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Princess Hannah

Hannah woke with a start hearing someone yell, then the front door slammed and an overwhelming quiet pervaded her home. Running down the stairs, she couldn't find any trace of her parents.

I wonder where they went?

Hannah assumed they had gone out for breakfast or to visit a neighbor, she left a note on the kitchen table.

Hi Mom,

You were not here, so I grabbed my lunch bag out the fridge and left to meet Madison and Noah at the bus stop.

Love, Hannah

Strolling down the staircase, Hannah stopped to look in the mirror. She had eyes the color of an arctic storm, silver blended through her blonde hair. Hannah was wearing a silky white coat she had grabbed out of the wardrobe closet from her parents' antique store. She wore gold bracelets above her elbow that she had found in her mom's silver-inlaid jewelry box. She loved the way it looked on her—eccentric, well maybe a little, but she felt magical ... well almost. She was amazed at the beautiful trinkets, furniture, dolls, clothes, and incredible paintings that her parents had collected over the years from a world she had only heard stories about.

She unlocked the front door, slipped out, locked the door behind her, and strolled toward the bus stop where her friends typically met up with her.

It was a beautiful morning, the sun was rising from the east, offering an orange, pulsating glow. She walked across meadows turning golden brown in the dry California winter. Seeing her friends ahead, she ran to catch up with Madison and her brother Galen Robisol. They walked together to where the other kids had gathered at the bus stop.