The Lovely New Land

By Stella Okaya

 “Land ho!” yelled a sailor. Mr. Andrews looked upon the sea and saw the sweet land he would live on. The sailors threw the anchor down and gathered everybody around so everyone could get off. Mr. Andrews and his children, Charles, Scarlett, and Marie, were the third people to walk on the soft, green land. Charles being 15 proudly walked by his father as the men explored, while Scarlett being 10 watched 2 year old Marie. Scarlett never expected to actually land, she thought they were sailing to nowhere, she thought she’d die on that ship like her mother did.

“Scarlett, snap out it!! Mr. Brocklebank needs you to milk his cows.” Ordered Charles. Scarlett always daydreamed.

It was the year of 1640 the Andrews family had settled into Newbury with many others 5 years back. Scarlett walked to Mr. Brocklebank’s home down the lane while Marie skipped along her side every now and then picking up pebbles and throwing them so the birds would think it was food. The two girls turned onto a path and found themselves in Mr. Brocklebank’s tiny front yard. Scarlett’s blonde curly hair started to get loose from her bun.

“Ahhh, there you are girls I was started to get worried about yak. Almost ready to go to your home to fetch ya.” Said Mr. Brocklebank smiling.

“Sorry Mr. Brocklebank, it won’t happen again.” Promised Scarlett.

“Sorry Mr. Brocklebank, sir.” Apologized Marie.

“No need! How ‘bout ya girls go milk Maggie, it’s not a job for one person now is it?” joked Mr. Brocklebank. M

“Mr. Brocklebank, you always milk Maggie by yourself.” Observed Marie. Scarlett elbowed Marie to signal her it was impolite, Marie feeling embarrassed started toward the barn along with Scarlett.

“This is disgusting!” complained Marie.

“Be quiet and keep milking.” Ordered Scarlett, she enjoyed control ever since her mother died she took care of Marie.

“Do you hear that?” questioned Marie. “That crunchy noise.”

“It’s probably Mr. Brocklebank; he’s a busy man you know.” Responded Scarlett.

“What does that have to do with Mr.-“

Suddenly a young and pretty woman stood in front of them.

“Good morrow girls, I’m Ms. Everett.” Greeted the woman.

“Good morrow?” Greeted Scarlett. Who was never afraid to speak to a stranger?

“Who are you?” Asked Marie ready to run.

“Marie!” whispered Scarlett.

“It is quite alright, as I said earlier I am Ms. Everett a very close relative of Mrs. Brocklebank. I was wondering if you knew her surroundings.” Explained Ms. Everett.

“No, we don’t. All we saw today was *Mr.* Brocklebank not Mrs. Brocklebank.” Answered Marie.

“Well I am her sister, are you two sisters?” questioned Ms. Everett.

“Yes.” Responded Scarlett.

“Well a pleasure to me you, oh what is your name?” asked Ms. Everett.

“Me?” asked Marie, Ms. Everett nodded her head, “I am Marie.”

“Wonderful name… so beautiful. Well I will be on my way.” Ms. Everett walked out of the barn and started to yell for Mrs. Brocklebank.

“She was… nice.” Commented Scarlett.

“NICE?! She was the most sweetest person in the world, I bet I don’t have a chance of meeting *her* again.” Muttered Marie.

When the two girls finished they said a fare well to Mr. Brocklebank and walked home. The sun was setting now so they hurried home, and went to bed.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

Scarlett immediately woke up and started to make breakfast. Scarlett pretty much took the place of her mother ever since she passes away. Marie climbed out of the bed she shared with her father and walked toward Scarlett.

“What is for breakfast this morning?” asked Marie.

“Why good morrow Marie, how are you this wonderful morning? I’m doing just fine today.” Greeted Scarlett.

“Ummm… I’m fine myself too,” said Marie, Scarlett glared at her like she forgot something, “Oh also… right, good morrow Scarlett.”

Scarlett smiled a big smile.

“Today for breakfeast we’ll just be having oatmeal.” Explained Scarlett. Marie made a big frown, her frown was like a huge thunderstorm.

“Oatmeal?! We had oatmeal yesterday and the day before that and the day before that and the day before and… oh wait we had bread that day but we had oatmeal the day before that day and the day before that. Please something else, like eggs!!!” complained Marie with a long groan.

“No Complaining, we’re having oatmeal and that is that. At least you have something to eat, remember when we first came here and there was NOTHING to eat.” Reminded Scarlett.

“Sorry, I guess your right.” Admitted Marie.

“You know I’m right.” Corrected Scarlett. Marie heard footsteps toward their home, she turned her head to see Ms. Everett standing in the doorway.

“Ms. Everett!” greeted Marie happily.

“Good morrow girls.” Greeted Ms. Everett. Scarlett turned her head to Ms. Everett and smiled.

“What a pleasure to see you Ms. Everett.” Greeted Scarlett.

“I feel the same, it has come to my attention that your father and your brother has not waken… all the men are supposed to be awake and working. I believe your father is meant to be farming. Is your father somewhere else…” asked Ms. Everett as she tilted her head to look into their home,”… or asleep.”

Scarlett glimpsed over to take a look at her father. She immediately ran to her father and gently poked her father, that didn’t work so she pulled his hair, still wasn’t working so she slapped him.

“What!!! I’m awake is every- Scarlett did you… did you slap me?! You’re going to get thoroughly punished young lady!!! Then again that might come in handy when you have a husband of your own but we’ll discuss that later, anyway you have no good reason to slap me… I am your father!!!” exclaimed Mr. Andrews.

“Father, you don’t~”

“What is that!!! Give me one good reason to slap *me*!” ordered Mr. Andrews.

“Well Ms. Everett informed me here that you have slept in quite too late and are supposed to be helping the men in the field,” explained Scarlett moving her head ever so slightly so her father could see the young and pretty woman standing in the doorway, ”Please forgive me father it’s just you would not wake.”

“Uhhh, I deeply am sorry Scarlett I realize you were only trying to assist me.” Apologized Mr. Andrews.

“Well Mr. Andrews do you plan on helping the men in the field… farming isn’t a one man’s job.” Reminded Ms. Everett. Mr. Andrews immediately jumped out of bed, shooed Ms. Everett out so he could change his clothes and ran out the door. Scarlett finished making the oatmeal and poured a little bowl for Marie,herself and Charles.

“Ms. Everett also mentioned Charles didn’t she?” wondered Scarlett and turned to Marie expecting an answer.

“I don’t know.” Answered Marie carelessly stuffing her mouth with oatmeal, she tried to reach for more but Scarlett slapped her hand away.

“No seconds, we need that food for later. I think I’ll wake him.” Decided Scarlett, she walked to Charles sleeping in his hammock like he was free man with nothing to do.

“I wake up too many lazy men these days,” muttered Scarlett as she pinched her brother like she just didn’t care if he woke up screaming, ”Get up! Stop sleeping like you have all the time in the world!” Charles immediately woke like he knew this was going to happen, like it was a play and it was all on the script.

“Hey! You can’t do that! Its like 2:00 in the morning!” exclaimed Charles shooing Scarlett’s hand away.

“2:00?! Ha! Its not even close!” yelled Scarlett laughing.

“It sure is! Look at the lighting,” said Charles pointing at the window.

Scarlett ran outside to the window and what seemed to be a dark colored apron was pulled off the clothes line and sunlight bled through the window that Charles was pointing to. Scarlett poked her head through the window.

“Not so dark now is it?!” exclaimed Scarlett.

“It… it… was a fast sunrise.” Lied Charles with an uneasy face.

“Seriously?! Do you not see this cloth I’m holding that I very obviously pulled down from the clothes line.” Exclaimed Scarlett waving the apron in front of his face through the window. Scarlett stomped into their home and took Marie’s hand.

“Fine, be lazy and sleep all day and ignore me and not admit that I’m right cause you know what?! Marie and I have other things to do… better things to do.” Yelled Scarlett and with that Scarlett pulled Marie out of the house and walked to the Brocklebank’s.

At the Brocklebank’s …

“Good morrow girls, how are you today,” greeted Mr. Brocklebank, “Now I wish I could’ve warned ya but my dear wife Hannah has just given birth to a baby girl named Sarah so I don’t think now is the time to work.”

“Mr. Brocklebank sir, I am very happy to hear that your wife has had a child. I hope she stays healthy.” Exclaimed Scarlett.

“Thank you Scarlett.” Thanked Mr. Brocklebank. Scarlett and Marie walked away from Mr. Brocklebank and went towards home.

“Scarlett, I wish *I* had a mother… *we*  had a mother.” Whispered Marie as a tear went down her cheek.

“Oh Marie, I feel the same but you know what? Father, Charles and I are here for you.” Reminded Scarlett bending down on the ground so she could be the height of Marie.

“But I want Mama.” Cried Marie now balling her eyes out. Scarlett gave Marie a big hug, now they were both crying.

“Me too Marie, me too.” Whispered Scarlett, she picked up her sister and walked down the lane, ”Marie I will protect with all my life. Where I go you go, ok?”

“I think it should be where *I*  go you go.” Corrected Marie.

“No way.” Refused Scarlett, the girls went home where they would continue their lives being together, as sisters, forever.

Epilogue

The Andrews family went on to live a happy life; it was like a curse of luck. Mr. Andrews fell in love with Ms. Everett and very quickly they were married, Marie and Scarlett were very excited to have a mother and of course so was Charles but he left to explore new lands in America, sadly he was suffered death by the Indians because he attempted attack. Scarlett was a very happy girl, she lead Marie to live a wonderful life until it was time to live her own. She fell in love with a man in the village, she had three children. Two boys and one girl, one boy was named after Charles, the other named William and last but not least Caroline. Marie stayed in Newbury and lived with her father and her step mother until she was 18 years old and her father told a boy to build her a home. Marie never married but she grew old and every little child called her grandma Marie because she took care of every little child, she told fairy tales and stories about how brave her brother was, ‘He died as a warrior’ she always said.

***The End!***