



# *Eric and the owl*

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Mythology

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Six year old Oscar lived in a cottage near the woods with his blind grandfather, he was not like other boys his age, Oscar had trouble making people understand him, he loved to draw the birds he saw in the woods, his favourite was an owl he called Eric.

It was a week before Christmas, Father Christmas had forgotten to visit Oscar's cottage the year before, this made his grandfather cry. Oscar put logs on the fire before going to sleep in a rocking chair, he had a dream about an angel trapped in a wrist watch being worn by a tree and the angels wings were trapped in ice with the key to heaven's door, the ice would not melt even though it was surrounded by a wall of fire, angels above wore clouds as slippers.

Oscar was woken by the sound of his grandfather's walking stick which had the sun and moon carved into it's head. Grandfather asked Oscar to show him the moon and help him guide the end of his stick around the edge of the moon

to make music. That night Oscar heard a noise outside of his bedroom window, it was Eric the owl wearing a cloak of snow, with the same number of flakes as the number of days since his grandfather had gone blind. Oscar could talk to the owl much more than he could to people, Eric pointed his wing towards the woods and Oscar followed him, the owl landed on what would become the cottage Christmas tree then guided Oscar deep into the woods, there was the watch from his dream and the wall of fire which he could just about see through. Oscar's black eyes became clear, Eric could see his grandfather being blinded in the great war, the wind held it's hands against it's ears.

The owl collected feathers falling from clouds and gave them to Oscar.

That night Oscar had a dream about driving the sleigh of father Christmas, when he woke there were more feathers outside of his window, he wrapped them in a blanket, there was also a pocket-watch which he could not open.

Oscar managed to cut down the Christmas tree and take it into the cottage, his grandfather sat in the rocking chair as Oscar decorated the tree with tinsel and hung the watch from a branch, the wind warmed it's fingers against the fire.

Oscar thought about the children who did not have anything, even food, he wanted their hunger to end and the return of his grandfather's eyesight, these were the two presents he wanted more than anything. That night the wind wore the uniform of war as it searched for heaven's door.

It was the morning of Christmas eve, a hungry reindeer appeared outside of the cottage with Eric on it's back, Oscar knew the reindeer belonged to father Christmas and fed the poor animal this freed the angel trapped in the watch who went and stood near the wall of fire. Oscar now had enough feathers for a pair of wings, he flew with Eric and returned the reindeer to father Christmas then told the sun stories about hungry children, the sun's tears put out the flames of the wall of fire and the angel got her wings back along with the key to heaven's

door and flew Oscar's grandfather through the door where a brilliant light gave him back his sight.

It was Christmas morning and father Christmas left a painting of Oscar's grandfather going through heaven's door, he also left a note telling Oscar about parcels of food he had left for hungry children, it was hard to tell who was happier, Oscar or his grandfather who now made walking sticks carved with the head of an owl for people who had trouble walking.

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