Owl's Dream
A Story Told in Poems for the Young and the Young at Heart

Written by Valentina Atton
Illustrated by Sophia Johnson
to all of us dreamers made of stardust avatars of the divine presence here on earth in time/space reality now
Owl’s Dream
A Story Told in Poems for the Young and the Young at Heart

By Valentina Atton
Illustrated by Sophia Johnson

JOYFUL WONDER KIDS PRESS
A Note to Parents and Educators

In this book, various animals speak to your child. As you read, you serve as the co-creator of your child's experience. The more you use your imagination to step into the character of each animal, the closer you will be to its spirit.

We suggest that you do not announce the titles of the poems. Let the child recognize the animal based on Owl's introductions before each poem and our colour-coded fonts for the animals.

Download and listen to the audiobook to help set the tone for your reading.

Wear animal masks, ears, or antennae to embody the characters you will become in the child's imagination, as well as to make your reading more fun.

If you wish, replace the terms of endearment indicated by the fancy font with your child's name to create an intimate connection between child and animal.

Encourage your child to learn the poems by heart and perform them for family and friends. Owl's Dream can easily be staged as a play.

After working with these poems in many joyful ways, don't be surprised if the poet in your child is revealed! Just ask your child to tell a story from the perspective of an animal that is not in this book and then encourage, listen, and cheer. You will be amazed by what you hear!

Have fun!

Praise for Owl's Dream

"Fun and magic for the whole family!"
The Islands Independent

"Owl's Dream is a joyful journey into a land of expression where our differences spark Oneness as we speak from our hearts."
Jan Alberin, Artist

"Delightful! And so much love!"
Barbara Stone, Dancer, Former Instructor Vancouver Children's Circus 'Cirkids', Creative Writing Teacher, Langara College

"Owl's Dream manages to blend serious wisdom with a palatable sense of joy and playfulness. I surrendered eagerly to being carried away by its beauty and insights to a delightful world of nature."
Elisabeth Scalice, Owner of Architectural Salvage of San Diego, Grandmother, Environmentalist

"These simple truths transport me to a time when life was a lot simpler – a time in my childhood when I believed I could fly and all the animals did talk to me, along with the fairies and angels, of course."
Shahira Wynde, Creatrix, Healer, Artist

"Interactive. Provocative. Theatrical. What a sheer delight to be taken to the world of a child and be surrounded by imagination, creativity, and joy!"
Ann Cavens, Life Coach, Writer

"Through her rhythmic prose, Valentina Atton brings to life the fellowship between human beings and nature's creatures, sparking and awakening the senses with her descriptive representations. As an educator of young children, I appreciate the endless possibilities for teachable moments, language development and programming designed to help connect children with nature."
Colleen Carpenter, Early Childhood Educator

"What a gorgeous, lush, vivid work of art! The illustrations are outstanding."
Remie Leyshon, Freelance Editor, Writer

"Owl's Dream tickles all our senses and invites us back into the magical world of a child, where everything is possible. It is an honour to witness the unfolding of this beautiful creation and gift to the world."
Sharon Slaney, Herbalist, Nurse, Storyteller
Owl's Dream

Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo-hoo!

I am Owl, a great horned owl, hooting a story for you.

Once I had a beautiful dream – snowcapped mountains on the horizon, upland forests, and gently sloping foothills descending into a wide, sunny valley.

In the valley was a small farm with green fields scattered all around, an old pond overgrown with lilies and reeds, and a big maple tree, tall and shady, next to the still water.
You were in my dream too, 
my little friend, 
sitting under the tree, 
dreaming your own dream.

Many animals, big and small, came to you one by one 
to share their stories.

You understood them all. 
I understood them too, 
and you and I understood each other, 
for we all spoke the same language!

Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

Hoo-hoo!

First came a butterfly with her heart song for you.
Butterfly’s Heart Song

Hi, little friend!

High, so very high, up in the sky
I fly! I fly high!

I am a butterfly. My name is Vi.

I fly, and I flutter. I flutter, and I fly.

Now, dropping down, I spy flowers on the ground.

A winking daisy, a dewy rose, a shy, purple violet, a saffron primrose . . .
All full of nectar and wonderful smells! Some taste like licorice, some like caramel!

Tickling my toes on a silky petal, pointing my wings to the sky, slowly unfolding the tube of my lips, I stop.
I nestle.
I kiss the flower!

Ardle-taba-taba-ty!!!
Which means, in the language of Flutterby,

“My heart sings getting ready to fly!”

But I’m not quite finished with this flowery treat yet . . .
Leisurely I sip the nectar sweet, sucking and slurping every last bit.

Delightful, delectable, yes, indeed!
How I'd love to share
this joy with you!

My little friend,
my sweetheart,

I love you!
Neigh!

Did you hear?
Who is asking you to play now?

Who-who?
Foal’s Call

Neigh!
Hey, buddy! Hey!

I am a foal.
I am grey!
I am Grey Ray!
Come to the fields!
It’s spring.
Let’s play!

Jump?
Kick?
Hide-and-go-seek?
Whatever we do, let’s be quick.
Be quick!

You hide, and I’ll seek.
Let’s play!
Hide in the grass!
Hide in the hay!
Hey-hey!
Now where did you go?

Shhh . . .

I hear your breath.
You must be close . . .

I part the straw
with my huge, warm nose.

I bet you've never seen
my nose so close!

Go on. Touch it.

You whisper, "Wow!"

I whisper back,
"I see you now."
Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo-hoo!

A long spring day is done.
Night comes with bright moon and stars.
Everybody is sleeping
except Milky Way and her new baby.

“Mooooo!”

The baby calf
wants to share with you
the magic and the beauty
of his very first night.
Newborn Star, the Calf’s Story

Mooooo . . . Moon!
Mooooo . . . Mom!

I learned to talk the night I was born,
cooing and mooing the whole night through.
Mooooo!

Mom licked me gently
washing me off,
anointing me with her spittle.
Her tongue was so soft.

“There, sweet babe,”
my beautiful mother said.
‘All nice and clean,
though still a little wet!
The sun will dry you off,
my darling pet.

The sky will welcome the sun very soon
and say goodbye to the man in the moon.

Mooooo . . .
Goo-goo-loo . . .
Precious you . . .
Moooooooo . . .”

Mom leaned down to kiss my nose.

‘Oh,’’ she said,
‘I see a star upon your head!’
I will name you Star, babe.

A shining Star
from now on you are,
and I am your Milky Way,
your galaxy!

Here is your first breakfast, Star,
and your first sunrise!
If the sun shines too brightly,
just close your eyes.

Nice warm milk for you . . .

Mooooo . . .
Goo-goo-loo . . .
Precious you . . .
Moooooooo . . .

Look, Star, look!
Look who is there.
Someone else who likes milk!
There is plenty to share.”

I open my eyes and see you,

little one,
and your beautiful mother,
with a bright birthday bundle
of colourful blooms.

My mom sniffs with pleasure
at this flowery bunch,
moos a long “Thank you!”
and gulps it down:
munch . . .
munch . . .
munch . . .
I look at your forehead, little avatar, my milk sibling, to find your star.
I can’t see it, but I know it’s there. Be aware.
I am Star. You are a star too. We share the Milky Way, our Galaxy of Light, Sun, Moon, Star, and You. Moooooooo!
Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo-hoo!

The sun and the moon,
the stars and the flowers,
big animals and tiny living things,
and you,
my little friend...

What a beautiful world!

Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

Here on a green leaf,
who is this small creature?