

Oliver the Little Owl





High in a tree lived a little owl named Oliver.



Oliver loved to watch the world below.



But Oliver couldn't fly yet.



He sighed. "I want to soar like the other birds."



**Mama Owl smiled gently. "Flying takes
patience, my dear."**



The next morning, Oliver flapped his wings harder.



“Not yet,” said Mama. “Keep practicing.”



Oliver perched on the branch and wobbled.



**Below, his friends—Squirrel and Rabbit—cheered.
“You can do it, Oliver!”**



Oliver tried again. He leapt—whoosh!—
but tumbled right into a bush.





Squirrel giggled. "That was a funny landing!"



Oliver's cheeks turned pink. "Maybe I'll never learn."



Mama Owl flew down beside him. "Every bird learns in their own time."



That night, Oliver dreamed of soaring through the stars.



The next day, he climbed higher. "I'll try again."



He spread his wings wide and jumped.



This time, he glided a little before landing!



“Did you see that?” Rabbit clapped. “You flew!”



Oliver's chest puffed proudly. "I really did!"



DAY 1



DAY 5



DAY 15



DAY 20



Day after day, Oliver practiced.



Each time, he flew a little further.



One morning, the sun rose bright and golden.



He leapt—and this time, Oliver soared across the sky!



His friends cheered below, "Hooray for Oliver the Owl!"



From that day on, Oliver knew patience and practice made him wise and strong.

THE END

MORAL OF THE STORY

Learning new things takes time. Be patient, keep trying, and you'll grow stronger each day — just like Oliver the Owl.