The Crooked Star Quilt



A favourite patch does not have to be perfect.

A short story to enjoy together

The Crooked Star Quilt

Anila liked finding pictures in Grandpa's quilt. There were blue squares, green squares, and one small golden star.

The star leaned a little to one side. One point was longer than the others.

"Why is that star crooked?" Anila asked.

Grandpa spread the quilt across their knees.

"Your mum cut it from a piece of yellow cloth when she was small. She wanted a star for the middle."

"Did you help?"

"I sewed it on. She chose where it should go."

Anila traced the shape gently with one finger. "Could you make it straight now?"

"I could change it," Grandpa said. "But first, let me show you something."

He pointed to a blue square. It came from an old shirt he used to wear. A green square came from a curtain in Mum's childhood room.

The quilt was full of small pieces that had once belonged somewhere else.

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"And the star?" Anila asked.

"That is the shape your mum made. I like remembering her careful little hands."

Anila looked at the long point again. It seemed to be reaching towards a flowered square.

"It is pointing the way," she decided.

They tucked the quilt around their feet. Grandpa opened a book, and Anila rested beside him.

When Mum arrived, Anila showed her the star.

"I found your part."

Mum smiled and touched the golden cloth.

"I was proud of that."

"You still can be," Anila said.

Then she made room on the sofa, and all three of them fitted beneath the quilt.

THE END

LET'S TALK

Why did Grandpa want to keep the star? Is there something that holds a happy memory for you?

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