



Faelan's Star Chase
By Sylvia H Northwood

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High in the Frostpeak Mountains lived a boy named Faelan. His village was tucked between snowy peaks where the wind bit sharp and cold. Every night, Faelan would watch a single, brilliant star zip across the sky, faster than any bird. "I will catch that star," he vowed. "Its light will warm our village forever!"



The village elder, Anya, shook her head. "The sky-spirits are not meant to be caught, Faelan," she warned, her voice like the rustling of dry leaves. "Its warmth is for all to share, not for one to own." But Faelan's heart was set, burning with ambition.



Faelan spent days building a great staff from a fallen peach tree, believing its magic would help him on his quest. He packed a small bag and set off at dusk, his eyes fixed on the horizon where the zipper-star would first appear. "I will not fail," he whispered to the wind.

As night fell, the star appeared! Faelan ran, his feet pounding the earth. He chased it across grassy plains and over rolling hills. The star was fast, but Faelan was faster. His determination was a fire in his chest, pushing him onward.



The long chase made him thirsty. He came to a wide, rushing river. Without stopping for long, he knelt and drank, scooping the cool water with his hands until the river seemed to shrink. "This chase is nothing!" he declared, feeling strong again.



Night after night, the chase continued. He ran so far that the green plains turned to dusty, cracked earth. The air grew hot and dry. The star seemed to mock him, always just a little bit further, just beyond his grasp.



A great thirst burned in his throat. He found a huge lake, its water still and glassy. Faelan plunged his face in and drank and drank, not stopping until the lake was nothing more than a muddy puddle. But still, he was thirsty.



His legs ached. His throat was a desert.
He could barely lift his peach-wood
staff. He saw the star begin its nightly
journey one more time. With the last of
his strength, Faelan threw his staff,
hoping to knock the star from the sky.



The staff fell back to the earth, and Faelan collapsed with it. He had failed. As he lay there, gasping for breath, the zipper-star seemed to slow. It shone its gentle light down on him, not with mockery, but with a soft, warm glow. It wasn't a prize to be won.



Faelan finally understood. He had tried to capture a warmth that was already free for everyone. He picked up his staff, which had sprouted a single green leaf, and began the long walk home. He returned not with a star, but with a new wisdom: that the greatest ambitions are not those we seize for ourselves, but those we build together.

About the Authour

Even as a little girl, she loved words and connecting with the world. She grew up exploring computers, factories, and even hospitals!

Sylvia learned amazing things with smart companies all over the world. But her favorite thing is helping kids like you learn and grow. She believes in sharing knowledge and helping you become super skilled.

This book isn't just about reading; it's about getting ready to explore! It's a warm, wonderful present from Sylvia. She shares her wisdom and kind spirit with you. Get ready to learn and see the world in a wonderful new way! Find Sylvia on Instagram:



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