

The Witch's Friendly Owl



Jane MEADOW

The Witch's Friendly Owl

Jane MEADOW



In a cozy cottage at the edge of Whispering Woods lived a young witch named Lila. She had warm brown skin, messy dark purple hair in two short buns, and big amber eyes full of curiosity. Her teal pointed hat had a bent tip, and her dress was covered in star patches. Lila loved to try new spells, even before reading all the words.



Lila's best friend was a wise owl named Oliver. He had soft grey and cream feathers, large round golden eyes, and tiny brass spectacles perched on his beak. Oliver sat on a perch by the window and watched everything with calm patience. He never rushed, and he never missed a detail. Lila often forgot to ask his advice, but he was always there.



One sunny morning, Lila found a new spell in her big book. It was called the Sparkle-Sprout Spell, and it was supposed to make flowers bloom in rainbow colors. 'This will be easy!' she said, grabbing her wooden wand with the star on top. Oliver blinked slowly and tilted his head. 'Maybe read it twice,' he hooted softly. But Lila was already waving her wand.



Lila stood in her little garden and pointed her wand at a empty flowerpot. 'Sparkle-Sprout, bloom and shine!' she shouted. There was a loud POP and a puff of purple smoke. But instead of flowers, the pot grew a tangled mess of vines that wrapped around the fence and wouldn't stop growing. 'Oh no!' cried Lila. 'That's not right at all!'



The vines grew faster and faster, twisting around the gate and the water pump. Lila tried another spell to shrink them, but they only grew bigger. She tried a stopping spell, but the vines just giggled and kept growing. 'This is a problem!' she said, her cheeks turning pink with worry. Oliver watched from the window, his golden eyes wide and round.



Lila stomped her boot. 'I'll just use more magic!' she said, and she waved her wand wildly. But the vines only tangled more, and now they were creeping toward the cottage door. Oliver flew down and landed on the fence post. 'Hoo,' he said gently. 'Maybe more magic isn't the answer.' Lila frowned. 'What else is there?' she asked, but she didn't really listen.



Oliver adjusted his brass spectacles with one wing and looked closely at the vines. He noticed something small and shiny near the roots. 'Lila,' he said, 'look here. The spell book is open on the ground, and the page is turned to the wrong spell.' Lila glanced at it but shook her head. 'No, no, I used the right words. I'm sure of it.' She tried another spell, but nothing changed.



The vines were now as tall as the roof, and they blocked the sunlight from the garden. Lila sat down on the grass and put her chin in her hands. 'I can't fix this,' she said sadly. 'Maybe I'm not a good witch after all.' Oliver hopped closer and sat beside her. 'You are a good witch,' he said. 'But even good witches need help sometimes.'



Lila looked at Oliver. His round golden eyes were kind and calm. 'I tried to tell you before,' he said softly. 'The spell you used was for growing thorny vines, not flowers. It's on the page before the one you wanted.' Lila's amber eyes went wide. 'So I read the wrong page?' she whispered. Oliver nodded. 'It happens. But now you know.'



Lila felt a little silly. She had been so eager to cast the spell that she hadn't listened to Oliver's advice. 'I'm sorry I didn't pay attention,' she said. 'You were right.' Oliver fluffed his grey and cream feathers. 'No need to be sorry,' he said. 'Just try again, and this time, let's read the spell together.' Lila smiled, and the gap in her front teeth showed.



Lila picked up the spell book and turned to the correct page. Oliver read the words along with her, his small curved beak moving silently. 'Okay,' Lila said, taking a deep breath. 'I'll say it slowly and clearly.' She pointed her wand at the tangled vines. 'Vine-Be-Gone, shrink and fade!' she said. The vines shivered and began to pull back into the pot.



In a few moments, the garden was clear again. The vines had disappeared, and the flowerpot was empty and ready. Lila jumped up and down. 'It worked! It worked!' she cheered. Oliver hooted happily. 'You did it,' he said. 'And you listened.' Lila gave him a gentle hug. 'Thank you for being so patient with me,' she said. 'You're the best owl friend ever.'



Then Lila tried the Sparkle-Sprout Spell one more time, carefully following every word. This time, beautiful flowers burst from the pot in every color of the rainbow. They sparkled and shimmered in the sunlight. 'They're perfect!' Lila said. Oliver nodded. 'Good advice deserves attention,' he said. 'And good friends make every problem easier to solve.' Lila agreed with all her heart.



From that day on, Lila always read her spells twice and asked Oliver for advice before trying something new. She learned that being eager is good, but listening is even better. Oliver sat on her shoulder as she worked in the garden, his brass spectacles glinting in the sun. Together, they made the little cottage a place of happy magic and friendship.



The rainbow flowers bloomed all summer long, and Lila never forgot the lesson she learned. Whenever a spell went wrong, she stayed calm and listened to her wise owl. And Oliver was always there, watching closely and offering simple advice. Friendship, they knew, made every problem easier to solve.



So if you ever try something new and it goes wrong, remember Lila and Oliver. Pay attention to the advice of good friends, and don't be afraid to try again. With a little patience and a lot of friendship, even the biggest problems can be solved. And that is the best magic of all.