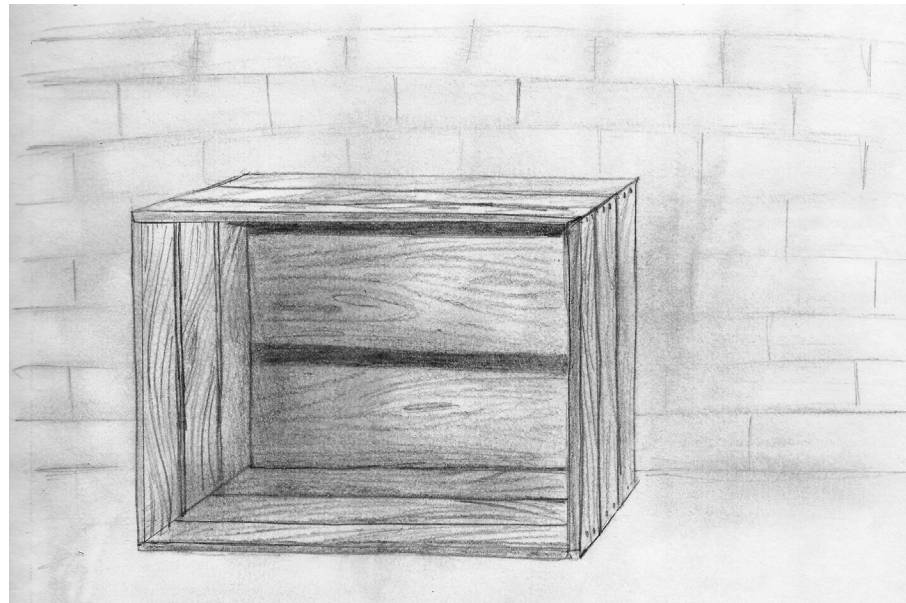
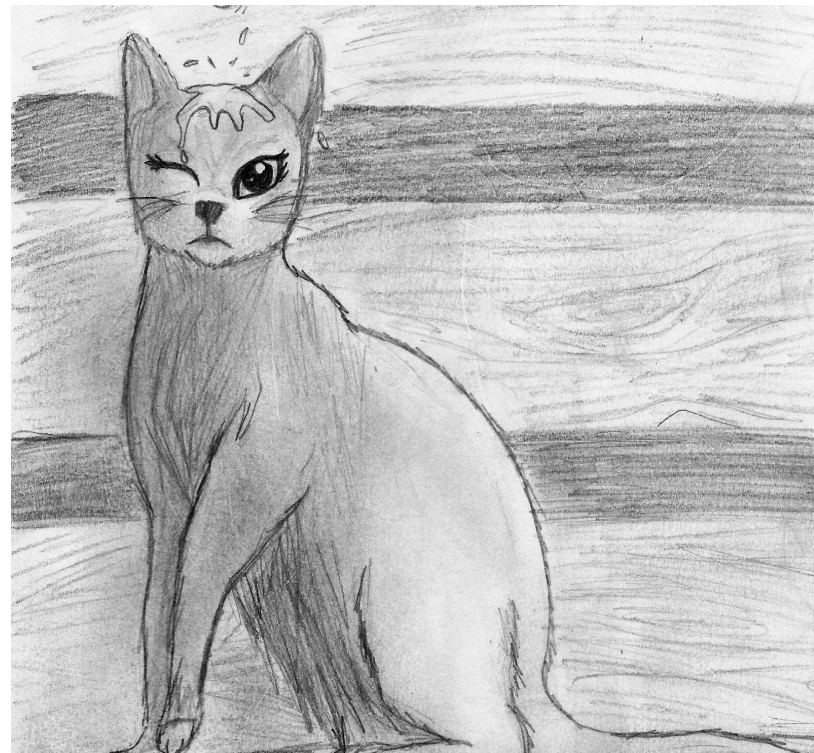


# I Have a Magic Sweater

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Illustrated by Chayse Felt



Hello, I have a magic sweater. With each wish, and a blink of an eye, this magic sweater will supply me with flower seeds that I can plant to help better the city.



You see, I love my home.  
I have a place to keep me dry,  
A pet to keep me company,  
And a beautiful view of my city.

Sure, it's a bit cold sometimes,  
And sure, it gets leaks,  
But I know this place.

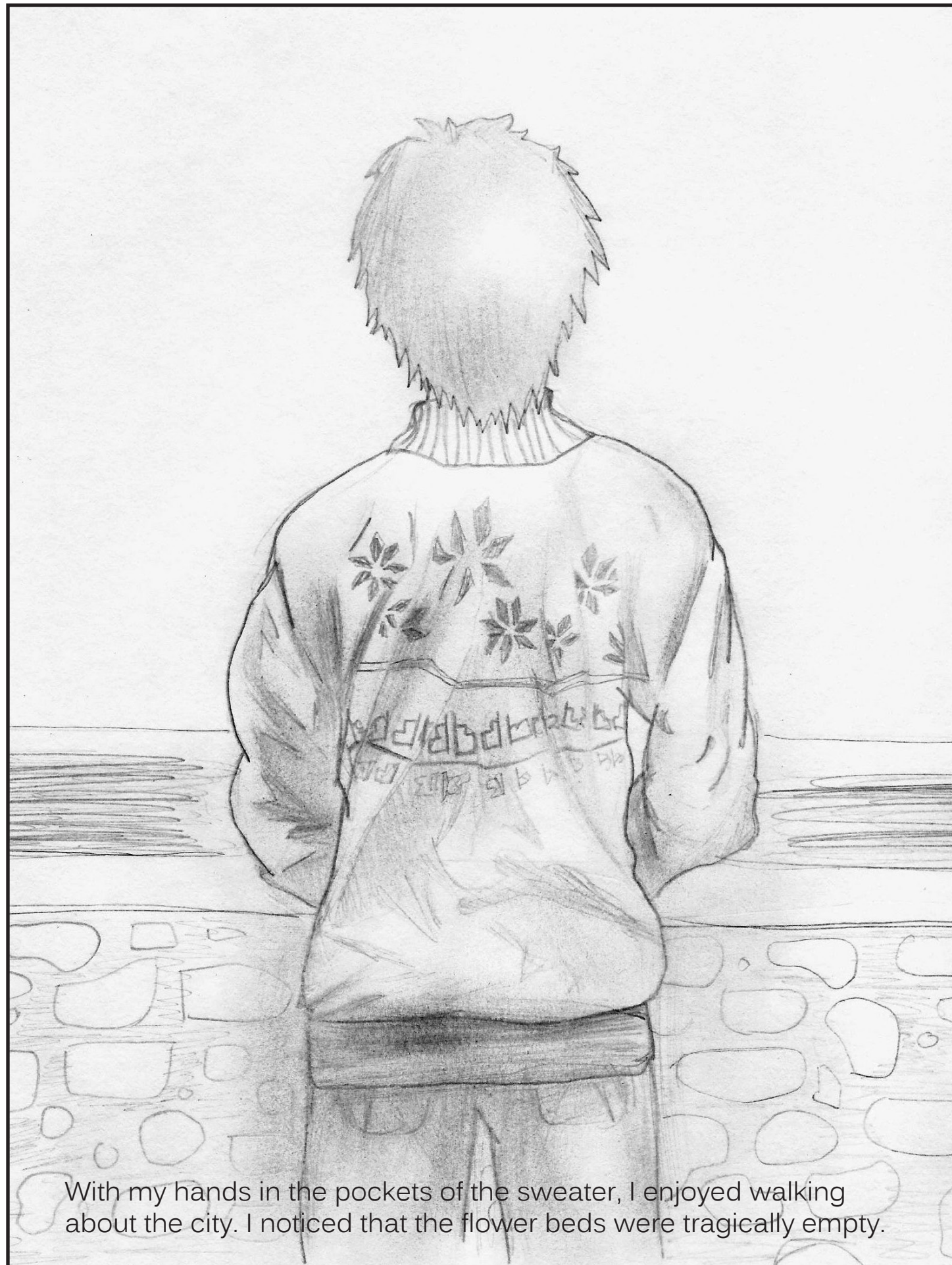
It's home.



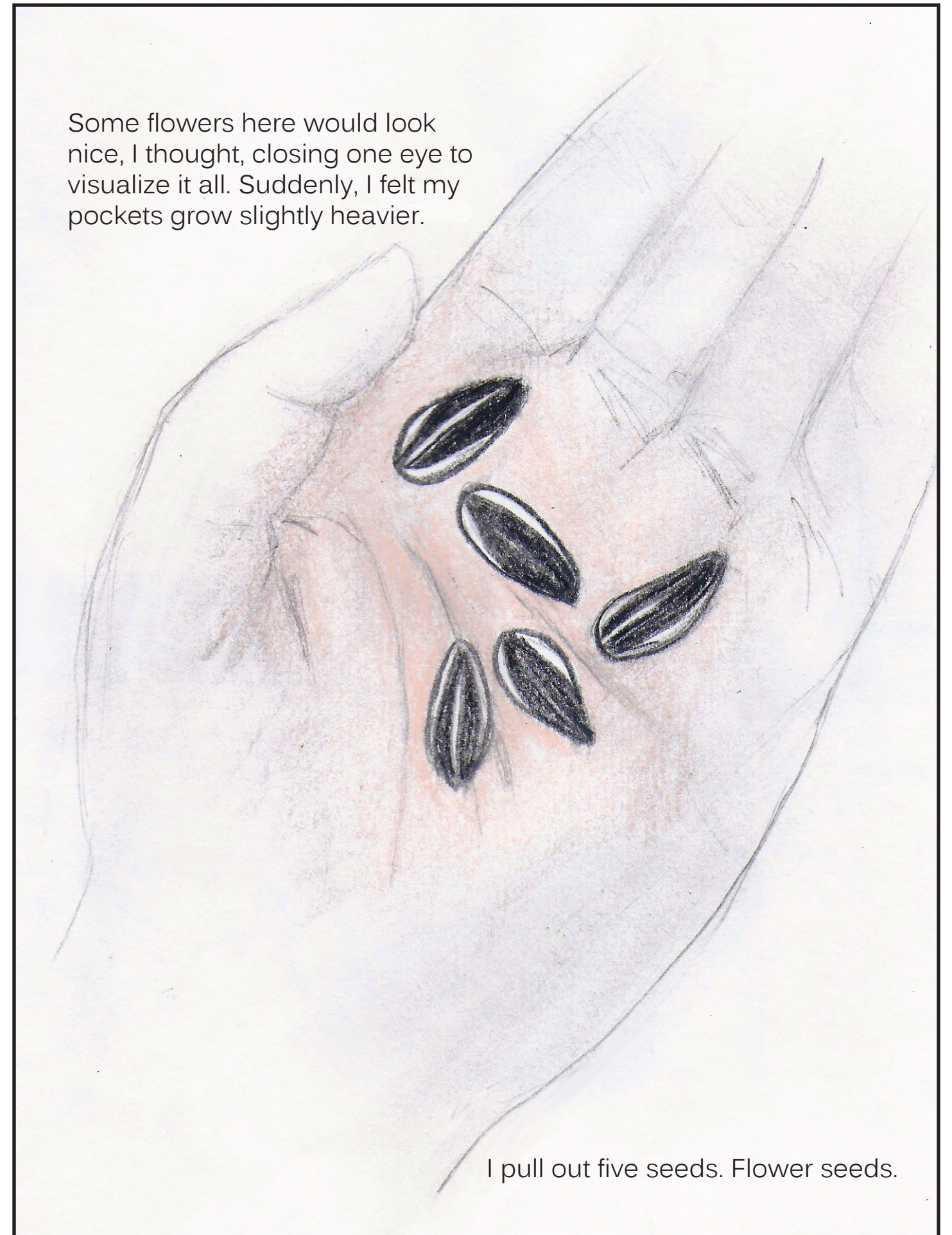
I didn't always have this sweater. In fact, up until five days ago, I didn't own this sweater at all. I obtained it from this boy with a soft voice. I didn't know him, and he didn't know me, but he gave the sweater to me. "Here," he whispered, handing me the small bundle. After that, he disappeared into the haze of the city.

As soon as I put on the sweater, I immediately felt much warmer. It was a bit baggy, but I really did like it. It was the most colorful thing I have ever owned.

Because I was so warm, I decided to take a short walk around my little city.



With my hands in the pockets of the sweater, I enjoyed walking about the city. I noticed that the flower beds were tragically empty.

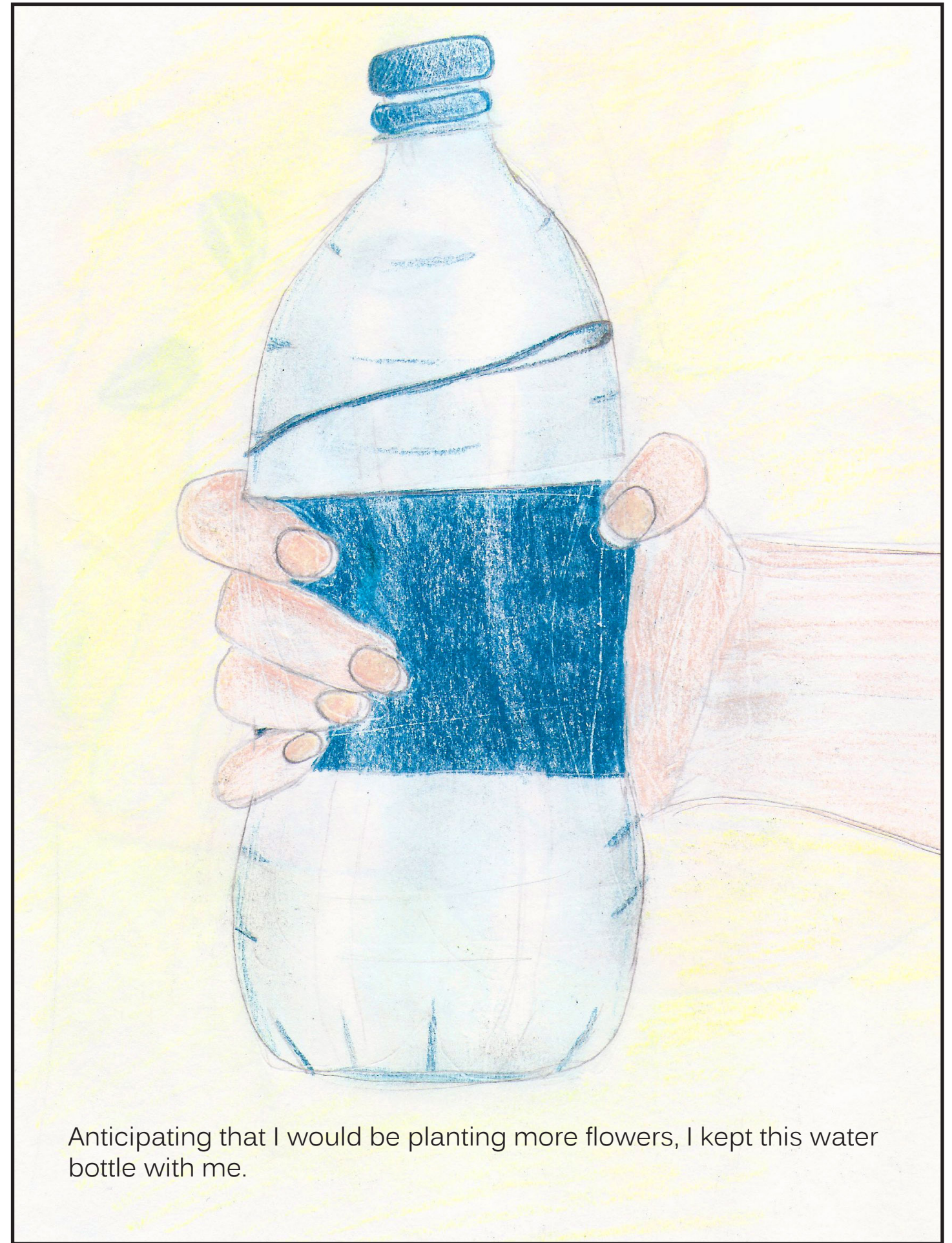
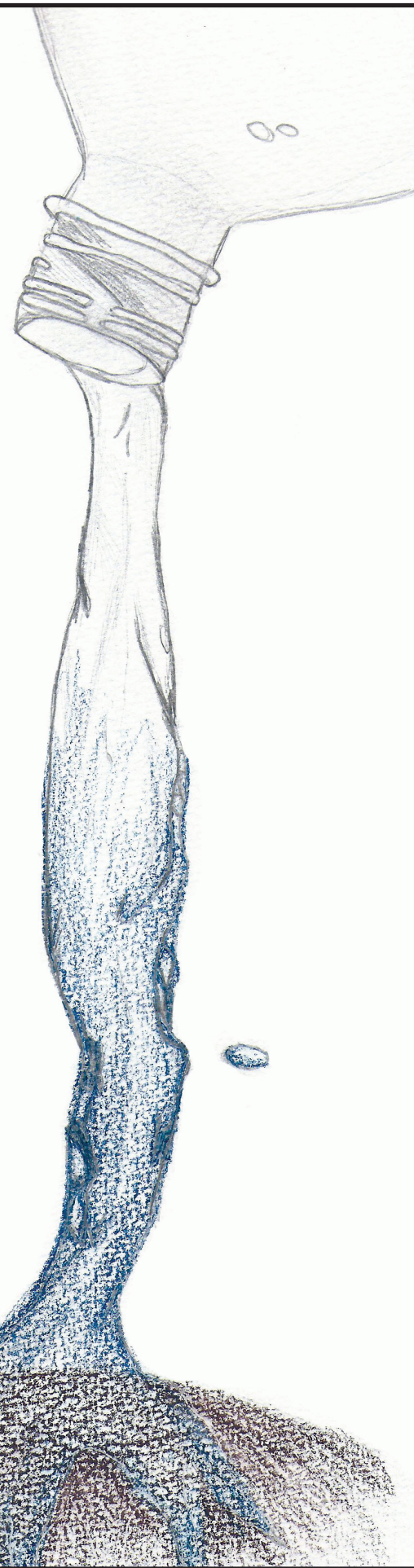


Some flowers here would look nice, I thought, closing one eye to visualize it all. Suddenly, I felt my pockets grow slightly heavier.

I pull out five seeds. Flower seeds.

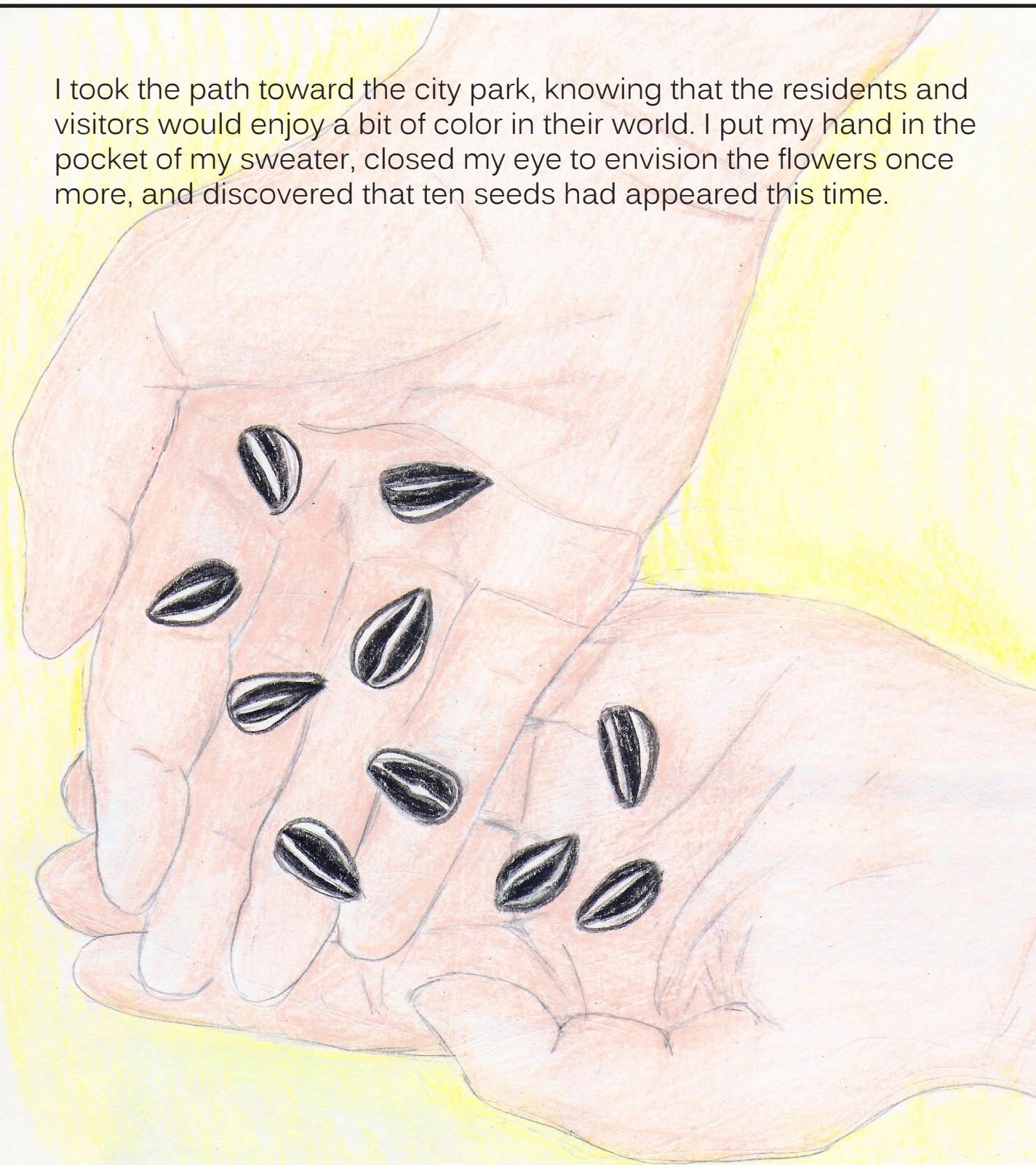
Magnificent! I thought. Could it be because I had wished for these flower seeds, they appeared in the pockets of this sweater?

I was enchanted by the pure magic of it all. Nonetheless, I had seeds in my hand and empty flower beds before me. Walking over to the empty beds, I gently laid the seeds beneath a dirt cover. Conveniently, there was an abandoned water bottle that I used to carefully cover the dirt patches with its contents.



Anticipating that I would be planting more flowers, I kept this water bottle with me.

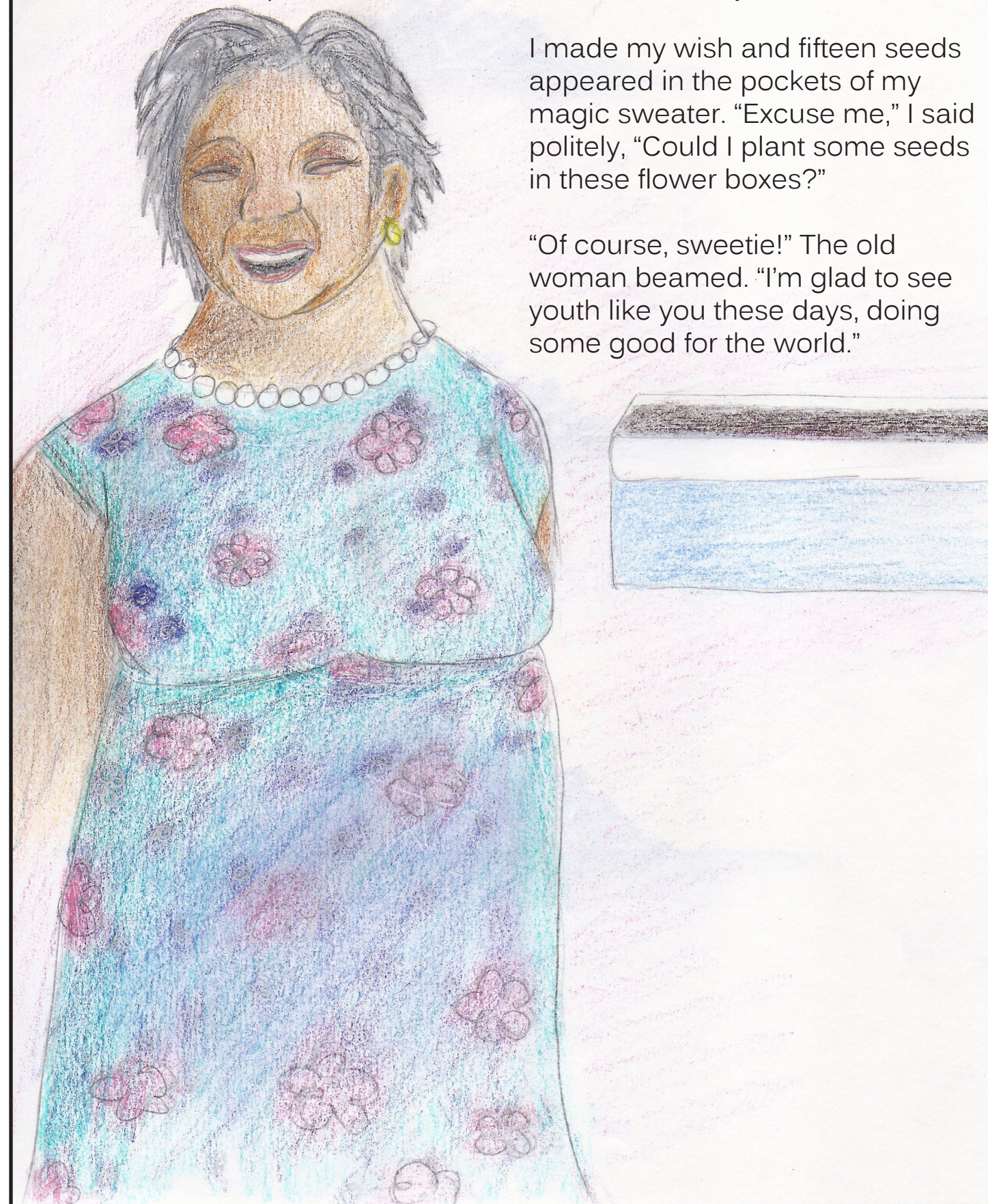
I took the path toward the city park, knowing that the residents and visitors would enjoy a bit of color in their world. I put my hand in the pocket of my sweater, closed my eye to envision the flowers once more, and discovered that ten seeds had appeared this time.



"More seeds?" I pondered aloud. "Twice as many, too. Perhaps it's because this is the second time I've thought of the flowers!"

Enthusiastically, I planted the seeds in the flower beds, covered the patches with water, and moved onward.

I advanced further down the sidewalk, catching sight of the home for the elderly. Their flower boxes, sadly, were as bare and empty as the first two. I could see the emptiness reflected in the residences' eyes.



I made my wish and fifteen seeds appeared in the pockets of my magic sweater. "Excuse me," I said politely, "Could I plant some seeds in these flower boxes?"

"Of course, sweetie!" The old woman beamed. "I'm glad to see youth like you these days, doing some good for the world."



All day, I continued to plant those magical flowers, 20, 25, 30.... The numbers continued to go up, and the city continued to slowly brighten with color. The seventh time, there were 35 seeds. The eighth, 40 seeds. The sun was beginning to set behind the horizon, casting long shadows across the streets.



I was exhausted, but tonight I wasn't cold, thanks to the sweater that clung to my body.



I'll always look out upon my city today, and for many days to come, and think of the miraculous bunches of five that those magical seeds came in.

Each day I water the plants,  
Wave at a neighbor,  
And smile at people, keeping in mind what a total stranger was able to do for me. I will always thank that boy.

To this day, I walk by the flowers, watering them, nourishing them, watching them slowly grow. Slowly, steadily, patiently growing. Similar to how we children grow as well.

I thank the city.

I thank the flowers simply for being flowers.



To this day, I thank the sweater for everything it has allowed me to do.

Most important of all - giving life to the city.



