



Sam and the Magic Stick

Wray Ouderkirk



SAM

A young boy named Sam stands in a sunny park filled with green grass and tall trees. He looks down at a simple, brown wooden stick lying on the ground near his feet.



The stick lies still on the soft grass, surrounded by a few fallen autumn leaves. It is just a plain branch, but Sam looks at it with great curiosity.



Sam reaches down with his small hand and firmly grasps the wooden stick. He picks it up and holds it toward the sky, feeling its weight and texture.



Sam stands in a batting stance, holding the stick like a heavy baseball bat. He taps the end of the stick against the ground three times, preparing for a big hit.



FOREST DISCOVERY

Sam twirls the stick in the air like a shimmering magic wand over a dusty old hat. He imagines sparkles flying from the tip as he fixes the hat with a magical spell.



A Quiet Sketch

Sam sits quietly on a wooden dock by a calm, blue pond. He holds the stick out over the water like a fishing rod, waiting patiently for a little fish to bite.



Sam stands on a small rock and holds the stick up to his mouth like a silver microphone. He opens his mouth wide and pretends to sing a happy song to an audience of squirrels.



Sam gently places the stick down on a patch of soft green moss. A tiny red ladybug with black spots climbs onto the stick, using it as a safe log to rest on.



Sam picks the stick back up and holds it in front of him, looking at its rough bark once more. To anyone else it is just a stick, but to Sam, it is something more.



Sam runs through the meadow with a giant grin, waving his stick in the air. He realizes that his imagination can turn any simple object into a world of endless fun.