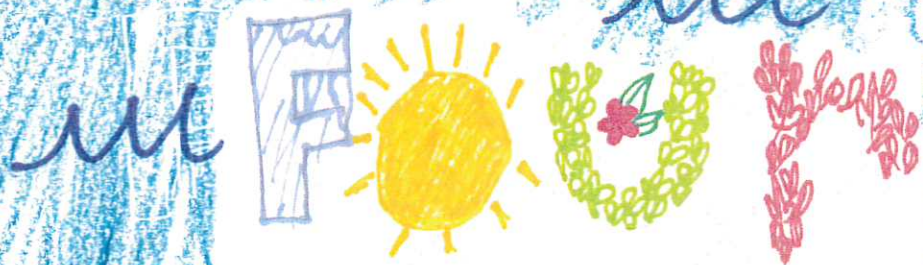


The fight of the



Powell
The Owl



Seasons



Written and illustrated

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Once upon a time, there were four lands for four seasons. The winter land was called Whitney and was so cold you would turn into an ice block instantly. The spring land was called Flam, and the colors of the flowers were so bright they blinded your eyes. The summer land was called Sund, there the ocean reflected the sun so well it looked like a mirror. Lastly, Autumn Land was called Lassen, where there was piles upon piles of leaves.



All the lands were separated from each other for a long time. And in each land there were animals loyal to their season except for me, Powell the owl. I could go to every land and just change color. And one day everyone would be like me. And that day came sooner than I expected.

"Good Morning," Mattoon the Racoon smiled

"Good Morning," I replied as I soared over the trees. I squinted at the witches house in Autumn Land. I was going there to have tea. I looked down, every thing seemed to be shaking! I glided closer, it was a earthquake! I watched rivers and oceans that kept lands apart disappear as one land collided with the next until they all became one. I saw the season spirits transform into giants. The Giants would have been beautiful if they weren't fighting. They were fighting for the domination of one land.



An Idea Sparked into my head.

"If you stop fighting and take turns you will each have a time for your season," I Spoke up

They all turned and faced me

"I want to go first!" declared Winter

"I'll go next," said Spring

"Then me!" exclaimed Summer

"And finally me," Autumn agreed quickly.



I watched foxes, squirrels and
some other inhabitants change white
because winter was first. But others
like the bears shook their heads
and said a stubborn "No" so
they went into caves and holes
and slept until their season came.

And that's why we
have different seasons
every year of our life.

