

A Journey of LOVE

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A Storybird
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Whenever I begin the
journey home from
Grandma's house, I use
my lantern to light the
way.

As I trek through the
snow, my mouth puffs
gusts of smoke.
Thanks to my
grandma, I'm bundled
up in the warmest
winter gear.



I think of the voyage ahead of me,
crossing day and night to find my way. I
look forward to the sweet scent of my
home and family.





If only I could time
travel across the
universe, anything to get
me closer to you.



Maybe a feathery, friendly owl will swoop down and offer to fly me home-- just to make the journey a little faster.



Or maybe a wide, mama grizzly bear will let me climb on her back and usher me home to my momma, as if I'm one of her cubs for the night.

I would travel a
hundred days and
nights, just to find my
way back to you. Rain,
storm, sun or snow-- I
will find my way.





I will face any monster who tries to come between me and my family. I use my lantern to guide me through every dark, lurking shadow.



Floating downstream, I imagine every swish and bump to be you rocking and hugging me in your lap. I finally feel safe again.



Walking through my village I see the bright red door to my neighbor Abby's house - I know for sure that I have found my way. I inch closer and closer to our home.



Lifting my lantern, I spot the shiny lock on our gate. I smell my mom's stew and fresh bread oozing from atop it. My journey is over as I unlock the gate. I am home-- "where's my mom?"

