



Baby Ooga and the Whisperwing

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Baby Ooga, a round-cheeked little one, sat happily amidst his colorful toys in his sun-drenched nursery. Bright blocks were stacked precariously, a fluffy teddy bear watched from the bed, and a cheerful toy train rested on its track. Baby Ooga's eyes sparkled with innocent wonder, ready for a day of playful adventures.



Suddenly, a tiny, shimmering figure appeared near the window, no bigger than Baby Ooga's thumb. It was a little cloud-like sprite named Clarence, with big, sad eyes and no wings, looking forlorn as he gazed out at the sky. Baby Ooga, curious and gentle, spotted the distressed creature.



Clarence, with a voice as soft as a whisper, explained that he was a Dream Sprite who had lost his ability to fly. He told Baby Ooga that he needed to collect happy dreams and kind thoughts to grow his wings again, but he had forgotten how. His tiny body drooped with sorrow.



Baby Ooga's big, empathetic eyes widened with understanding. He reached out a chubby finger, offering it gently to the tiny sprite. With a determined nod, Baby Ooga decided right then and there that he would help Clarence find his wings.



Baby Ooga closed his eyes, imagining a magical quest right there in his room. He "collected" the tinkling giggles from his wobbly toy giraffe, the soft, comforting hum from his favorite blanket, and the sleepy, contented sighs from his picture book. Each happy sound became a glowing, invisible spark.



As Baby Ooga gathered these precious, invisible treasures, he carefully presented them to Clarence. The little sprite began to glow faintly, absorbing the warmth and happiness from each spark. A soft, golden aura enveloped Clarence, making him shimmer.



The faint glow around Clarence intensified, pulsing gently with every happy thought Baby Ooga offered. Tiny, translucent feathers, like delicate dewdrops, began to sprout along Clarence's back. They shimmered with all the colors of a sunrise.



With a soft, magical pop and a shower of brilliant sparkles, Clarence's wings fully unfurled! They were magnificent, iridescent, and perfectly formed, ready to carry him through the night sky. Clarence fluttered them tentatively, his sad eyes now bright with pure joy.



Clarence danced in the air, light and free, his new wings catching the soft light. He soared in happy circles around Baby Ooga, who clapped his little hands in delight. With a final, grateful wave, Clarence began to drift towards the open window, and Baby Ooga quickly hurried back to his cozy bed, knowing his friend was off to fly.



Baby Ooga was tucked snugly under his covers, almost asleep, when he saw a single, pure white feather drift gently to the floor beside his bed. He heard Clarence's tiny voice whisper, "Thank you, Baby Ooga, I have now got my wings. Goodnight." Baby Ooga whispered back, "Goodnight Clarence," and as he drifted into dreams, he wondered if he would ever see his winged friend again.