Hanging by a Thread
By Isabel O'Connell

"Nana, please take me to the park, please," I hear Mia say.

"Mia don't whine. We will go to the park. Just go get your hat and pink coat," I heard Nana reply.

Mia put her coat on and quickly plopped me on her head. "Off to the park we go!!!," she yelled.

Together we got to the park with me plopping on her head hoping to not fall off. As soon as we got there Mia went down the slide. She did all the activities, the swings, ladders, and the rock wall. Soon Nana said it was time to go. She also said something about getting a cold, which is rude because I am keeping her head warm perfectly well! "Just let me do the fun spinner," Mia said back to Nana.

She went on the spinner and it started to move faster and faster. While she was riding a gust of wind came and whooshed me into the air. I landed next to a bush where Mia could not see me. Oh No! Mia is going to forget me!!! I am now a lost one, hidden where the animals will bite me and pull me thread by thread.

Soon Nana and Mia left not noticing me not being on Mia's pretty brown hair. After a while night fell. It was scary in the dark. I saw a big shadow and it came closer and closer. It bit a hole right into me. Owwww!!! It bit another and another. This was not a good night for me.

Soon morning came. People walked by looking and then walked away. Again night came and another morning too. People stepped on me
and kicked me aside. Day after day after day this went on. Soon I had about a million holes and threads pulled out everywhere.

Another day and again I thought it would be the same old routine—stepped on and kicked aside. In the mid-morning, a little girl with clothes not like the ones Mia wore, walked by with her mother. But the girl stopped and ran to where I was, looking like trash on the floor. She picked me up and brought me to her mother.

"Mama, I found a hat on the ground. It was gold, purple, and pink. It also had two little braids on the side," the girl said.

"Madeline, it does have pretty colors," the mother said.

"You know the bag you want and we just don’t have the money for? With some thread I can make it a nice purse for you," the mother said. Since falling off of Mia’s head this was the best (and only) offer I ever got. I was so happy. No more scary nights in the park or weird animal attacks!!!

Madeline brought me home and her mother fixed me up so I could be a purse. And now I hold the wooden dolls that Madeline has. I am happy again. I still miss Mia, but just a little. Now I’ll live a long happy life as a purse.