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The Power of a Child's Imagination

Naoko KOIKE

Introduction

There is nothing more important for youth of any age than imagination — the power of thought and vision. However, to be able to exercise this power, our young people must be able to both face their daily tasks and confront the imaginary world they have created. In days past, people in the community tried to guide their young ones through the sharing the myths, folklore, and legends from their culture. Adults handed down the knowledge they had gained from both the stories they heard and from their experience. In those times, people knew how to be respectful and accept the taboos and limits placed on them, in order to curb the destructive impulses they possessed.

The youth today have less opportunity for this kind of knowledge and experience because there are often no adults available who can guide them with the necessary devotion and kind-hearted interest. Adults today may think young people are guided by their culture, parents, schools and friends, but it is not easy for today's younger generation to share their minds openly with the people around them. For one thing, late childhood and early adolescence is a time, in general, for inward searching. Young people are not really sure how to identify what is on their minds and share it with others.

Stories and tales fill a gap in the missing communication between adults and children. Tales should be given the place in their own right, since they convey a meaning handed down from generation to generation. In today's world there is still a place for stories to guide our youth, and assist adults in opening their own hearts and minds. Our youth face the challenge of dealing with daily tasks and chores, while nurturing their imaginations. Stories open up doors to the world of imagination and the happiness of childhood. Adults around them are the only models our young people have other than the characters in our stories and tales.

Like it or not, it is so. Tales and stories place man in perspective to nature and help children appreciate the balance within the natural world.

This focus of this article is on the role imagination plays in the minds of our youth, as represented in two stories. The two books I have selected are *Awake and Dreaming* by Kit Pearson, 1998, and *Bridge to Terabithia* by Katherine Paterson, 1978.

Fears to Overcome

The story *Awake and Dreaming* takes place in Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. The main character in the book is Theo, a nine-year old girl, living with her mother, Rae. They have just moved to a cheaper apartment, and it is the second of the five schools she had attended, where both rich and poor children are in the same school. Schools are located in proximity to one's address. There are, therefore, schools where only well-off or poor kids define the composition of the classroom and the school. Some parents struggle to move on to a better section of the city so that their children may enter the best schools in that area and not associate with the poor children.

It was Theo's first day at school. It is not easy to tell the difference between the rich and poor from their outward looks, for a rough-looking appearance was the style of the day. Theo knows that the difference, between rich and poor, is how often their clothes are changed and how often they bathe to keep clean. Theo wears the same clothes for a week and her hair is always dirty. She is called "Licehead." The poor kids are the ones who are called names. They are either tough, or quiet and wary. Theo is the latter type, quiet and wary.

Rae, Theo's mother, works in a restaurant from 10 in the evening to 6 in the morning. This is the only kind of job available to her having not gone beyond the 10th grade. Living is a struggle for Theo and Rae. They are often on welfare and sometime they have to beg on the streets or engage in binning — "patrolling the lanes and fishing returnable bottles and other objects out of garbage bins."

There is one thing that makes Theo happy! The world of books! For her none of the school kids she knows are as interesting as the ones she has encountered in books. The "school and home weren't real world anyhow — they were a dreary grey world that she only seemed to float in. The real world was the one in books."

In some schools there are hot breakfast programs and free lunches, but the new school she has just transferred into doesn't have this service. She tried not to look at the boy beside her or think about hot dogs or hamburgers. She can always escape to her own world of imagination. Though her body is at school her mind is away from the class work.

As the closing bell rings, Theo rushes to the school library where she finds the right kind of the book to read for the night. The old books with hard covers are the ones she treasures. In them she finds the best stories. Her favorite stories are about the perfect family. As soon as her mother is off to her job, she starts reading her borrowed book. This time she borrowed an "All-of-a-Kind Family," a story about five girls and a new baby brother living poorly, but with laughter and love.

As always, she imagines how nice it would be to belong to such a family. She finishes a book every evening unless she is too tired to keep her eyes open. Reading a book became a time to treasure from two years ago when she was in the second grade. There is no memory of Rae reading for her, but she still remembers the warmth she felt as her grandmother read to her when she was in Victoria before the age of three.

The world she found supplied to her was an escape from the everyday grey world — an escape to the bright world of stories. Being alone in the apartment at night frightened her. Being alone in an apartment where there was not enough heat to warm her, she had to dream her own story. Outside, a siren wailed and the noise of a bottle smashing and man's voice cursing were heard. Theo had to clutch her old doll, Sabrina. Soon, though, she can change her mood to her "going-to-sleep vision"— thinking about her wishing stories. She is going to be one of the five children with two brothers and two sisters living with her mother and a father who is calm. They will not yell and hit like Rae. She imagined she belonged to a family like that. They would be living in a large warm house with lots of food and books.

One day when she returns home, Rae tells her that tomorrow they had to go panhandling in the city because their money was almost gone. "I don't want you to go to school tomorrow," said Rae. "Why?" "We're going downtown to do some panning." "Oh, no Rae! I hate that!" "I'm sorry, but we have to. Our money's almost gone and yesterday I got no tips."⁽¹⁾

The next day she was on the bus to the city of Vancouver crossing the bridge to downtown. Vancouver is a port city with high mountains rising behind the skyscrapers. The city itself is sort of mixture of buildings without much sense of uniformity. This cosmopolitan city holds a variety of people and cultures. Early in the morning when the stores are just being opened, Theo and Rae were on Granville Street looking for the best spot for panhandling. Rae spread Theo's old blanket and put down a cardboard box holding a few coins and a sign saying "We Are Hungry". Now, they were ready for the show. Rae would switch on her tape recording of the "Nutcracker," and Theo would start dancing.

On that spot, two girlfriends who used to live in a house together and a handsome young man named Cal saw them. They made twenty-seven dollars that day. Rae was so happy with that she told Theo that they could go into a hamburger shop. For her it was the best meal since Christmas.

"Rae looked proud that she could afford to give her child all this. Theo looked around the pink and grey space full of hungry people gorging themselves. A woman smiled at her. Maybe she was thinking, 'What a happy mother and daughter! Like Caitlin and her mother. For a moment Theo was only here-not wishing or pretending she were somewhere else. Everything was so simple; her hunger was satisfied and her mother was focusing entirely on her.'"⁽²⁾

But it was only for that moment. For soon, Rae began to talk about Cal. She was so happy that Cal remembered her after four years. She knows he is no longer with the woman he used to live with and is alone. Rae asked Theo saying "Did you hear him say he'd come and see me at work? Do you think he will?" Rae's face was so hopeful and animated. Theo's full stomach let her feel sorry for her mother. "I'm sure he will," she said."⁽³⁾ Now Theo knew that Rae and the new man would start seeing each other again. Whenever this happens, Rae would always go to him and then she would shift her working hours so she would be able to see him every evening and Theo would get to see Rae only at breakfast.

Her world of imagination had to start working again. Theo's real world with her mother becomes a story and the story she had read in the evening becomes the real world for her. For Theo, the only way to be able to go on living is to deny the world in which she was living as real. Cal buys Rae a new dress but she doesn't notice that Theo needs new shoes.

When Theo asks if Cal could buy her shoes, Rae slaps her quickly. Rae apologized saying she was so nervous because Cal had to go to out-of-town on his job and he was not able to see her on the weekend.

“I just miss Cal so much I can't stand it! I'll tell you what, I'll measure your foot tonight and stop off at Zeller's tomorrow after work, okay?” Theo didn't answer. It was always like this. The only times Rae seemed to really care about her was after she had hit her. But those were the times when Theo felt the most removed.”

Rae was the kind of a person who would tell her nine-year old that “I just can't cope! I've tried my best, but I'm so tired of trying alone! I'm only twenty-five — why shouldn't I have a chance to be happy! Someone I really love loves me back.”⁽⁴⁾ After her weekend trip with her new boyfriend Cal, Rae tells Theo that “I have wonderful news, Kitten, Cal asked me to move in with him!..I've finally found the right man!” Rae decided to leave Theo with her older sister, Sharon, in Victoria, against Theo's protest. The next morning even without saying good-bye to the school, they had to take a ferry to Victoria.

On the big boat, Rae and Theo quarreled about Sharon. As they quarreled, Theo noticed a woman in front of them kept staring at them. Rae kept saying that Sharon was much nicer than her to be with. Theo could not raise her head for she was crying to Rae's words. She closed her eyes and wished for a real family, a proper family, with parents and two boys and two girls. And she would be one of them. When she opened her eyes, that noisy woman was still looking at her with interest, “as if the woman had found out something about her.”

The World of Imagination

The second part of the story involves the world of imagination, a dream, and not exactly a dream which could be “Reality or Dream”. In this section, Theo's dream family is realized. She sees four children coming down the isle of the ferry. Two boys and two girls just as she hoped would be in her perfect family. Theo now knew their names, John, Anna, Lisbeth and Ben. “They seemed just the right ages, with a gap between Anna and Lisbeth for Theo to fit into. Anna looked kind, and John looked sort of...noble. Lisbeth was obviously mischievous and little Ben was cuddly, like a teddy bear. They were perfect.”⁽⁵⁾

Seeing Theo, Anna smiled saying, “Hi.” She introduced herself as Anna Kaldor and introduced her sister and brothers. Anna told Theo that her house was in Victoria across the street from a cemetery and asked her to visit them. She saw her mother coming closer in such an angry mood. Theo made a wish saying “Please! I wish I belonged to this family right now!” Her wish comes true. However, all along the story, she knew herself that she was awake but dreaming for she never forget about her situation nor about Rae.

Theo thought that “Living in Vancouver had been like swimming — always struggling to stay afloat. But living here was like skiing, flying down the hill with joy. She soared through each day, busy and relaxed and, best of all, cherished. Every morning she woke up with delight that she was still here. Her magic wish had come true. It was like being in a story, even if the story wasn’t logical. Her life was perfect.”⁽⁶⁾ Then the magic began to go wrong and when she opened her eyes she was back on the ferry.

Her aunt Sharon picked them up at the ferry terminal and they went on a long drive into Victoria. Sharon lived close to James Bay and was living in a new apartment just built a year ago. Being a civil servant she was not wealthy, but maintained an enjoyable life style. She lets Theo use her bed room. She was a warm and organized person. Theo was already in her escape mood and could detach herself so easily from a world too hard to face.

Still remembering the dream she had, Theo goes over to the cemetery nearby to find the Kaldors. The house was there. The house in the dream.

“I can’t! she cried inside. It was just a dream! But her shaking hand reached up and knocked on the door — first timidly, then louder. The door opened slowly. A small boy stood there, holding a cookie. He was barefoot and his T-shirt had a dinosaur on it. Theo had seen that T-shirt many times. “Ben?” she croaked. Then her voice and head cleared. “Ben, oh Benny”, she cried. “It’s me! I’ve come back!” “Who are you?” asked the child.”⁽⁷⁾

But to her disappointment none of the family members knew her. Theo had to lie. She said that she was just walking by herself and feeling dizzy and wanted help from them. The same family in her dream came to reality but none of them recognized her. With this acquaintance made, Theo was invited over to play with the Kaldors. The weekend before Easter, Theo was asked to the Kaldors for a sleepover. Sleeping with the Kaldor girls, Theo

wished to really belong to the family. She could try wishing on the moon again! she thought. "It had worked before — why not now?" As she watched the cemetery by the moonlight, she recognized some movement outside. She was seeing a woman coming out of the entrance to the cemetery and the woman reminded her of someone she had seen before and she came up the steps to the house.

The next morning, no one knew about the woman visitor the night before. Just before Sharon was to pick her up Theo found a book lying face up on the floor. The book was old and grimy with a faded cover which said "In Summer Time" by Cecily Stone. It was the book written by a lady who used to live in the house that now Kaldors lived in. When Theo turned to the back flap, there was a blurry photograph. "The face was the one she had seen last night—the face of the woman walking across the street. And now Theo knew why she looked so familiar. It was the same woman who had been watching her on the ferry."⁽⁸⁾

When Theo got to stay over at the Kaldors again, Theo was eager to see Cecily Stone. Theo waited for Cecily to appear from the cemetery but was not able to. It was already almost dawn and a morning bird had begun a hesitant call. Theo decided to sneak out of the house to the cemetery to see her by her own grave. She almost gave up seeing her there, when she saw a woman sitting on the lowest step of the war memorial.

"Can you really see me?" asked Cecily Stone. "I'm dead. That's what the gravestone says, doesn't it? My body is buried there. It's gone. But the rest of me is still alive."

She said that Theo was the first person she talked to after forty years! She told Theo she would rather be called 'spirit' rather than ghost. The reason that she could not really die was that, "It's because I haven't written the book I was meant to write. The first two were perfectly adequate but they weren't me, they weren't my story. All the time I was ill a new idea was forming in my mind. I knew it would be my best book."⁽⁹⁾

She wanted to write a book about a lonely child, an outcast, yearning for a different kind of life which reminded her of her own childhood. That was the reason she was on the ferry back and forth looking for a child of her image. When Theo asked her about her experience with the Kaldors on the ferry. Cecily told her that "your time with the Kaldors must have been a combination of both of our fantasies — mine and yours."

Cecily suggests that the time that Theo had with the Kaldors on the ferry, whether it was dream or magic, was perfect but “real life is not perfect and good fiction has to seem like real life.” Before Cecily was gone completely, Cecily told Theo that life is not fair. “I think you have it in you to survive all this. I think you’re special. You could be what I was — a writer. ...You observe things, you make things up, you read, you’re very intelligent and sensitive. And even though you have a difficult life, that’s material — ingredients for a good story.”⁽¹⁰⁾ Maybe someday, Cecily said Theo would write “her story — our story.”

Change and Growth

Late one night, Theo’s mother was standing in front of the apartment. Rae said “I’ve left Cal.” Now, she could not believe that she saw anything in him. She had nowhere to live. She still did not recognize her responsibility as a mother, and asked her sister to take care of Theo until Theo finished elementary school and promised that she would send money for Theo this time. Sharon refused saying, “Much as I love Theo, I can’t take care of her any longer. She’s not my child — she’s yours. She needs you. She needs you to be a real mother to her.”⁽¹¹⁾ Sharon had found Rae and Theo a place to stay a few blocks from her place, and suggested a job at tourist stores downtown, so Theo could attend the same school. But Rae threatened to go back to Vancouver and take Theo also. Rae wanted to return to the same pattern of life, the only one she knew, to wait for someone to make her happy, an old model that she often dreamed of and without any promise.

Theo switched off the TV that Rae was watching and started tell her mother what was on her mind. She said that, “everything that Sharon said was right. She shouldn’t have to live with me — she’s my aunt, not my mother. You have to live with me. ...I’m not leaving Victoria! I like it. Sharon’s found us a place to live and you can look for a job here!” Rae said, “Oh, kid, I know you like Victoria, but I don’t!” “I don’t care,” said Theo. “I’m more important. When I’m old enough to live my own, you can do what you want. Right now you have to do what’s best for me.” Rae looked astounded.⁽¹²⁾

Till then, Rae expected her sister and her daughter to accept whatever she said. Rae never learned how to communicate. She either got mad or slapped Theo or lied to appease her at that moment. And before her declaration, Theo had to suppress her feelings to avoid Rae yelling and hitting and then escape to the world of her dreams.

At this point, Theo is ready to fight her mother. At last she is beginning to understand the difference between dreams and reality — aware of the world different from their own. She had experienced the dream family and found out that the real world is not perfect, but one had to live in the real world. As Cecily told her before she faded away, she said, “You need to wake up to life — I need to go to sleep for good.”

Theo learned that one must face the reality of life and not be scared of it. She needed a person to understand her and trust her. The power of the story, the power of the imagination was conveyed. The story does not have to come from the family member but any one can convey it — if there is the desire. The story teaches the boundaries between fantasy and self — discovery. The story suggests that the beginning of a new way of living comes from seeing beyond each moment we experience.

The Bridge to Terabithia

Jess Aarons' ambition is to be the fastest runner in the fifth grade. Every morning, Jess sneaks out of the house right after his dad gets the pickup going. He decides to run everyday all summer. His parents are country people and his father had to drive back and forth to Washington and had to dig and haul all day. He is the only boy among four girls. His little sister, May Belle, seven years old, would ask him “Where you going, Jess?”, “Gonna run?”. The school Jess attends is called Lark Creek Elementary School and the school was short on everything. Considering the poverty-stricken neighborhood, maybe it could not be helped.

Last year, when he was only a fourth grader he became the fastest runner in the third, fourth, and fifth grades. It was only once but Jess experienced “a taste of winning”. Wayne Pettis was usually the fastest runner, but this year he will be in the sixth grade playing football until Christmas and baseball until June with the rest of the big guys — so that now anyone could win the race. Miss Bessie, his cow, said “this year it was going to be Jesse Oliver Aaron, Jr.”

One day May Belle told him that people were moving onto the neighbor's farm, the old Perkins place. May Belle is hoping the new neighbor would have a girl six or seven with whom she could play with. Jess just loved to draw and he was known as “crazy little kid that draws all the time.”

The only teacher who understood his drawings was Miss Edmunds, the music teacher. Now she only comes into teach on Friday afternoons. Jess was in love with her and that was one of the secrets that he held. He thought this is “too real and too deep to talk about, even to think about very much.” When he had given his picture to her last winter, she said he was “unusually talented” and he wouldn’t “let anything discourage him, but would ‘keep it up’.” Jess believed that she thought he was the best. “He kept the knowledge of it buried inside himself like a pirate treasure. He was rich, very rich, but no one could know about it for now except his fellow outlaw, Julia Edmunds.”⁽¹³⁾

On Fridays, Miss Edmunds would sing songs like “My Beautiful Balloon,” “This Is Your Land,” “Free to Be You and Me,” “Blowing in the Wind,” and because Mr. Turner, the principal, insisted, “God Bless America.”⁽¹⁴⁾

Jess knew people were talking behind her, calling her names like “hippie” and “peacenik.” Around the Lark Creek Elementary School, she was only one who wore pants. When the school started after the summer vacation, Jess found out that the neighbor’s farm at old Perkins place had a girl. The new girl introduced herself as Leslie Burke and she joined the race with the guys and went ahead of the boys! “This was the day he was going to be champion — the best runner of the fourth and fifth grades, and he hadn’t even won his heat.”⁽¹⁵⁾ Leslie continued to join the boys race and she won everyday. Running was no longer fun.

When Miss Edmunds, the music teacher came on Friday afternoon Leslie was introduced. When Leslie smiled back to her, Jess thought it was the first time Leslie smiled since she won the race on Tuesday.” Of course, that meant Jess wasn’t friendly either.

That day, “Miss Edmunds picked a few odd chords and then began to sing, more quietly than usual for that particular song:

“I see a land bright and clear
And the time’s coming near
When we’ll live in this land
You and me, hand in hand...”

People began to join in, quietly at first to match her mood. But as the song built up at the end, their voices did as well, so that by the time they got to the final “Free to be you and me,” the whole school could hear them. Caught in the pure delight of it, Jess turned and his eyes met Leslie’s. He smiled at her. What the heck? There wasn’t any reason he couldn’t. What was he scared of anyhow? Lord. Sometimes he acted like the original yellow-bellied sapsucker. He nodded and smiled again. She smiled back. He felt there in the teachers’ room that it was the beginning of a new season in his life, and he chose deliberately to make it so.”⁽¹⁶⁾

Jess did not have to tell Leslie about his changing attitude, for Leslie knew it and she sat next to him and sat closer so his sister May Belle, who could also sit on the same seat. Leslie called her parents by their names, Bill and Judy. Both were authors. Leslie’s parents were cultivated parents compared to others around the town. The reason that her parents decided to come to this rural place was that they thought they were too hooked on money and success. They bought the old farm and wanted to have time and experience to farm to find out about the meaning of life.

Jess concealed his fears. When Mrs. Myers started to read Leslie’s composition saying it was beautifully written, and informed them that her hobby was unusual for a girl — Scuba Diving. When he heard her composition, the power of Leslie’s words took him to the undersea world. He himself of being scared just by hearing the story. His father wanted him to be a man and here he was “letting some girl who wasn’t even ten yet scare the liver out of him by just telling him what it was like to see the sights underwater. Dumb, dumb, dumb.”⁽¹⁷⁾

Imaginary Kingdom

It was a beautiful autumn day — rich in color. Jess and Leslie decided to do something together. First they took turns swinging across the gully on the rope.

Leslie speaks “We need a place,” she said, “just for us. It would be so secret that we would never tell anyone in the whole world about it. It might be a whole secret country,” she continued, “and you and I would be the rulers of it.”⁽¹⁸⁾

Just as in the story of Narnia, the only way to reach the secret country of theirs was by

swinging across on the enchanted rope. There they were to build a castle stronghold. Not too far into the woods, they decided the location of their kingdom. Leslie named it “Terabithia” and she loaned the Narnia books to Jess so he could learn about the ways the kingdom should be ruled and the language and manner of the rulers. They found five old Pepsi bottles which they washed and filled with water and kept them in the castle in case they were attacked by enemies.

In this imaginative place, Leslie and Jess learned from each other by playing their roles. As their play goes on, Leslie became a person who introduced Jess not only to the world of Narnia, and Moby Dick, but also to art and music. As their friendship grew, “For the first time in his life he got up every morning with something to look forward to. Leslie was more than his friend. She was his other, more exciting self — his way to Terabithia and all the beyond...as he grabbed the end of the rope and swung out toward the other bank with a kind of wild exhilaration and landed gently on his feet, taller and stronger and wiser in that mysterious world.”⁽¹⁹⁾

The pine forest was the place where the trees grew so thick at the top that the sunshine could reach underneath. Jess thought the place was haunted. Leslie told him it was not haunted with evil spirits and that there was no need to be scared. It was a special place, that they decided to keep secret. The time ahead was a time of great joy and great sadness. They knew that a place had to be picked out as special and respected.

A sudden sadness, however, came over them. It started to rain on Easter Monday and continued on to Wednesday. Jess was scared to go to Terabithia, and though he thought of himself as coward...he thought it would have been better “to be born without an arm than to go through life with no guts...but he thought,” no matter how high the creek came, Leslie would still want to cross it.

When Jess was still debating how to say “Leslie, I don’t want to go across again till the creek’s down,” there was a call from Miss Edmonds asking if Jess would like to visit the National Gallery or the Smithsonian in Washington D.C.

Jess returned home after a perfect day with Miss Edmunds to find out that Leslie fell into the creek and drowned. Confused and angry, Jess could not control himself.

But his father's words talking to him as if to another man helped, "Hell, ain't it?" He found "strangely comforting." Then "He ran until he was stumbling but he kept on, afraid to stop. Knowing somehow that running was the only thing that could keep Leslie from being dead. It was up to him. He had to keep going. Behind him came the baripity of the pickup, but he couldn't turn around. He tried to run faster, but his father passed him and stopped the pickup just ahead, then jumped out and ran back. He picked Jess up in his arms as though he were a baby. For the first few seconds Jess kicked and struggled against the strong arms. Then Jess gave himself over to the numbness that was buzzing to be let out from a corner of his brain."⁽²⁰⁾

Change and Growth

The next day was a beautiful spring morning. Though he was still mumbling to her, "I'm just a dumb dodo, and you know it! What am I supposed to do? ...Leslie, were you scared? Did you know you were dying?"⁽²¹⁾

He decided to make a funeral wreath for the queen and the service as she wanted it. When the service was finished he heard his sister May Belle calling for help "she had gotten half way across on the tree bridge and now stood there grabbing the upper branches, terrified to move either forward or backward."

And he came to realize that "Terabithia was like a castle where you came to be knighted. After you stayed for a while and grew strong you had to move on. For hadn't Leslie, even in Terabithia, tried to push back the walls of his mind and make him see beyond to the shining world — huge and terrible and beautiful and very fragile?"⁽²²⁾

Leslie's parents decided to leave the place and the next day after the school, Jess decided to build a bridge. As Jess had expected, May Belle followed him. When he finished making the bridge to Terabithia, he put flowers in May Belle's hair saying that "there's a rumor going around that the beautiful girl arriving today might be the queen they've been waiting for."⁽²³⁾

Conclusion

What is the role of imagination in Children and Juvenile Literature? What are the realities of life portrayed in these stories? Why are the stories important? What are the things that give our young people the courage to face the world?

Though young people struggle, they struggle to maintain their hopes and dreams — shaped by their imagination. What are the moments children treasure in their hearts? How is their growth shaped through their experience, and the moments of real sadness, happiness and courage? What effect do these stories have on the development of our children? Can a child learn from a story to stand up wisely? From the many mistakes children are witness to, can they grow strong? Do adults provide something valuable in this process? These are the questions that we must ask when we seek to understand the role of imagination in the life of a child.

One profound lesson taught by these stories is that trust comes through the way of the heart. When the heart is opened to experience, fear can be overcome. As Jess realized “it was up to him to pay back to the world in beauty and caring what Leslie had loaned him in vision and strength.”

FOOTNOTES

- (1) Kit Pearson, *Awake and Dreaming* (Toronto: Penguin Books, 1998) p.24
- (2) *Ibid*, p.36
- (3) *Ibid*, p.37
- (4) *Ibid*, p.57
- (5) *Ibid*, p.65
- (6) *Ibid*, p.124
- (7) *Ibid*, p.158
- (8) *Ibid*, p.190
- (9) *Ibid*, p.206
- (10) *Ibid*, p.230
- (11) *Ibid*, p.227
- (12) *Ibid*, p.234
- (13) Katherine Patterson, *Bridge to Terabithia* (New York: HarperCollins, 1977) p.12
- (14) *Ibid*, p.13
- (15) *Ibid*, p.27
- (16) *Ibid*, p.31
- (17) *Ibid*, p.34
- (18) *Ibid*, p.38
- (19) *Ibid*, p.46

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(20) Ibid, p.104

(21) Ibid, p.119

(22) Ibid, p.126

(23) Ibid, p.128