The Fight of the Four Seasons

Powell The Owl

Lincoln and illustrated by: Sierra Burton
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 Sun and there the ocean reflected the Sun so well it looked like a mirror. Lastly, autumn land was called Lassen, where there were 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," Matoon, the Raccoon 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, and everything seemed to be shaking! I glided closer, it was an 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.