

Paper Land - Daisy, Year 2, TAS

Once upon a time, near the Crooked Tree Forest, there lived a little girl called Fern and her parents, who were paper makers. Fern had lots of animal friends in the forest, like a bunny called Chocolate who she rescued from an eagle when it was a baby and looked after until it was old enough to go back to the forest. Fern's favourite spot in the forest was a ferny glade with a river running through it. She liked listening to the river and making little boats from leaves and bark to float down. She loved climbing trees and she sometimes made treehouses out of sticks.

It was a hot day and Fern wanted to go for a paddle in the river. She went outside and saw her parents cutting down trees in the forest. She felt sad. *Soon the whole forest will be turned into paper*, she thought.

When she got to the river she spied a goblin sprinkling powder on a tree.

‘What are you doing?’ she asked.

‘If I sprinkle this on the trees, whoever chops them down will be sent to Paper Land,’ said the goblin.

‘What's Paper Land?’ she asked the goblin.

‘A place where everything is made from paper, even the food! When it rains your house turns to mush, when you try to climb a tree it collapses, and when it's windy everything blows away!’

‘But why would you want to send people to Paper Land?’

‘Because paper makers are chopping down the forest! And I want them to understand that nothing survives in a world made of paper. I want them to stop!’ he said angrily, then disappeared down a tiny spider hole.

Fern loved the forest, but she also didn't want her parents to go to Paper Land, so she hurried back to find them. She found them sitting on some trees they had just chopped down, eating their lunch.

‘Hey Fern, do you want some food?’ called her Dad.

‘No! There's a goblin sprinkling powder on the trees to make anyone who chops them down go to Paper Land!’

‘Goblins aren't real, Fern,’ said her Dad.

'They are!' she insisted.

'Look Fern, I know you like the forest but we need to chop it down to make money. We're paper makers!' said her Mum.

'Stop making things up Fern,' said her Dad.

'I'll show you!' said Fern.

'We can't Fern, we need to get back to work.'

'Fine, but don't say I didn't warn you!'

The next day, Fern's parents went out into the forest to chop down trees again.

'Look over there at that big tree, Ingrid!' said Fern's Dad to her Mum, 'Let's chop that one down next, it's huge!'

'Isn't that one of the trees Fern likes to play in?' said her Mum.

'The treehouse is broken, and anyway, imagine how much paper we could make out of it!'

'I suppose there are plenty of other good climbing trees in the forest...!' said her Mum.

So they set to work chopping the enormous tree down. Meanwhile Fern was walking through the forest when she saw them chopping down her favourite tree.

'Stop!' she yelled.

But it was too late, and the tree crashed to the ground.

Suddenly, the goblin appeared! Fern's parents were shocked to see a real goblin.

'I'm here to take you to Paper Land,' said the goblin. Fern's parents glanced at her.

'I told you!' Fern said.

As the goblin took them away, Fern overheard him saying, 'The only way to get out of Paper Land is to grow a real tree. And, in three days, some big scissors will snip through Paper Land, so you had better watch out!' The goblin grinned.

When they got to Paper Land Fern's parents were surprised to see so much paper. Everything was made of paper! At first they said 'Look at all this paper! This will be fun!' They picked

amazing paper flowers, they had a paper bath and there were paper birds flying around like paper planes.

'This is amazing! I don't know how the goblin thought this would be a punishment!'

After a while, they began to feel hungry. They picked some tasty ripe apples. Ingrid took a bite.

'Eeew!' she said and spat out a lump of paper.

'This is terrible, we'll starve!' said her Dad.

It started to get windy, so they found a paper house and went inside. They went to sit down on the chairs, but the chairs just squished. Out the window they saw everything starting to blow away. Plants were flying through the air and hitting houses, cars were blowing into heaps and cows were flying around.

And then ... it started raining.

The roof started collapsing as the rain made the paper turn to mush.

'Oh no! This is a disaster!' they said, as the rain started falling down onto them. 'The world is ruined!'

Looking around at the piles of mush they realised nothing could survive in a world made of paper, they needed real trees, real animals, and real forests.

Meanwhile, Fern ran off to find a seed. She must save her parents! But how could she reach the seeds, up at the tops of the trees? And how would she get the seeds to Paper Land?

Then, she had an idea. She could cut down the tree that she saw the goblin sprinkle the powder on near the river, then quickly collect some of its seeds. She went down to the river and got a handful of dirt and put it in her pocket. She got a saw and cut down the tree. She felt bad cutting down the tree, but she needed to get her parents back. She quickly collected some seeds from the tree before the goblin appeared.

'Why did you chop down a tree?' he said, surprised.

'You'll see,' Fern said.

'Time to take you to Paper Land too,' said the goblin.

In Paper-Land Fern went straight to find her parents. It wasn't hard to spot them huddling in a mush of paper.

'Mum! Dad!' she said, 'We can get out of Paper Land!'

'How?' they asked.

'I brought some dirt and seeds!' she said grabbing dirt out of her pocket and showing them the seeds.

They each took a seed and a bit of dirt and planted the seeds.

'We have to get the seeds to sprout before the scissors come!'

They watered the seeds, and waited anxiously. After two hungry, wet days, the seed started to grow.

The goblin appeared. He was surprised that they had managed to sprout seedlings.

'But have you learnt your lesson?' he asked.

'Yes,' they said, 'But here come the scissors!! Can we go now??'

'Yes,' said the goblin.

They just got away before the scissors snipped through. When they were back in the forest, Fern suggested they plant the seedlings.

'Ok,' agreed her parents.

'Fern, we've decided not to chop trees down any more. Instead of cutting down trees to make paper to sell,' explained her Mum, 'We've decided to grow trees to sell instead. A tree nursery!'

'Great idea!' said Fern.

Good, thought the goblin, from his hiding spot, *They'll stop cutting down the trees now*. Then he smiled and popped into his spider hole.