
The Story of the Sister Bells

by Monica

Once upon a time, in the lively town of Belleville, the townsfolk buzzed with excitement. After waiting many months to get their supplies as soon as they needed them, they could finally welcome a brand new general store. The store quickly became the heart of the town, always busy with customers coming and going. Its dedicated manager spent so much time in the back preparing supplies for the storefront that he sometimes didn't realize people had entered until much later.

One bustling afternoon, the manager realized he needed a way to know when someone had stepped inside. He decided the store needed bells—a special set that would alert him whenever a customer came in.

The Sister Bells were a short series of chimes, from the largest to the smallest, each nesting inside of one another from the largest to the smallest. Though they looked similar, each had its own unique tone. In Belleville, bells had important roles: dinner bells summoned families, fire bells warned of danger, and the Sister Bells were tasked with a very special job—to let the shopkeeper know when people arrived.

But the Sister Bells needed to sound different from the other bells in town. They didn't want to resemble Danny the Dinner Bell or Freddy the Fire bell, and they certainly wanted a sound all their own.

The shopkeeper browsed his supplier's catalogue. At last, he found the perfect set: a group of bells, each one a little larger than the last, meant to hang down from the doorway and jingle brightly whenever the door was opened. He thought these remind me of my sisters...Sue, Mary, Joyce, Lou, and Mona; they always kept him informed of family business.

The shop keeper hoped the bells would keep him informed of customers, just like his sisters. He purchased them right away and waited eagerly for their arrival with the next shipment.

When the bells arrived, the shopkeeper wasted no time. He hung them on the front door of the general store, thrilled with his choice. From that day, as people came and went, they would remark, "Those bells are a lovely addition to your store." The manager knew he had found the perfect set.

As time passed, the bells grew weary, as all bells do. The rope holding them together began to fray, and soon the littlest bell was dangling by just a thread. One busy morning, as the door swung open, the smallest bell slipped from the chime and rolled out toward the curb.

Just as the little bell was about to disappear into the dirt, a young man named John noticed and reached down to pick her up.

Examining the bell, John realized, "This looks just like the bells at the general store." Without delay, he headed inside and approached the manager. "I must return this," he said.

The shopkeeper was overjoyed. "I'm so excited you found my smallest bell! Our chimes have been out of sorts all morning without it, and the store hasn't sounded the same."

John handed over the bell, and the shopkeeper quickly reattached it to the chime. With the smallest bell back in place, the Sister Bells could once again ring out brightly, chiming merrily throughout their days in the general store.