

**THE LITTLE
LOST ANGEL**



BY

SHARON SHANE



**THE LITTLE
LOST ANGEL**

BY

SHARON SHANE

www.sharonshane.com

Copyright 1990 Sharon Shane

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by an information storage or retrieval system without written permission from the author.

E-book edition published October 2011
ISBN #978-0-9676-9686-7

Typesetting: Sharon Shane
Digital Artwork: Cartoon figures from free clipart by Elizabeth J. Aragon at
www.sweetclipart.com modified by Sharon Shane
Angel cartoon figures rendered by Sharon Shane

Euphoria awoke to find she was deep in the middle of a forest. She was curled up under a tall tree, and her head was resting on a pillow of soft green moss. As she sat up to look around, she rubbed her eyes. She couldn't remember how she got here or who she was.



“Where am I?” she said aloud to no one in particular.

“Don’t you know?” said a voice that seemed to come out of nowhere.

“Who said that?” Euphoria asked, as she jumped to her feet.



“Who-oo, who-oo!” the voice echoed back.

“Where are you?” she asked getting quite annoyed by all this.

“I’m home,” the voice said.

“Where’s home?” she asked again.

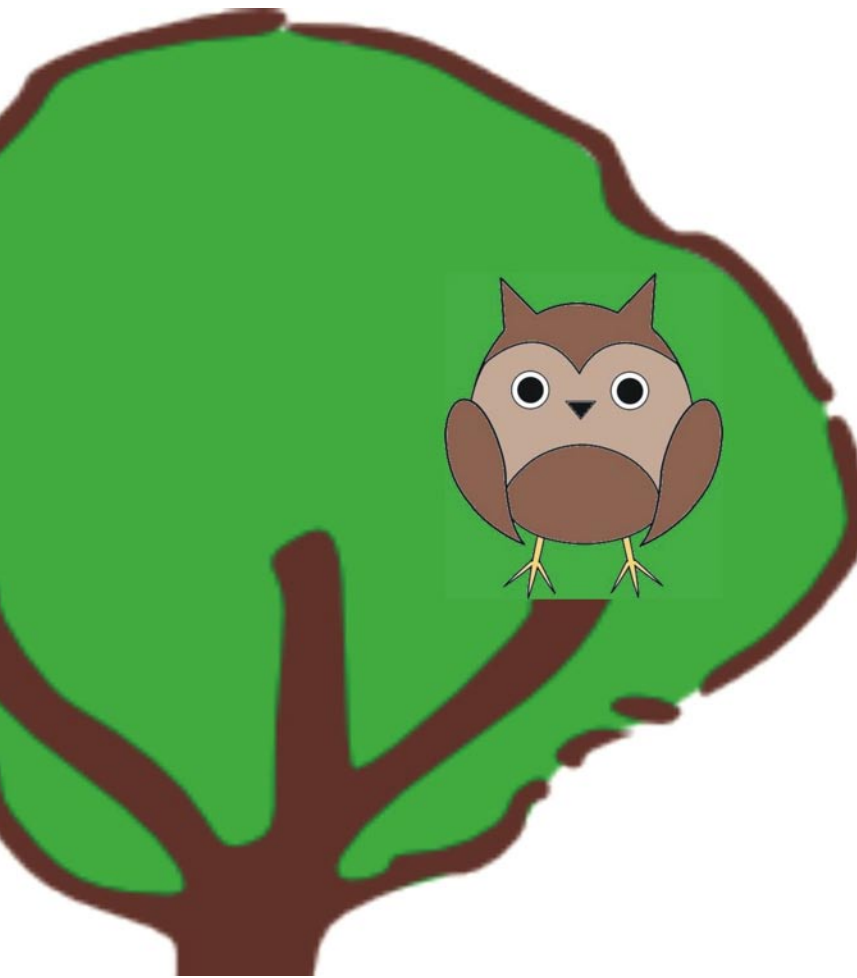
“Don’t you know?” the voice said.

Euphoria was now feeling as if she might cry. “No, I don’t,” she said sadly. “I must be lost.”



The voice spoke again, “Home for me is in this tree, but home for another is with their father and mother.”

“Who are you?” Euphoria pleaded. “Why can’t I see you?”



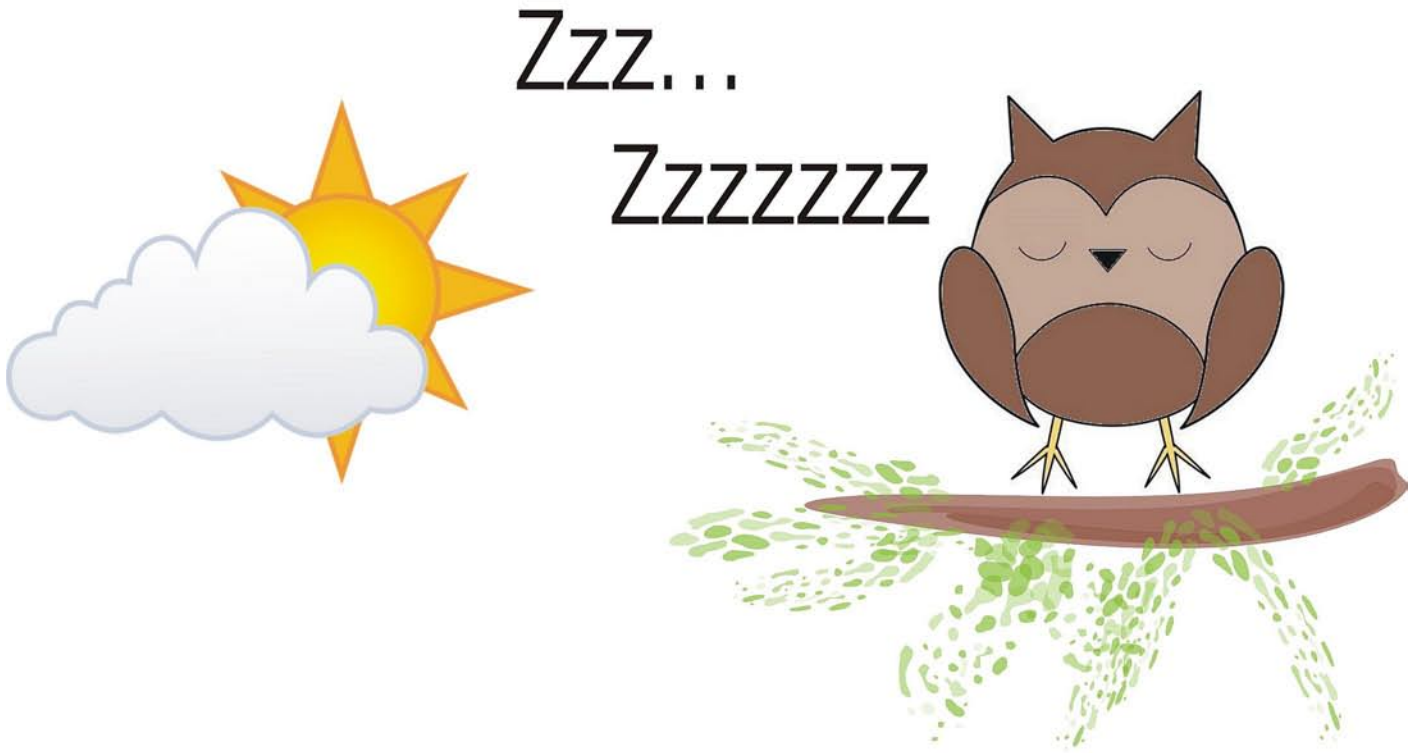
“I’m the wise hoot owl that lives in this tree, as wise as any owl should be,” he said.

She looked up and saw an owl sitting on a tree branch just above her head. His big brown eyes were looking right at her.

“Oh, please, Mr. Owl, if you’re so wise, can you tell me how to get home?”

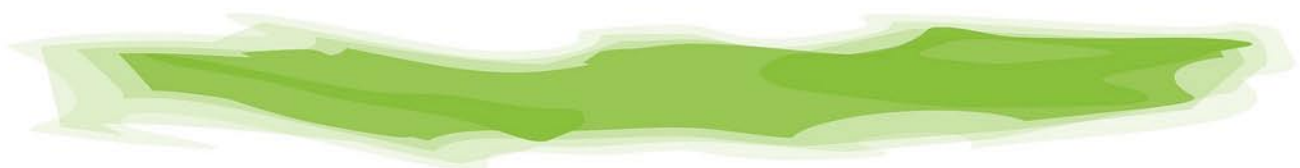
The owl blinked one big eye as if to wink at her and said, “The answer to that you already know. Remembering is the way to go.”





He stretched his neck to look up at the sky and right in the middle of a big yawn said, “The sun is rising and I need my rest. Go ask the bluebird. That would be best.”

Before Euphoria could speak again, the owl closed his eyes and made the loudest snoring noise she ever heard.

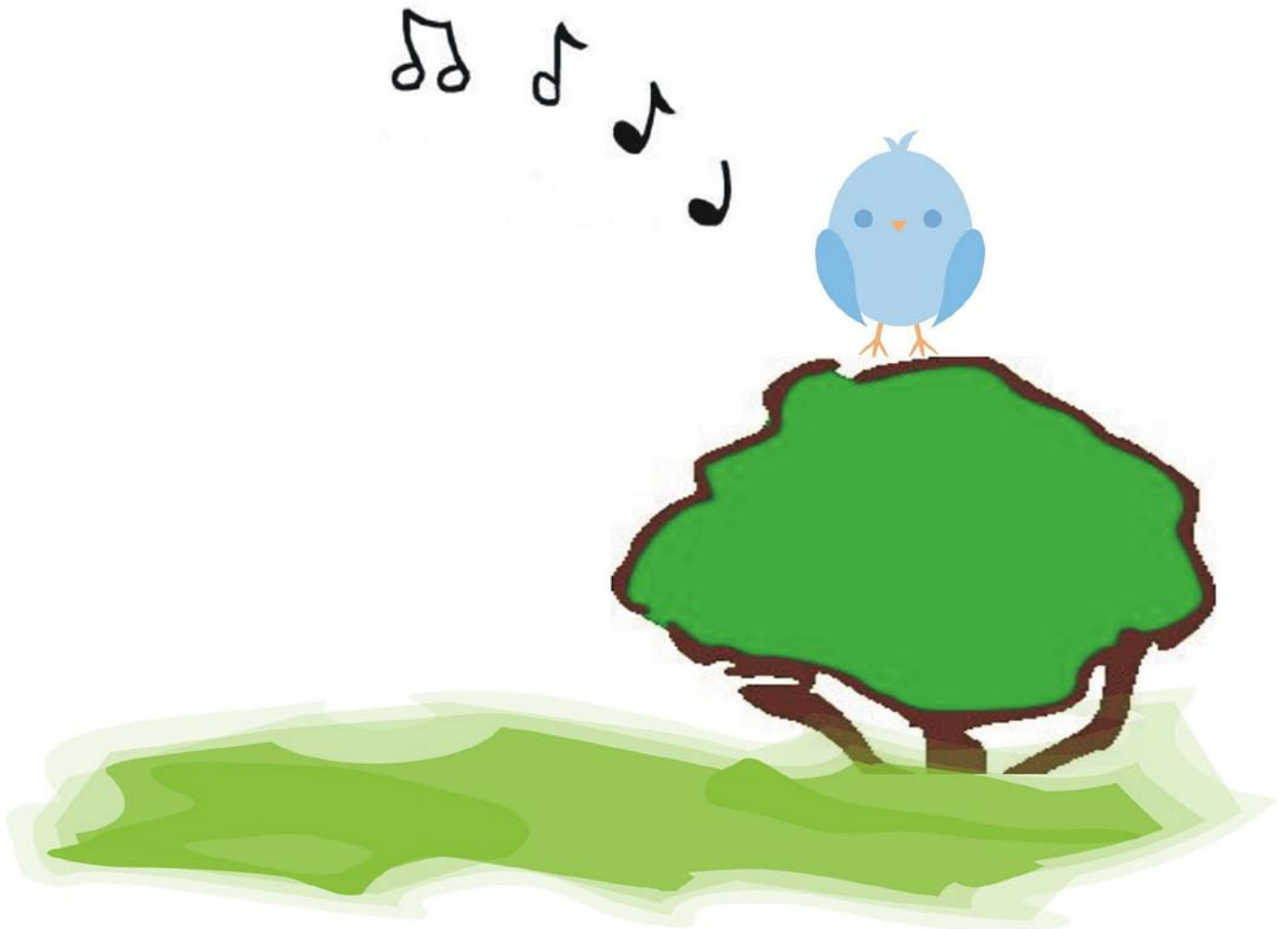


She looked around and saw a path leading through the forest and went on her way in search of the bluebird. She walked and walked but didn't seem to be getting anywhere. "Where could that bird be?" she said aloud.





Just then a bluebird swooped down and landed on a nearby bush. It was singing a beautiful song that Euphoria seemed to remember.



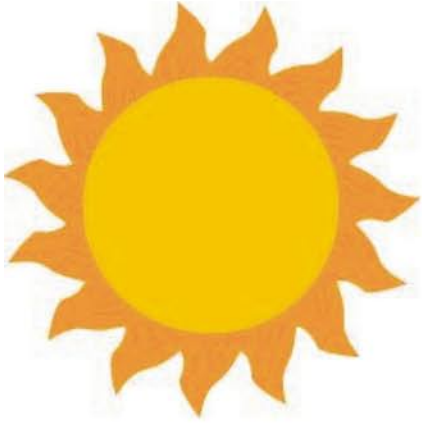
“Oh, Bluebird! I’ve been looking for you!” Euphoria said with excitement. “Where did you learn that lovely melody?”

“The same place you learned to sing, and did you forget you also have wings?” the bluebird said.

She quickly stretched her neck to look over her shoulder and said, “But I don’t have wings, and why does everyone here talk in riddles?”

The bluebird whistled a few more notes and said, “It’s a magic forest in which you roam, and you must have left your wings at home.”





Euphoria became very sad all over again. “But I don’t know where my home is. Can you help me find it?”

The bluebird fluffed his wings and said, “Look at the sun or the stars so bright. Just like you they’re made of light,” and off he flew before she could ask what he meant.



Euphoria was all alone again. She realized all that walking had made her hungry. She looked around for something to eat and came upon a bush with some berries. “I wonder if these are safe to eat?” she said aloud.

“Yes, they are safe and quite delicious, too,” a voice came from behind the bush.

“A talking bush?” she said. “What other strange things will I find in this forest?”



“I’m not a bush,” the voice replied, as a young boy stepped out from behind.



“I’m Jonathan. I’m collecting berries for my family. We live just outside the forest. Who are you and where do you live?”



Euphoria became sad once again. “I don’t know who I am, and I don’t know where I live. Can you help me?”

“I would very much like to help you,” Jonathan replied, “but if I don’t return with some berries, my parents will think I am lost. Maybe your parents will come looking for you.”

Just then a man’s voice echoed through the forest, “Jonathan, Jonathan, where are you?”



“It’s father. I must be going,” Jonathan said as he ran off calling back to her, “Good Luck.”

“Wait,” she started to say, but quick as a flash he was gone.

Once gain Euphoria found herself all alone. She laid down on the ground and started to cry. Right in the middle of a big sob she heard a voice calling in the distance, “Euphoria! Euphoria!”

“Someone’s calling my name,” she said.





Euphoria opened her eyes to see her mother and father who were gently waking her.

“You’ve found me!” she exclaimed.

“Yes, we’ve been looking all over for you,” her father said.

Euphoria sat up, stretched and looked around. She felt herself floating on a soft, puffy cloud. “I was dreaming,” she said. Looking over her shoulder, she saw her wings and felt the warm glow of her halo light surrounding her. “I’m an angel.”

“Of course you are,” her mother said.





She was so happy she started to hum a little tune, which sounded just like the one the bluebird had whistled. She told her parents all about her dream, as they took her home to the land of light floating up past the sun and stars far away beyond Jupiter and Mars.



THE LITTLE LOST ANGEL

BY

SHARON SHANE



Who is Euphoria and why is she lost? Discover the riddle of the rhyming hoot owl and follow the melody of the bluebird through the forest along with Euphoria to see if she can find her way home.

