

MYA AND THE PARK PALS

A Sweet Adventure Story



Mya and the Magic Pigeon

William Alexander



Three-year-old Mya peeked through the tiny airplane window, her eyes wide with wonder at the world below. The clouds looked like giant piles of fluffy whipped cream waiting to be scooped up as she clutched her snacks. She was on a very long ride across the big blue ocean to a place called Switzerland.



When they finally landed, Mya noticed that the mountains looked like perfect green triangles drawn by someone who really loved shapes. The air smelled fresh and clean, and even the cows in the meadows seemed to moo very politely. Everything felt different and exciting in this new land of chocolate and bells.



Mya and her parents zoomed through the countryside on a bright red train that whooshed through dark tunnels. She pressed her nose against the glass, shouting "WOW!" at every sparkling lake and every house with colorful flower boxes. Even when the view stayed the same, Mya found something new to be amazed by.



One afternoon, they drove up a winding road to visit a special farm filled with hundreds of birds. Mya gasped when she saw the pigeons shimmering in the sunlight with feathers of purple, green, and silver. They strutted around the wooden coops like tiny, feathery kings and queens.



One pigeon stood out from the rest, with a puffed-up chest and a head that tilted curiously to the side. "Hello," Mya whispered softly, and the bird waddled closer as if it were asking her a question. In that moment, Mya knew she had found a very special new friend among all the fluttering wings.



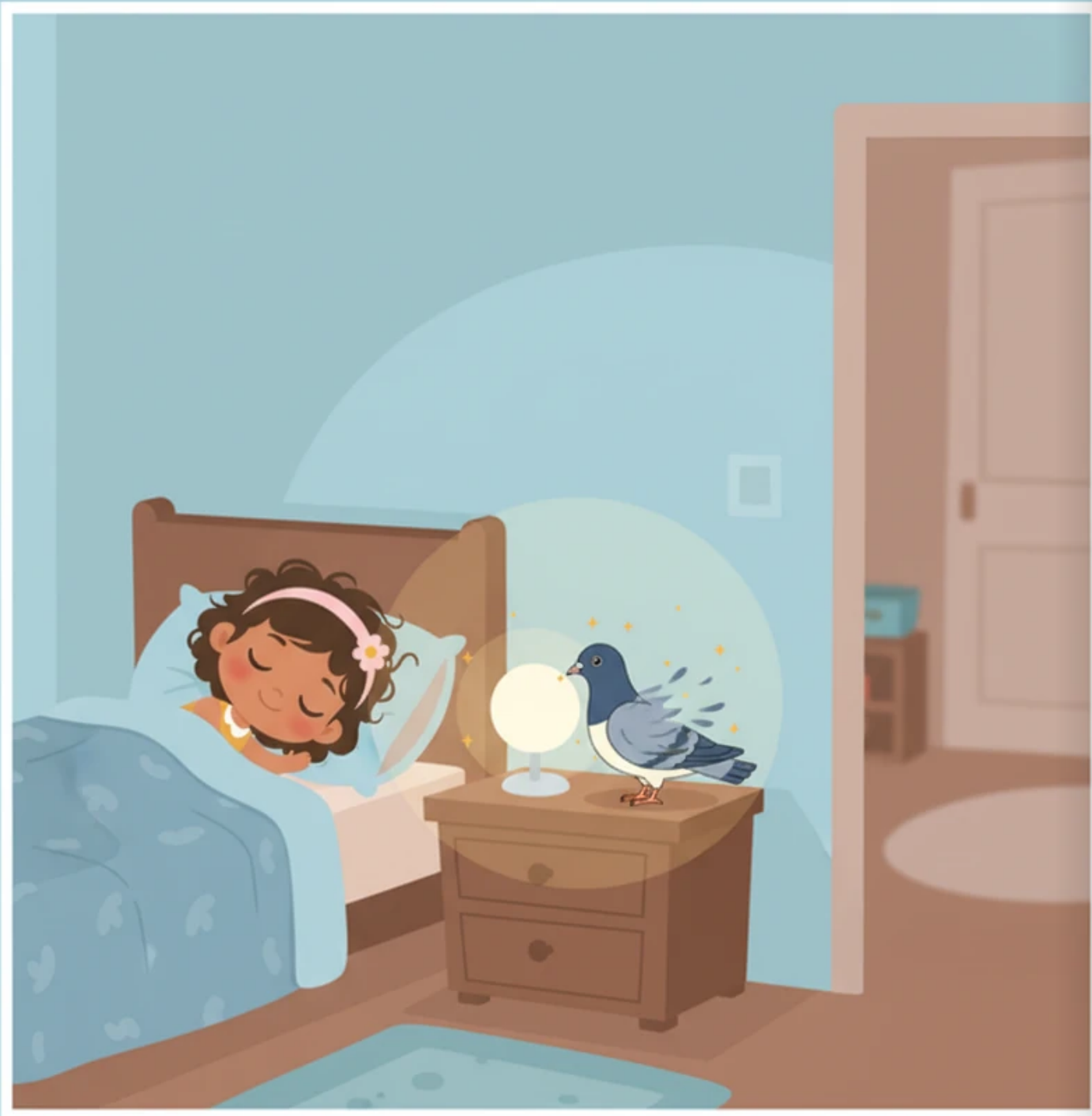
Mya spent the whole day giggling and running through the soft grass as the pigeons followed her everywhere. She felt so loved when they landed nearby, acting as if they had chosen her specifically to be their playmate. When it was time to leave, she promised her new friends she would see them tomorrow.



But tomorrow brought more trains and a very long flight back home to the United States. Back in her own room, Mya talked about her pigeons constantly and missed their soft, bubbly voices. She tried to pretend her teddy bears and Mr. Bun Bun were pigeons, but they didn't have the same curious head tilt.



One sunny afternoon while playing in her backyard, Mya heard a very familiar, soft "coo" coming from the fence. She froze and turned around slowly, her heart beating fast with hope. Sitting right there was a pigeon with a puffed chest and a very familiar, curious look in its eyes.



That night, Mya insisted that her feathered friend stay right beside her bed while she slept. As she drifted off, the pigeon began to shimmer under the soft glow of her nightlight, its feathers turning into soft fabric. In the quiet of the night, a magical transformation was taking place right on her nightstand.



THE END.

When the sun rose, Mya woke up to find a soft, cuddly stuffed pigeon sitting where her friend had been. She hugged the plush toy tightly, knowing that her Swiss friend had found a way to stay with her forever. Even though it didn't coo anymore, Mya could tell it was still listening to every one of her secrets.