

FOWL FABLES

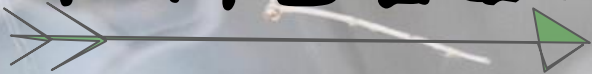


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OPHELIA





Ophelia the owl was a strange sight to behold. She looked like a ghost in the midnight blue of the darkened, star-speckled sky. Her opalescent feathers were tinged with iridescent lavender and periwinkle blue. She was a rather unique owl, like no one has ever seen. Mystical, you could say. But, she hated herself. She hated her raven-black eyes that paralleled the galaxy itself. She hated Ophelia. Always being mocked, she was no stranger to solitude. Sitting on the moonlit branch, blackened hues glanced around the forest. She wistfully began to wish that she could be like all the others. Little did she know, someone, somewhere out there, had heard her. She then spread her wings and flew back to her cozy hollow.

Ophelia sat by the glowing light of the small fireflies in the crystal jar. Every night, she hoped to wake up and look like the rest. When dawn's rosy fingers began to reach for the sky, Ophelia would go to sleep, dreaming of a place and time that she fit in.



But this time, the
glittering jet-colored
orbs would not close by
the morning's fiery red
sparks. She would go, and
ask how to be like the
rest. With a high head
and being filled with
determination, the
luminous owl glided down
from her evergreen hollow
and into the forest,
which was barely being
painted with the gleaming
rays of sunlight.



She went to the scarlet fox,
who was preying on a skinny
weasel. She fluttered down
quietly, without a sound.

"Excuse me." Ophelia said.

The weasel, startled, ran off into
the low blackberry brush. The
crimson fox growled in
frustration.

"Hey, look at what you've done,
Ghosty! That was supposed to be my
breakfast!" Still mumbling,
Fenmoore sat down with a dull puff
in the sparkling, fresh snow.
"What do you want?" the small
creature finally said. His green
glazed eyes stared at her
intently, as if he were expecting
her to lunge at him.



"Could you tell me, what you expect of a normal owl?" Ophelia questioned.

"Oh, well, I don't know. Maybe sly, quick, cunning..."

As he blubbered on, her appearance began to change according to what Fenmoore described. By the time he had stopped speaking, her head had turned completely into that of a fox. Fenmoore thought he was looking into a mirror. Spheres just like his own reflected the same emerald gaze. Finally, he realized he wasn't staring at a mirror, but it was Ophelia! His eyes grew wide and filled with disbelief.

"What?" Ophelia inquired.

"Wh-What are you? Get away from me!" Fenmoore yelped. He bolted off into the brush the same way as the weasel.





"Why..." Ophelia said her dark orbs misting. She reached up to touch her face. But instead of the usual feathers, she felt fur, vermillion fox fur. She flew around the forest, one place to another, animal to animal, and each time they would run off, terrified. At the end of the day, when the sun slowly began to retreat to its own hollow, Ophelia went back to hers, sulking. She sat there and wondered what was wrong. She was finally like everyone, and they hated her even more now? How could this be?

Then, finally, the answer dawned upon her. She decided, from now on, she would do what SHE wanted, be who SHE wanted to be. Their opinions didn't matter to her anymore. The terrible curse was lifted, and she was Ophelia again. Happy with her newfound personality, she never thought of becoming like the rest ever again.

THE END



MORAL:



- Be yourself, because everybody else is taken.
- Don't let others decide for you.
- You can't please everyone.
- Be happy with what you have.





THE CROW



Crows- dark, mysterious, and known as the omen of death. They were important, wise, and spiritual guiders. This is expected of all the crows, right? No. Not exactly. Claude didn't exactly fit that description. The carmine eyed, ebony little bird was absolutely terrible at keeping his mysterious facade, and always forgot to keep secrets as secrets. The ruffle-feathered crow was intelligent, but miserably clumsy and couldn't lead souls properly. All the other crows looked down upon Claude and knew him by his nickname, "The Disgrace." Little Claude could be distinguished because of the little glasses he wore at the end of his beak. He couldn't quite see without them.

Claude was constantly avoided by his peers. They were afraid his bad luck could pass onto them somehow. But the constant soundlessness was actually quite nice, with the occasional lost soul. He would lead them back to the path, sometimes forgetting where, but always getting the soul to their desired location. One day, though, the inky crow met a soul like no other. This soul was in the form of a spider. Usually, they would come to him as rabbits, wolves, foxes. But never before had he seen a spider.



“Excuse me, kind sir, but I believe you are roosting upon my web.” The jewel-like spider began. The web shone with billions of glimmering water droplets, like an expensive chandelier. The onyx crow looked down in surprise, but hid it as best as he could.

“Pardon me, but who might you happen to be? And how long have you been here?” Claude questioned.

“I have been here since I arrived,” the spider answered smartly. “I could ask you the same question.”

The fowl, unhappy with the spider’s tone, retorted, “Well, so have I.”





Claude, who didn't like where the conversation was headed, then asked, "Do you need help back to the path?" Strangely, the spider refused the offer.

"I came off the road for a reason. Also, the peace and quiet here is quite relaxing. It also gives me time to weave my webs," the sooty spider said.

"Well then, I suppose I should ask for a name? My name is Claude." The crow announced. He raised his glasses to observe the arachnid.

"My name is Seb." the spinner simply stated.



After that day, Claude wondered if that spider could be his friend. He had tried to lead him, but the arachnid was content in this world. Happy. So the charcoal crow decided he would go check on the little weaver, and maybe become friends. He wondered what it would be like to have friends, to not be discriminated for his appearance. He flew off to his usual perch, far from the other crows. It was a little tree with just enough branches to shade the starless crow. Then, Claude peered under the limb he was standing on, and saw the web.

“Seb, are you there?” he asked.

Seb poked his tiny head out from under the branch. He appeared to be weaving a tiny web.

Weeks later, the two became friends. One day, Claude decided he would bring Seb to the other crows to show them he wasn't always unlucky, and he could make friends. But the only reaction he got was, "Get away from us, you little fool," and, "No one likes you and your strange spider!"

Crestfallen, the bird didn't know what he did wrong. He finally had a friend. He could fit in. Suddenly, he realized something. He didn't have to be friends with the other crows. He could just be friends with Seb, and it didn't matter to him anymore.

THE END



A photograph of two black birds, possibly crows or ravens, perched on a thick, mossy tree branch. The bird on the left is facing right, and the bird on the right is facing left, with their beaks nearly touching. The background is a soft-focus view of green foliage and a blue sky. The word 'MORAL:' is written in a white, hand-drawn font in the upper left corner.

MORAL:

You don't have to be friends with everyone, just do what you know, and what you like.





She wasn't social. She didn't speak much. She wasn't known well. She had fluffy, snow-colored feathers on her abdomen, and a hazel colored body. The feathers on her neck were adorned with regal sapphire, emerald green, and amethyst accents. She was just like all the other peafowl. Except, that she was kind. Too kind, maybe. Or maybe because she was simply shy. Either way, she still was pushed around by all the other birds, taking advantage of her timidness.

They used her, abused her, but she wouldn't complain, she wouldn't speak up. Hannah was too delicate for her own good. This went on and on, until her friends finally got her to speak up for herself. When she finished her little declaration, every bird was in shock. Since the day she spoke up, all the other fowl treated her fairly and never thought of using her again.

THE END



The
amirica

Moral:

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- Don't let people walk all over you.
 - Speak for yourself
 - Be Kind, but be strong.