Snow swirled around her, and ice laced the trees. The forest was a winter wonderland tonight, but one of its inhabitants was deflated of all joy.

 “Elsa? Elsa!” Rosalie called. She tightened her thick green scarf and let a tear slide from her cheek. She’d been exploring with her older sister when they’d been separated. After wandering for almost an hour, she had given up hope.

Fighting against the snowy flakes whirling in the air, Rosalie found an evergreen tree with a broad trunk and leaned against it. She fingered its icy leaves, and wondered where Elsa was.

Was she safe, with Mama and Poppa? Was she drinking hot chocolate by the burning fire? Was she roaming the woods like Rosalie, trying to find her sister? Or had a worse fate come upon her?

With this thought, Rosalie realized she had to escape before night fell. All kinds of dangers would await her once the sun went down. Wolves, other animals, hypothermia. Yes, she had her fur coat with the heavy collar, and her wool gloves, and also the scarf and her maroon cloak, but underneath was a simple day dress. Not enough to keep her warm. Not enough to keep her alive.

Suddenly, a blur zoomed across her line of vision. Rosalie whipped her head up and managed to spot a rabbit hopping into the snowy brush.

She breathed a sigh of relief and returned to her thoughts, reprimanding herself for being so uptight.

“Excuse me, miss, may I help you?”

Rosalie screamed and jumped up, catching her hair in the branches of the tree above. As she untangled her dark curls from the frozen beauty, she saw who had spoken and almost screamed again.

A rabbit, wearing a three piece suit and looking at a pocket watch, was in front of her.

“I-I...sir, I’m terribly sorry to offend you, but are you a rabbit? Speaking to me?” Rosalie squeaked, finally yanking her hair free from the tree.

“No, I’m a cow,” the rabbit replied dryly. “Yes, I’m a rabbit. A *late* rabbit, may I add. But you’re here, and I’m here, and I’m not one to be rude, so I’ll bring you to Mr. Tumnus if you like.”

“Mr. Tumnus?” Rosalie gaped. She was still in shock.

“Child, do you have a hearing problem as well as a seeing problem? Yes, Mr. Tumnus. I take it you’ve heard of him? Otherwise you wouldn’t be here, obviously. There’s nobody else around for miles.”

“Yes, I’ve heard of him,” Rosalie said faintly. Not only had she heard of him, she had read his book almost thirty seven times. *The Lion, The Witch, and the Wardrobe* was her favorite book, but she didn’t understand how she had gotten from Canada to Narnia.

“All right, then. Let’s get going. *I’m late.”* The rabbit tapped his watch impatiently and hopped off.

Rosalie followed him, jumping over branches and crunching through the shimmering snow. “Sir? Sir, aren’t you from Wonderland?”

The rabbit chuckled softly. “Clever one, aren’t you. What most folk don’t know is that Narnia and Wonderland are connected. There’s a rabbit hole over there that leads straight to my world. See that tree? It’s the very one Alice read on that day she discovered me.”

Rosalie beamed. She couldn’t wait to tell Elsa that she’d seen a piece of real history. Wrapping her cloak around her, she bounded after the rabbit.

It seemed like forever until they reached a small cottage. It had a thatched roof and was made of sticks and mud, just like she had always imagined it.

“This is where I leave you,” the rabbit announced. He snapped his pocket watch closed and frowned. “Now I’m *very* late.”

Rosalie remembered her manners and curtsied. “Thank you very much, kind sir. Without you, I would be eaten by wolves or frozen to death.”

The rabbit nodded, and then hopped away.

Rosalie took a deep breath and knocked on the door.

Nothing happened.

“Mr. Tumnus, sir! It’s a visitor. The rabbit brought me here. My name is Rosalie.” She knocked again, tears welling up in her eyes. Why had the rabbit left before he could be sure she was safe? Now she was back where she started.

Suddenly, the door flung open.

“Rosalie! Oh, Rosalie, I thought I’d lost you forever!”

All of a sudden something tall and purple was barreling into her, and then Rosalie realized it was Elsa in her deep purple coat. They hugged fiercely, and then Elsa said, “Come in, please. Mr. Tumnus is out gathering food, and I was frightened to open the door until I heard your name.”

Rosalie stepped inside and instantly felt the warmth. She rushed to the fireplace in the corner of the room, getting as close as she dared. “How did you get here?”

“Well,” Elsa began. “As soon as we got separated, I decided to head home. I knew there Poppa could come help me. But I got turned around, and suddenly I didn’t know where I was anymore. I sat under a pine tree and wept for a while. Then I came upon a man made of metal.”

“Made of metal!” Rosalie gasped.

“Yes. He looked at me, and asked for oil.”

“The Tin Man! Was he?”

“Oh, you’re so good, Rosalie. Now, let me keep going. I considered running away, because I wasn’t as quick as you, but I knew I was running out of options. If I ran, then I was killing my own way to possible receive help. So I got my oil out of my knapsack and oiled his joints.”

“Elsa? Why did you have oil in your bag?”

“Yesterday I had to oil my bicycle, and I was too lazy to put it back. That’s the best thing that’s ever happened to me. As soon as I had oiled him, the man told me he was the Tin Man, and that the snow had rusted him, but he’d be all right for a little bit. I told him that I was Elsa, and I was from Canada. He didn’t seem to know where that was, but he pointed the way to Oz, in case it was there. Did you know it’s connected to Narnia? The entrance is through one of those trees back there.”

Rosalie could hardly contain her excitement. All her favorite books were coming true!

“He told me the best place to go if I was lost was to the Wonderful Wizard of Oz. But I said that my younger sister was here, too, so could we please stay. He agreed to lead me to Mr. Tumnus.”

“You gave up a trip to Oz for me?”

“Of course. Now tell me your story.”

Rosalie launched into a detailed telling of her adventure. She was just getting to part where the rabbit told her about Wonderland when the door to the cottage opened and Mr. Tumnus walked in.

Elsa jumped up. “Mr. Tumnus, my sister came here!”

Rosalie stared at him in wonder. “You look exactly how I thought you would,” she said dreamily.

The elfish man smiled and bowed. “Tumnus, at your service. I have brought food so we can eat and plan how to get you and your sister back to your home. Caneeda.”

“Canada,” Elsa corrected him kindly.

“I wish I could have you meet Aslan, or Lucy,” Mr. Tumnus said wistfully. “She was in here just the other day, you know. But we must get you home before your parents worry.”

Mr. Tumnus pulled out a bag of mushrooms and fruit, and Rosalie began her tale all over again. This time she got all the way through.

“I think I know how to get back home!” Elsa exclaimed. “You could lead us to the lamp post.”

Mr. Tumnus shook his head. “I’m sorry, Elsa, but that route only works for Lucy and her siblings. We’ve tested it with others.”

Rosalie felt a pang in her heart. What if they couldn’t find a way home? And then before she knew what she was thinking, she knew how to keep back home.

“Elsa,” she said excitedly. “Didn’t you say you leaned against a pine tree and cried? And then suddenly you came upon the Tin Man?”

“Yes,” Elsa replied, confused.

“Well,” Rosalie continued, “I leaned against a pine tree and cried, too. Then when I looked up, the rabbit was there.”

Mr. Tumnus was smiling broadly, and Elsa squealed in delight. “Oh, Rosalie, you’re a genius! All we have to do is lean against a pine tree and cry, and we’ll be back in Canada.”

Rosalie frowned. “How should we make ourselves cry?”

“If I may interject,” Mr. Tumnus interjected. “I believe the charm would still work if you laughed. After all, crying and laughing are the reactions of opposite emotions.”

Elsa and Rosalie nodded, clasping each other. The prospect of going home was a happy one. They both hugged Mr. Tumnus tightly.

“Thank you, Mr. Tumnus, sir,” they chorused.

He hugged them back. “You are very welcome, Elsa and Rosalie. I hope we meet again.”

The two sisters sat against the nearest pine tree. Elsa suggested that they remember the time their younger brother Tommy tried to ride a bicycle, and soon they were both in stitches.

Then they looked up, and saw their Poppa’s face staring down at them.

“Poppa!” they cried, jumping up and throwing their arms around him.

“Elsa! Rosalie! My girls!” their Poppa hugged and kissed them. “Marie! I found them!” he shouted over his shoulder.

Soon their mother appeared, clutching Tommy’s hand. They ran to her and gave her the same treatment their father had gotten. Even Tommy couldn’t escape a kiss from his sisters.

“Where have you *been*?” Their father asked sternly, after they had cried happy tears and finished hugging each other.

Elsa and Rosalie looked at each other. And together, they answered.

“Narnia.”