

Blume's Special Cardigan

"Blume's cardigan is lying on that chair", said little Megan, as she ran over to pick it up and hand it to the Rev. Andrews. "Goodness, what is it doing there, and where is Blume? We must hunt around to see if we can find him" said the Minister. Everyone else had left the church by now and was having coffee in the hall. So Megan and the Rev. Andrews began to hunt together. They looked on top of the piano, on and around all the chairs, up and down the church, and even up into the organ loft, but they couldn't find Blume anywhere. "Let's go ask the other children if they know where he is" suggested Megan.



Soon everyone was hunting high and low, but Blume could not be found. "I'll take his cardigan home and wash it" said Mrs Andrews. "I hadn't noticed it was getting a bit grubby and I'm sure he'll be glad to have a nice clean cardigan when we find him". It was time for everyone to go home, but the children were feeling sad because they didn't know what had happened to their friend, Blume.

Now, I don't want you worrying about this, so I will tell you straight away what had happened. A visiting family had come to church that morning and their little boy, Gerry, was very restless, squirming on his chair, humming and tapping his feet. Suddenly he saw Blume on a shelf and reached for him. He really liked this blue knitted mouse very much and to his delight, Blume's cardigan could be unbuttoned, taken off, put on again, and taken off again. Doing this kept Gerry quiet and good for the rest of his time in church, which wasn't long because the children go into the hall for their own activities after the first hymn is sung.

Gerry proudly carried Blume with him into the hall. It was such a lovely spring day that the children were taken out into the garden to play games. They were blindfolded and led around touching and smelling the flowers to try and guess which ones they were. Gerry laid Blume carefully under a shrub covered in blue flowers and then he forgot all about the knitted mouse as he played with the other children. Blume lay in a corner of the garden, hidden behind the shrub.

That evening, the air became very chilly. Poor Blume wished that he had his cardigan to keep him warm while he waited for someone to find him. Then he began to sigh and shiver with the cold. As he shivered, the shrub began to tremble and up among the leaves, a spider's web began to shake. "My goodness" said the spider. "I wonder what is making my web shake like that." She looked down and saw Blume. "Whatever are you doing here? She cried. "And where is your cardigan?"



Blume explained what had happened and how very cold he was feeling. "Well well" said the spider. "I don't think it will be long before someone finds you but meanwhile we must keep you warm. You just wait there a minute while I call my friends."

Soon a number of sympathetic spiders had gathered around Blume. "Now" said the first spider. "We all know what Blume's cardigan looked like and it was made by humans. It beats me how their big clumsy fingers can weave such fancy webs with their great strings of wool, but if they can do it surely we can." "Yes" called the spiders, "let's get busy now." And they did! They started on his arms and instead of spinning their usual webs, they began to imagine how they could

make cable stitch and stocking stitch and other fancy patterns, though of course they didn't know the names of these stitches. They worked and worked, up his arms, around his neck, across his chest and even down parts of his legs so that he would have a longer cardigan than usual to keep him warm. They used leaves instead of buttons to make it look pretty and when it was done, it was indeed a fine, warm thing – perhaps not exactly like a cardigan but certainly cozy and pretty. By then Blume had fallen asleep and he was so comfortable that he slept all week long.

The next Sunday everyone was worried about where Blume could possibly be. Mrs Andrews had his cardigan all clean and ready for him but he was still missing. Then Megan remembered the visiting boy Gerry and that he had taken Blume into the garden. "Let's search the garden before the service starts" she said. "Here he is" cried Tom, who was always good at finding things. "But what is he wearing? It looks something like his cardigan I guess, but it feels very soft and sticky."

By then some of the grownups had arrived too and everyone gathered around to see the marvellous garment Blume was wearing. "It's a sort of web" said Mrs Andrews. "I think the spiders have made it especially for Blume to keep him warm. What wonderful creatures they are!"

Now the web-like cardigan was rather delicate and didn't last very long so soon Blume had his own cardigan on again and was very happy to be back in church among his friends. But the spiders had learned what fun it was to spin new patterns and designs and they carried on even holding little contests to see who could make the prettiest design. I think if you ever go to the Cambridge church and look carefully, you might see some very interesting cobwebs even now.

