



## The Girl in Yellow

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The blue light of my phone shines against my face as I scroll through social media. Suddenly a notification pops up reminding me about the visit to Granny's. I drop my phone and grab all my essentials for the boredom ahead. I swipe my full bag off the ground as the clock ticks in the background continuously reminding me that I should have left a millennia ago. On my way out of the door, I crash into my little sister Jess, being as annoying as possible.

"Mum said you have to play with me on the trip," she says with a large grin plastered over her face. My little sister stares up at me with wide eyes. I roll my eyes in response. I have so much homework to do. I don't have time for little monster's games. I get out my phone and continue scrolling Instagram.

Now on the road, I have a look at my phone. One notification. I check my phone hoping it could give me something to escape this otherwise boring drive. To my right is a hyperactive squirrel babbling nonsense, also known as Jess, and in front are the two most boring people in the world. My parents have no idea what it means to be connected to the world. The notification however is just a weather report and nothing else.

"Put away the phone. We are here," Mum reports as we pull up to the house. Granny's house is covered in vines and is surrounded by farmland. It has a familiar and strangely comforting smell that is a combination of apple pie and compost.

Now inside I lie down, mentally exhausted, craving a break from my sister, who has not shut her mouth the whole drive while she talked to some imaginary friend. Checking my phone again - oh great no bars or Wi-Fi! With one knock at my door, I prepare for the worst.

“Hey Mel, help me make a pillow fort, my friend and I need one. Don’t you think my friend looks pretty today, all in yellow?” my sister remarks with hope.

I reply with “Yeah and the tooth fairy wants to make cupcakes with us.” With that, I slam the door closed.

Alone in my bedroom, I pull my Chromebook out and begin with my homework. It’s long and tedious, but finally, I get to the last assignment. It’s for PC and it’s just a simple question, that’s it. It reads “what gets your imagination running best and why?” With nothing immediately coming to mind, I shut my computer and leave the room hoping I can think of an answer later. I check my phone - still no bars or Wi-Fi!

Despite the size of the house being minuscule, it felt like a castle that never ended. It had lots of tiny nooks, crannies, and small rooms. Tired as a bat during the day, I drag myself over to the couch, flop down, and just lie there.

“Mel, mum said you have to play with me!” My sister stares up at me with wide eyes.

“Fine,” I reply, as I roll my eyes again.

My sister dashes out the door and I follow reluctantly. We go to the backyard where you can see a field stretching for miles with only a single road to cut through the otherwise empty space. My sister runs off doing her best superman impression while making a noise I can only compare to that of a broken-down plane. She yells gibberish and I just sit and watch.

I slowly get bored without my phone for entertainment but it is quiet and peaceful. My mind starts drifting off noticing very small details. That cloud looks like a dog, that one looks like a tree, and that one looks like a...

“Oh, look at that cloud! It looks like the yellow girl’s flower crown. . . can you see her?” Jess chirps. I don’t want to disappoint her so I don’t say anything. Jess rests her head on my shoulder and lets out a loud yawn.

I get up, which shocks Jess. I then run off as she follows. I hide, and when she turns the corner, I jump out.

“Boo!” This gets her giggling, bringing back up her spirits; I can’t stand seeing her looking so down. That’s my thing. So, I play along for a while with the games Jess dreams up.

The sky slowly darkens as we are called in by Granny for a dinner of roast chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy. I take one more look around and I notice the scarecrow I made with my best friend Chloe back when I was only ten. I remember that day running around in the sun. My best friend and I collected sticks and twigs. We pretended to be fairies and made potions out of grass and leaves. I let out a controlled breath, my shoulders fall, and I walk out to the scarecrow. Granny continues calling for me but I need to check this one thing first. It’s still there. My half of our friendship necklace. It sways in the breeze as I straighten the scarecrow’s hat.

“You look quite fine, my good sir,” I tell the scarecrow. How silly.

I rush back inside, having the smell of roast chicken invade my nostrils, and the sound of pots and pans, as Granny cleans up. Just the right way to end what became a great day.

Now inside in bed, stomach full, mind at peace. My phone, now discarded in the corner. I look through the window one more time, before I doze off, to see the fine scarecrow, but there is something else. A petite girl sits next to the scarecrow. She wears a flowing yellow flower dress and glows like the sun. There are no streetlights around yet I can see her, clear as day, making a flower crown. The girl in yellow.