

Isla J. Strait is 9 years old and lives in Avon, Connecticut. She enjoys golfing, shopping, cooking, reading, singing, acting, and of course writing. Isla has a sister named Shea, a dog named Beau, a mom, and a dad. Her favorite subjects in school are writing and math. Her favorite color is pink. One of Isla's favorite people in the world is her best friend Lily Sinatro. Her 4th grade teacher's name is Mrs. Roy and she has a lot of friends in her class! Isla really enjoyed writing this book and hopes you like it. She'd like to give a big thank you to Ms. Davis for all her help!

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**The Blue Blanket**  
**by Isla Strait**

“Honey, come downstairs, we're going to grandma's.”

“Grandma's again, ugh.”

Usually I'd be excited, but I'm 12 and I have stuff to do. But, I ignored it and got in the car anyway. It takes a long time to get to grandma's, but I keep myself busy. Finally, we arrived and I saw grandma's face beaming with joy.

“Hi Scarlett. Hi Sean, how are you doing?”

“Good,” Sean answered.

I'm still staring at my screen.

“I kept something special for you two.”

As soon as she said that, my ears perked up. “Presents?” I asked, delighted.

“Yep!” she replied.

I went over to see what she meant, and in her hands were a blue blanket and some race cars.

“These are for you, Sean, and this is for you, my sweet Scarlett.” She placed the blanket in my hands. We stayed for a few hours then went home.

As soon as we got home I threw the blanket in the trash. It was horrible, gross, and awfully ugly. After that, I got into my bed and fell asleep. The next day, I woke up and started getting ready for school. I got dressed, packed my bag and was heading for the door when I saw something blue draped over my bed. It was a blanket, a blue blanket—the one grandma gave me, the one I threw in the trash. *Oh I know maybe mom put it there.*

“Mom, did you put this blanket on my bed last night?”

“No darling, I haven't been in your room since last week.”

*Hmm, I guess I'll bring it to school and ask if Natalie wants it.* That day I brought it to school.

“Natalie, want this blanket?” I asked.

“Yeah sure,” she replied.

I handed it to her and we walked to class.

At the end of the day, when the bell rang, I walked out the doors of Sage Academy feeling better than ever before. I walked to my mom's car staring at all the pretty flowers in the

dirt. Something blue caught my eye. I paused, and I saw it– the blanket! Slowly, I walked toward it. When no one was looking, I scooped it up.

We got home, and I hopped right into my bed with the blanket curled up in my hands. I instantly fell asleep. That night I had a dream. I saw an angel, a beautiful angel who spoke in a kind, soft voice. She said some words that I couldn't make out, but she said two words that really stood out: **BLUE BLANKET.**

The next day, I kept the blanket in my backpack. *I think Grandma gave me this blanket for a reason to tell me something.* I decided to go back to Grandma's house. I brought the blanket tucked into my backpack. Grandma noticed right away without me even taking it out. "Ah," she said with a grin. "So it finally chose you."

I blinked. "What do you mean?"

Grandma chuckled softly. "That blanket has been in our family for years. Everyone who owns it dreams of the angel."

A chill ran down my spine. "Wait... you dreamed of her too?"

Grandma nodded slowly. "And now it belongs to you."

I looked down at the blue blanket resting in my lap and suddenly it didn't seem ugly at all.

"So grandma, what did this blanket do for you?" I asked.

"Well, I was once like you, child– ungrateful and a bit greedy. But, when my grandma gave me this blanket, it changed my understanding and perspective of the world. It made me grateful for the things I have, like family and friends. Your great, great grandma told me this blanket is really important to our family. So, when my granddaughter turns 12 years old, I give up the blanket and the magic that goes with it. The blanket is yours now. If you want to give it away that's fine too. But if you give up the blanket after it has chosen you, you will have to deal with the consequences."

"What are the consequences, Grandma?" I said, shaking.

"Oh dear, I don't even want to think about those. If you really want to know, though, you can ask the angel tonight. She shall answer all the questions you need answers to."

*OMG! I'm gonna send a message to everyone in the sch...*

"Oh, and you have to keep this a secret. You can't tell a soul. Get it,?"

"Aww man. A secret?" I replied.

"Yes," she said with a little smirk on her face.

Because she told me all about that consequence thingy, I was a little bit scared to even put the blanket down. Grandma made it sound creepy. Really creepy.

When I went to bed that night, the angel came through my window to my room. It looked just like Grandma– with her pearly white necklace, pretty white night gown, and her curly brown hair.

"Grandma?" I said quietly so no one could hear me.

"Sarah Jane?" she said, turning around.

“Who?”

“My granddaughter,” she said, finally facing me. “Wait, no, you can’t be. Jane is about 72 now... hmm,” she said looking closer now.

“It can’t be, or could it? Um, excuse me. Are you, are you Scarlett?”

“Yes,” I replied quickly. “And you?”

“Oh dear! I only saw you when you were five months old and look at you now. I am your grandma’s grandma. My name is Meridith.”

“Oh wow! I don’t remember you, probably because I was so little. Ahhh, but this is just so exciting!”

Now I understand why she called me Sarah Jane. I reminded her of Grandma. Grandma’s name must be Sarah Jane, and I am meeting *her* grandma. We had a nice chat. She told me more about the blanket. She even recognized a few of my toys that she had given Grandma when she was young. Eventually, she left, and I kind of just sat there thinking about my crazy day until I finally fell asleep.