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of the Land of Whimsey

Angel, Thriving Creator of Artful Things
A Book for Creative, Artful, Thriving Children

By

Gary “Chris” Christopherson





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Aspiring artist and author Chris
with aspiring artists
Angel and Sara



Dedication

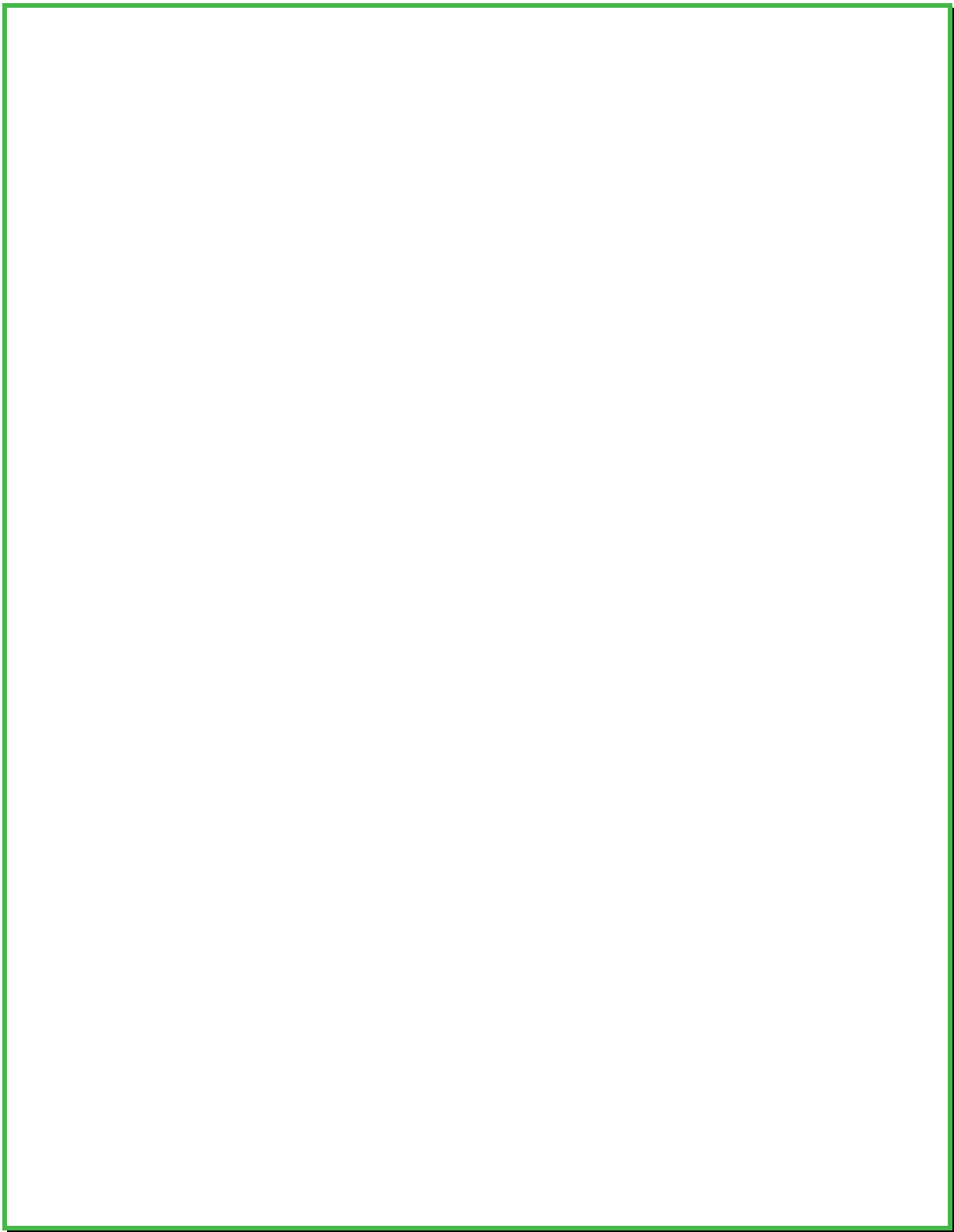
To all the world's children who move through life with bright eyes, excited voices, darting movement, and blazing creativity and who still raise the question "why". May they give us inspiration. May they thrive! May they help us all thrive!

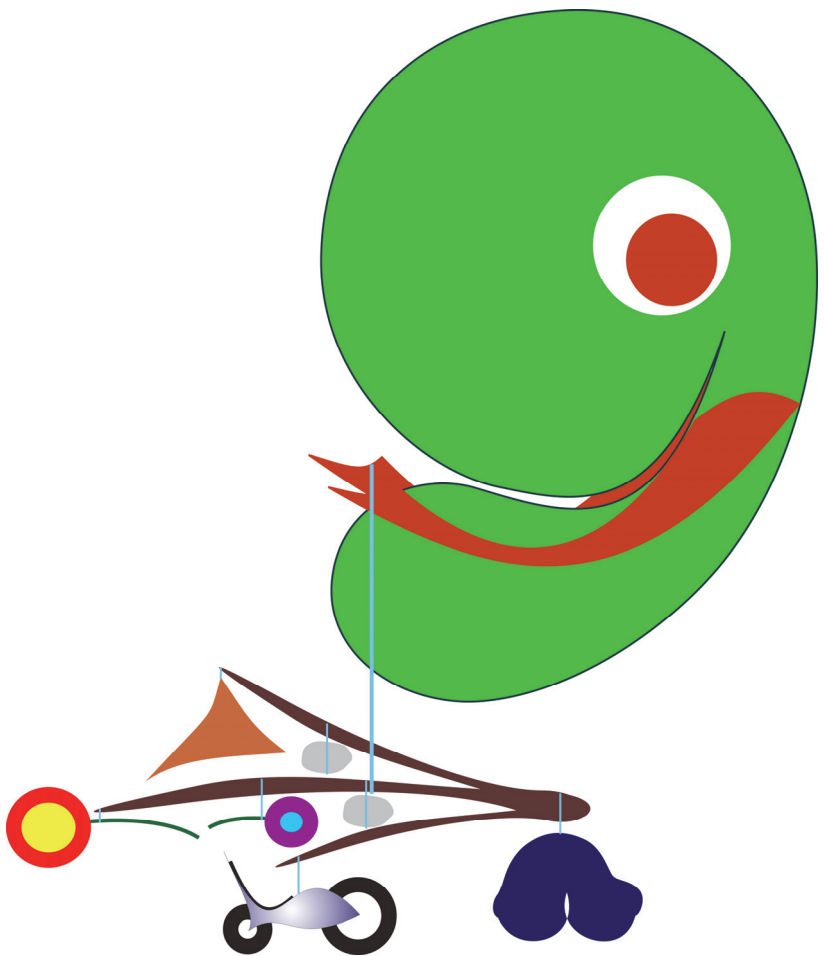
To grandnieces and grandnephews Jason, Kallie, Jack and Bailey who challenge us, share their love of life, and provide a child's inspiration.

Acknowledgment

My deep appreciation to Robin Earnest for encouragement to write Angel as well as thoughtful editing. Special thanks to Sara, daughter of Robin and Ron, who hopefully remains an inspiring and aspiring artist.

My special appreciation to my dear friend and supporter, Patricia Haeuser.

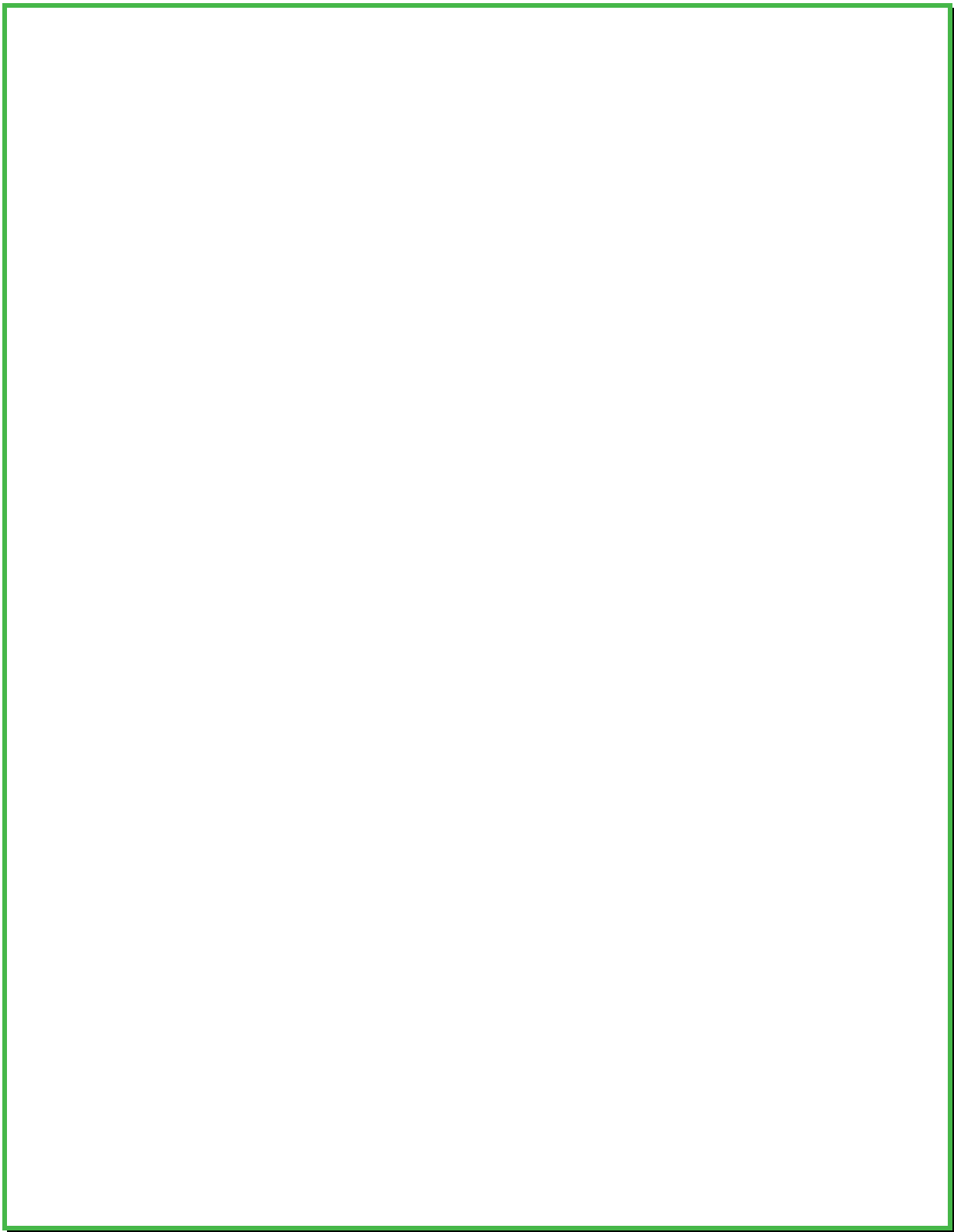




Meet my friend Angel, the most creative, artful and thriving Whimsey ever. Whimseys are wild and whimsical, brightly colored, and from an amazing land far, far, away.

This is the story of how Angel becomes a thriving creator. Angel is powerful by being whimsical and creative. Angel becomes even more powerful by joining others to create thriving, artful things.

This is a heroic story. Whimseys face their greatest enemy, Dark Cloud - a very evil, powerful cloud. Can Whimseys survive? Even more, can they thrive?

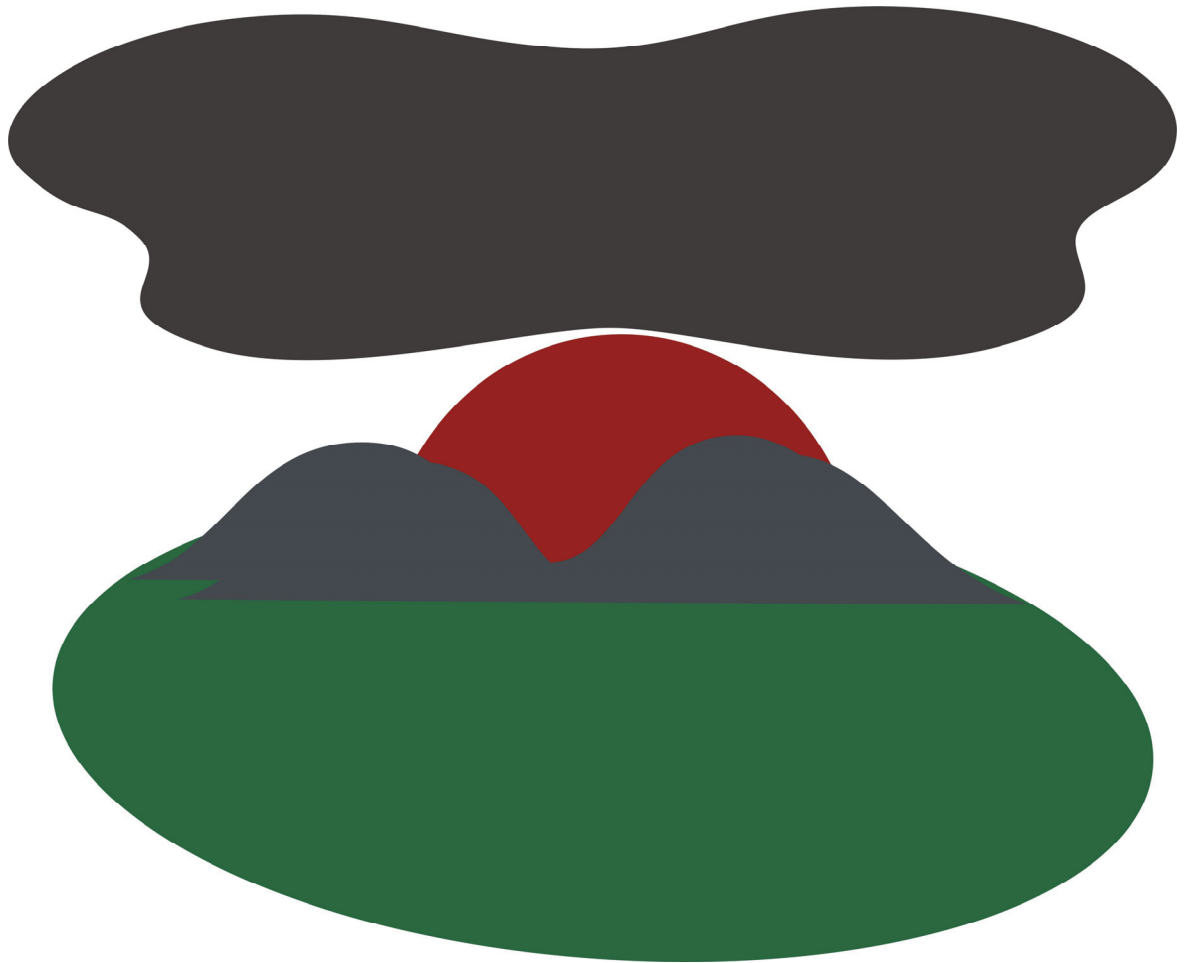


This story begins in mountains west of the Land of Whimsey.

Sun is rising. Red sky warns. Darkness is coming.

Whimseys face great danger. They may not survive.

We have but one day.



Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Must move quickly.

Sky changes. Now filled with shining sun and puffy clouds.



There it is! The Land of Whimsey.

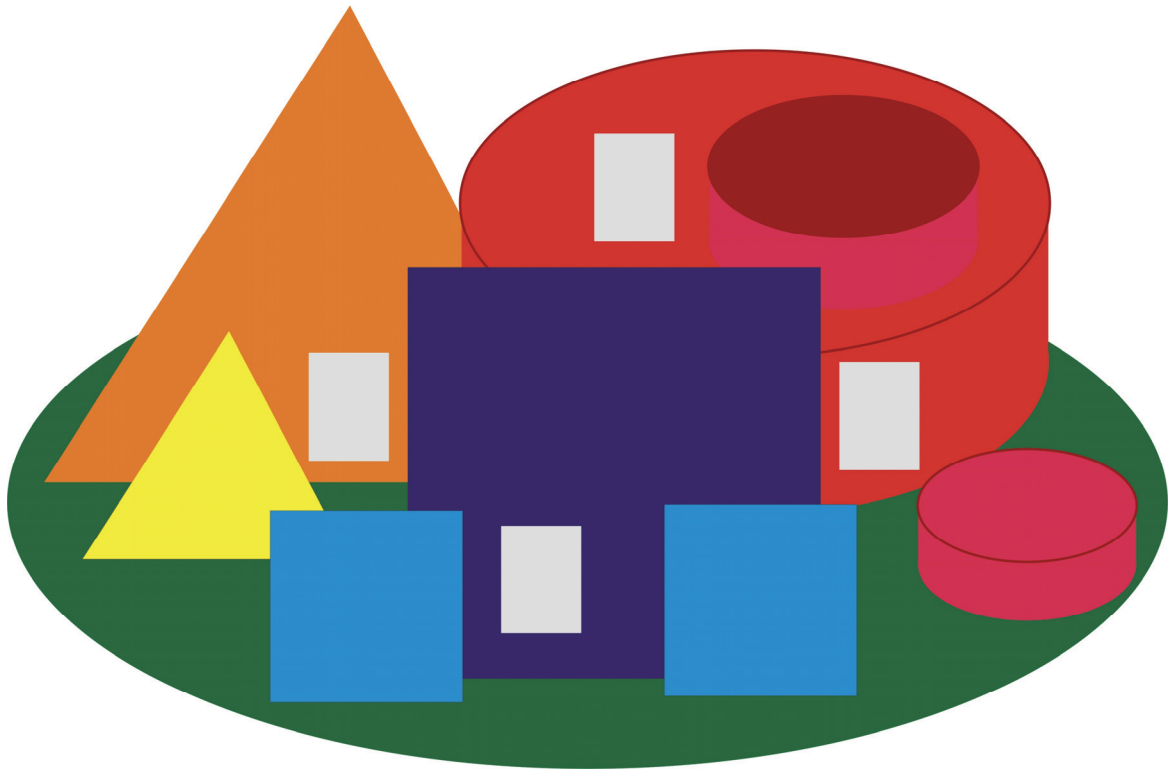
Far below, I see homes built of circles, squares and triangles.

They shine with every bright color. Some stand firmly on ground.
Others hang from great trees of Whimsey.

Whimsey homes are amazing – made from simple colorful things
and carefully balanced. Very creative!

Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Too little time.

Urgently I search for the most creative home.



Found it!

The lower part stands firmly on ground. It's a "stabile".

It's strong, but not enough to withstand Dark Cloud's terrible wind.

Tomorrow it must be stronger if Whimseys are to survive.



The upper part hangs from a great tree of Whimsey. It's a "mobile".

It's carefully balanced. Moves with wind. Flexible enough to withstand strong winds.

But tomorrow, it will face terrifying winds.



Together, the “mobile” and “stable” form a strong, carefully balanced home. Truly creative! Truly amazing!

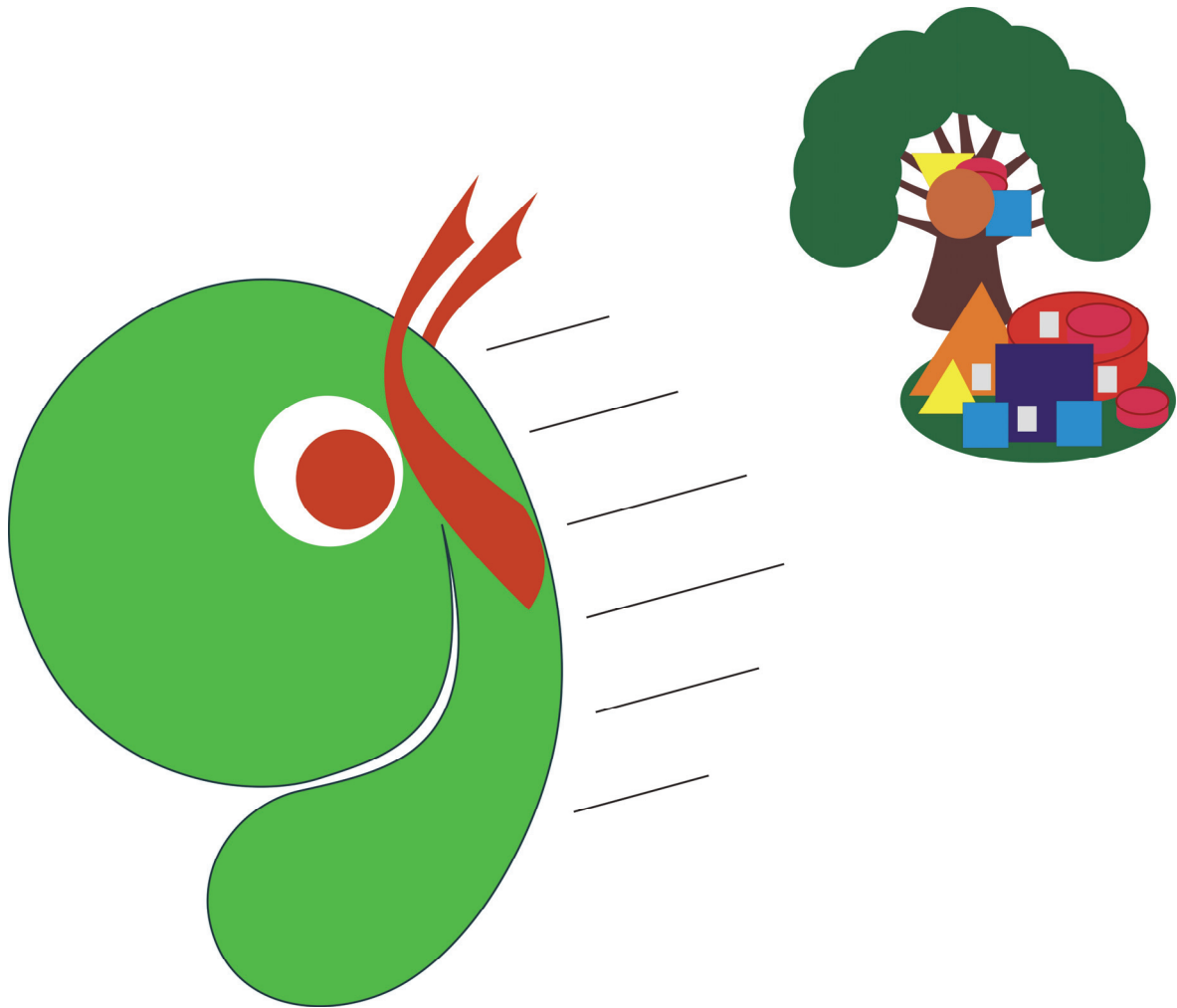
Sadly, it’s not strong enough.

What's that??

I hear screaming.

Whoooosh! A green streak!

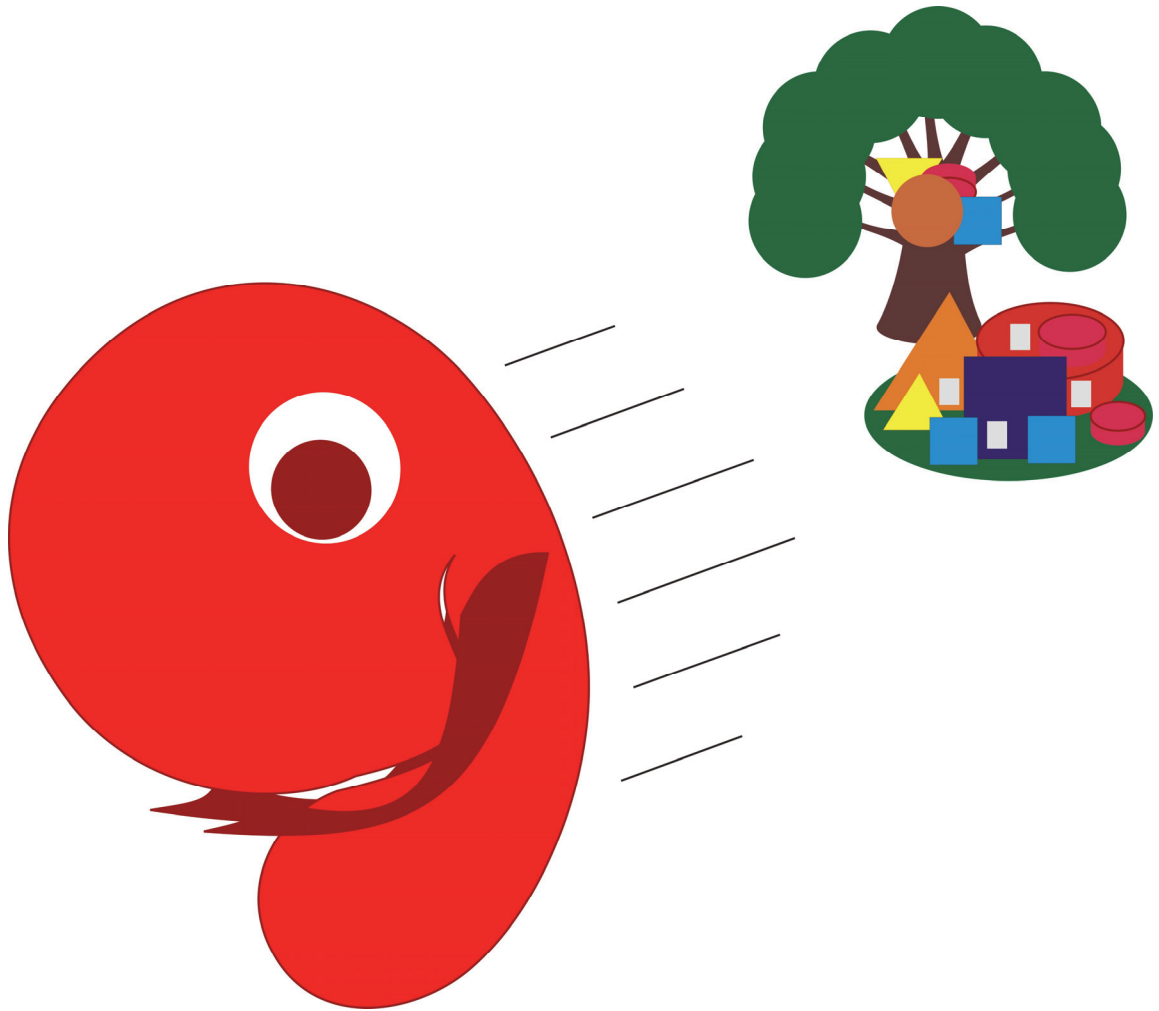
Whoooosh! A green streak back the other way!



Flying with hummingbird speed is a young, bright green Whimsey.

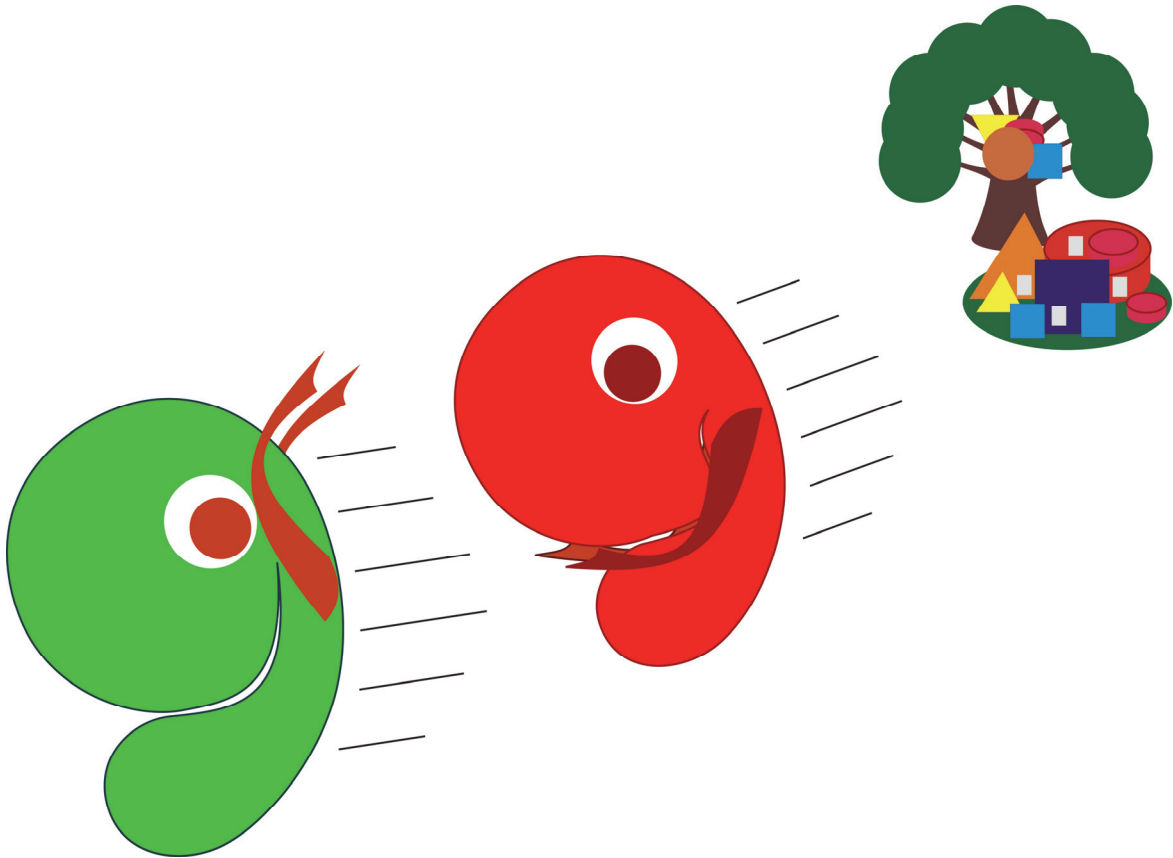
A red flash! A loud buzzing sound.

A red flash back the other way! Again that buzzing.



Another young Whimsey chases. Bright red in color. High speed.

This one looks very mischievous.

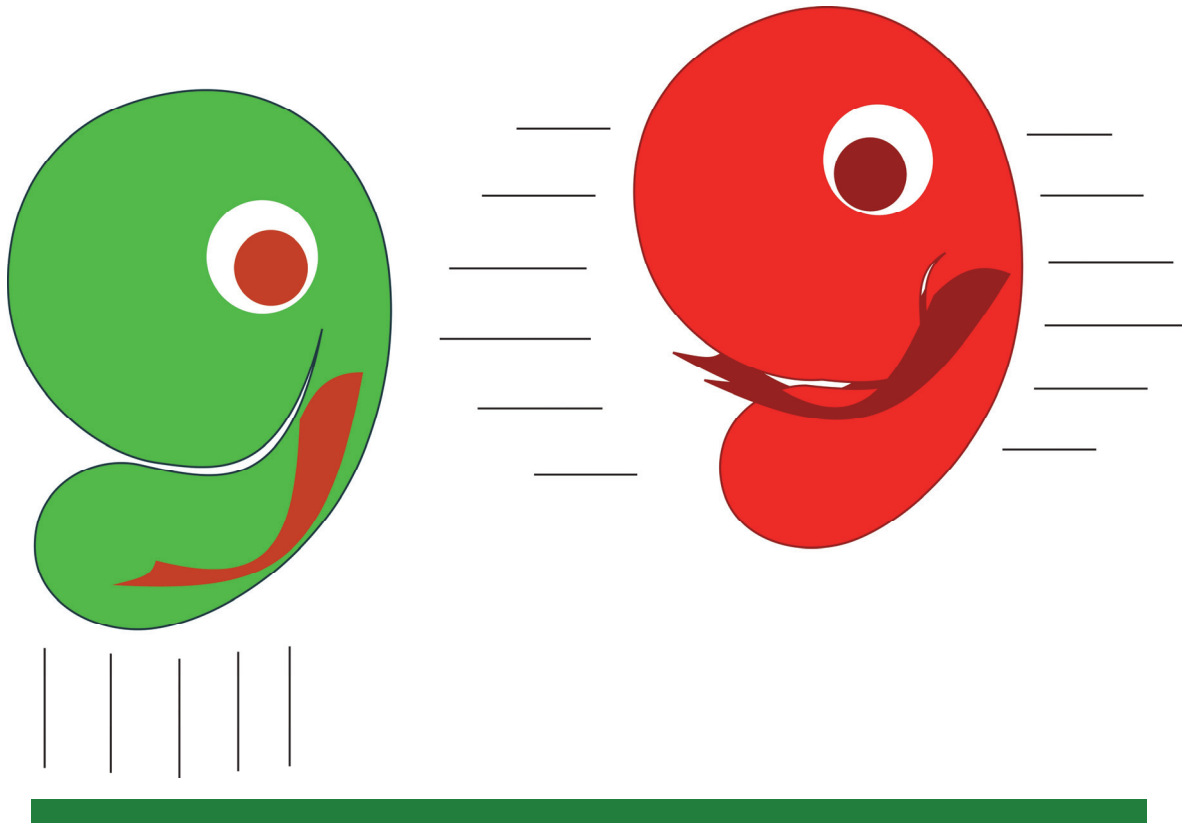


Now I get it. No fear. Just screams of delight.

They play a very, very fast game of chase.

Green Whimsey has no fear of getting caught.

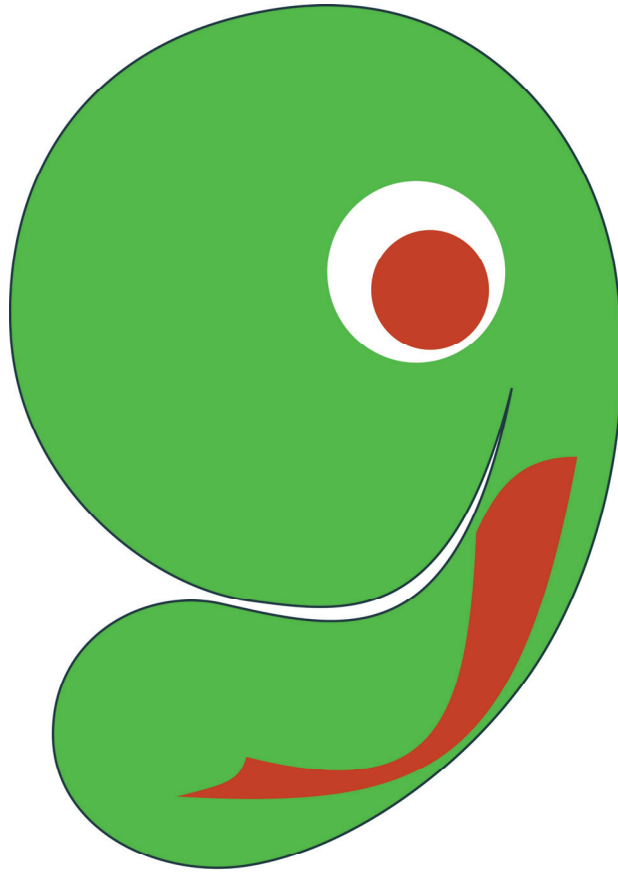
Flies artfully. Changes direction with ease. Very, very fast. Like a high-speed hummingbird.



Suddenly, green Whimsey stops. Bounces excitedly in the air.
Stares at me.

A second later, red Whimsey appears. Buzzes back and forth non-
stop around me. Like a buzzing bumble bee.

They stare at me with great curiosity.





Green Whimsey says cheerfully, "I'm Angel."

"This is my sib Wily. We're family Whimsical."

"You're strange! Who are you? What are you?"

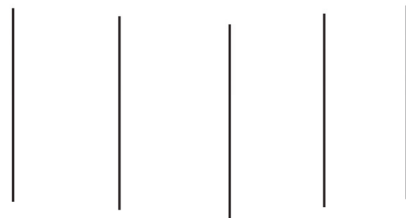
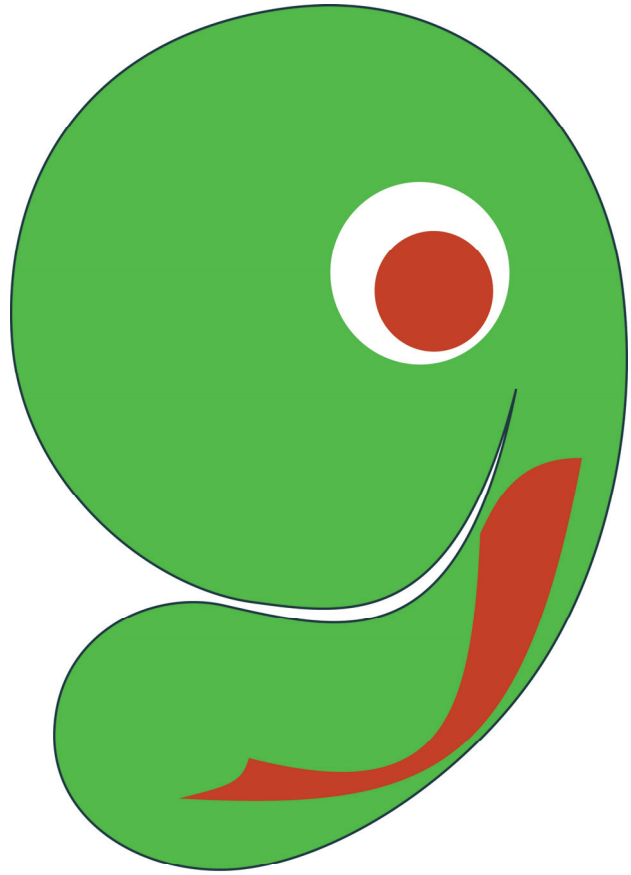
"I'm Chris," I tell them. "I'm"



Suddenly, Wily darts over and blurts, “Yah, what are you?”

“You’re not Whimsey. That’s for sure. You have legs and fingers. You don’t fly like us. You ‘walk’.”

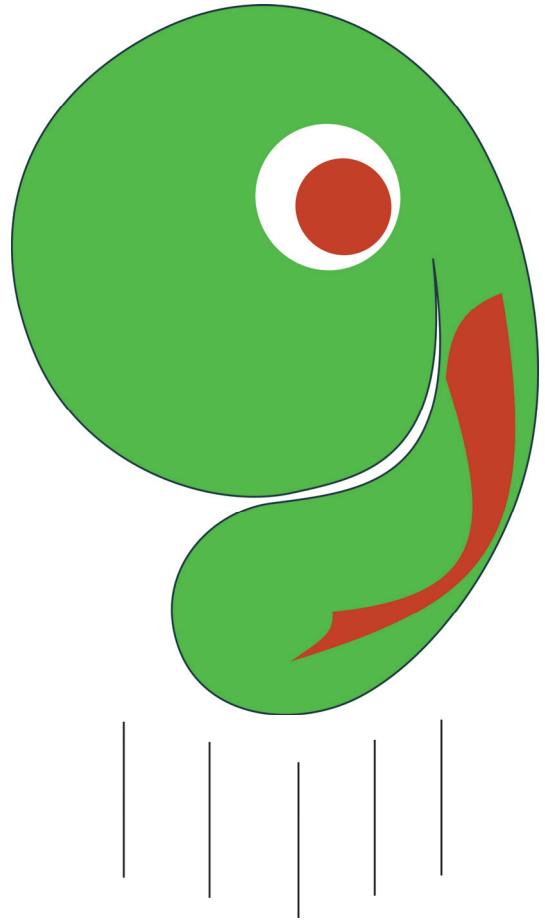
“You really are very strange.”



Wanting to be their friend, I reply, “Strange? Hmmm.”

“You’re right. I’m very different. Not a Whimsey. Some call me human.”

“I help others ‘thrive’. I’m also a ‘creator of artful things’.”



“I get the ‘help others’ thing,” says Angel.

“But what is a ‘creator of artful things’?”

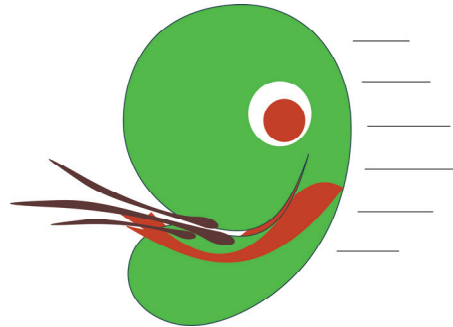
I think to myself, “We don’t have time, but I want to help. I need their trust.”

I say to them, “Time is short. Let me show you quickly.”

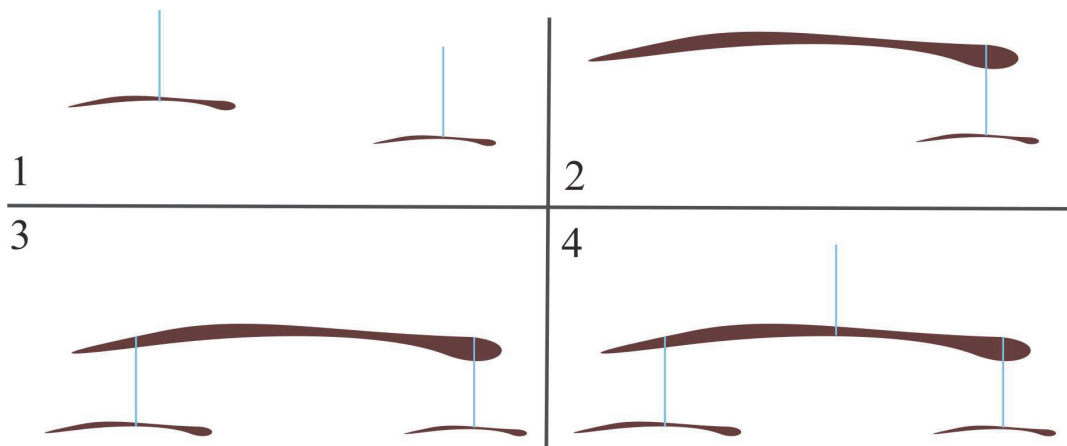
As fast as I can, I show them how to create a mobile using sticks and clear fishing line.

Creating a Mobile, an Artful Thing

Angel gets three curved sticks fallen from a nearby great tree.



From my pocket, I take out clear and strong fishing line.



“First, tie a piece of line to a point near the middle of each small stick. Slide the line until it balances. Since you do not have fingers, use your mind and arms.”

“Second, hang one small stick from one end of the big stick.”

“Next, hang the other small stick at the other end.”

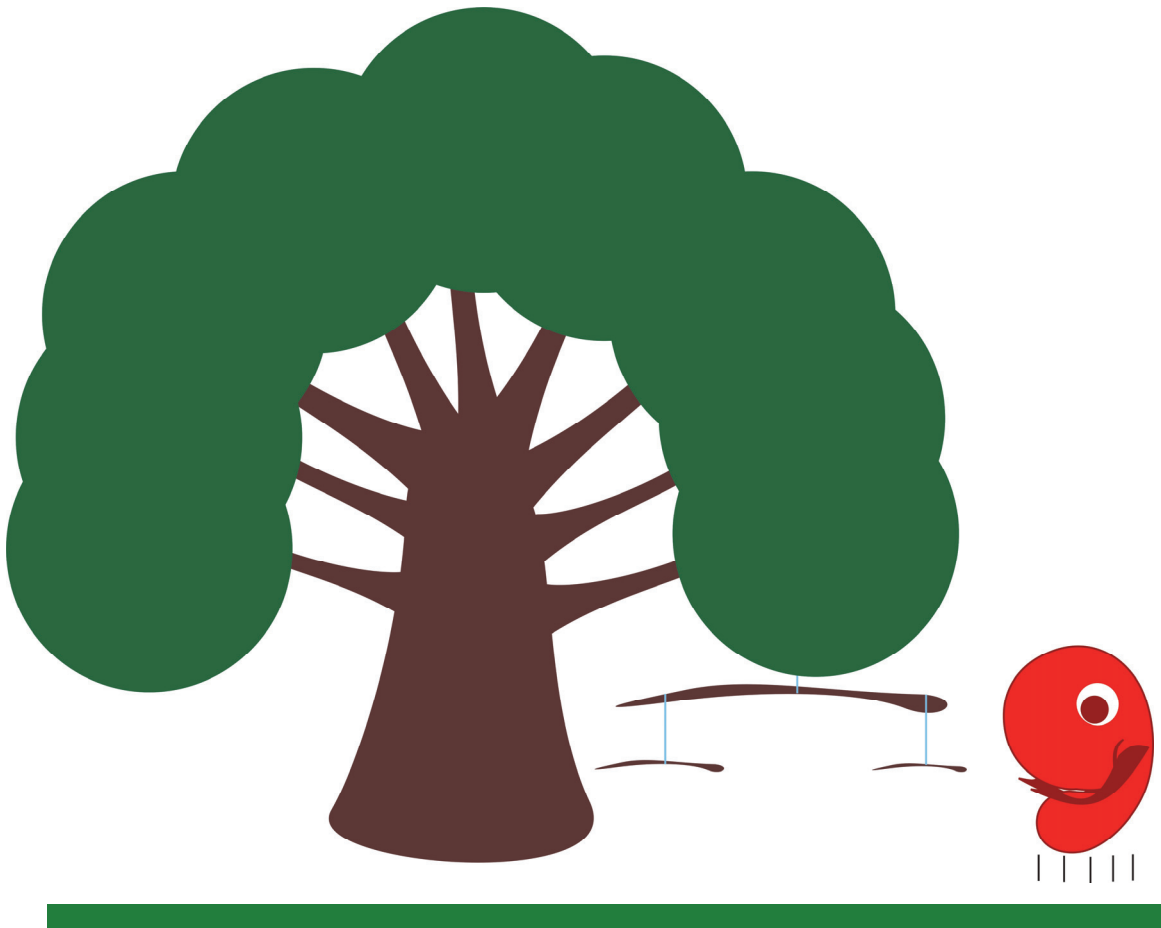
“Finally, tie a third piece of line to the big stick. Slide the line until it balances.”

“Last step is to hang it from a low tree branch.”

“Let me hang it,” blurts Wily. Wily snatches it, buzzes to a low tree branch, and hangs the artful thing.

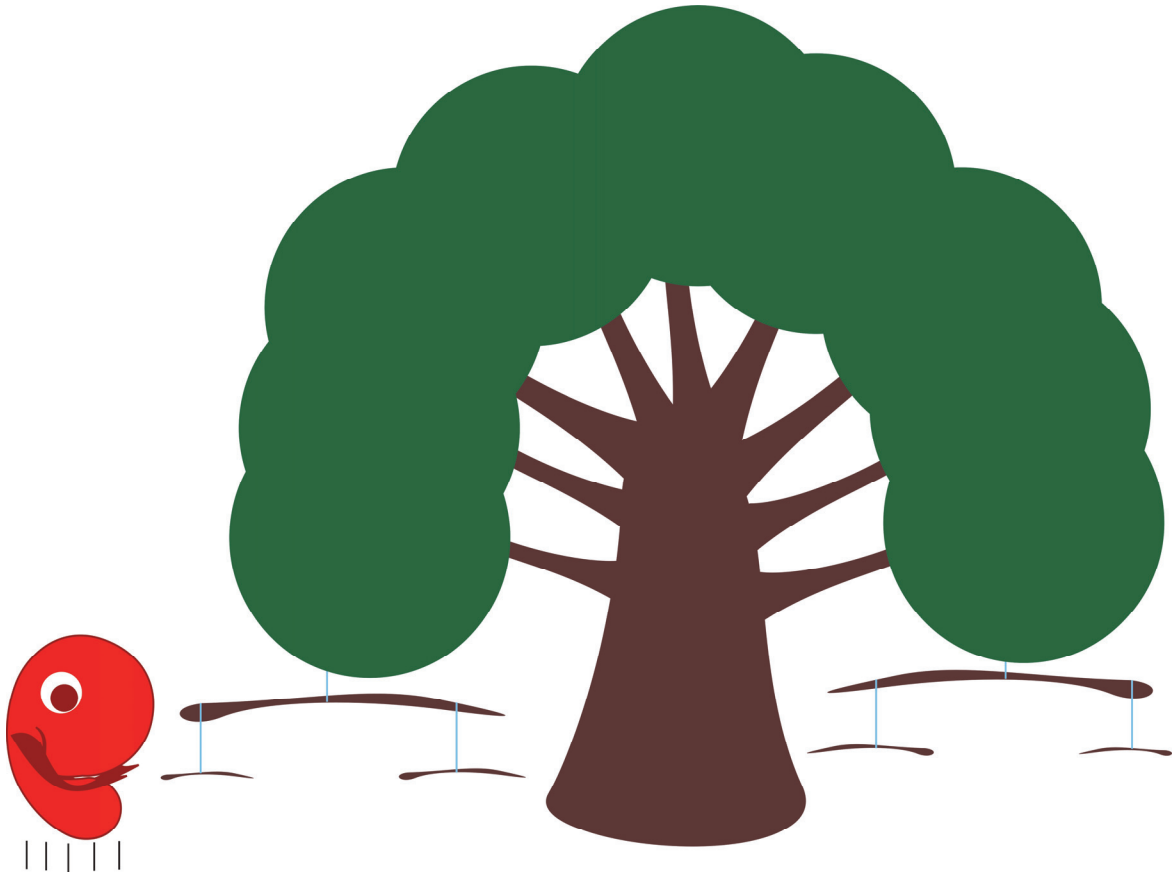
I explain, “This artful thing is a ‘mobile’. It hangs in air, is carefully balanced, and moves with wind or gentle touch.”

“Just like the part of your home that hangs in the great tree.”



“Can we do our own?” pleads Angel. “Pllleeeaaaasssssseeeeeeee!”

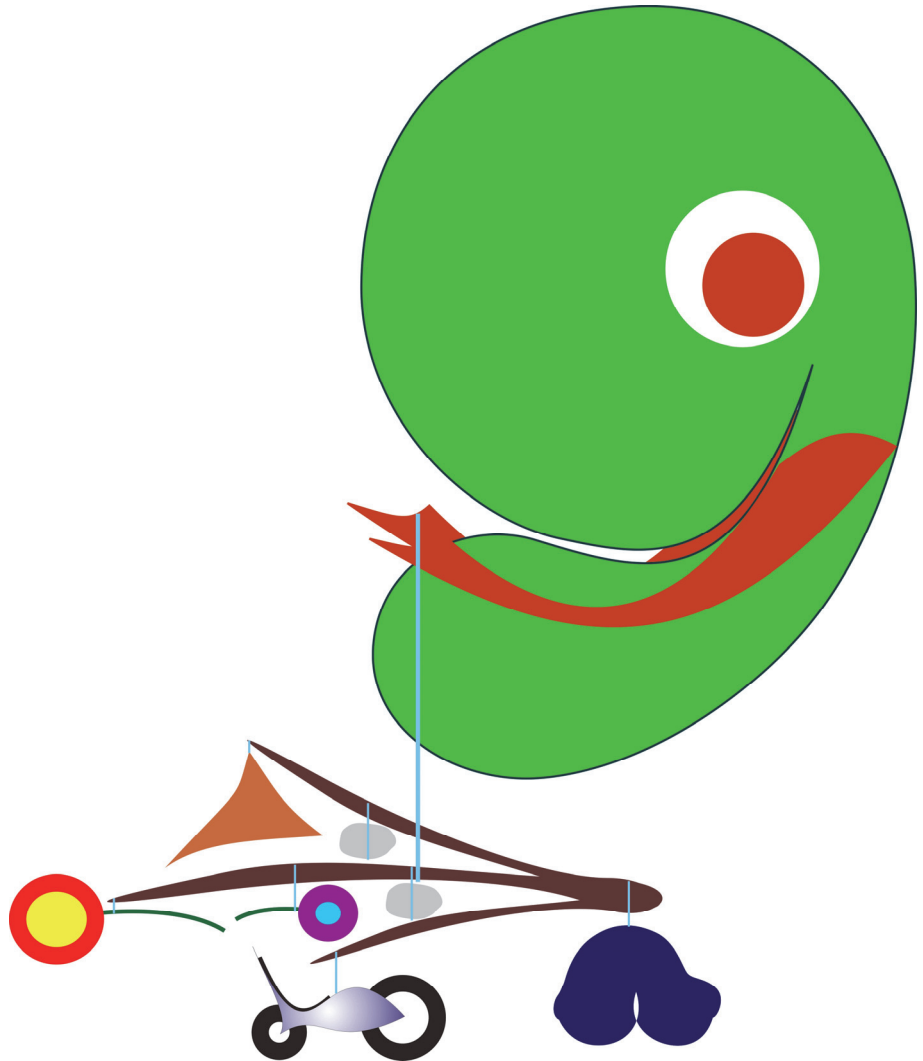
“Yes, but quickly,” I reply. “Get sticks and what you want to hang.”



In a flash, Wily creates a second mobile. Looks just like mine.

Wily is very proud.

“Nice job!” I applaud.



Angel gets super creative and finds a large stick, brightly colored rocks, flowers, a metal piece, and small toys.

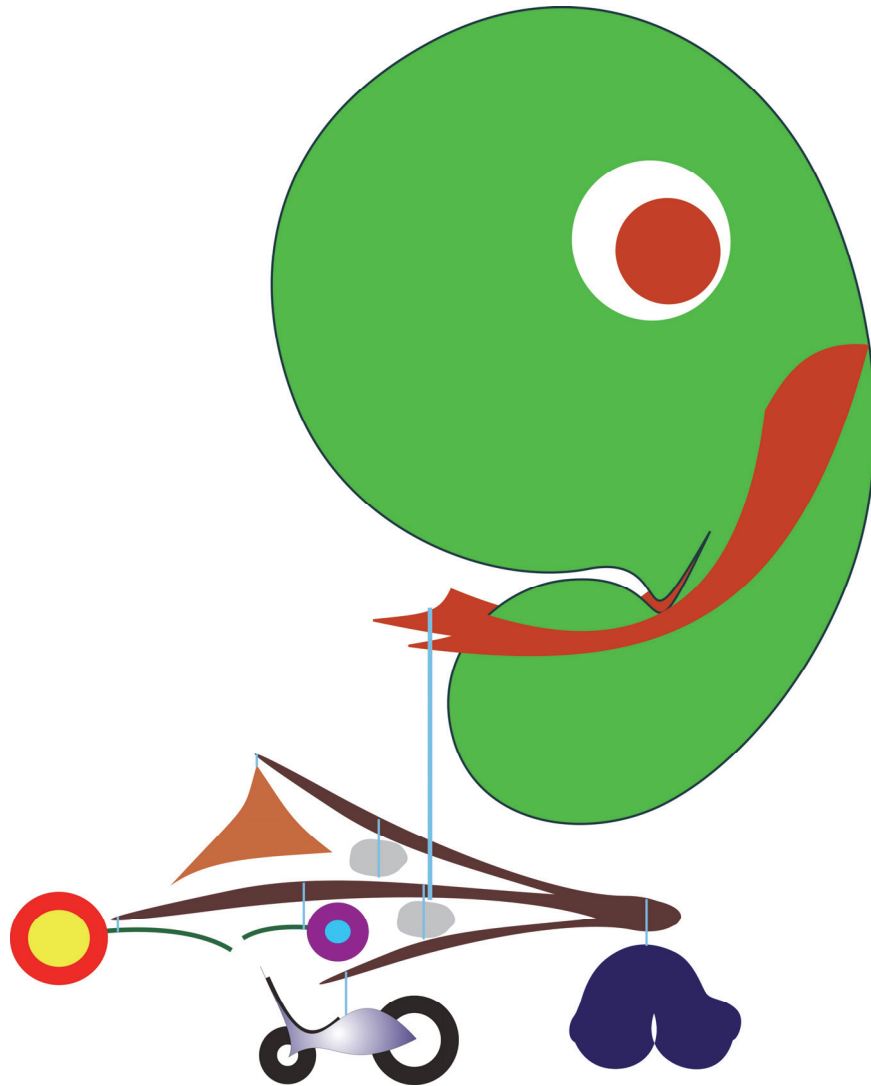
The found things are hung from the stick's three branches.

Carefully and beautifully balanced.

The mobile is very creative with different shapes and colors. Pieces that touch make a wonderful sound.

“Did I do wrong?” asks a worried Angel. “Should I have made exactly what you made?”

“No,” I reassure. “You went way beyond my simple lesson. Yours is amazingly creative and artful! It thrives!”



Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Must go. Must go. Running out of time.

Speedily, we go to the Whimsical family home.

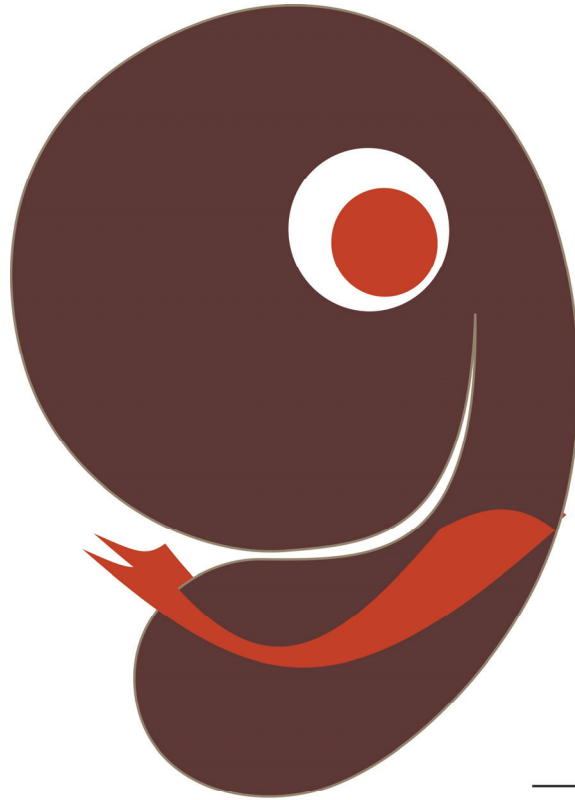


Very excited, Angel introduces me to their parents.

“This is Chris! He helps others and creates artful things.”

“He showed us how to create mobiles. See them hanging on the great tree!”

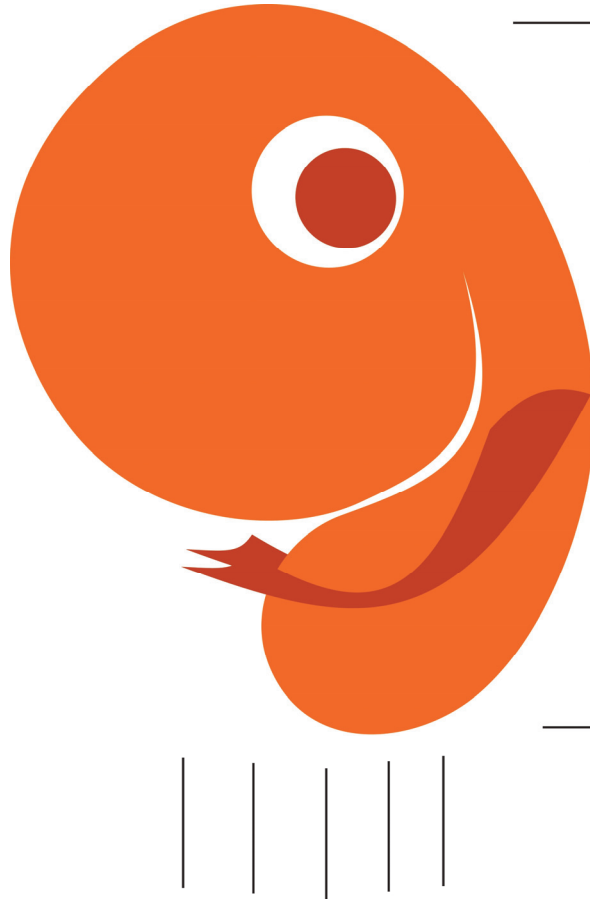
“He thinks we’re awfully cool. He thinks we thrive!”



With big smile and outstretched arms, Angel's father, a brown Whimsey, dashes forward, "Hello stranger! And I do mean stranger! My name is I.M. Whimsical."

"Our home is most creative in all of Whimsey. Angel gave us most creative ideas."

"Big thanks for giving Angel and Wily a thrilling, inspiring morning. Trust me. They aren't easily impressed, even by someone as 'unusual' as you."



Their mother, a bright orange Whimsey and village leader, floats forward gracefully and hovers nervously.

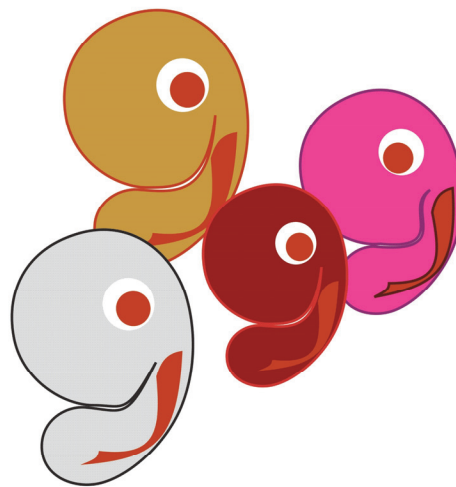
“Now, I.M., be nice.”

“Welcome Chris, I’m Bee Whimsical.”

“Given whom you are and your very worried look, I suspect you are here about Dark Cloud’s promised return. How soon?”

“Tomorrow morning,” I urgently reply. “Let’s go immediately and talk to the villagers.”

In the village, an amazing sight! Whimseys of every color are floating. Truly fantastic!





I give them bad news, “Dark Cloud returns at sunrise. As before, he will block sun and blow away your homes.”

“Without sunlight, your colors will fade away.”

Nervous silver Whimsey glides and cries, “Dark Cloud did this long ago. We could not stop him. Can we stop him now?”

I reassure them, “You can stop Dark Cloud. But you must join your creative powers. You can survive. You can do even better.”



“I can help. But I’ve taken a vow not to be your champion. Your champion must be a Whimsey.”

“But who should be our champion?” they ask anxiously.

“It should be Angel, your most powerful and creative Whimsey,” I tell them. “Together, Angel and you can save your Land.”

“But how to stop Dark Cloud?” asks perplexed purple Whimsey.

“Create powerful, artful things!” I challenge. “Following Angel’s lead and with my help, you’ll become thriving, powerful creators.”



“You are stronger than when Dark Cloud was here.”

“Many homes now sit firmly on ground as ‘stables’. They can better withstand Dark Cloud’s strong winds.”

“Many homes hang from trees as ‘mobiles’. They can better move with and absorb Dark Cloud’s powerful winds.”

“But, alone they won’t survive and can’t stop evil Dark Cloud.”

“The good news?”

“Angel’s great creativity combined with yours can create mobiles and stables so powerful as to stop Dark Cloud.”



Tick-tock. Tick-tock. We must hurry!

Few sunlight hours remain. Dawn is only hours away.

Darkness is near. Evil Dark Cloud is coming.

In the last hours of daylight and through the night, Whimseys practice creating the most artful and powerful mobiles and stables ever.



Sunrise. The sky darkens.

Lightning flashes! Thunder rolls!

Dark danger moves closer and closer.

Suddenly, a black, evil-looking cloud rises over the mountains.

Dark Cloud is here!

He blocks sunlight. His powerful winds begin to blow.



Dark Cloud shouts down, "I'm back!! You're in deep trouble!"

"I've come to blow down your homes."

"I'll shadow you from the sun. Your colors will fade away unless you bow down to me."



“Never!” Shout back Whimseys, as they rise to challenge.

“You can’t win,” roars Dark Cloud. “Who will stop me? By his vow it can’t be Chris.”

Together Whimseys shout boldly, “Angel! All of us!”

Angel rises to Dark Cloud and glares at him. Then Angel smiles and shouts, “This is not your day. We thrive!”

“Get ready to be amazed. To meet whimsical creators. To be stopped cold. To leave forever.”



Wily rises beside Angel and whispers, “Let me help. My mischievous creativity will keep Dark Cloud off balance.”

Angel nods yes. Descending, Angel has a mischievous smile.

Wily shouts, “Hey, big black cloud! I’m coming at you!”

Wily hurls wildly spinning mobiles. They create winds that change some of Dark Cloud into harmless, puffy clouds.

Wily forces Dark Cloud to move high where he can do less harm.



While Wily distracts Dark Cloud, Angel rejoins the Whimseys.

At lightning speed and together, they create ever more powerful mobiles and stabiles.

Stronger stabiles protect their homes against Dark Cloud's terrible winds.

Stronger mobiles protect their homes. They create whirling winds powerful enough to turn Dark Cloud into harmless, puffy clouds.

Wily runs out of helpful mischief.



Immediately, Dark Cloud turns to attack the Whimseys.

He's angry. His look is pure evil.



Then, just as he begins his powerful attack, he hesitates.

A puzzled look.

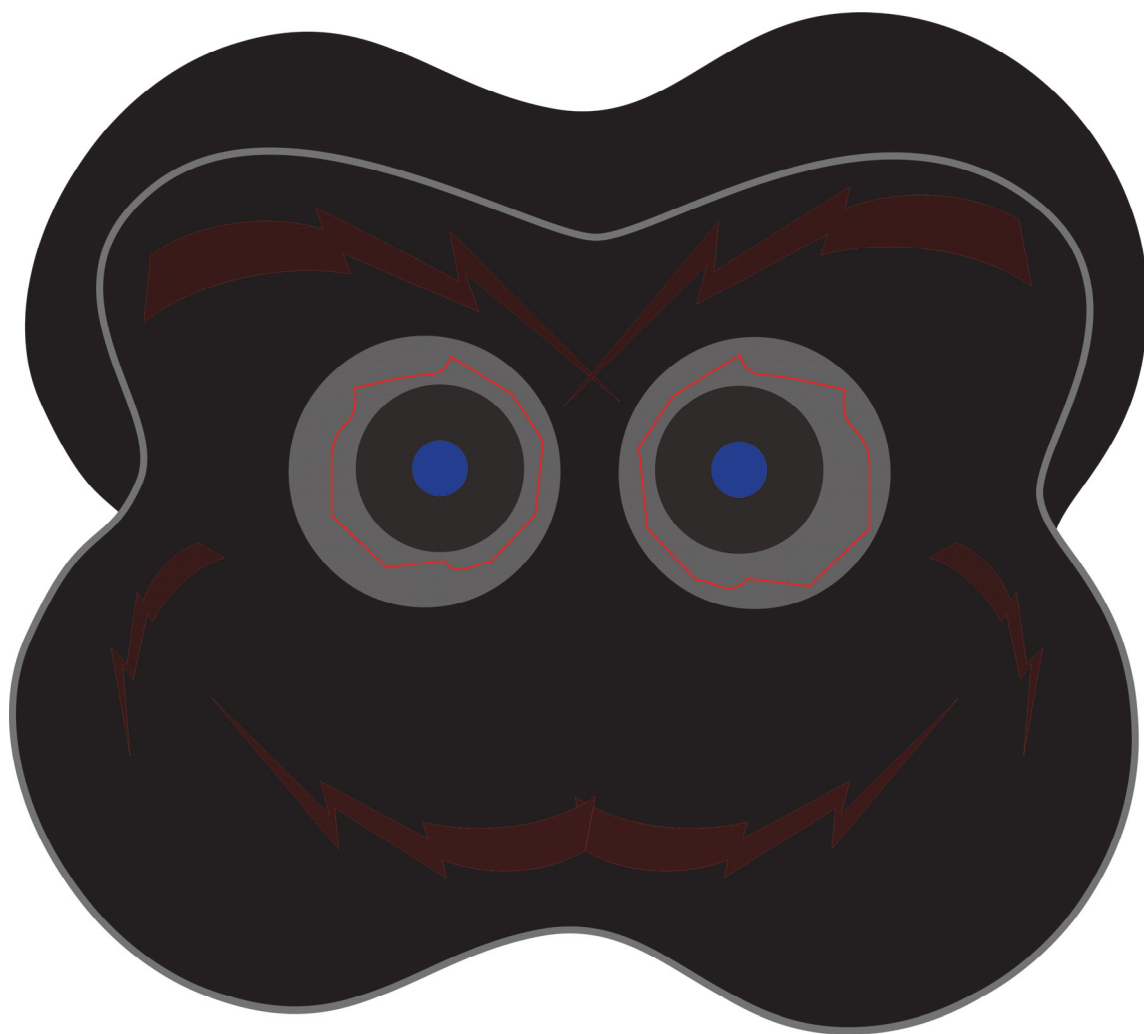
Something's different. He sees many artful, very powerful things he hadn't seen before.

But that's not all.

He's amazed by the beauty of brightly colored Whimseys and their whimsical mobiles and stables.



Might that even be a slight smile??



Dark Cloud shouts to Angel, "I'm amazed!"

"Whimseys' creative power is far more than I imagined."

"Your whimsical nature and creativity made powerful, artful things I've never seen."

"I must admit. Angel's right. You do thrive!"

“I’m not sure I can destroy them.”

He pauses. Then, wisely and kindly, he chooses the better path.

“Contrary to my evilness, I don’t want to destroy them.”

“I’ll stop threatening your homes and blocking your sun.”

“You earned the right to be colorful and diverse with your amazing creations. I leave for less creative, less powerful lands.”



Using a powerful gust of wind, Dark Cloud disappears.

Careful balance is restored between sun and clouds, providing shade and rain when needed.





Whimseys cheer. They lift Angel and me high in the air.

“Angel,” I shout. “You’re truly a thriving ‘creator of artful things’. You do thrive!”

Wily blurts, “Hey! You gotta love my creative mischief!”

I shout back, “Wily, I loved it. But only in balance with Angel’s positive creativity and only against evil like Dark Cloud’s.”



“Chris”, says Angel. “I would have never been this creative without you.”

I shake my head, “No, you were already on the right path.”

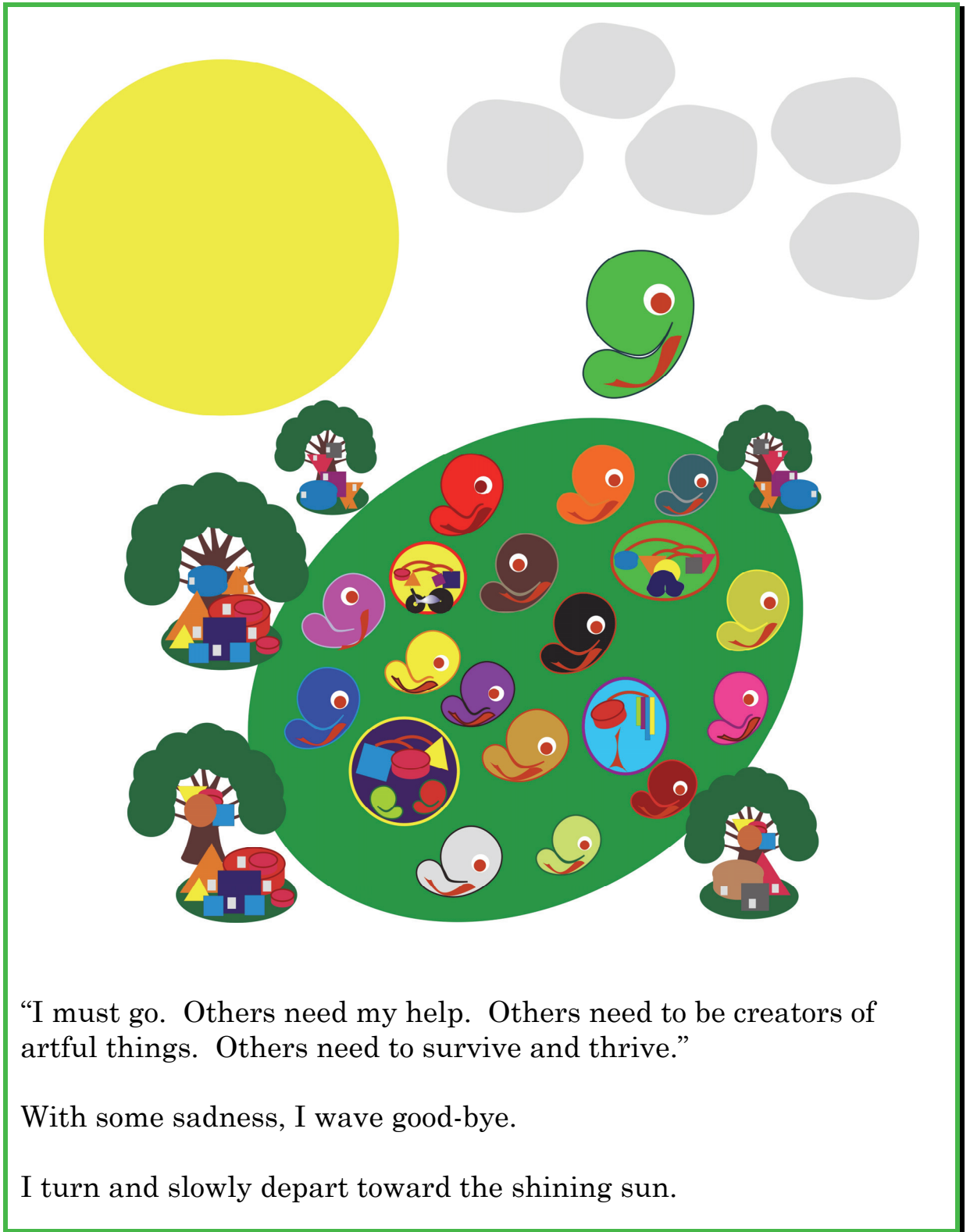
“You were already very creative. I just did a bit of encouraging and shepherding.”



Turning to all the Whimseys, “You survived by working together and using your creativity. But you went further. Today you learned how to thrive.”

“In the days ahead, you will create ever more beautiful, whimsical and powerful artful things.”

“You thrive!”



“I must go. Others need my help. Others need to be creators of artful things. Others need to survive and thrive.”

With some sadness, I wave good-bye.

I turn and slowly depart toward the shining sun.

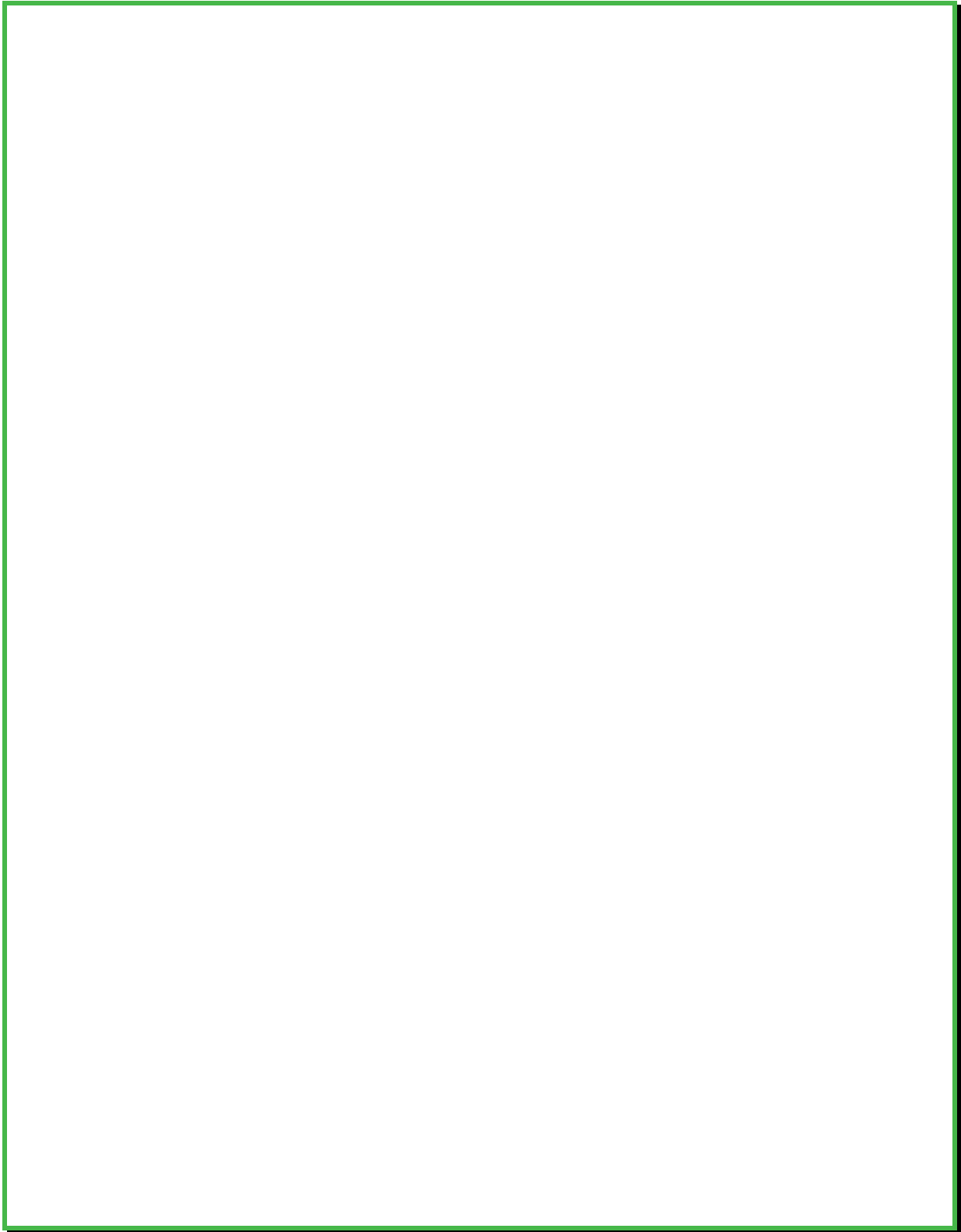
But I glance back.

I hear wild and whimsical music.

I see Whimseys get wild and whimsical.



And oh yes, they do thrive!!





About the Author

Gary “Chris” Christopherson has written two other books. One is a science-fiction novel entitled **black box**. One is a “manual for positive change” entitled **Thrive! - Building A Thriving Future**. He is a sculptor who created over 150 sculptures under the signature “GChris”. [www.GChris.com]. He created positive change as a Senior Executive at the Federal and local levels. He is currently working to create and sustain positive change and build a better, thriving future. [www.ThrivingFuture.org]

