next month when she would see them again. It was always over much too quickly. The next thing she knew she was waking up in her bed. For a moment she felt odd and realized she must have been dreaming. But as she turned her head, she saw the miniature painting the trolls had given her. She reached out and touched it.

The End,

Corrina Bada