

Angel, Thriving Creator of Artful Things

A Book for Creative, Artful, Thriving Children
by
Gary "Chris" Christopherson





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Aspiring artist & author Chris
with aspiring artists
Angel & Sara

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Dedication

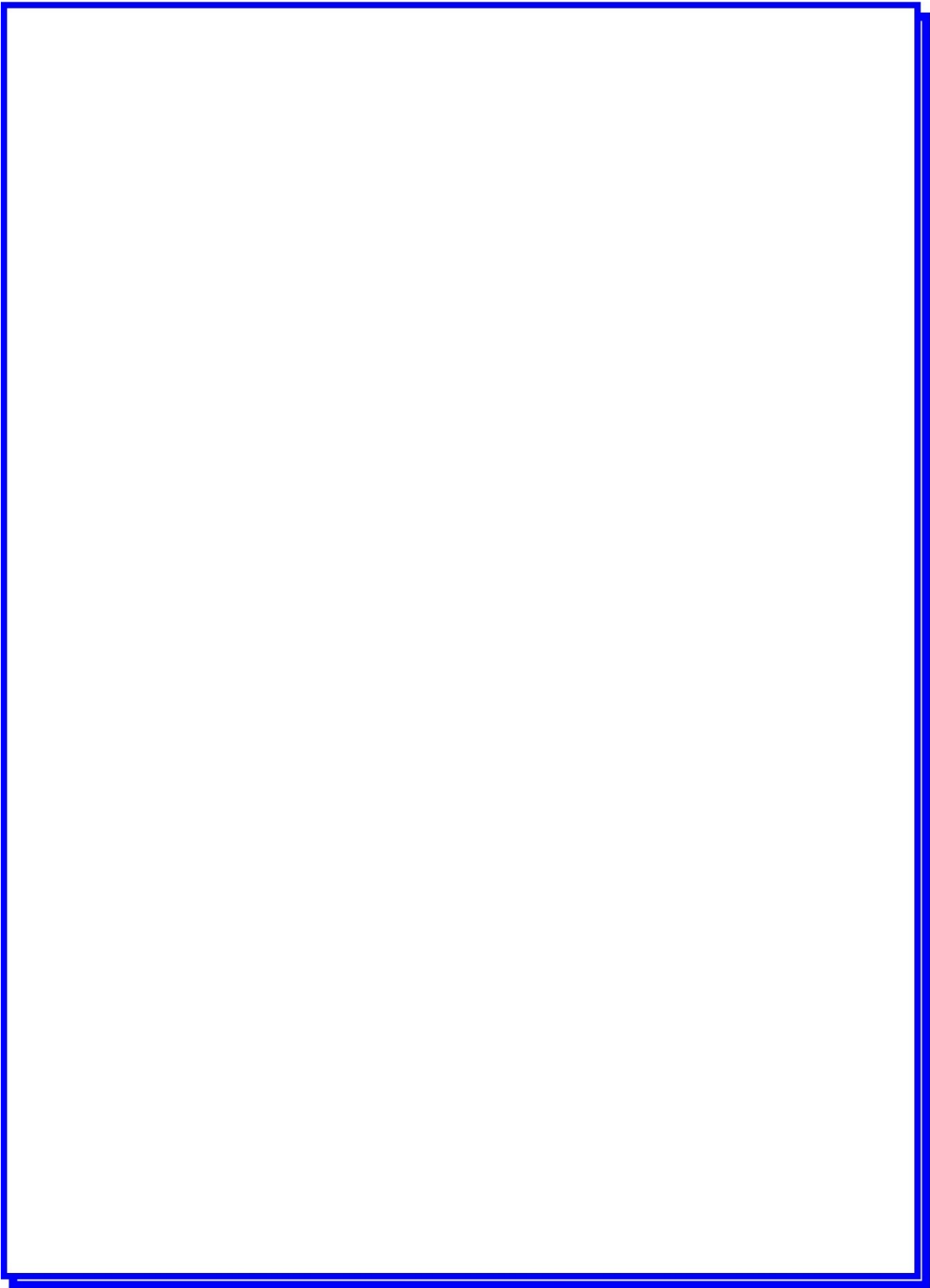
To all the world's children who move through life with bright eyes, excited voices, darting movement, and blazing creativity and who still raise the question "why". May they give us inspiration. May they thrive! May they help us all thrive!

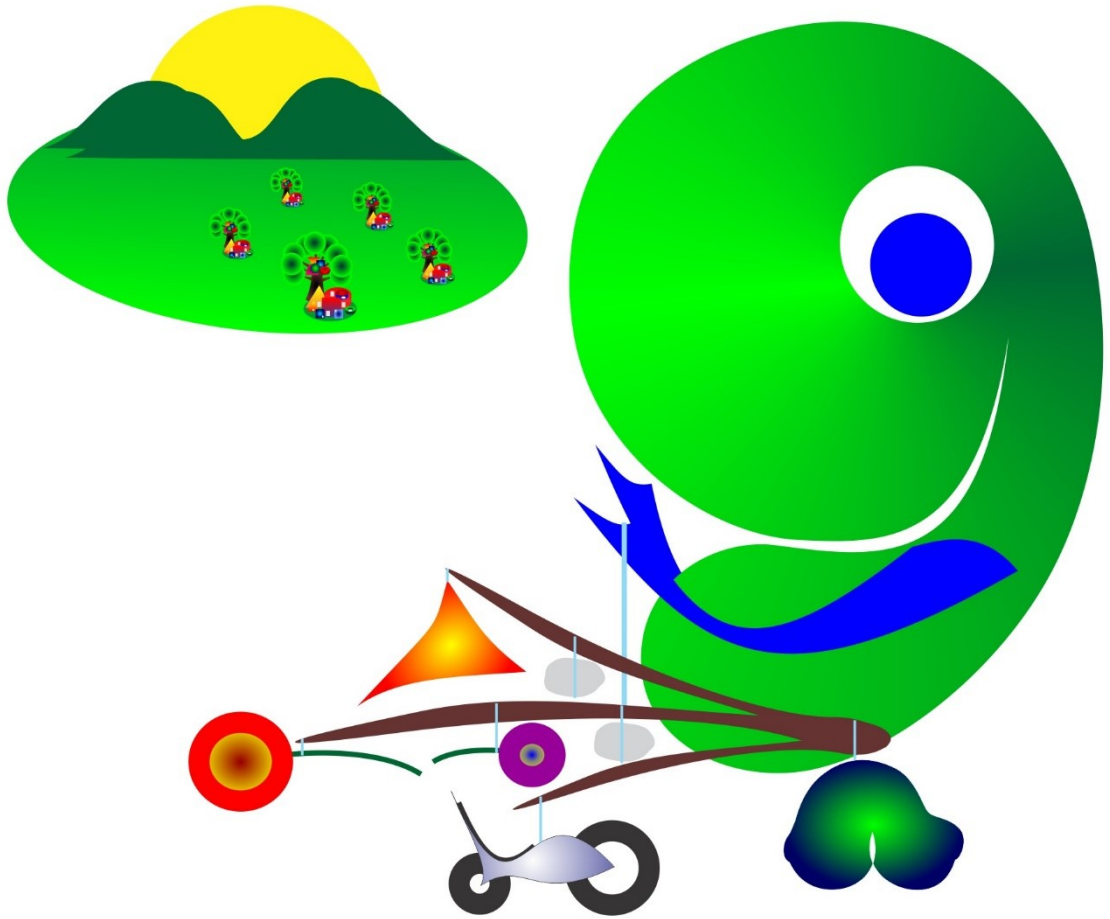
To all children who challenge us, share their love of life, and provide a child's inspiration.

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.

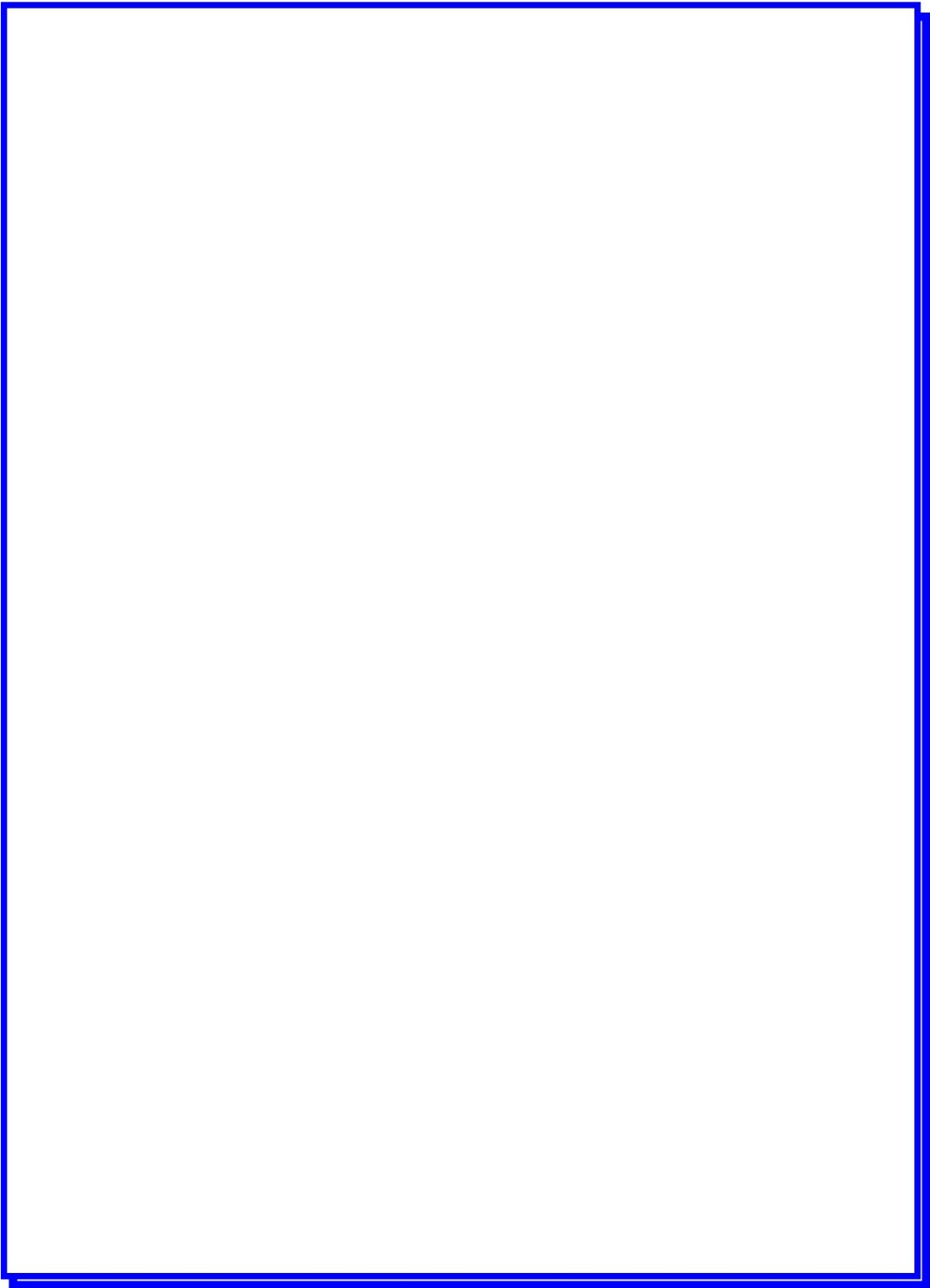




My name is Chris. Meet my friend Angel, the most creative, artful and thriving Whimsey ever. Whimseys are wild and whimsical, brightly colored, and from an amazing land far, far, away.

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?

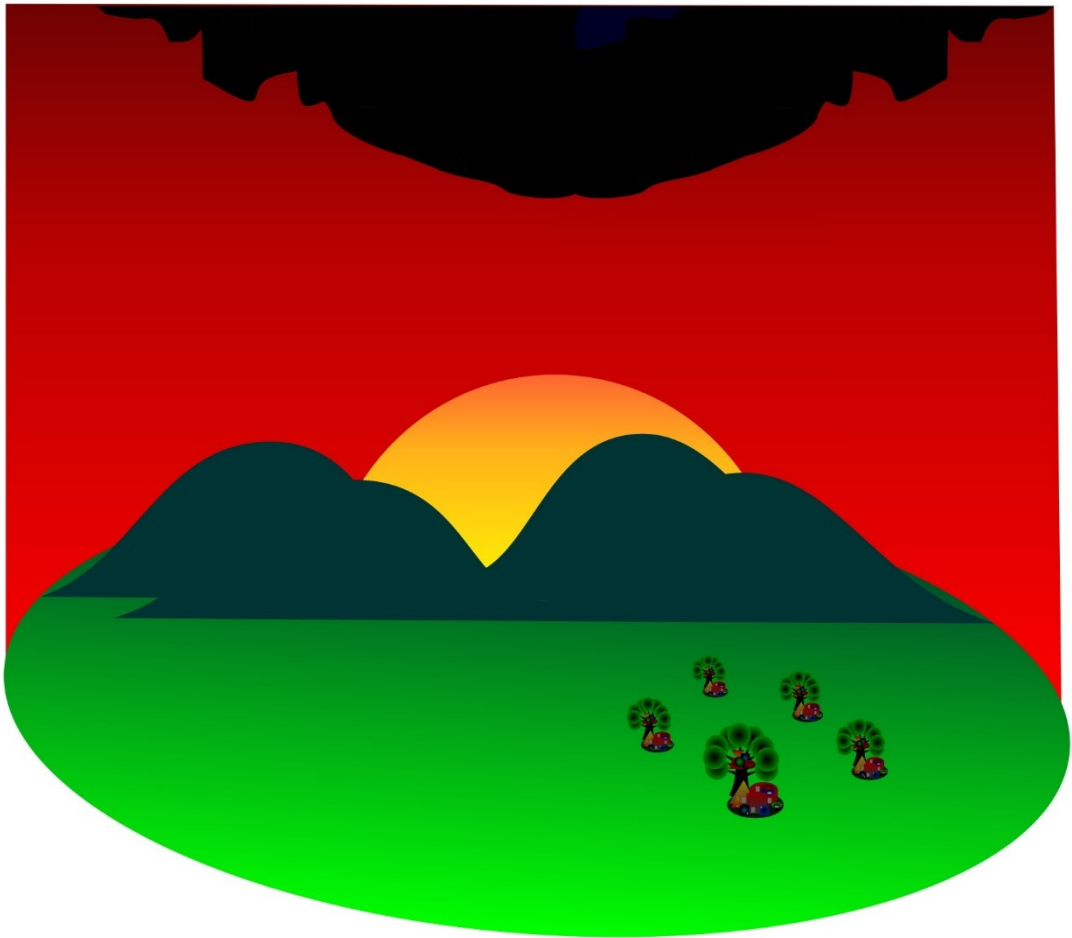


This story begins in mountains east of the Land of Whimsey.

Sun is rising. Morning red sky warns. Darkness is coming closer. Dark Cloud is coming closer.

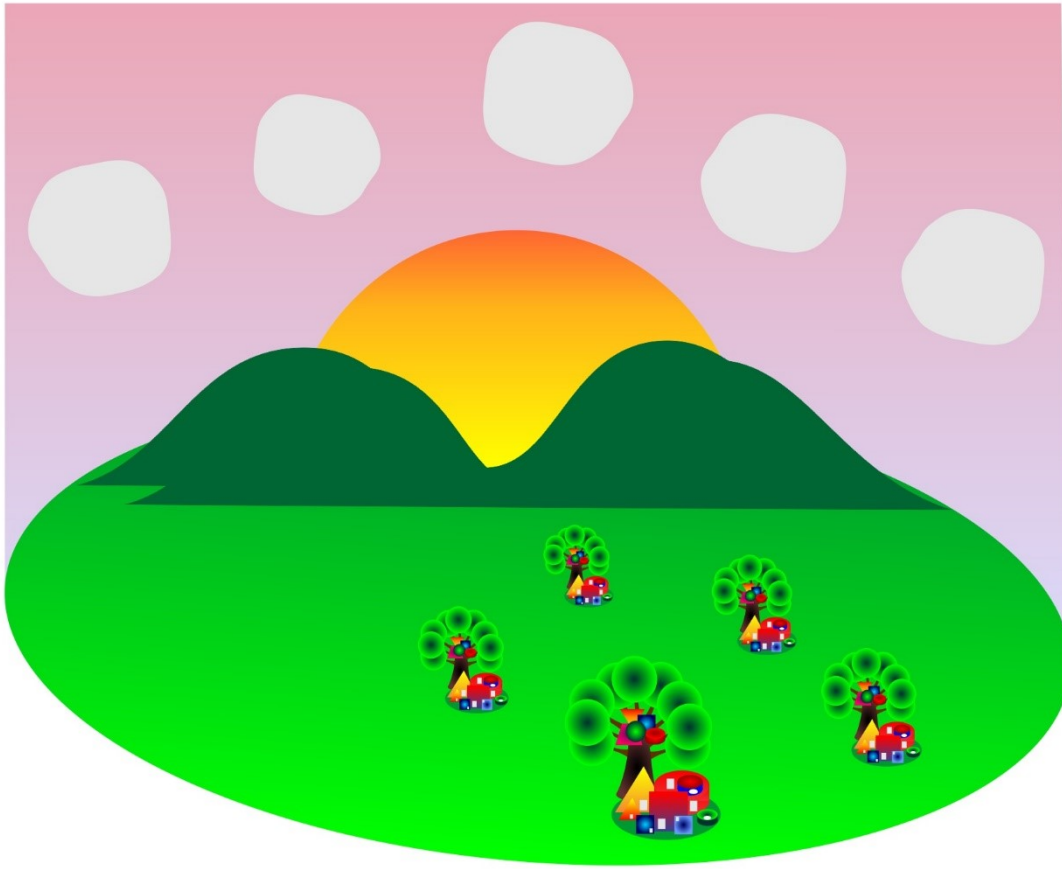
Whimseys face great danger. I fear they may not survive.

We have but one day. I, Chris, have but one day to help them.



Tick-tock! Tick-tock! I must move quickly.

Morning comes. Sky changes to red-blue. Now filled with shining yellow-red sun and white-gray puffy clouds.



There it is! The Land of Whimsey.

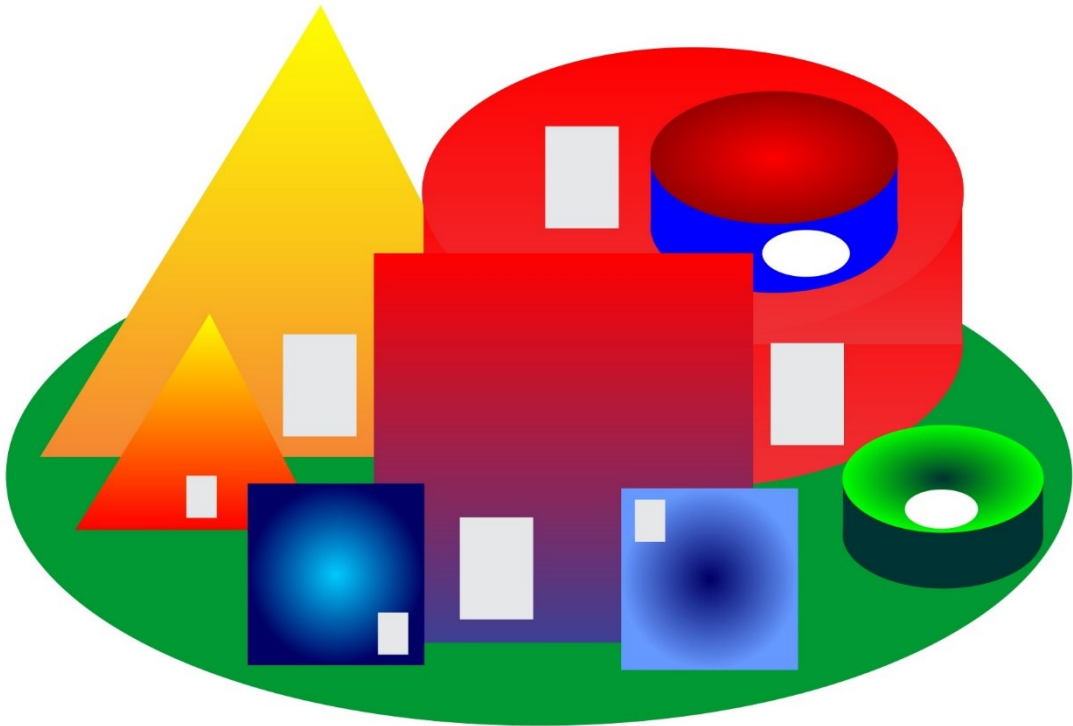
Far below, I see homes built of many shapes, including circles, squares and triangles.

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

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

Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Too little time. None to waste.

Urgently I search for the most creative home.

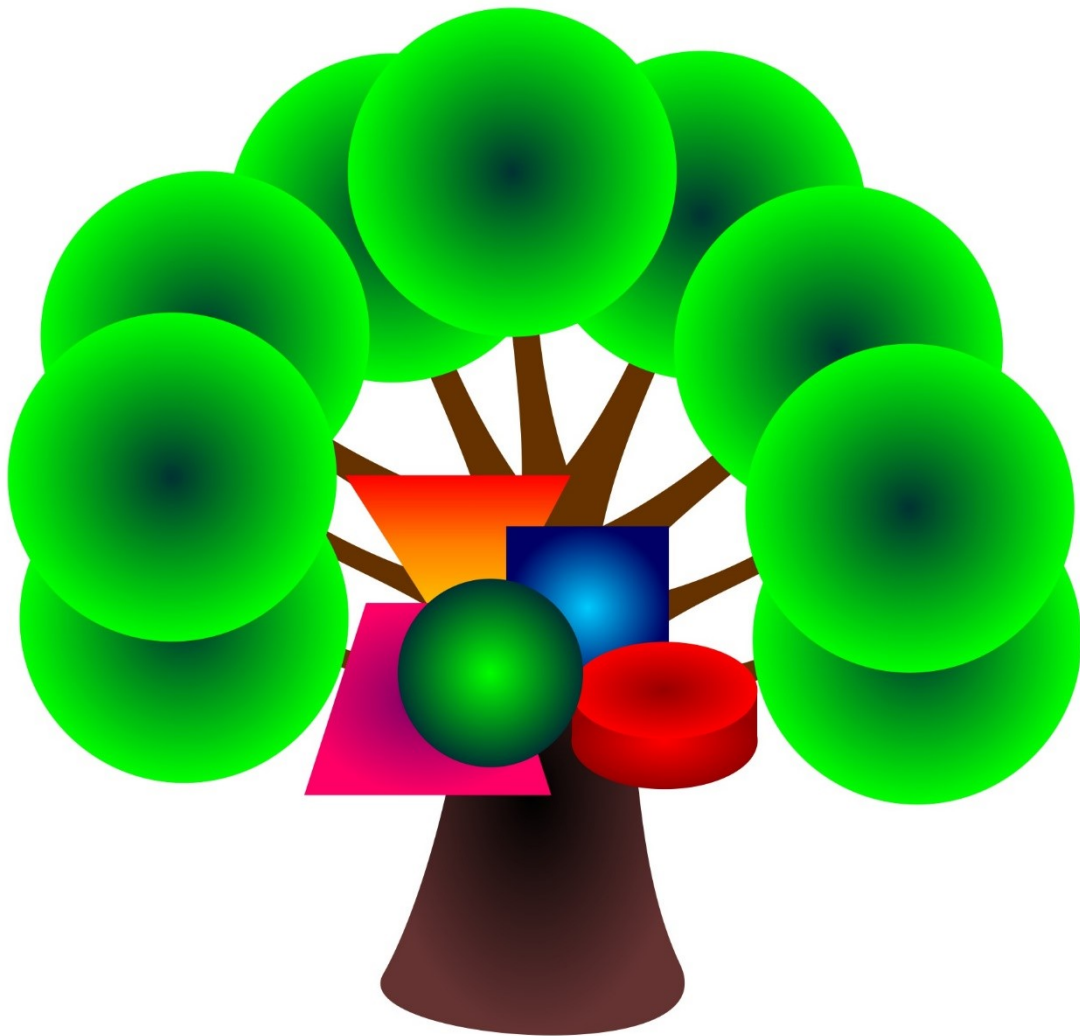


Found it!

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 Whimsey tree. It's a "mobile".

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

But tomorrow, it will face terrifying winds. More than even it can survive.



Together, the “mobile” and “stabile” form a strong, carefully balanced Whimsey home.

Truly creative! Truly amazing! Truly whimsical!

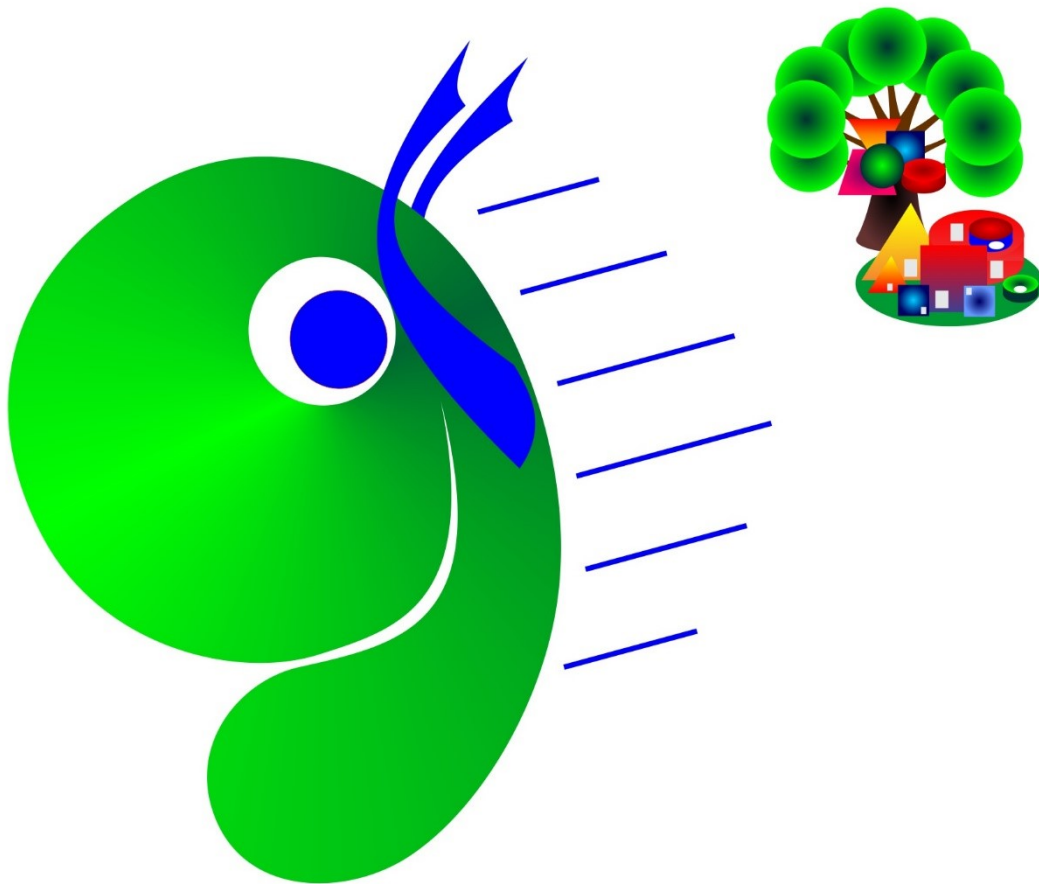
Sadly, it's not strong enough. Dark Cloud is stronger.

What's that?? Something coming toward me at great speed.

I hear screaming.

Whoooosh! A bright green streak!

Whoooosh! A bright green streak back the other way!

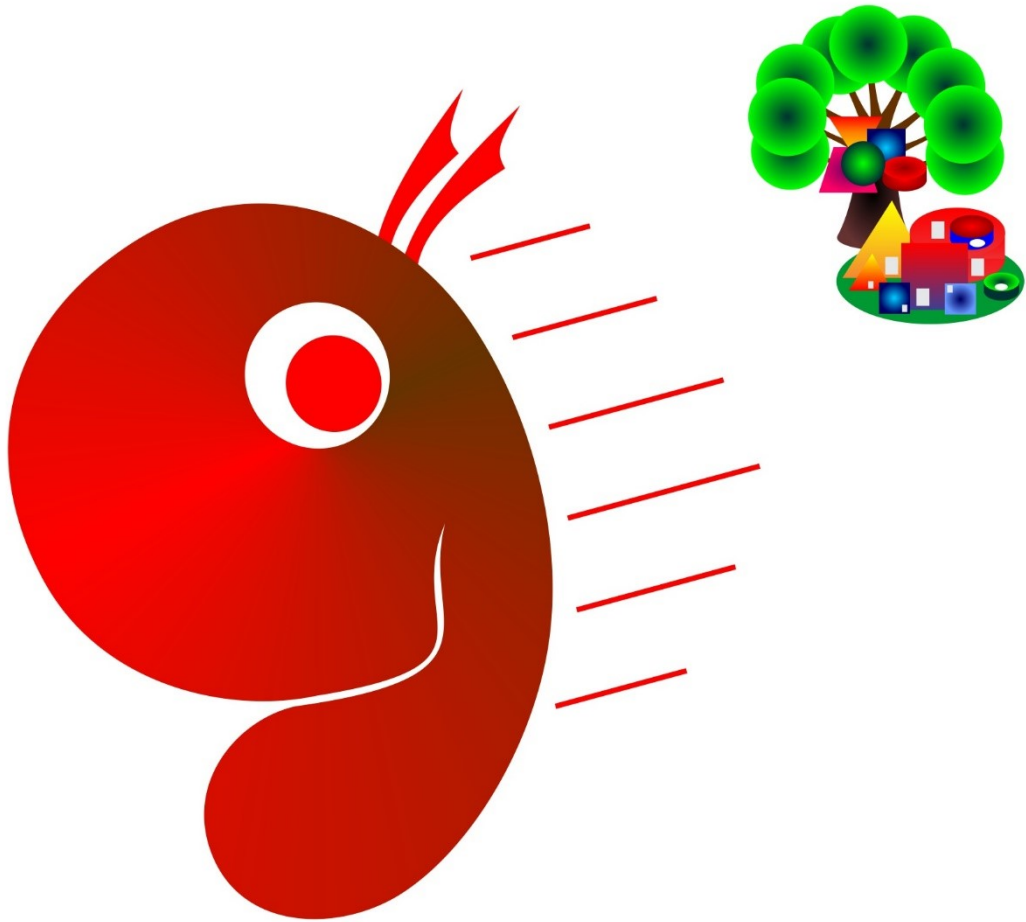


Flying with hummingbird speed and agility is a young, bright green Whimsey.

What's that??

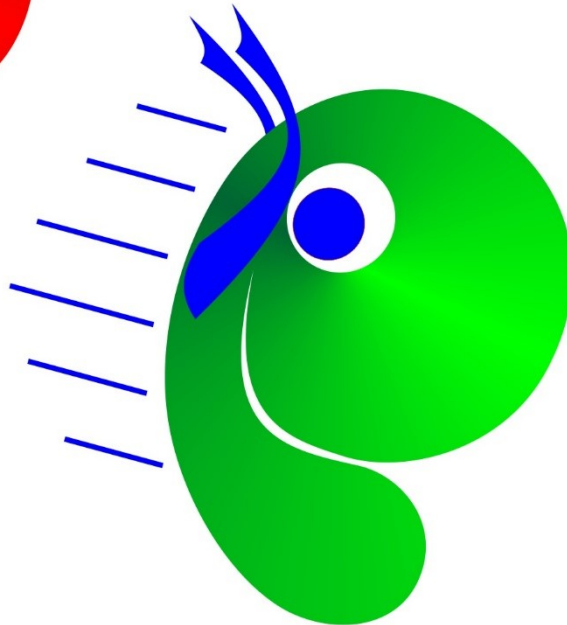
A quick red flash! Another loud buzzing sound.

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



Another young Whimsey is chasing. Bright red in color. High speed.

Oooh! This one looks very mischievous!



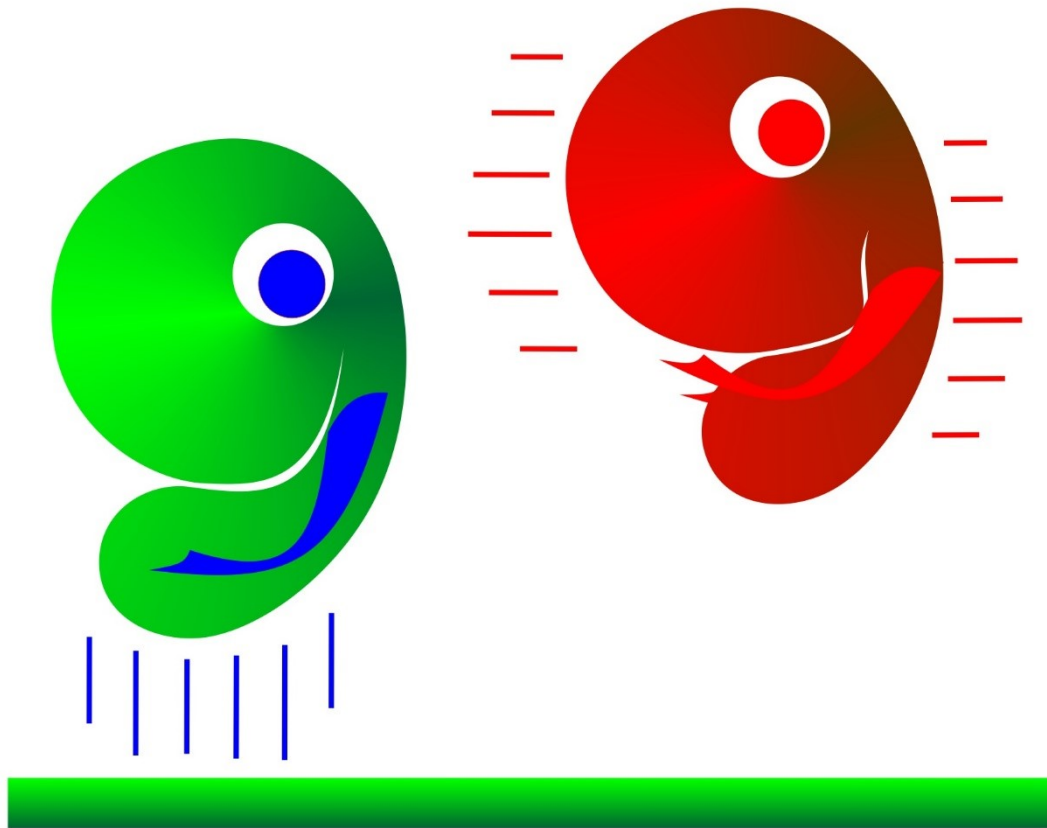
Now I get it. Not fear. Just screams of delight.

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 really, really high-speed hummingbird.

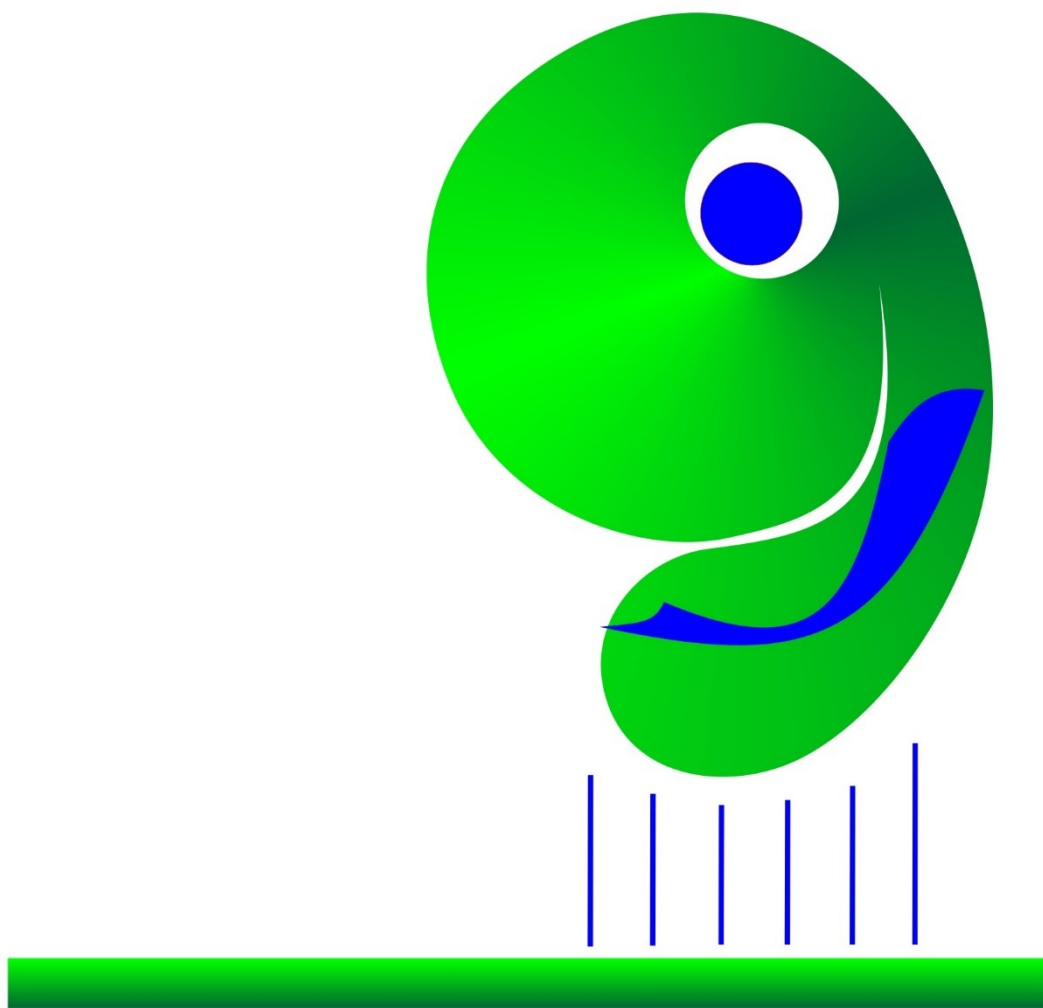


Suddenly, green Whimsey stops. Bounces excitedly in the air. Stares intently at me.

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

Now they both stare at me. They are very, very curious about me.

Who am I? What am I. I am clearly not a Whimsey.

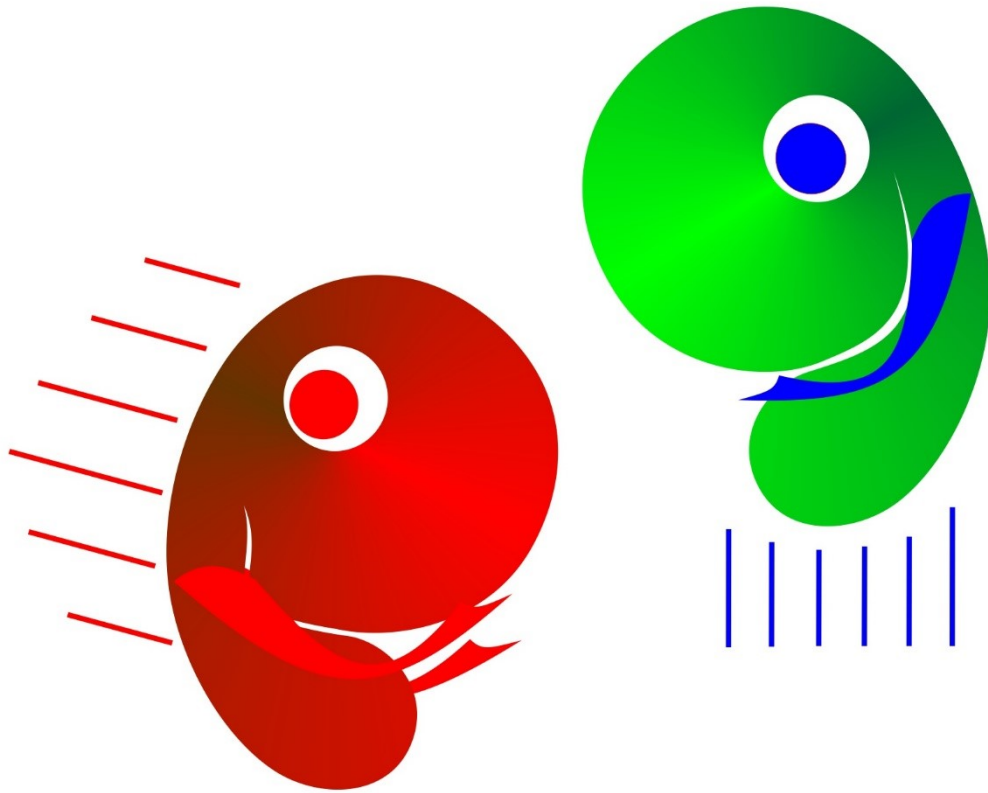


Green Whimsey says very cheerfully, "I'm Angel. I'm a Whimsey!"

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

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

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

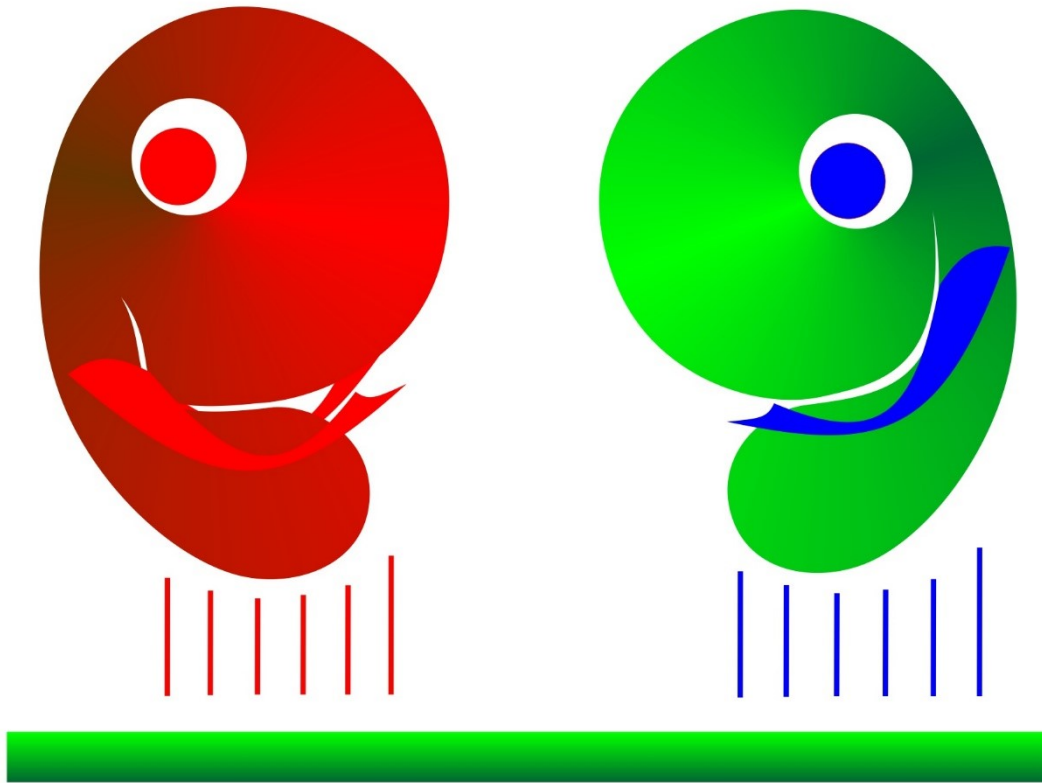


Suddenly, Wily darts forward and blurts, “Yah, what are you?”

“You're not Whimsey. That's for sure. You have two things that help you stand on the ground. Five things at the end of each of your arms.”

“You don't fly like us. You move only on the ground.”

“You really are very strange. No, very, very strange!”

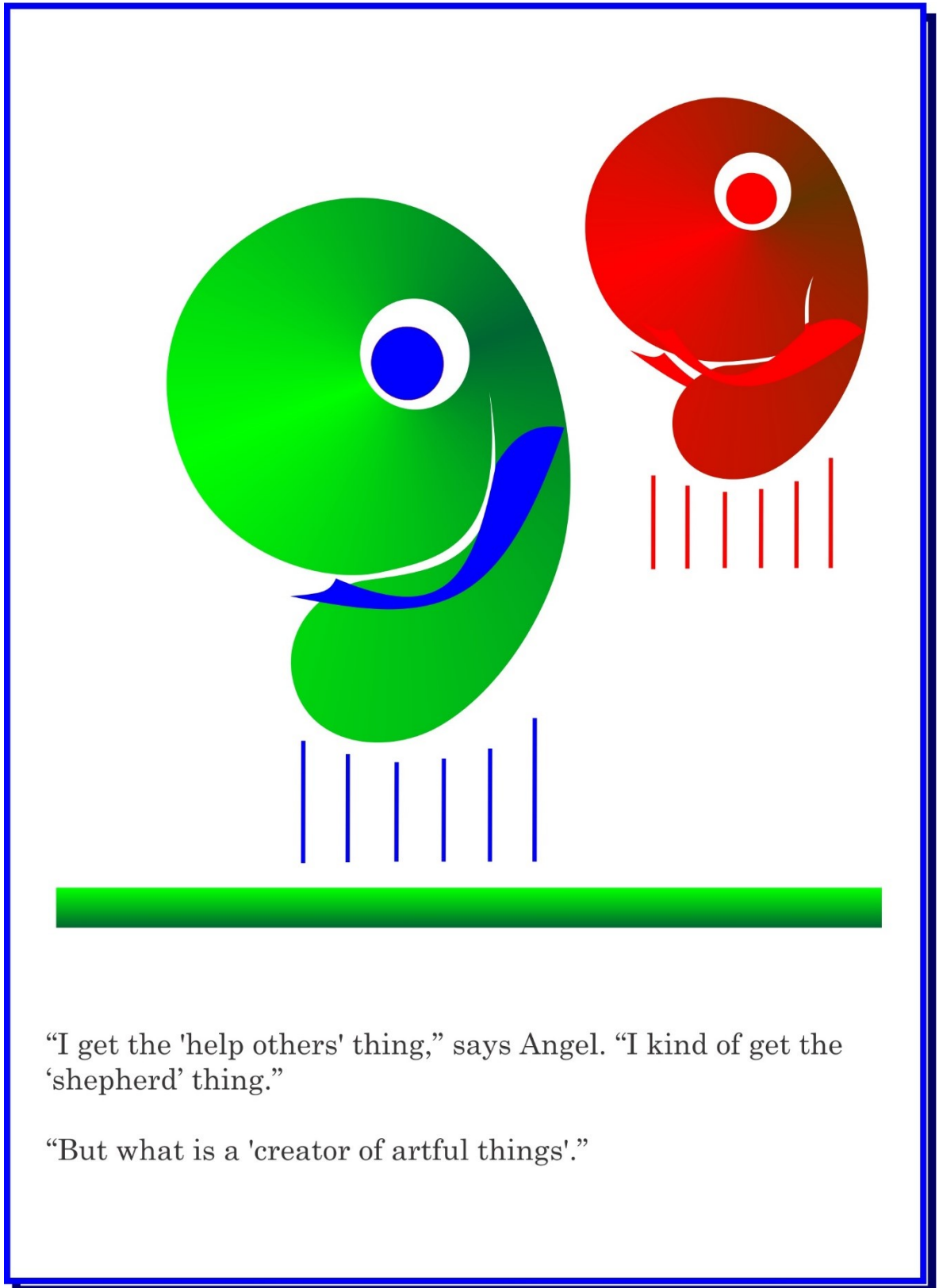


Wanting to be their friend, I reply, “Strange? You are so right!”

“I’m very different from you. Clearly not a Whimsey. Some call me human. I kind of look like one.”

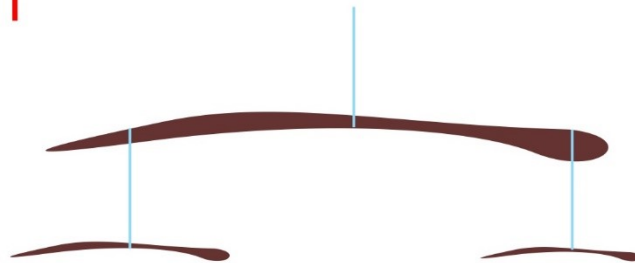
“I help others ‘thrive’. I’m also a ‘creator of artful things’.”

“Some also see me as a kind of ‘shepherd’. Helping others get to the future they need and want.”



“I get the 'help others' thing,” says Angel. “I kind of get the ‘shepherd’ thing.”

“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.”

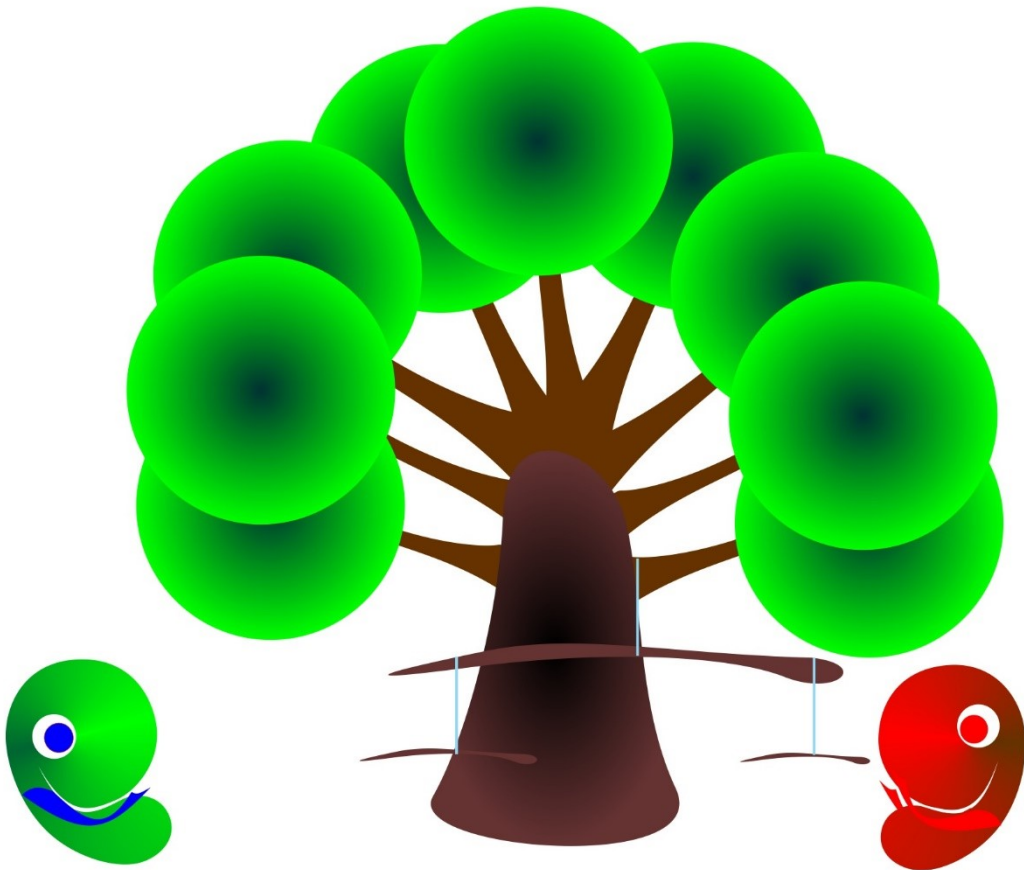
I say to them, “Time is short. Let me show you quickly.”

As fast as I can, I show them how to create a simple artful thing. A very simple mobile using three sticks and clear fishing line.

“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 Whimsey tree.”



“Can we do our own?” pleads Angel.

“Pllleeeaaaasssssseeeeeeee!”

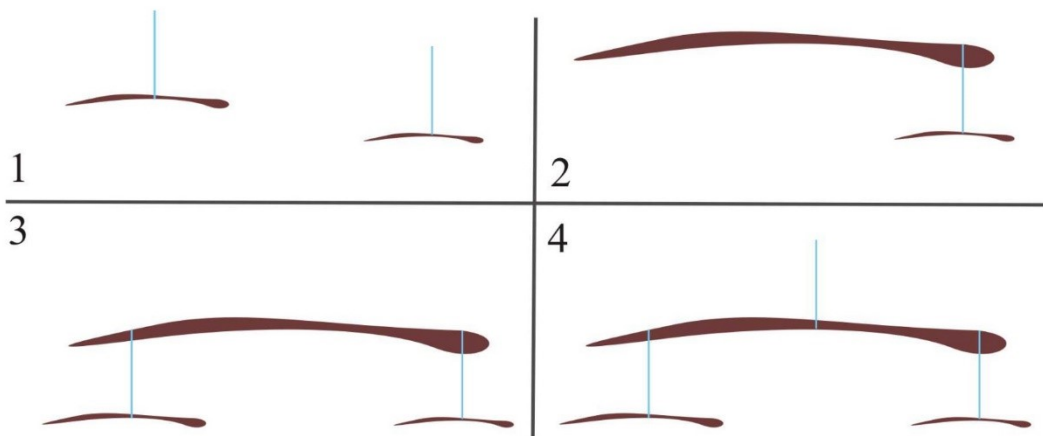
“Yes, but quickly,” I reply. “Get sticks and what you want to hang on the ends of the sticks.”

Creating a Mobile, an Artful Thing

Get three curved sticks fallen from a nearby tree.



Use some clear and strong fishing line. Otherwise, use string.



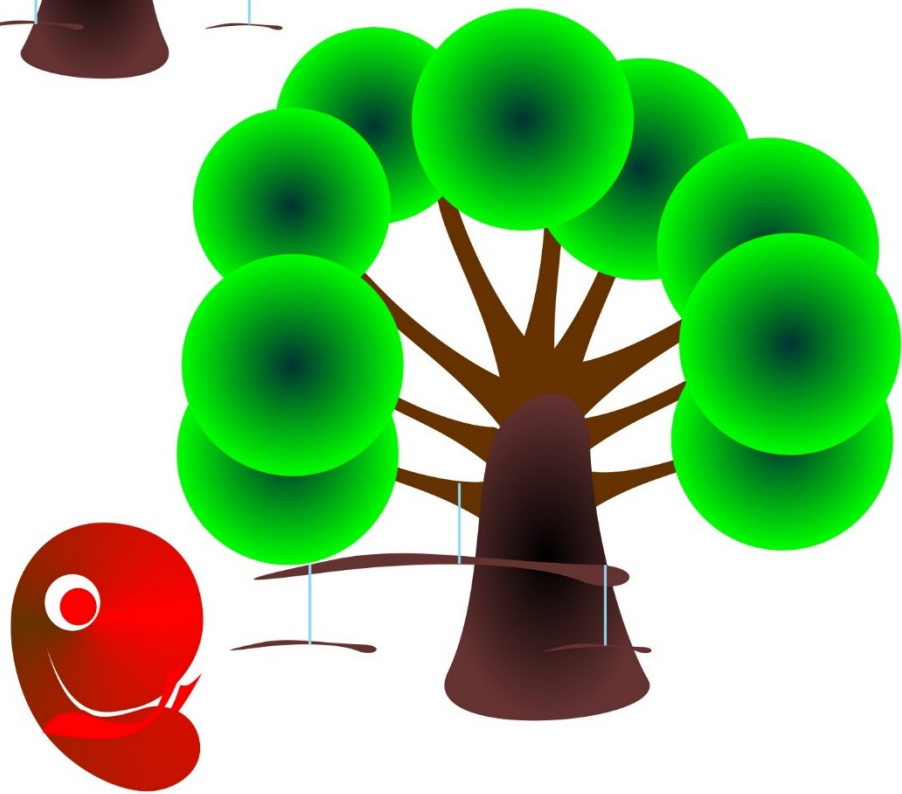
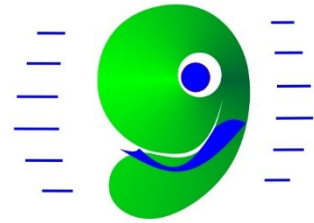
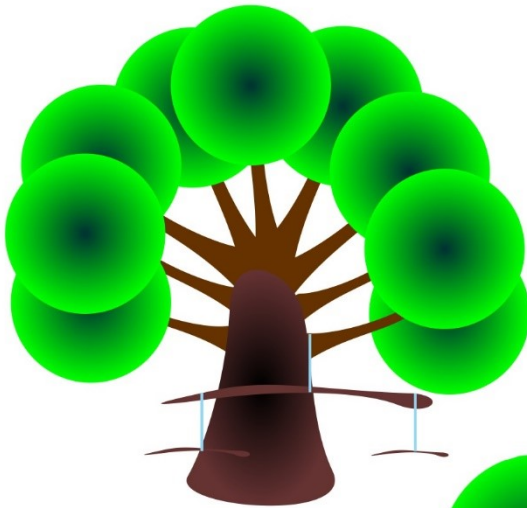
“First, tie a piece of line to a point of near the middle of each small stick where it balances. If you do not have fingers, use your mind and arms.”

“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 so it balances when you hold it.”

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



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

Wily is very proud.

“Nice job!” I applaud.



Meanwhile, Angel has gone far beyond just the three sticks.

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.

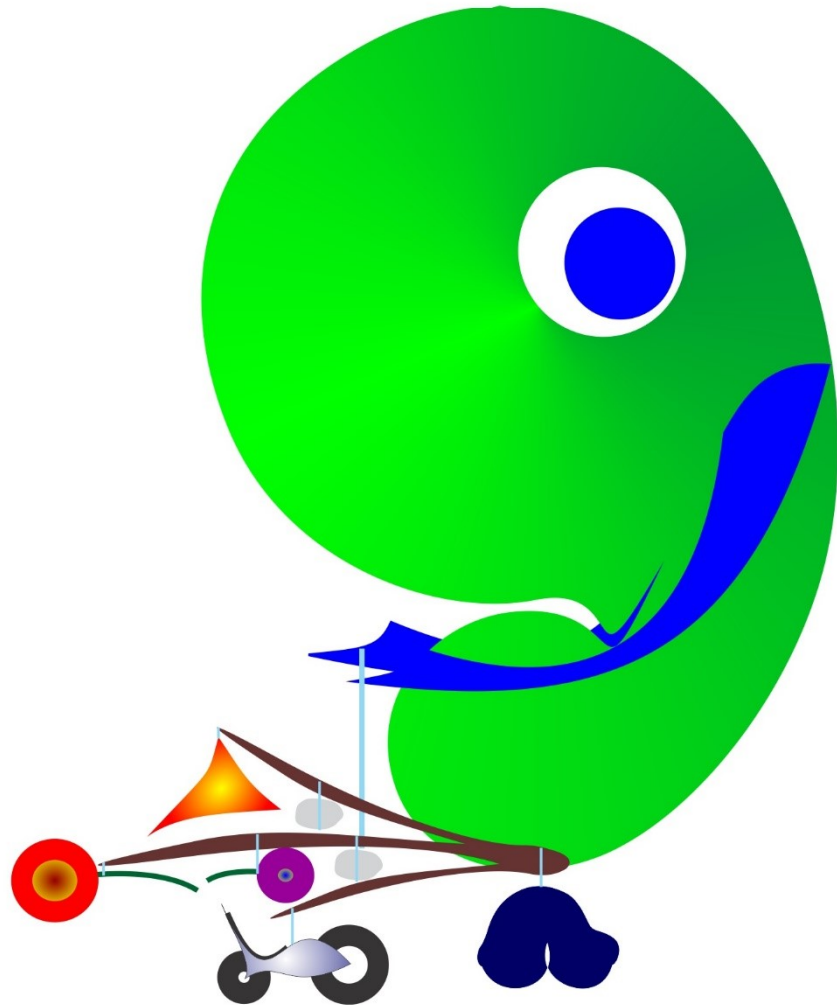
The mobile is very creative with different shapes and colors.

Pieces that touch in the wind 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.

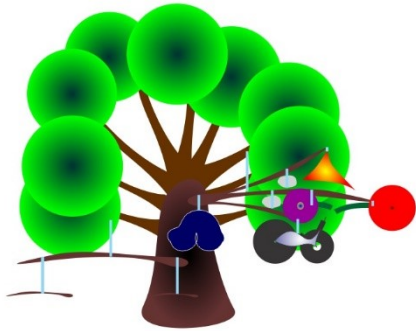
Yours is amazingly creative and artful! It thrives!”



But, time is running out.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Must go Must go. And quickly.

Speedily, we go to the Whimsical family home.



Very excited, Angel introduces me to their parents. “This is Chris! Chris helps others and creates artful things.”

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

“Chris thinks we're awfully cool. Thinks we thrive!”



With big smile and outstretched arms, Angel's older parent, a red-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 younger parent, a bright yellow-orange Whimsey and Whimsey 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 evil Dark Cloud's promised return. How soon?”

“Tomorrow morning,” I urgently reply. “We must go immediately and talk to the Whimseys.”

In the village, an amazing sight!

Whimseys of every color are floating. Truly fantastic!

But they are nervous. Waiting fearfully for what is to come.





Bee Whimsical introduces Chris to the Whimseys, “Whimseys, this is Chris. Comes to help us survive and thrive through what is about to happen.”

“Chris has helped many other worlds survive and thrive.”

“Listen carefully, our homes and our lives depend on it. Our future depends on it.”



I give them bad news, “Dark Cloud returns at sunrise. Dark Cloud will try to block the sun and blow away your homes.”

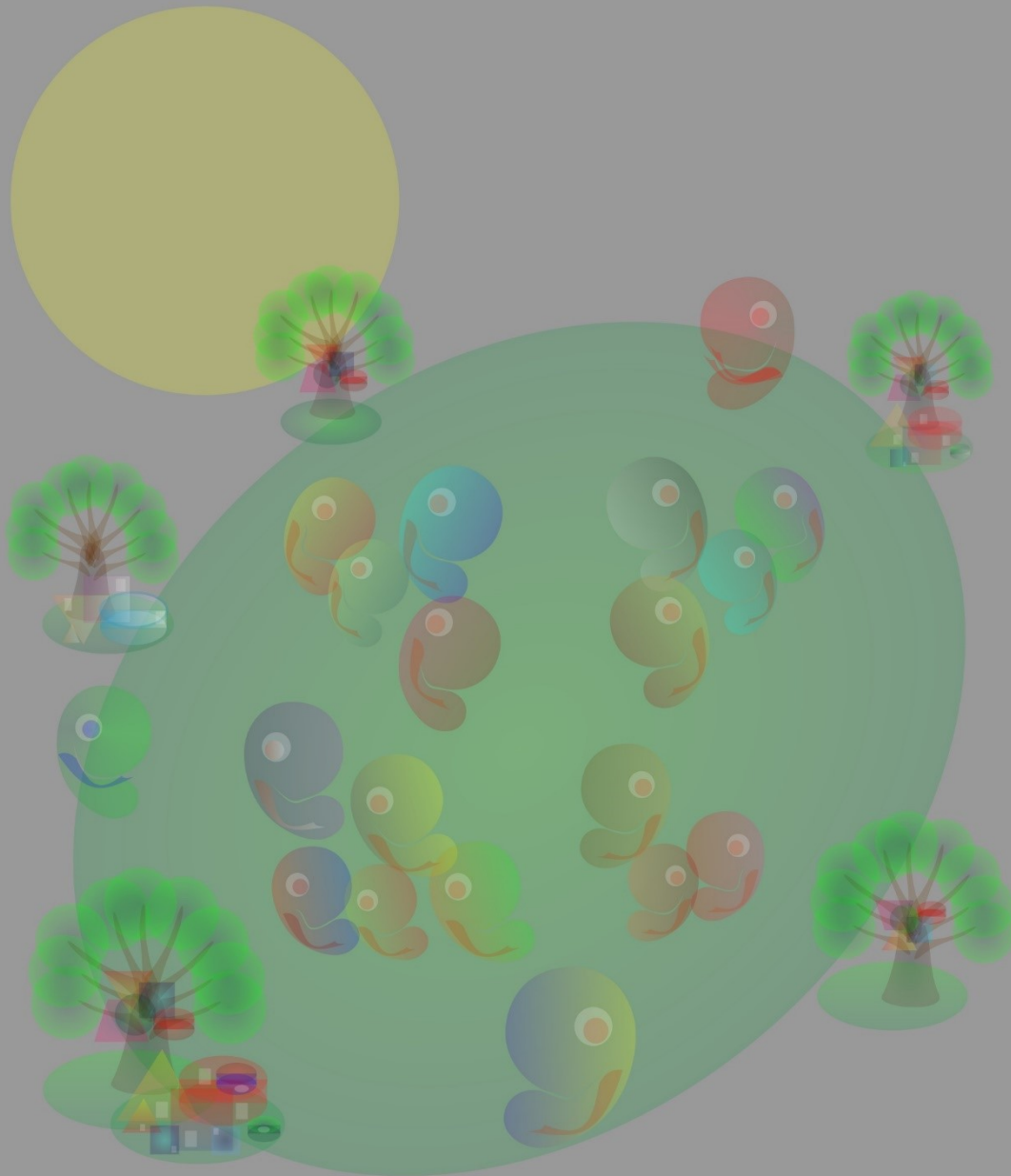
“Without sunlight, your colors will fade away.”

Nervous blue-yellow Whimsey glides and cries, “Evil Dark Cloud did this long ago. We could not stop it. Can we stop it now?”

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

“Without sunlight, your colors will fade away.”

Very sadly, this is what the Whimseys and the Land of Whimsey would be like if evil Dark Cloud wins, the sky darkens, and their colors fade away.





“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.

“I believe 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 evil Dark Cloud?” asks perplexed purplish 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 last 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.”

“A few homes are a combination of mobile and stable.”

“But, while stronger, they won't survive 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.”

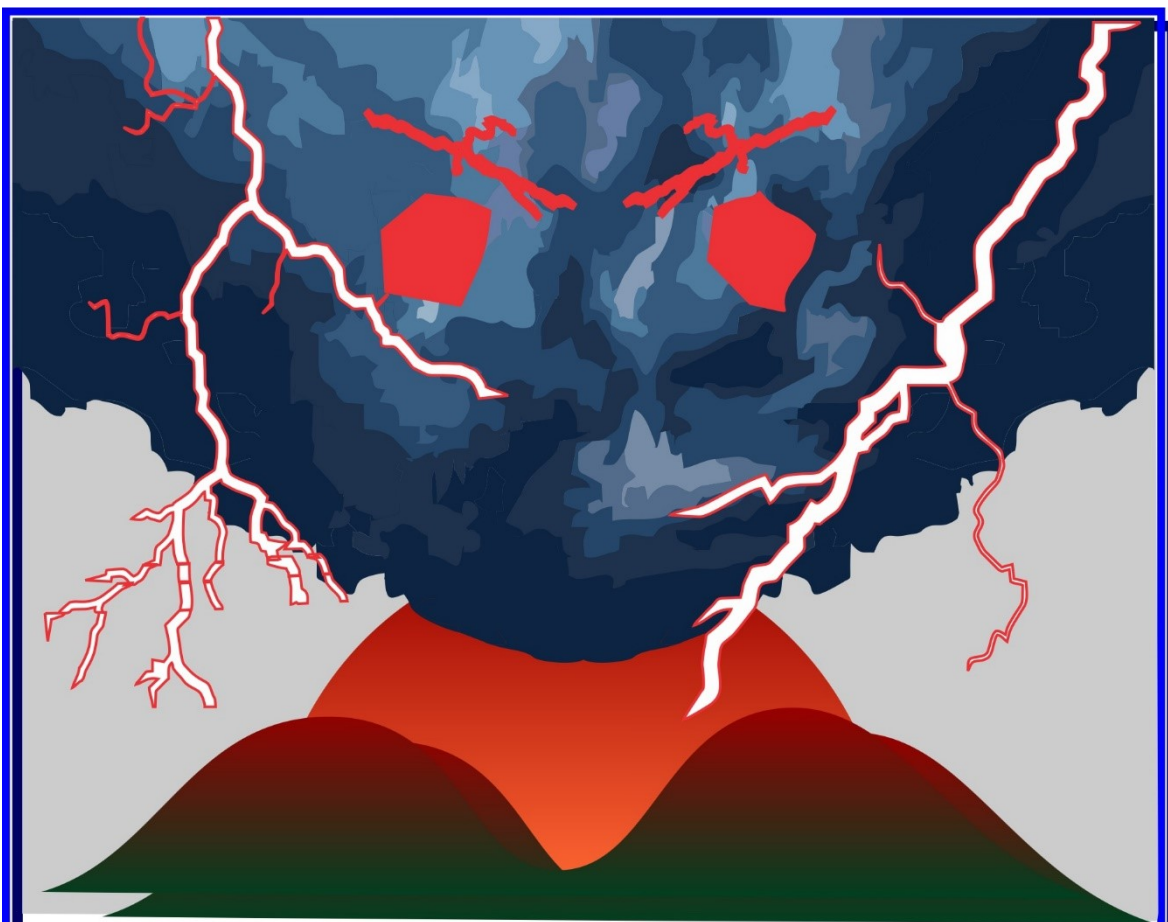


Tick-tock. Tick-tock. We must hurry! Time is running out!

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 stabiles ever.



Sunrise. The sun turns reddish. The sky darkens.

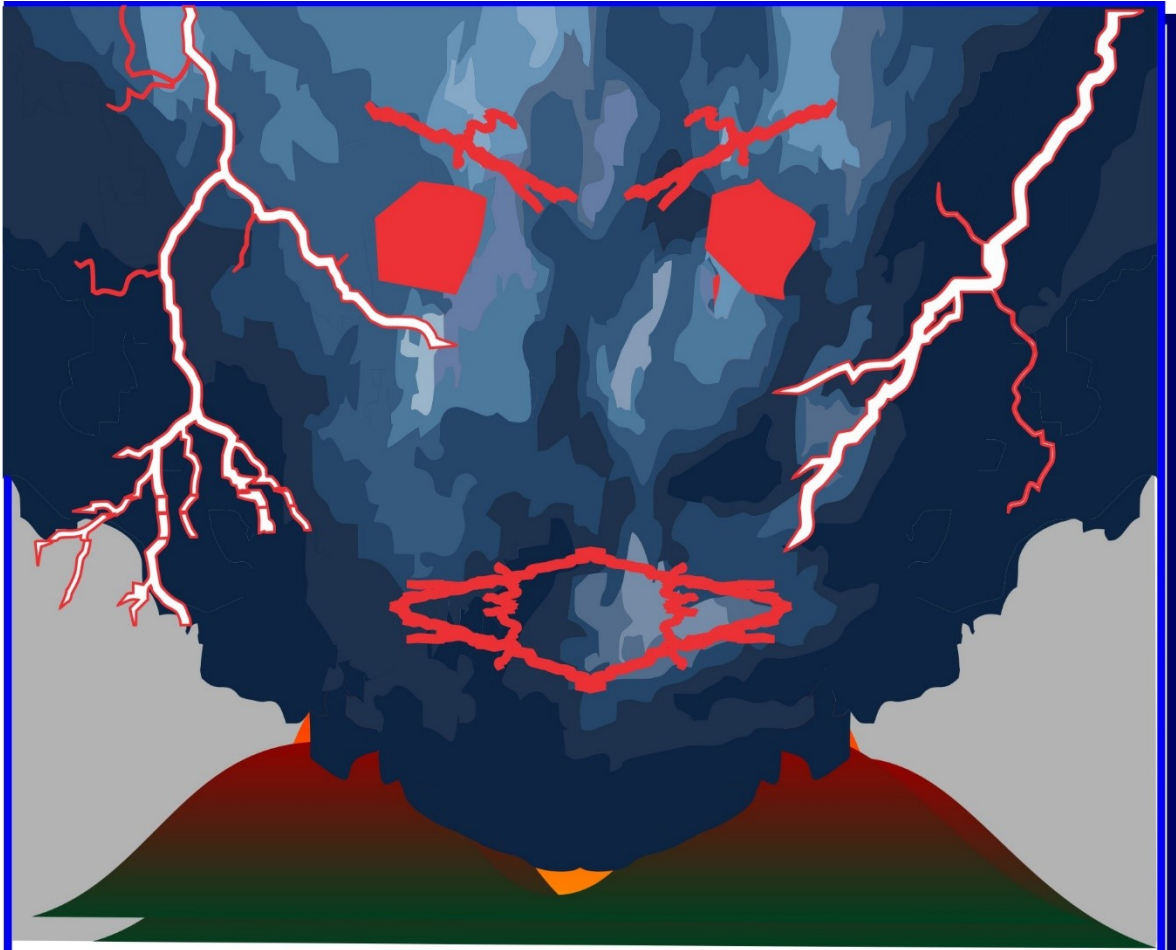
Lightning flashes! Thunder rolls!

Dark danger moves closer and closer.

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

Dark Cloud is here!

Blocks the sunlight. Powerful winds begin to blow.



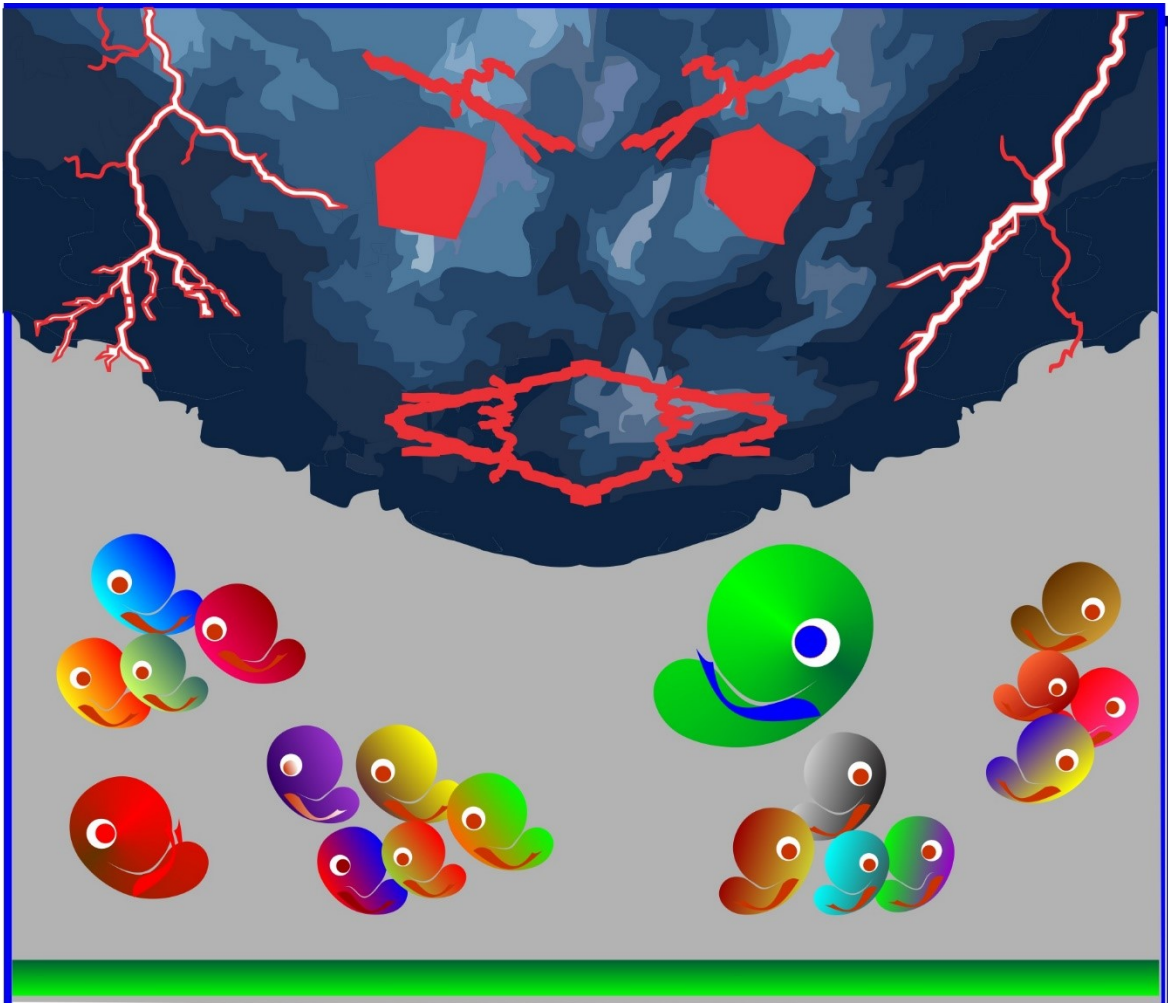
Dark Cloud shouts down, "I'm back!! You're in deep trouble!"

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

"I'll shadow you from the sun. Your colors will fade away."

"Your future is doomed."

"Unless you bow down to me!"



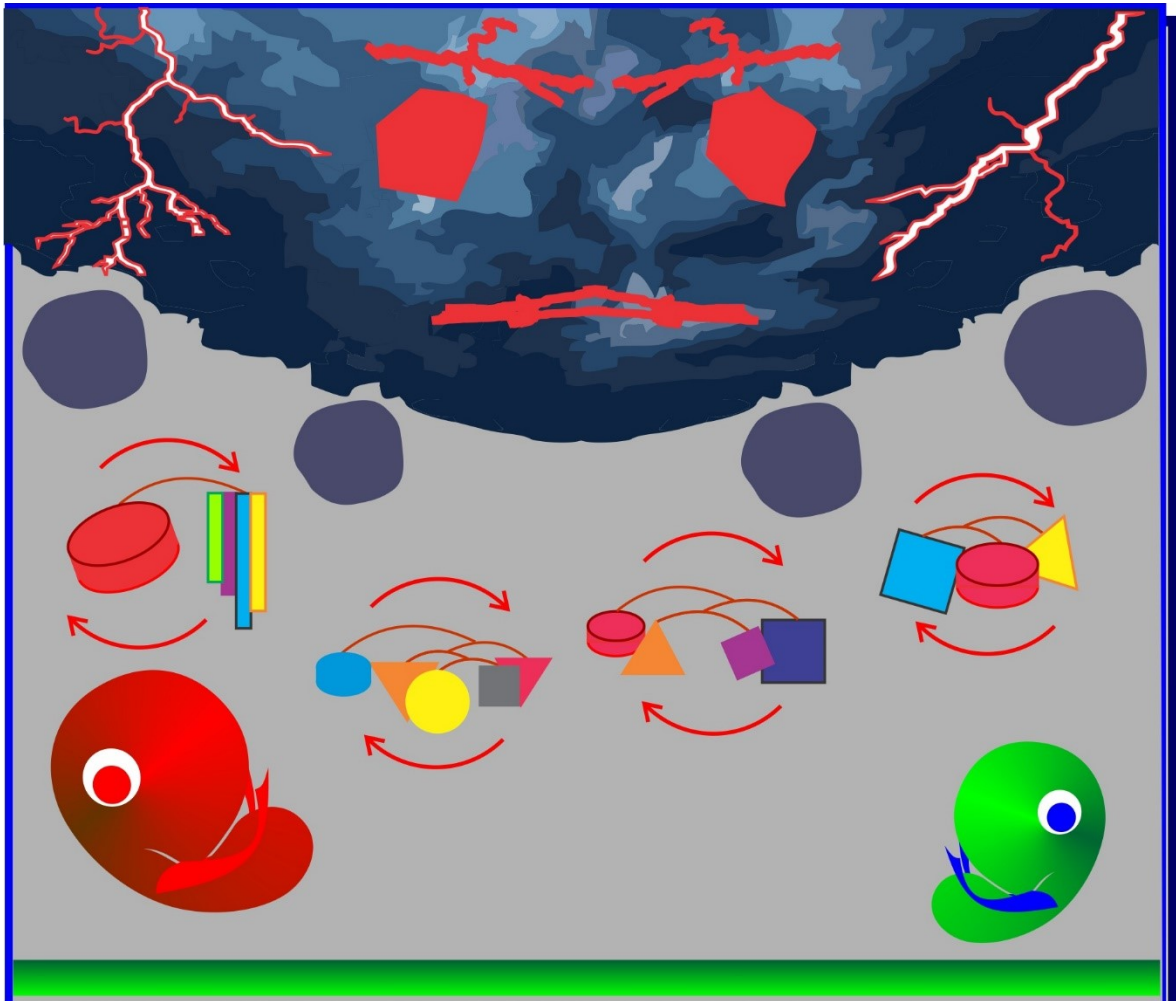
“Never!” Shout back Whimseys, as they rise to challenge.

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

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

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

“Get ready to be amazed. To face whimsical creators. To be stopped cold. To be forced 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 bad 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 it can do less harm.

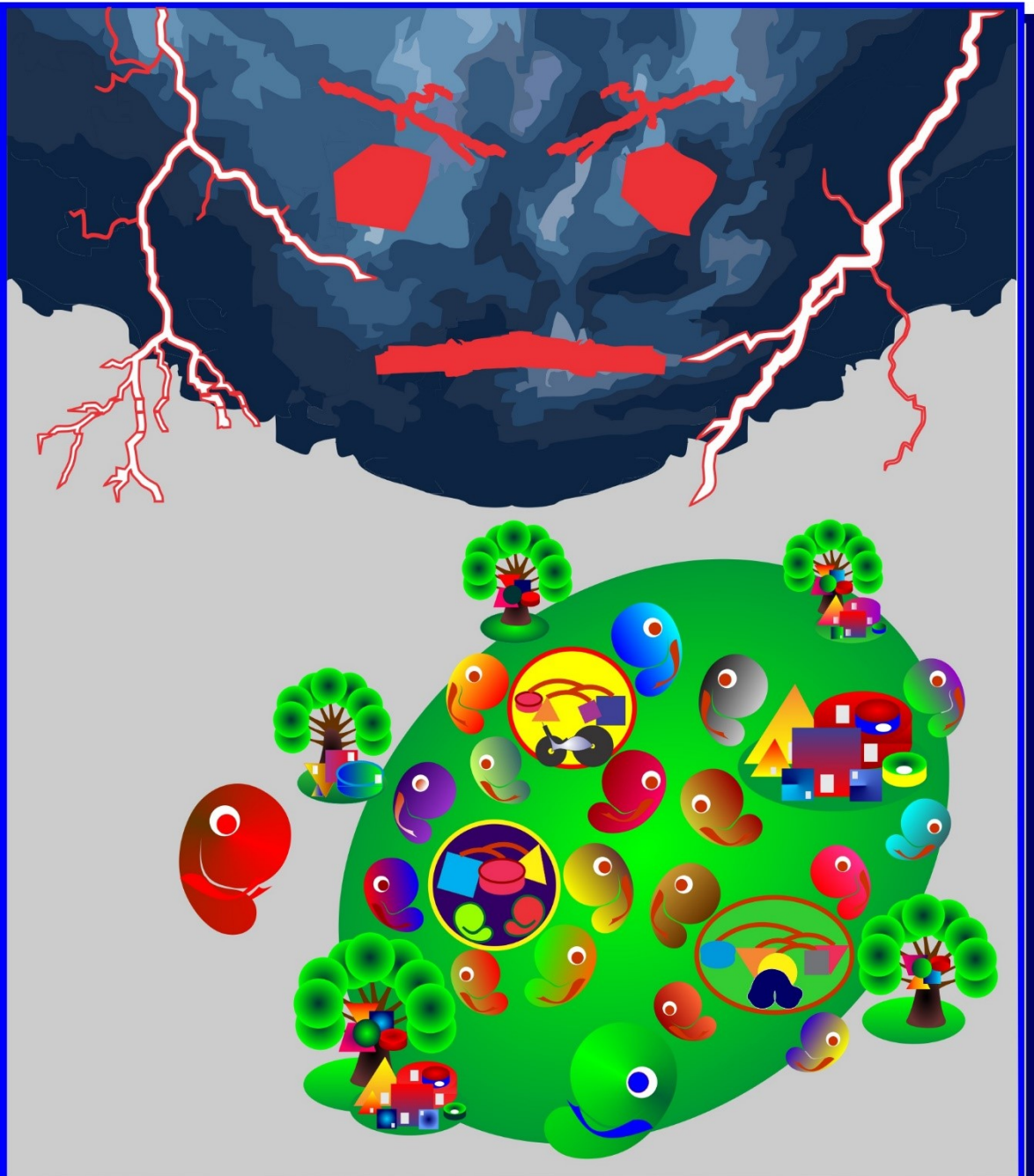


While Wily distracts Dark Cloud, Angel rejoins the Whimseys.

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

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

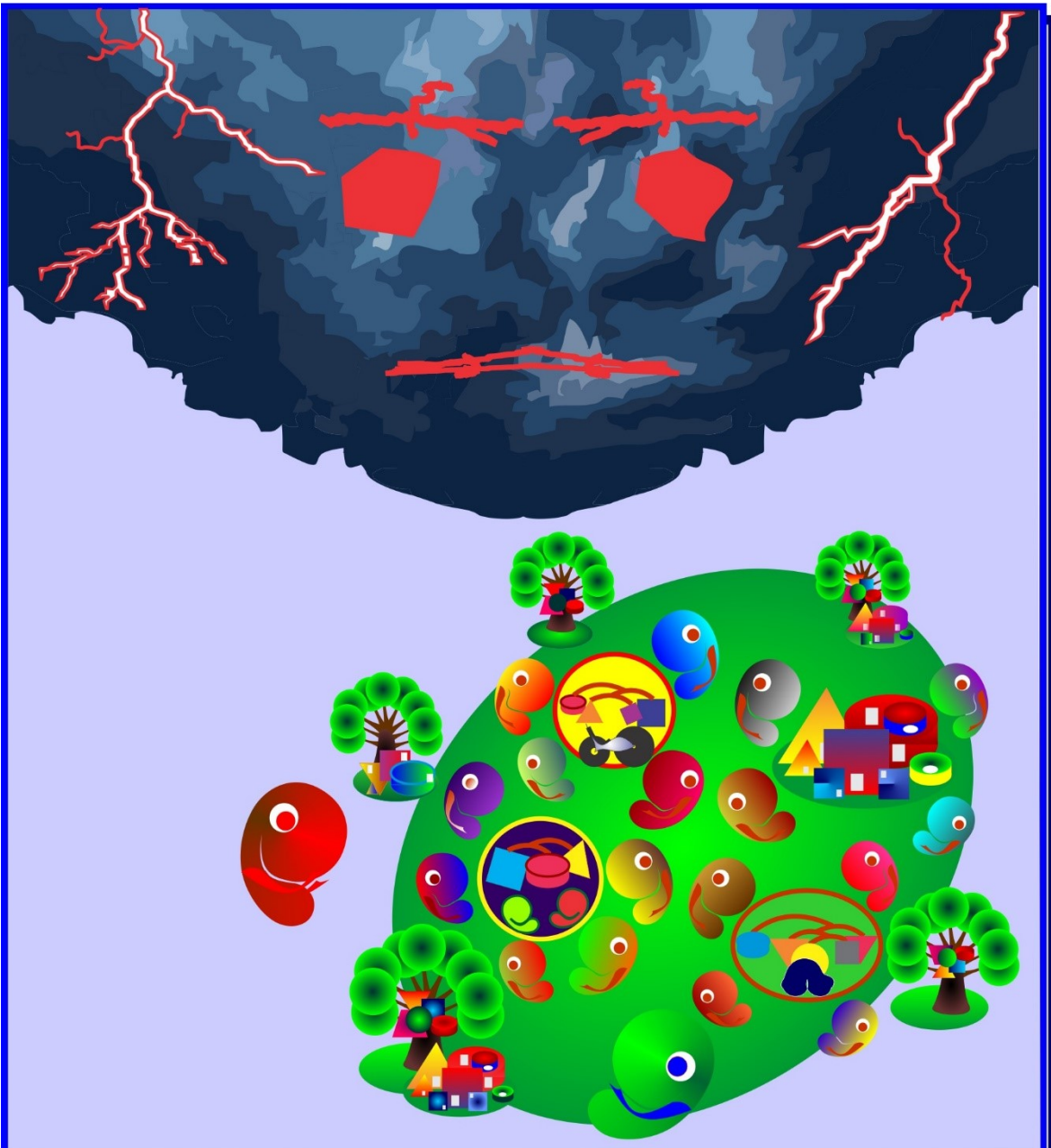
Stronger mobiles in the air protect their homes. They create whirling winds powerful enough to turn much of Dark Cloud into harmless, puffy clouds.



Wily runs out of helpful mischief and returns.

Immediately, Dark Cloud descends to attack the Whimseys.

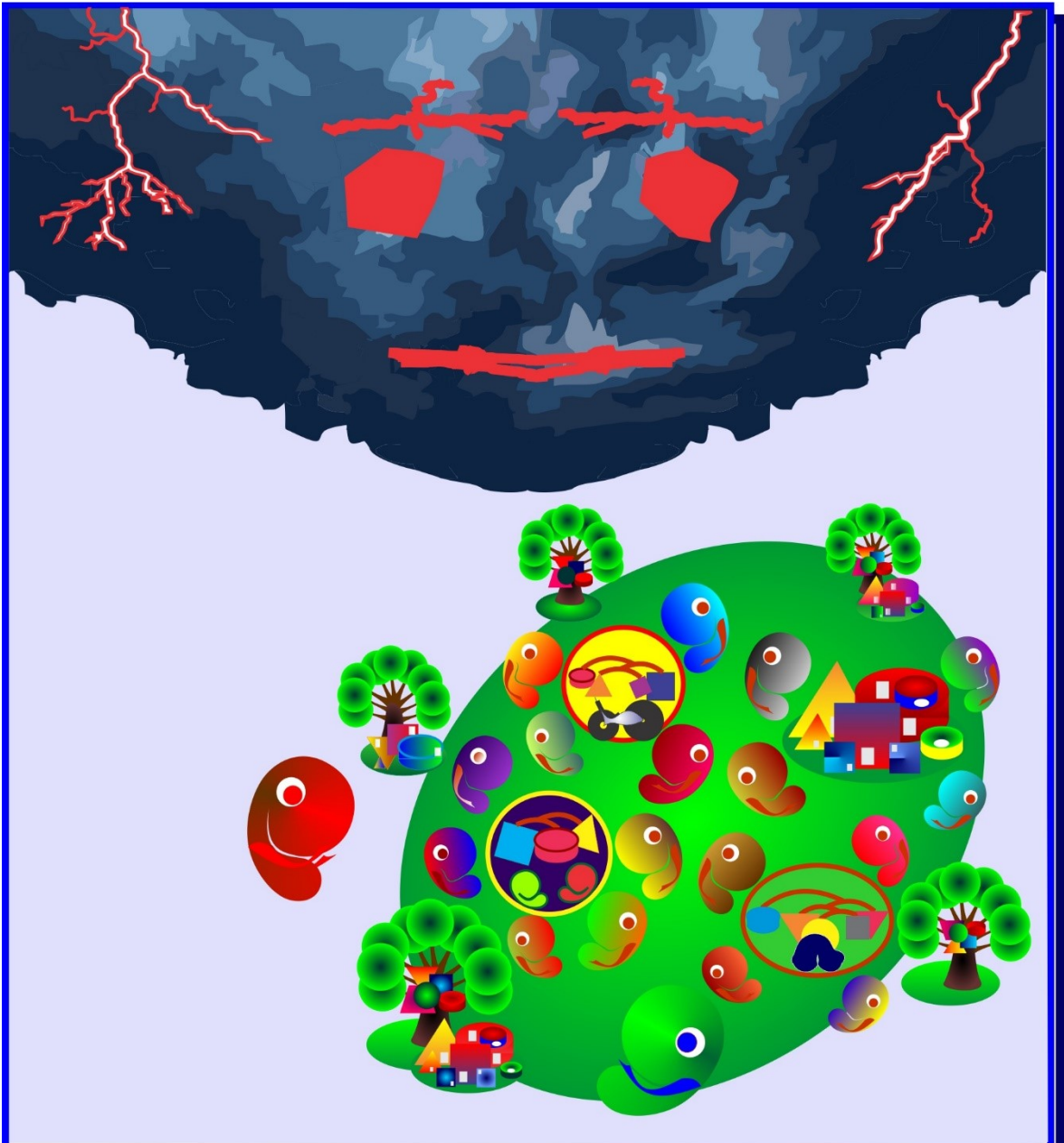
It's very angry. It's look is pure evil.



Just as Dark Cloud begins the powerful attack, it hesitates.

A puzzled look. An uncertain look.

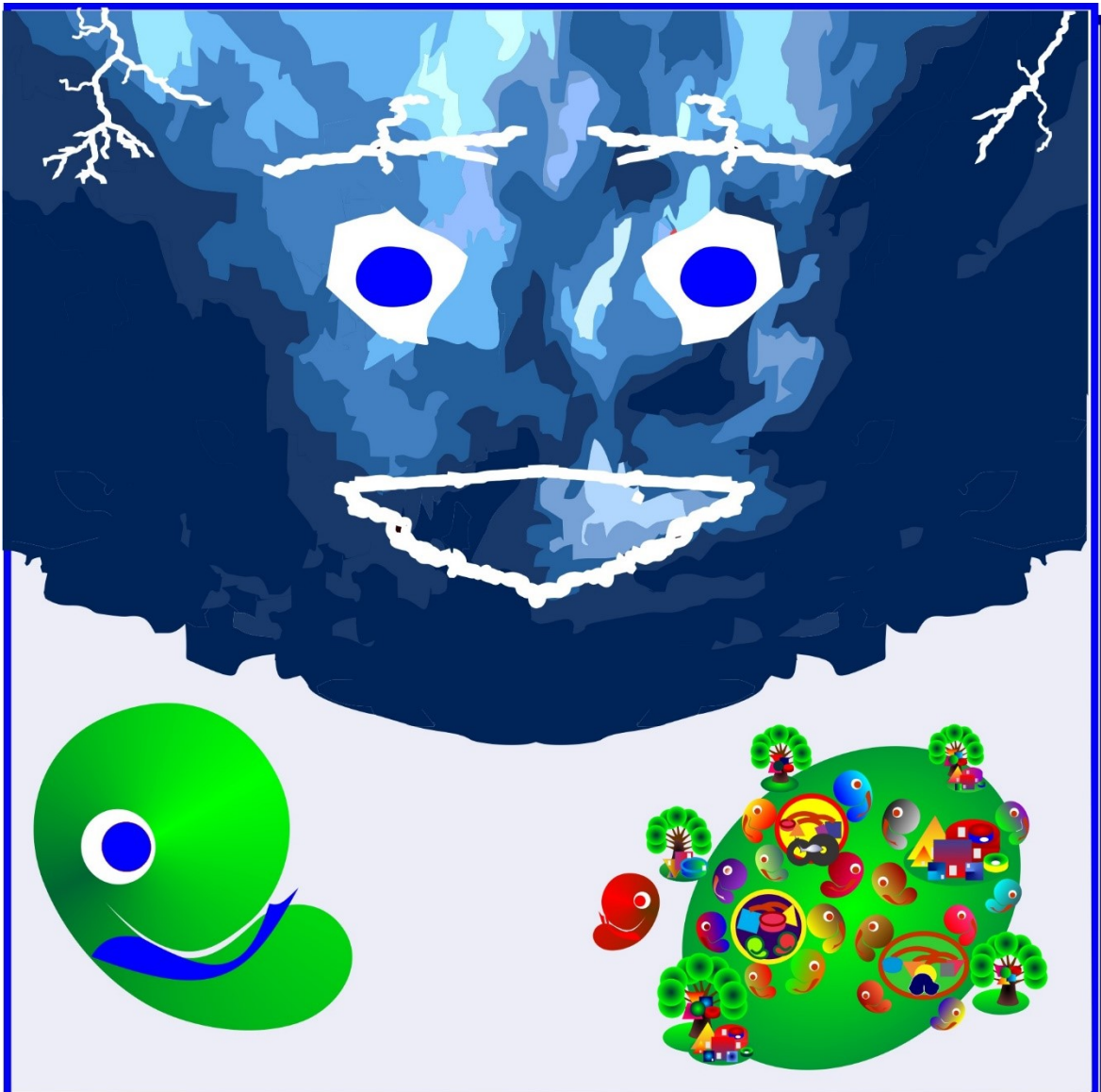
Something's very different. Dark Cloud sees many artful, very powerful things not seen before.



But that's not all.

Dark Cloud is amazed by the beauty of brightly colored Whimseys and their whimsical mobiles and stables.

Might that even be a slight smile?



Suddenly, Dark Cloud changes. More colorful than dark.
Fiery red gone. Lightning bolts almost gone. Almost friendly.

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'm not sure I can destroy you, even if I want to.”

Dark Cloud pauses. Then, wisely and kindly, chooses the better path.

“Contrary to my evil nature, I no longer want to destroy you.”

“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 quickly disappears.



Once again, the sun shines brightly on the Land of Whimsey.

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.”

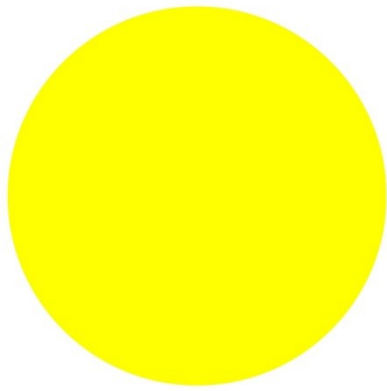
“You were already very creative. I just did a bit of encouraging and shepherding.”



Turning to all Whimseys, I tell them, “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 big time!”



“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 to the Whimseys.

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!”



