

Sample Chapter From *"Spirit Of The Forest Helps Owly And Friends"*

Owly Finds Cloud New Wings

Owly was a little owl, who likes to watch the world go by, from his favorite branch, on his favorite tree, in the enchanted forest.

He found it easier to think, when he was away from everybody, but when he got lonely or had enough of thinking, he would simply swoop down from the tree, and check out what ever was happening around him.

One day, when nothing much was happening, he decided to fly up to a high branch, of one of the tallest trees of the forest.

He hoped he could see something interesting in the distant countryside, as none of the animals were doing anything that Owly was interested in.

On his way there, he found a small butterfly resting on one of the branches of a tall tree. "Goodness me" said Owly, "what are you doing up so high?" "I thought all butterflies flutter around down low in the forest?" "I am hiding here forever"" said the little butterfly, miserably. "Forever is a long time" and I am sure you will be missed by someone" said Owly.

The little butterfly started to cry, and little tears fell like drops of rain down onto the leaf. "Don't cry" said Owly "I may be able to help, just tell me what is wrong."

"Look at me" said the butterfly. "what do you see." "Whatever do you mean?" said Owly. "I see a sad little butterfly, and I don't know why. You should be down there, with your friends having fun, playing chasing or hide and seek. You should be visiting all the wonderful flowers that are now in the forest, instead of up here, where you are missing out on everything that is happening in the world below."

"Then why are you up here?" said the butterfly. "Well, I am up here for very different reasons to you. I am not hiding. I am not sad" said Owly. "I came here, just because I am a little bored, and wanted to see what else was happening outside the forest. If I found something interesting enough, I was going to fly there for a closer look."

"Well did you find anything interesting" said the butterfly. "Yes I found you, and now that I have, I am not going to leave until I can help you. If that takes forever, then it will be a long forever for both of us" said Owly.

"I hope you are prepared for Winter because we may be hear a long time then" said the little butterfly. "Yes, I have feathers to protect me. What about you? Those wings look too thin to keep you warm over Winter. So what is the plan then?" said Owly.

"You are right" sighed the little butterfly. "I really didn't think this out clearly when I came up here. I just wanted to escape, and get away from it all."

“Yes, we all need some space and time apart from each other, and that’s okay, but why did you want to be here forever? I don’t understand that part. Please tell me, I do want to help” said Owly. “Well, you look at me, and just see a sad little butterfly, but when I go down to the lovely sparkling stream, and look at my reflection, all I see is a plain, white butterfly, with no color whatsoever on my wings.”

“You are pure white, what is wrong with that?” said Owly.

“White is a color, but I don’t want to be just white, I want to be magnificent and have all the colors of the rainbow on my wings.”

“Why then you should have told me you want to have all the colors of the rainbow. Then we may have to go to the rainbow and get you some” said Owly.

“Owly, you are making fun of me now. It took all my energy and strength to fly this high. How can I possibly fly to the rainbow? Even if I could, how could I get colors?”

“Okay, first tell me your name because I have a feeling we are going to become good friends” said Owly.

“You are just trying to cheer me up aren’t you?” said the butterfly. “I want to do more than cheer you up. I want to show you, that what is on the inside of you is far more important than what is on the outside, but if I have to help you find new wings in the mean time then I can do this” said Owly.

“My name is Cloud. I was called it by my Mom and Dad because I was fluffy and white when I was born and while they had colors, I never got any” and she started to cry again.

“Please stop” said Owly, “I think you have cried enough. The animals below us will think it has started to rain and if they look up, they may just about see us hiding up here. They will all wonder what a little Owl and butterfly are doing so high up in the trees. We don’t want to tell anyone what we are up to now do we?” said Owly.

[<<Buy On Kindle>>](#)