

STORM IN A JAR

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Arlo visited Nana every Sunday.



Her house was always full of flowers and she would always have new sweets for him inside a glass jar.

But one day, Mum explained that Nana had 'passed away', which meant they wouldn't see her again. When they visited Nana's house for the last time, the flowers had all dried out and the sweet jar was empty.

As he saw his family sorting Nana's things into boxes, Arlo realised that she wasn't coming back.



“Wait,” shouted Arlo as his uncle tossed the sweet jar into the ‘charity shop’ box. Arlo grabbed the jar and held it tightly. The sugar inside flew up to form dusty little clouds, trying to escape.



After that, he kept the jar with him all the time.

It made him feel safe in the sad times.



Even though the clouds grew dull and grey, Arlo wanted to keep the smell of Nana and her house inside the jar. So, he never opened it.



Weeks passed. Arlo often felt sad as he thought of all the questions he wished he'd asked Nana when she was alive.

His sadness turned to anger.



The jar felt heavy and filled with a moody sea, swirling underneath the gloomy grey clouds.



At school, Arlo got into fights with the other children, who teased him for carrying the jar.



When the teacher spoke to him about it, Arlo clenched his fists. His body felt tense as he stared into the jar.

The clouds were getting

BIGGER and

DARKER.

Then,

LIGHTNING

began to

FLICKER.

