



## **Stories of Stuff**

The Girl with No Name by Cheryl Nosworthy Inspired by Rosemary's Doll



Awakened by the light of a pale gold moon, the girl with no name opened her blue eyes and sat up. She looked through her wardrobe of hand-made clothes, lovingly caressing a brown jacket and hat, and a tissue-paper wrapped blue skirt. She decided on an ankle length woollen pink dress, cinched at the waist, magicked from the clickety clack needles of Maud and Gladys. With seven porcelain fingers and two thumbs she placed her flower-covered straw bonnet on her head, atop her long tresses of soft and shiny brunette hair which trailed down her back untouched by any grey. As the stars twinkled, she danced bare footed to her own tune. She cared not where her shoes were, lost along with her name in the passage of a hundred years.













