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of Whimsey World

Angel, Thriving Creator of Artful Things

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





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Artist and author Chris
with aspiring artists
Angel & Sara

GChris Sculpture
www.GChris.com

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 of the original “Angel, Thriving Creator of Artful Things”. 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.

Hi,

For those who are curious, creative, and care about our future, there is something you and your friends and family should think about.

The following story is about Angel and Whimsey World. How Angel led the Whimseys to save their world and build a thriving future for all. By being unselfish.

But what about your and our world? What about Earth?

What will you do? Now? When you are older?

Very good questions for you in the years to come. Being mostly unselfish is a great way to start and help build a thriving future for all.

Chris



Be unselfish and thrive!

To help you read this story, there are some words you may not know.

Learning them will help you.

Chris

Thrive/thriving - growing or being well.

Survive/surviving - staying alive.

Unselfish - helping others.

Whimseys - whimsical creatures that live in Whimsey World.

whimsical - playful.

Mobiles - art hanging in the air.

Stables - art standing on ground.

Creative - using your mind to make new things that work well.

Artful - things that are art or look like art.

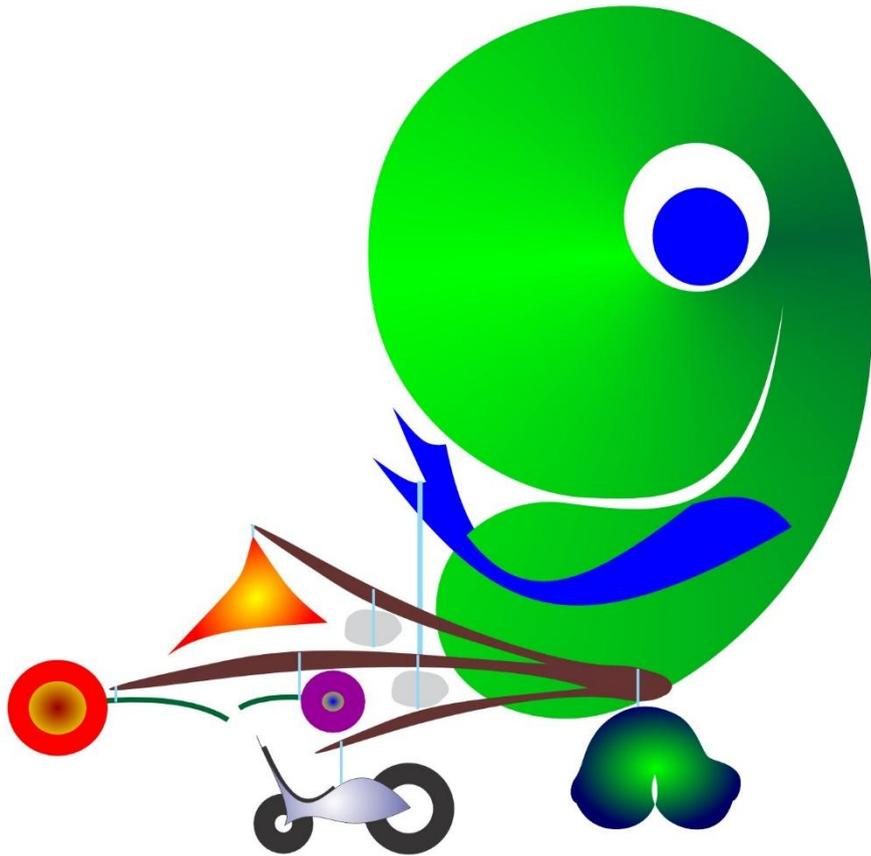
Sibling - like a brother or sister.

Shepherd - helps others.

Balanced - 2 or more things hang so they can move with wind or touch.

Human - people who live on Earth.

“Hi! I’m Angel.”



“Some think I’m the most creative, artful, and thriving Whimsey ever.” *

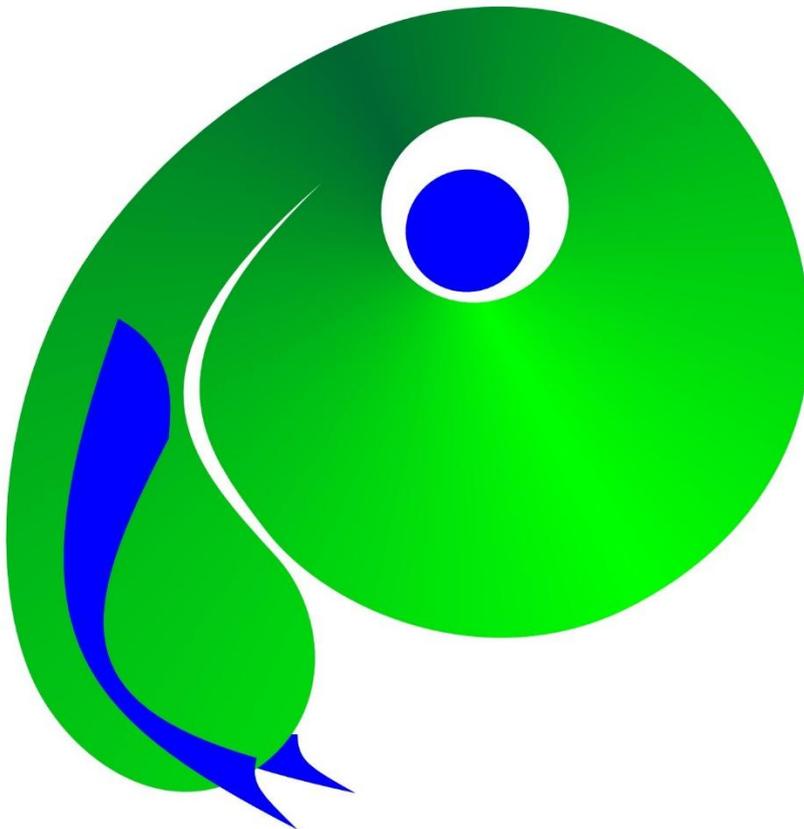
* Thriving - growing or being well.

* Whimsey - whimsical creatures that live in Whimsey World.

“I try very, very hard to be mostly unselfish.” *

“Do you?”

“It is very good to be unselfish.”



“Let’s get to my story. The fun part.”

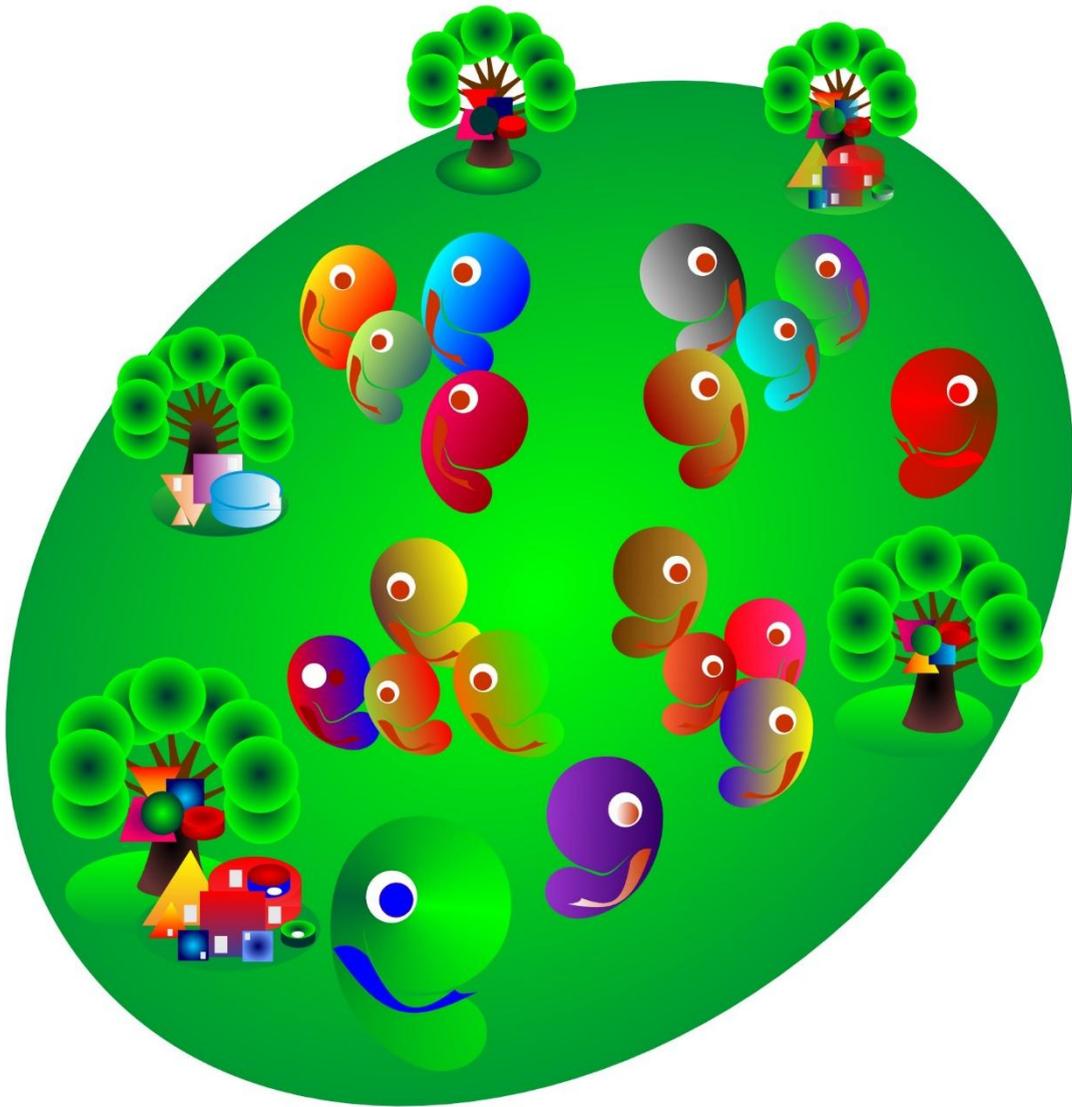
* Unselfish - helping others.

Hi! My name is Chris.

I'm going to tell you a very
brave story.



This story is about my friend
Angel and all the Whimseys
of Whimsey World.



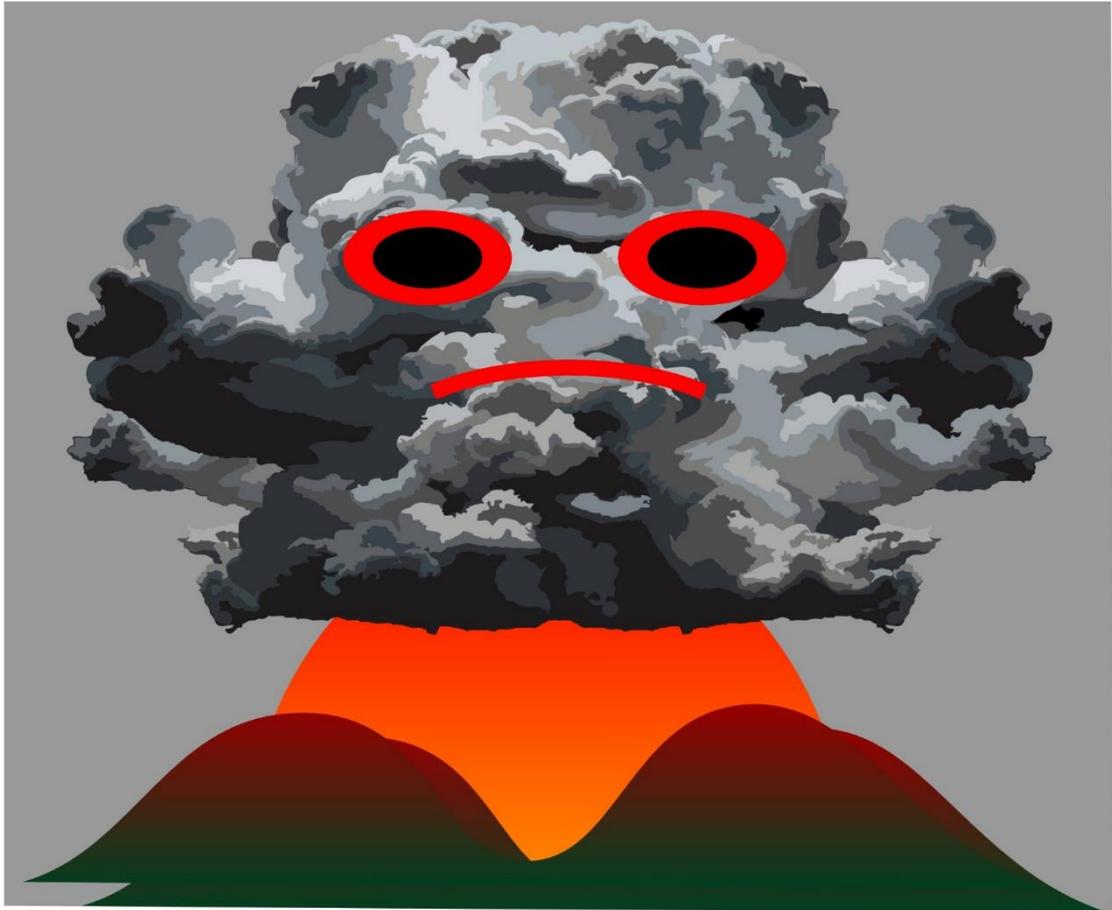
Whimseys are whimsical and brightly colored. *

They live in a land far, far, away.

* Whimsical - playful.

But Whimseys will again face
the very bad Dark Cloud.

It wants to hurt Whimseys.



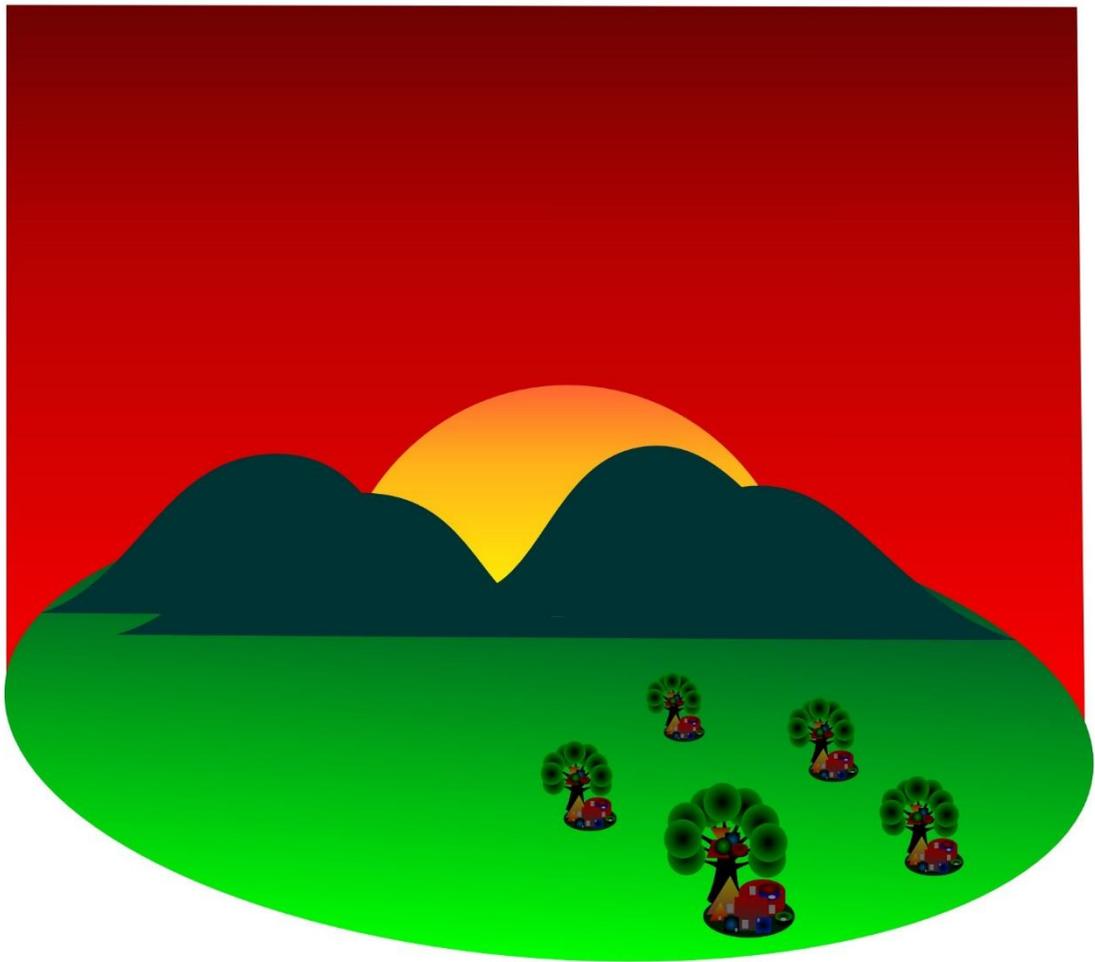
Will the Whimseys survive? *

Even more, will they thrive?

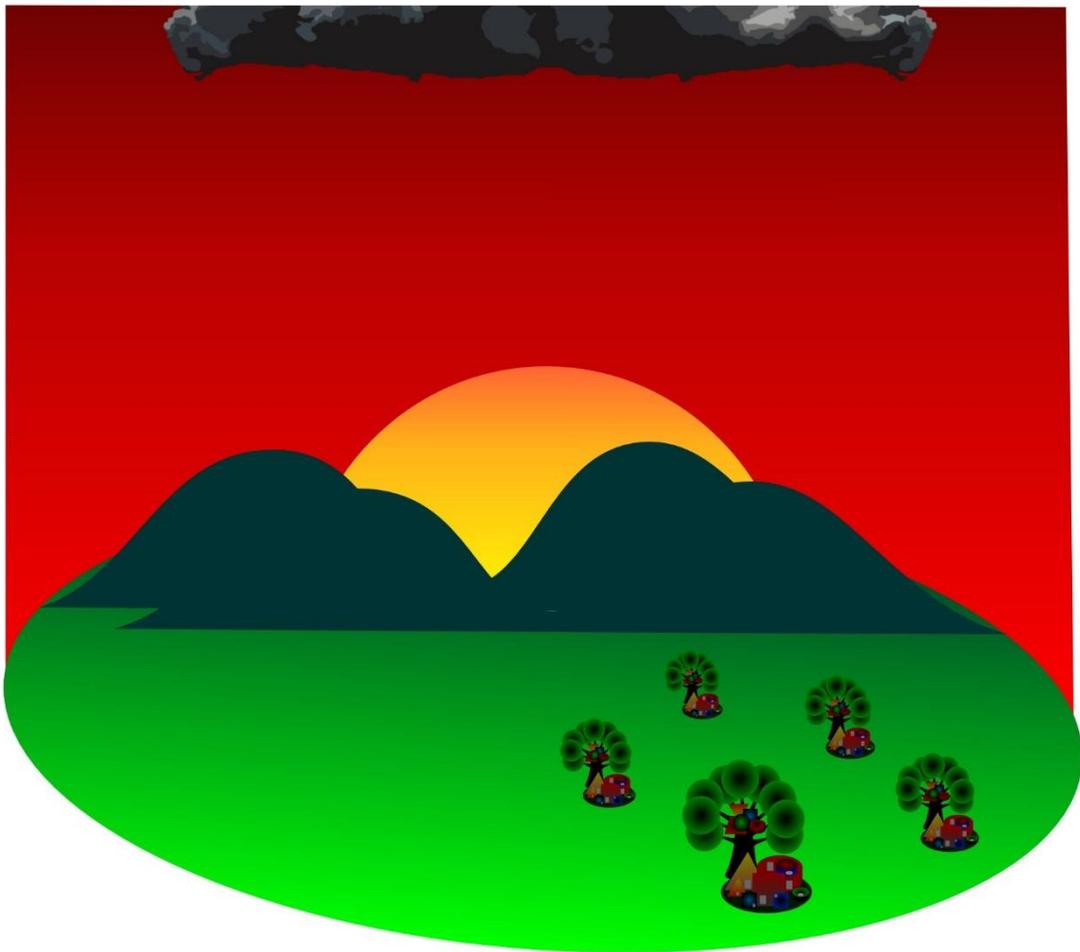
* Survive - staying alive.

It's morning.

Sun rises over Whimsey
World.



Dark red scary sky.



Warning! Warning!
Bad Dark Cloud is coming.

Bad Dark Cloud comes closer.

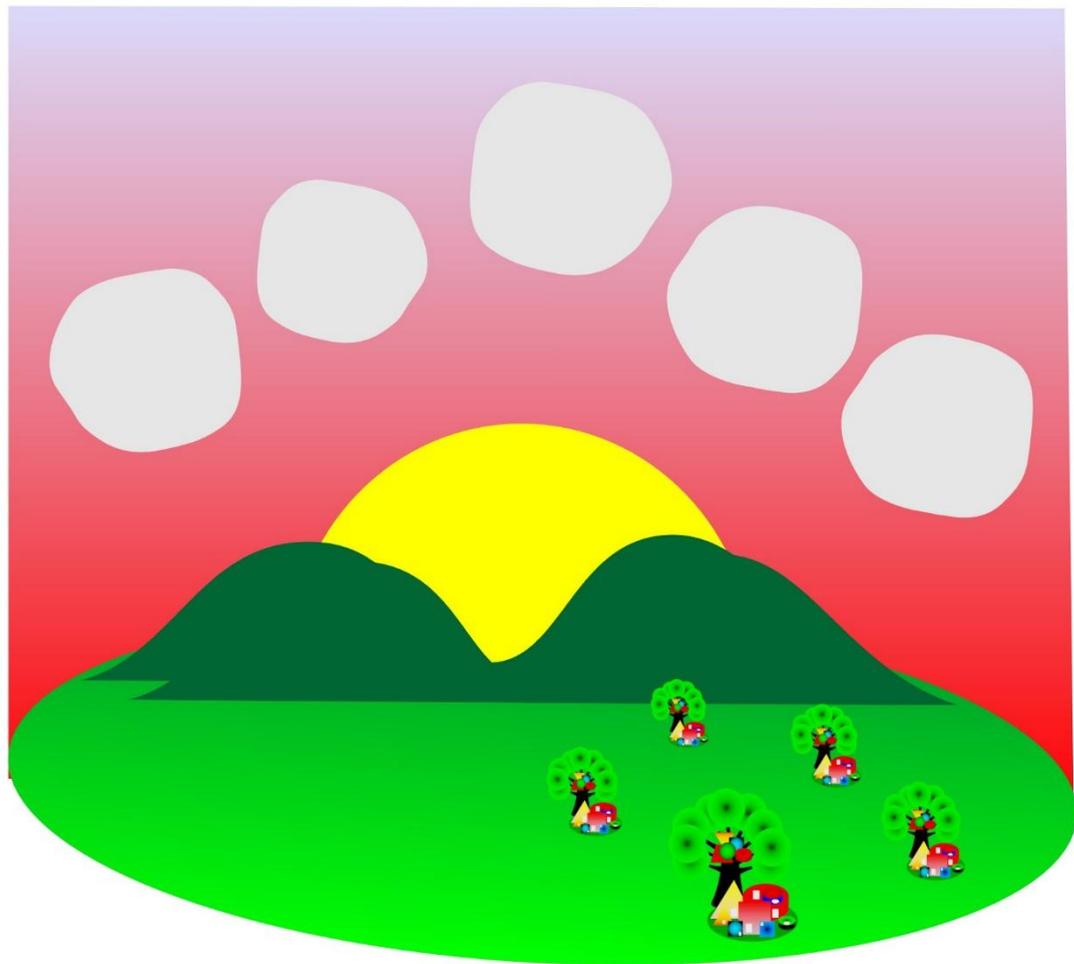


Warning! Warning!

Whimseys face great danger!

It's morning!

Sky changes to redish blue.



Sky fills with bright yellow sun
and puffy clouds.



There it is! Whimsey World.

Far below, I see homes built of
many shapes.

Circles, squares and triangles.



They shine with bright colors.

Some stand on the ground.

Others hang from great trees.

Whimsey homes are amazing!
Made from colorful things and
carefully created.



Very creative! * Very artful! **

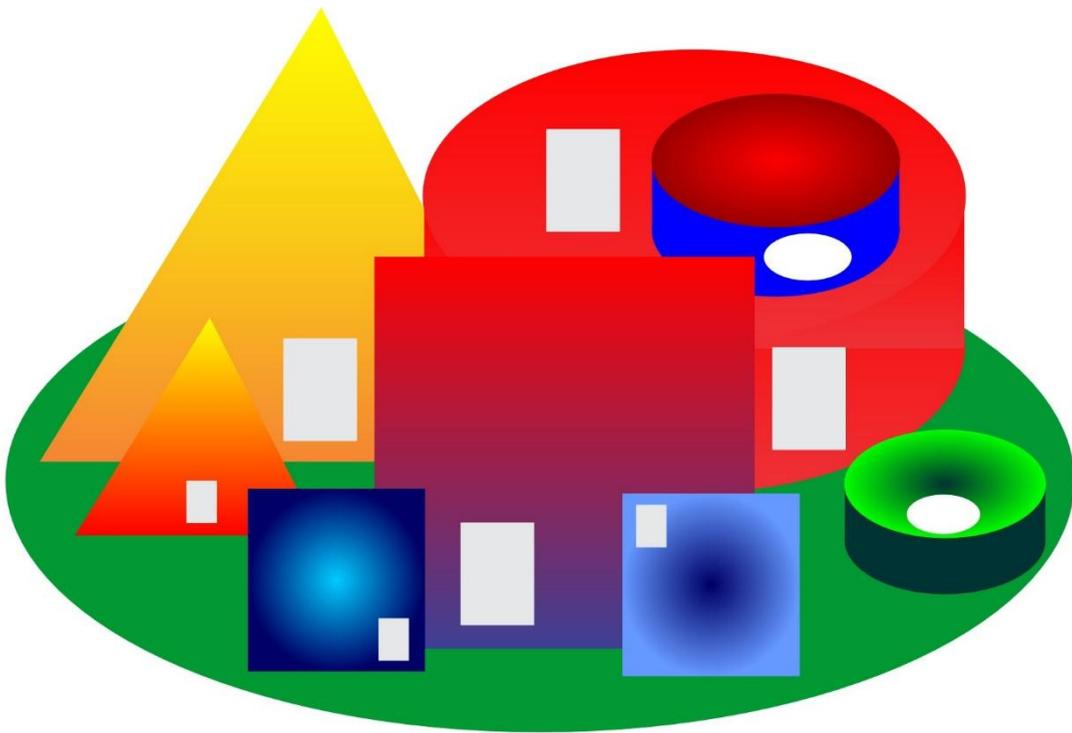
* Creative - using your mind to make new things that work well.

** Artful - things that are art or look like art.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock.

Too little time.

Dark Cloud will be here soon.

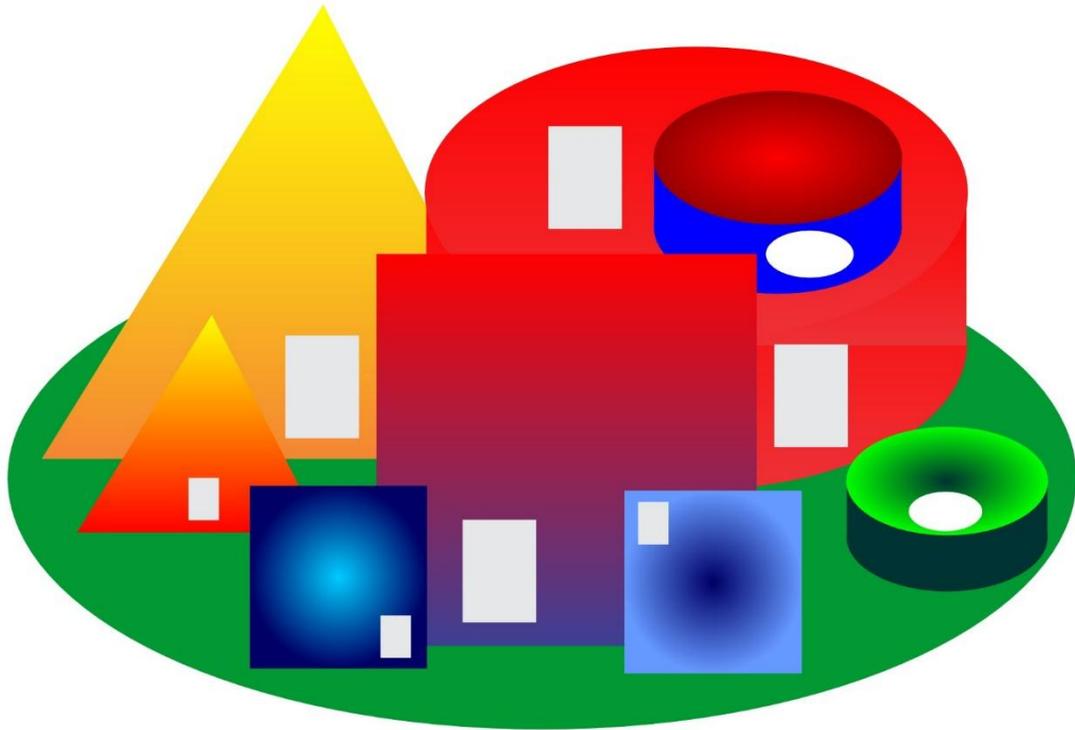


Hurry! Hurry!

Must find the most creative home.

Find the most creative Whimseys.

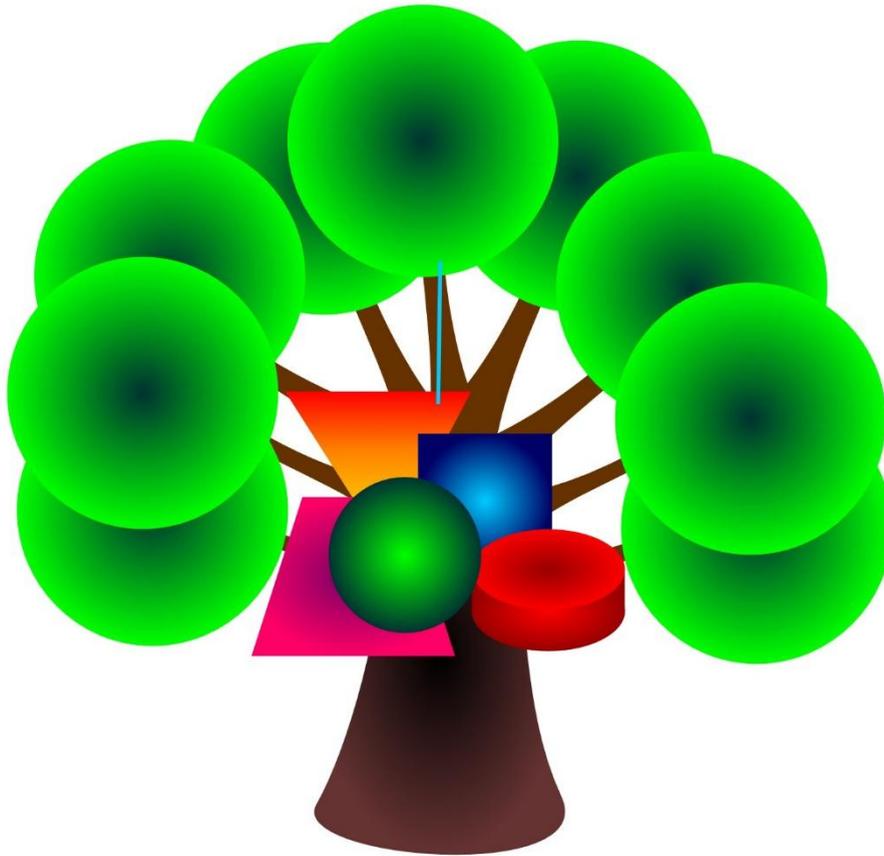
Great! Found the most creative
home!



The lower part stands on ground.*
Not yet strong enough to stand
against Dark Cloud's terrible wind.
It must be stronger if Whimseys
are not to be hurt.

*In art, it's called a "stabile".

The upper part hangs from a great Whimsey tree.*



Carefully created. Moves with wind. Survives strong winds.

But tomorrow, it will face terrifying winds. Too strong.

*In art, it's called a "mobile".

Together, the upper and lower parts
make a very strong Whimsey home.



Truly creative! Truly whimsical!

But, must be stronger. Much
stronger.

Dark Cloud is very strong.

What's that??



I hear screaming.

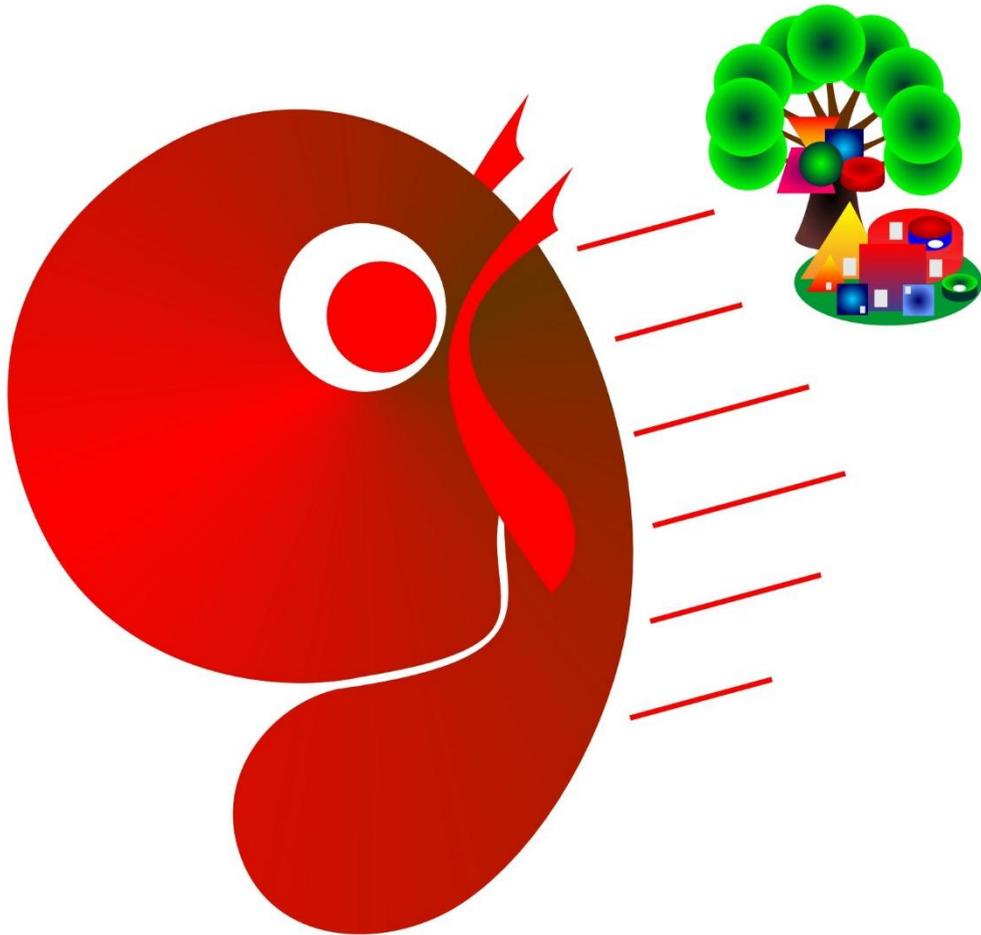
Whoooosh! A bright green streak!

Whoooosh! The bright green streak
flies back the other way!



Flying fast like a hummingbird is a
young, bright green Whimsey.

What's that??

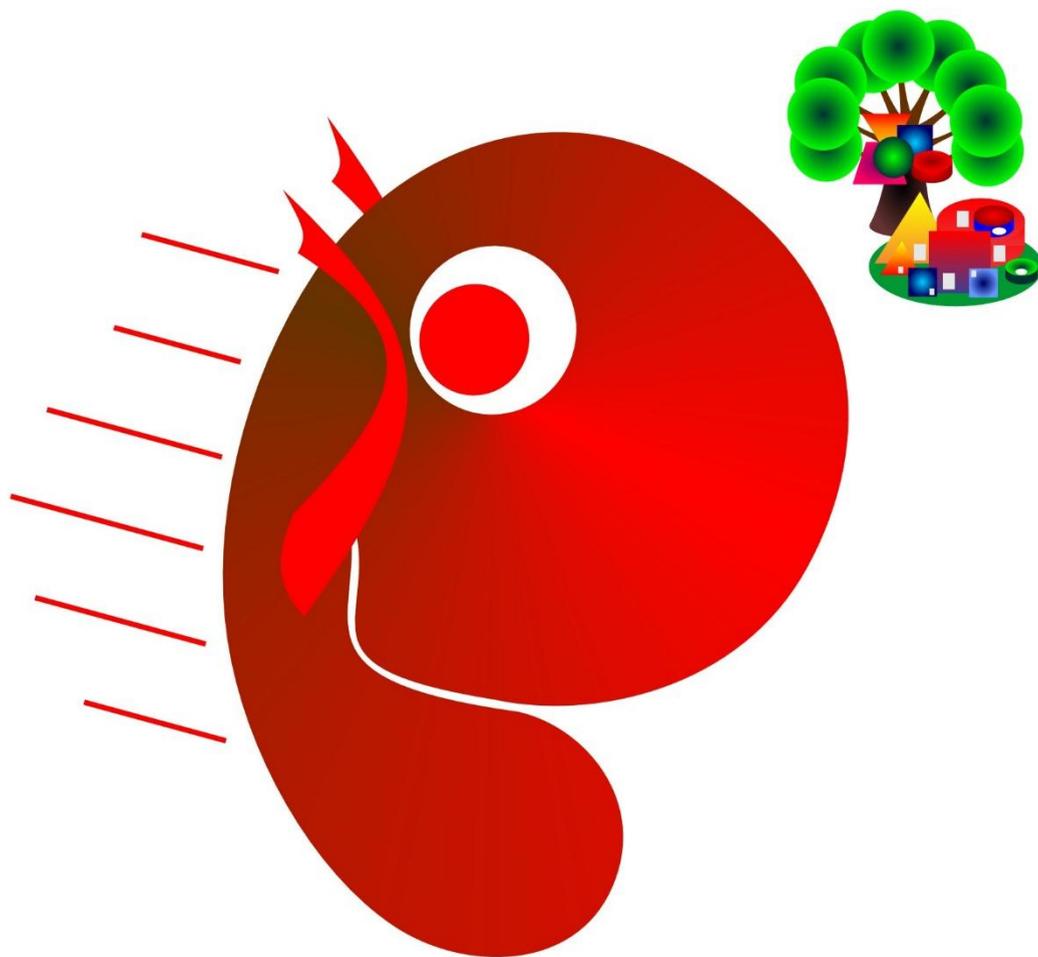


A quick red flash!

A loud buzzing sound.

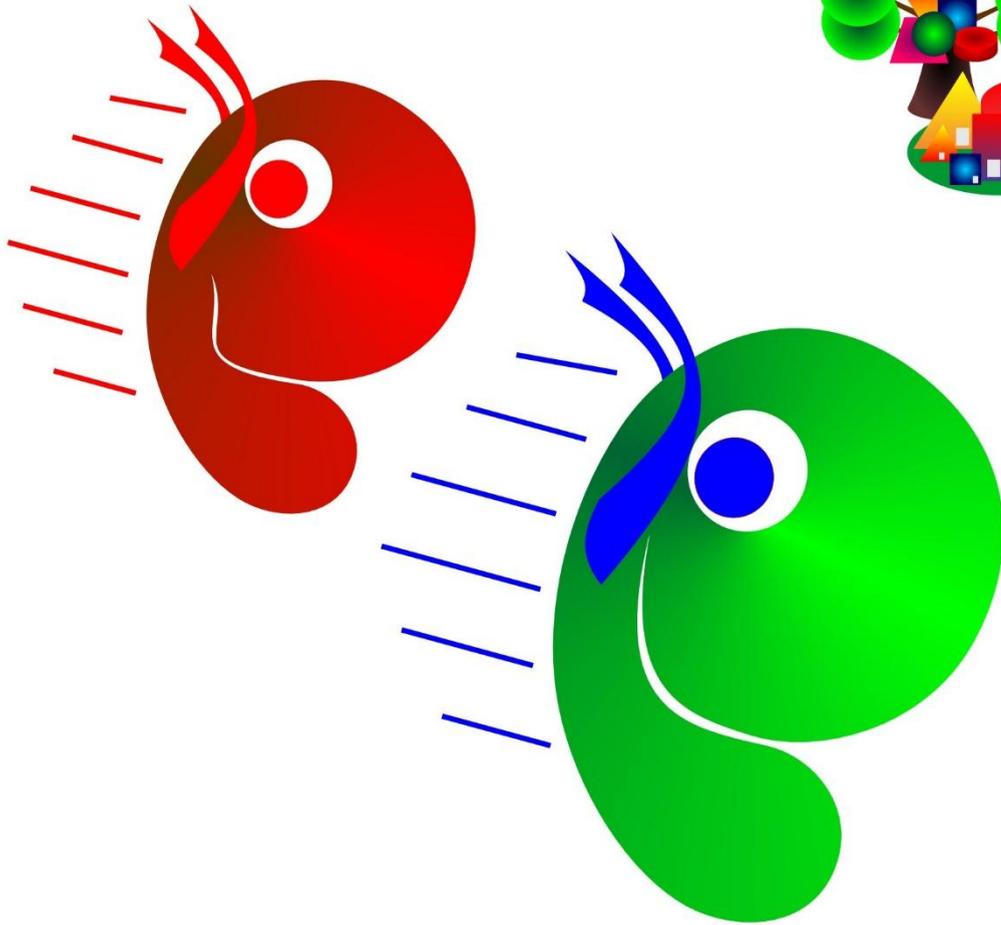
Another young Whimsey chases
the green Whimsey.

Bright red in color. High speed.



Oooh!

This one looks like trouble!

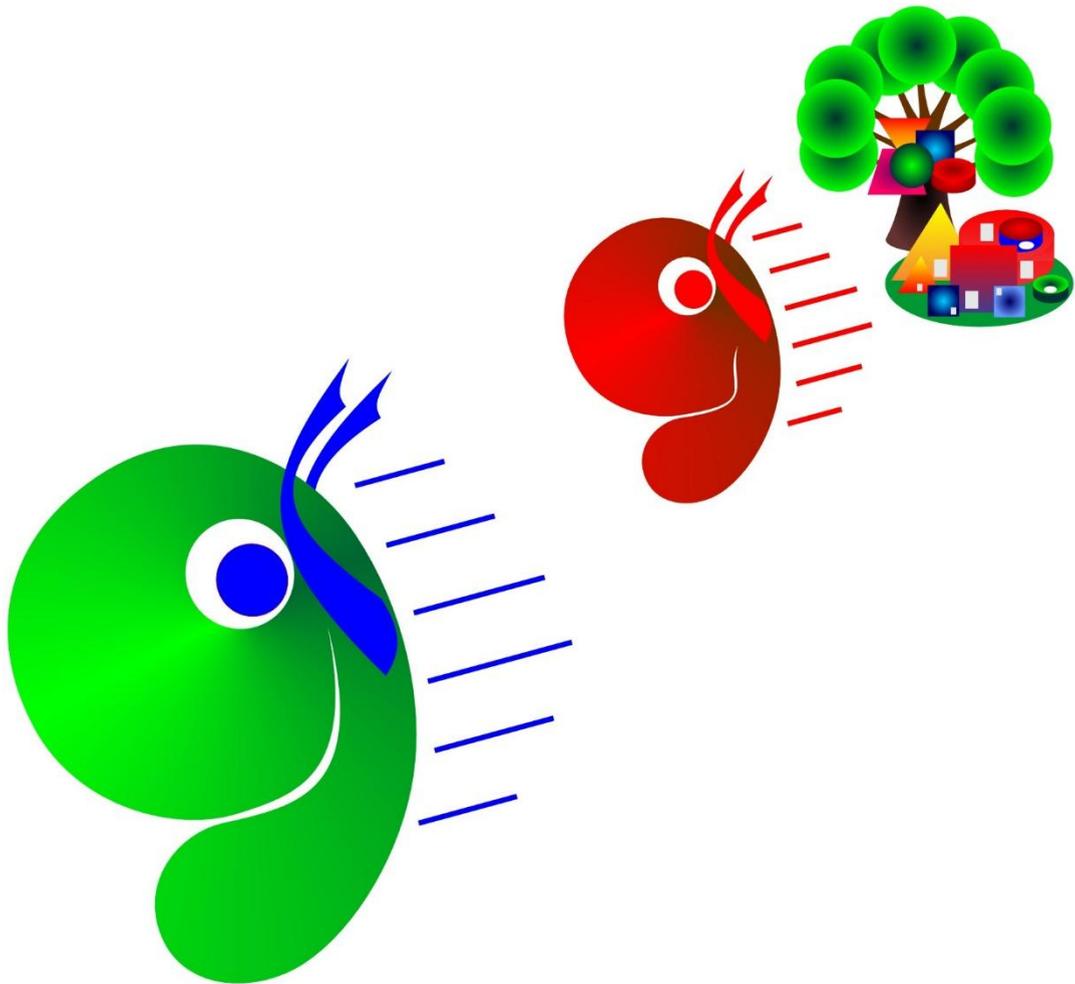


Just screams of joy.

They play a very, very fast game of chase.

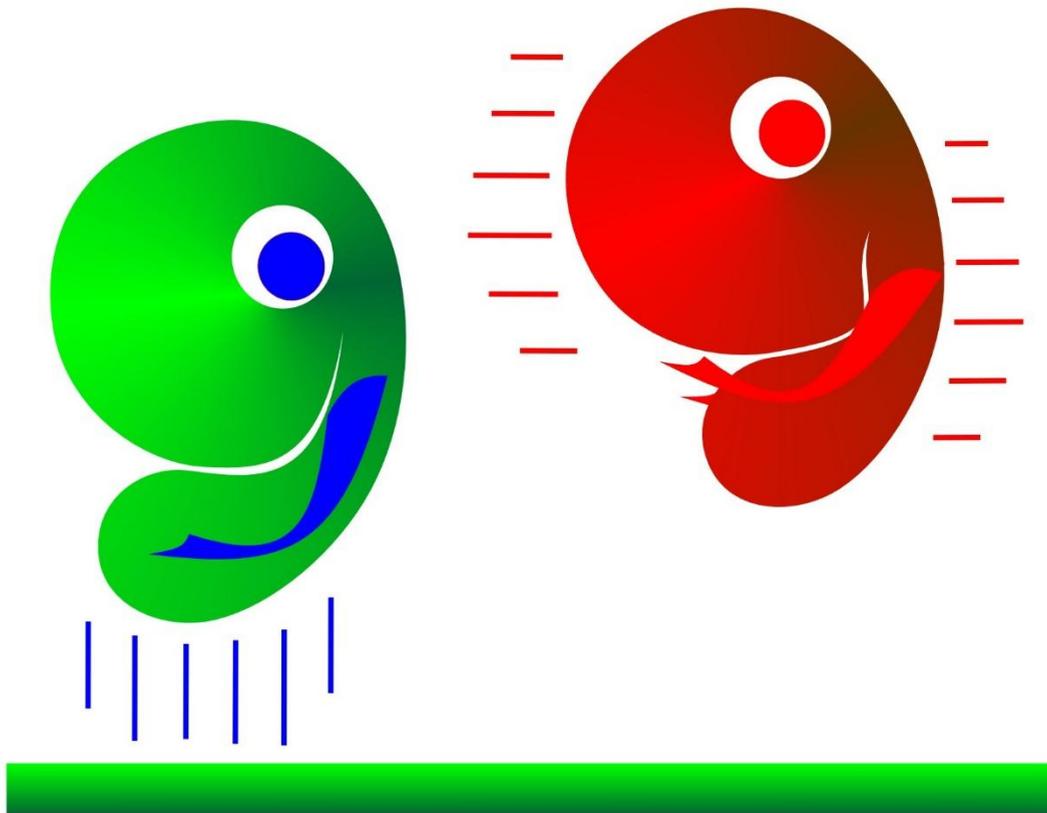
Green Whimsey has no fear of
getting caught.

Very, very fast.



Like a really, really fast
hummingbird.

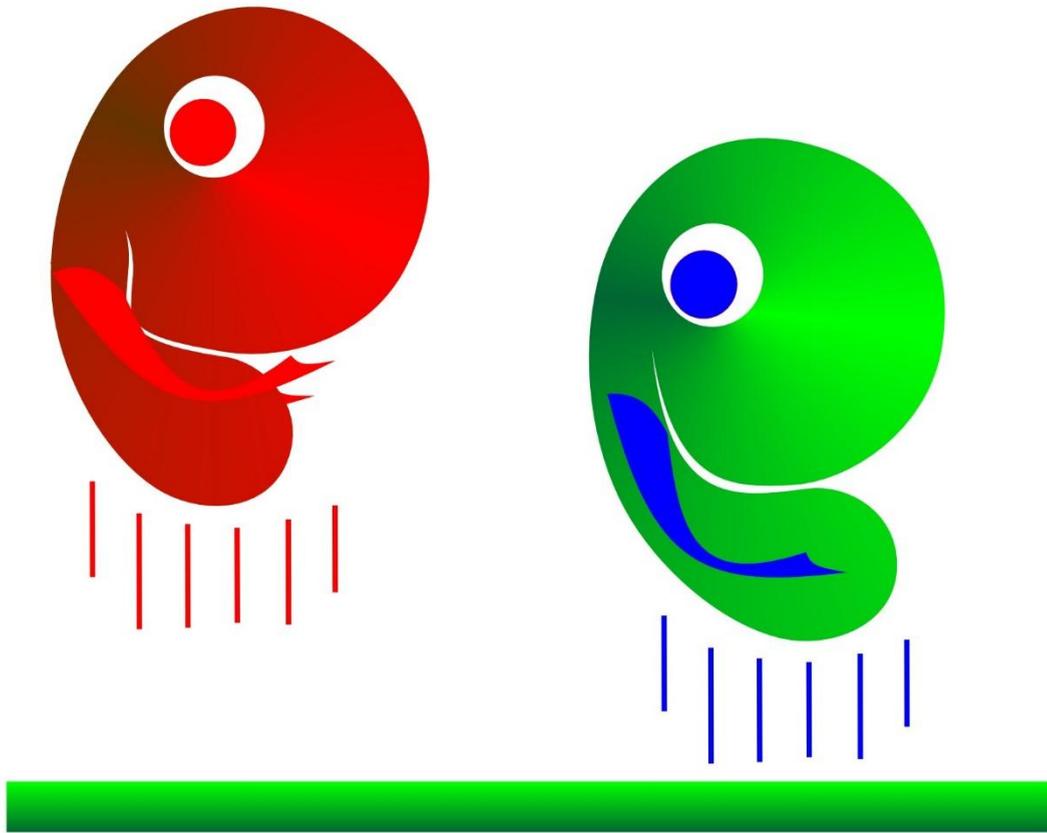
Suddenly, green Whimsey stops.
Bounces up and down in the air.
Stares at me.



A second later, red Whimsey is
here.

Buzzes back and forth around me.
Like a buzzing bumble bee.

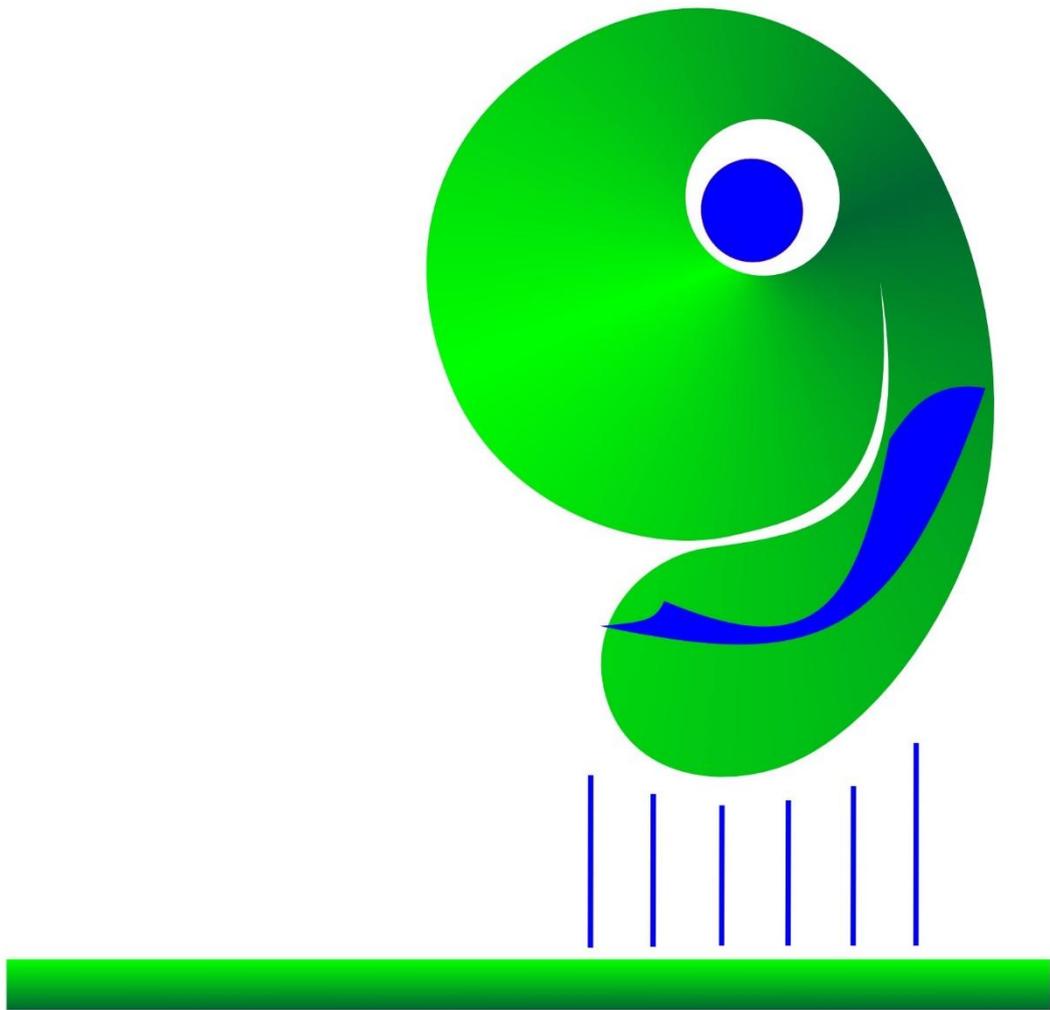
They both stare at me.



They ask, “Who are you?”

“What are you?”

“You are not a Whimsey!”



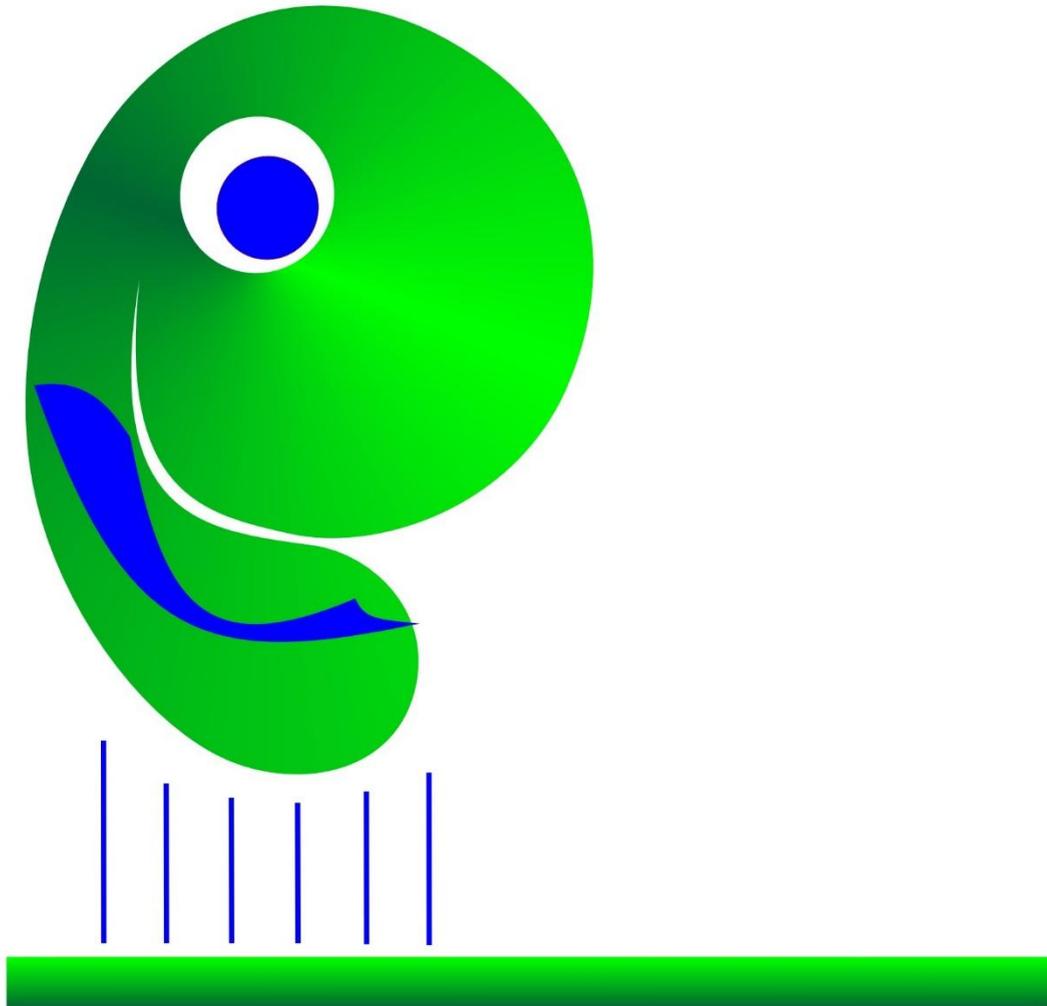
Green Whimsey says very cheerfully, "I'm Angel. I'm a Whimsey of the Whimsical family!"

"This is my sibling Wily." *

* Sibling - like a brother or sister.

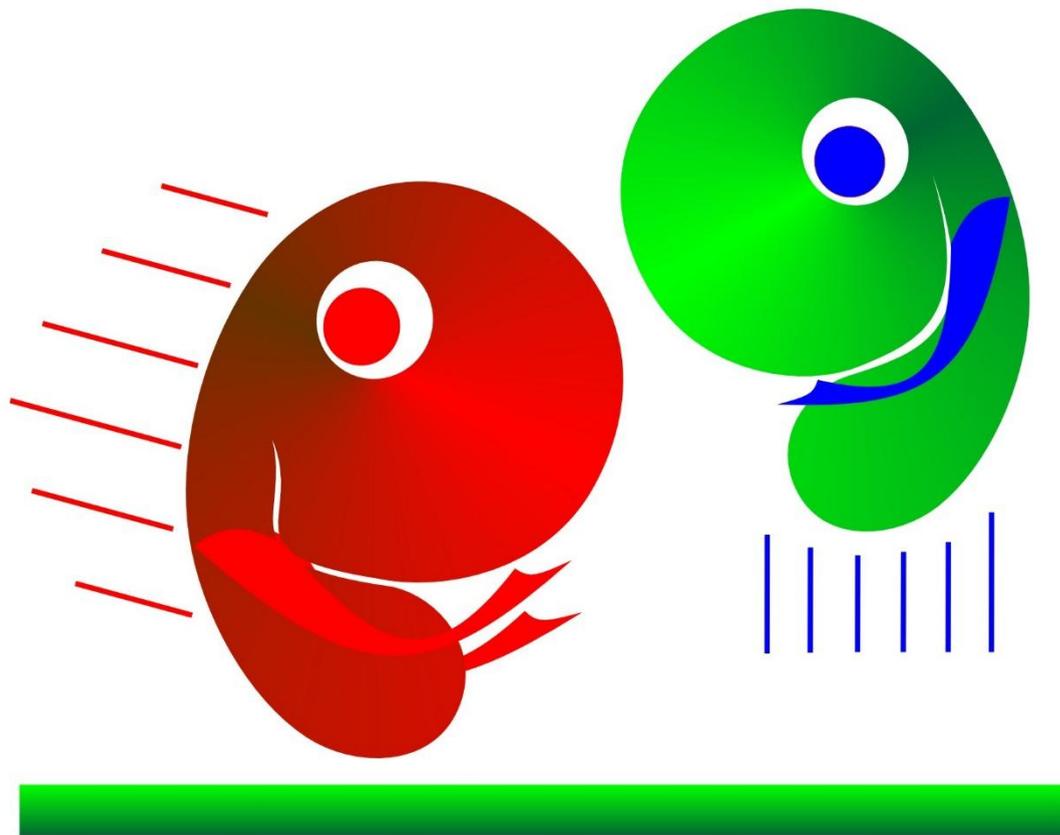
“You're very different! Very strange!”

“Who are you? What are you?”



“I'm Chris,” I tell them. “I'm”

Wily flies close and shouts, “Yah,
what are you?”



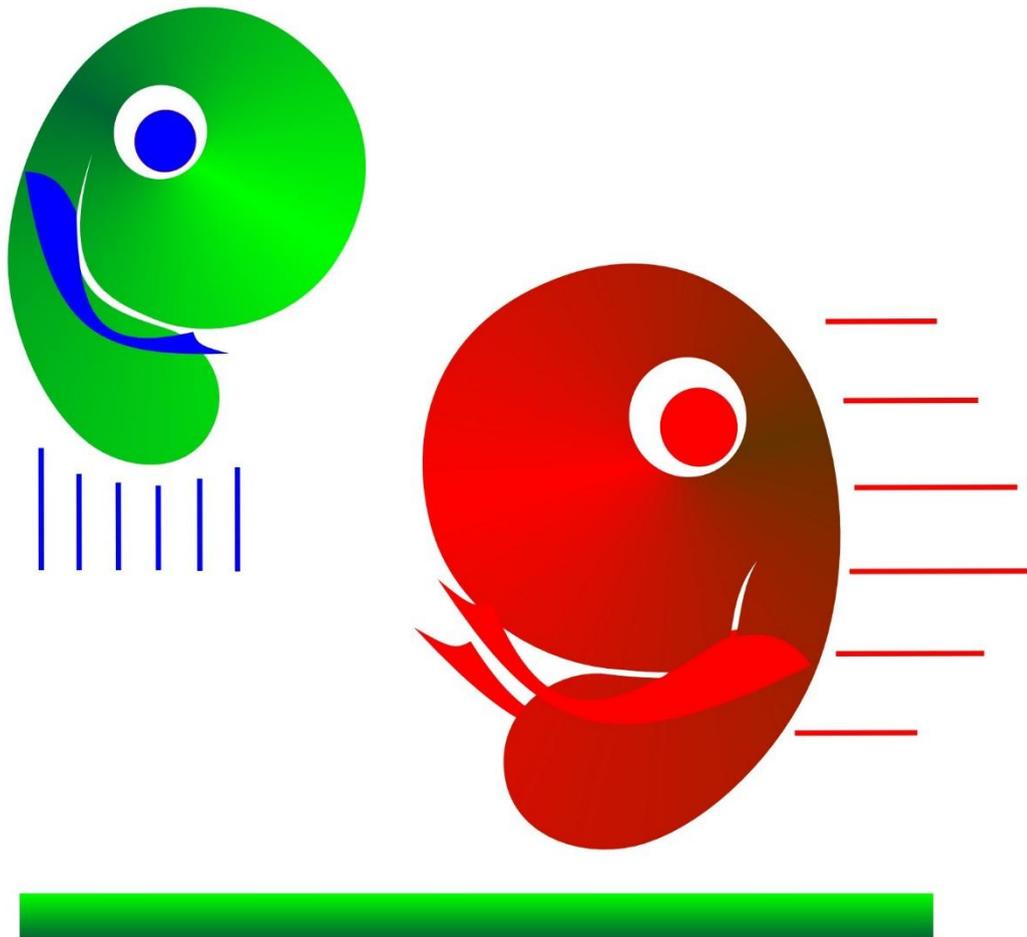
“You're not a Whimsey.”



“You have five things on each of your arms.

“We don’t have them. Don’t need them. We do things with our minds.”

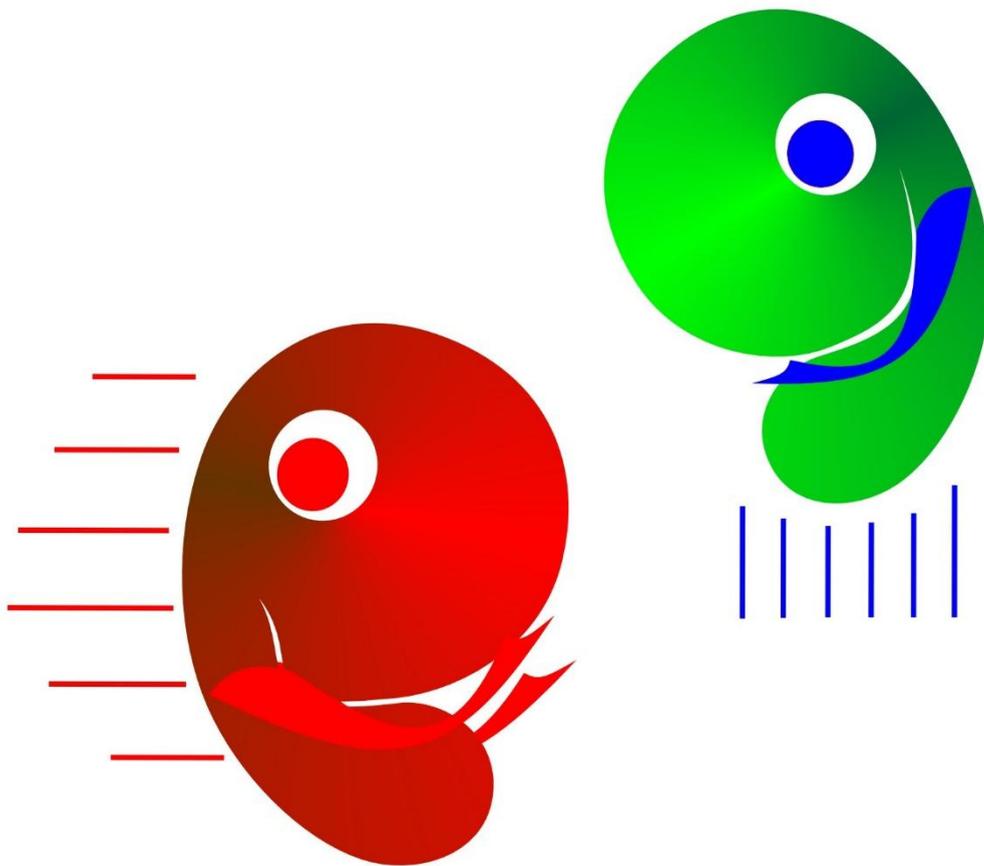
“Much better!”



“You have two things that help you stand.”

“We don’t have them. Don’t need them either.”

“We fly.”



“You don't fly like us.”

“You move on the ground.”

“You really are very, very strange!”

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



“I'm very different from you.”

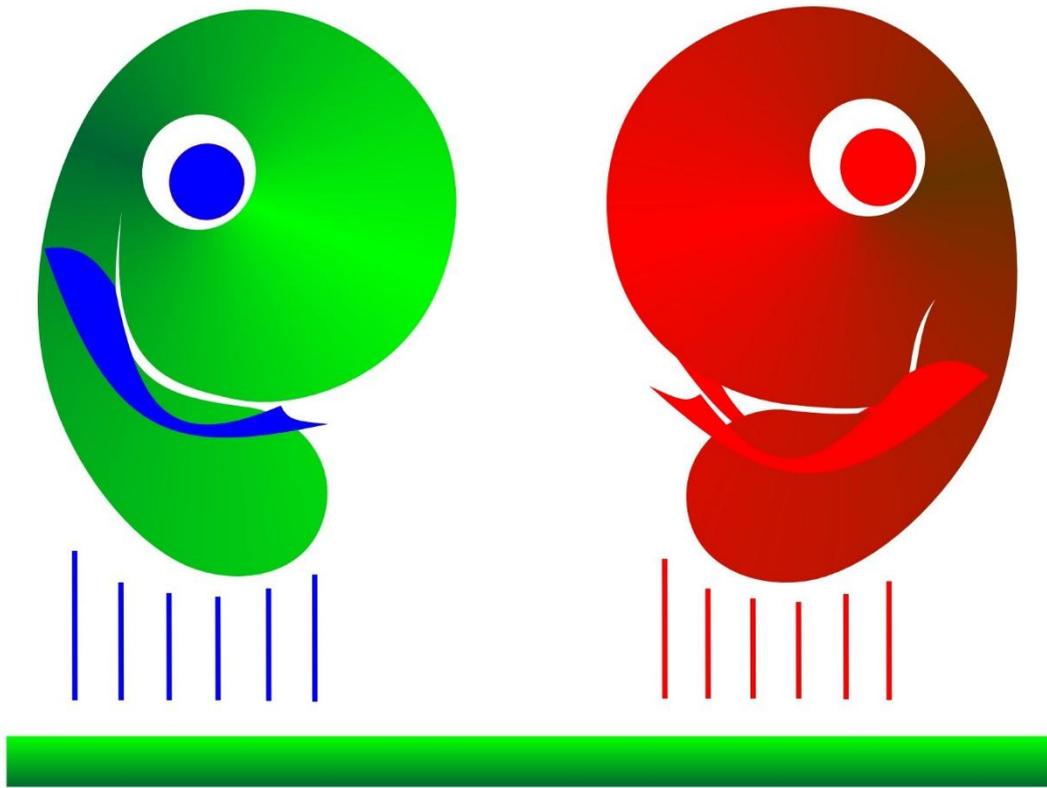
“Not a Whimsey.”

“I kind of look like what is called a
human in other worlds.” *

* Human - people who live on Earth.

“I help others thrive.”

“I create art things.”



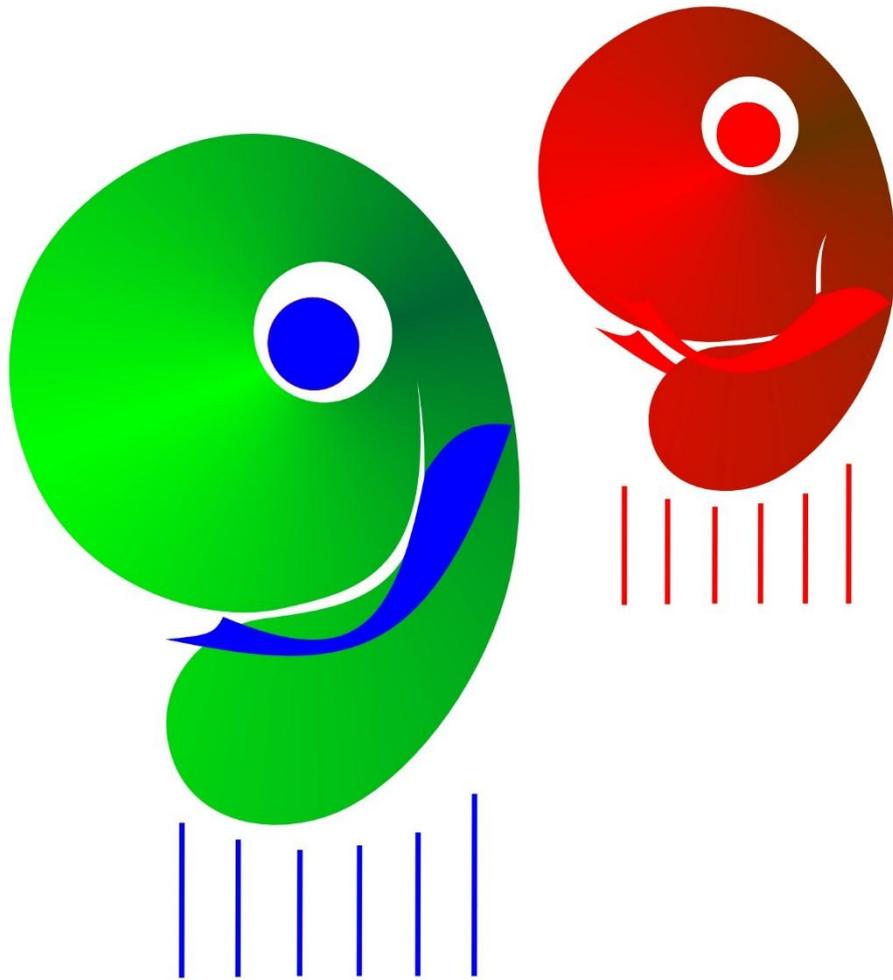
“Some call me a ‘shepherd’.” *

“I help others get to a better future.”

* Shepherd - helps others

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

“I kind of get the ‘shepherd’ thing.”



“But what is 'creates art things'.”

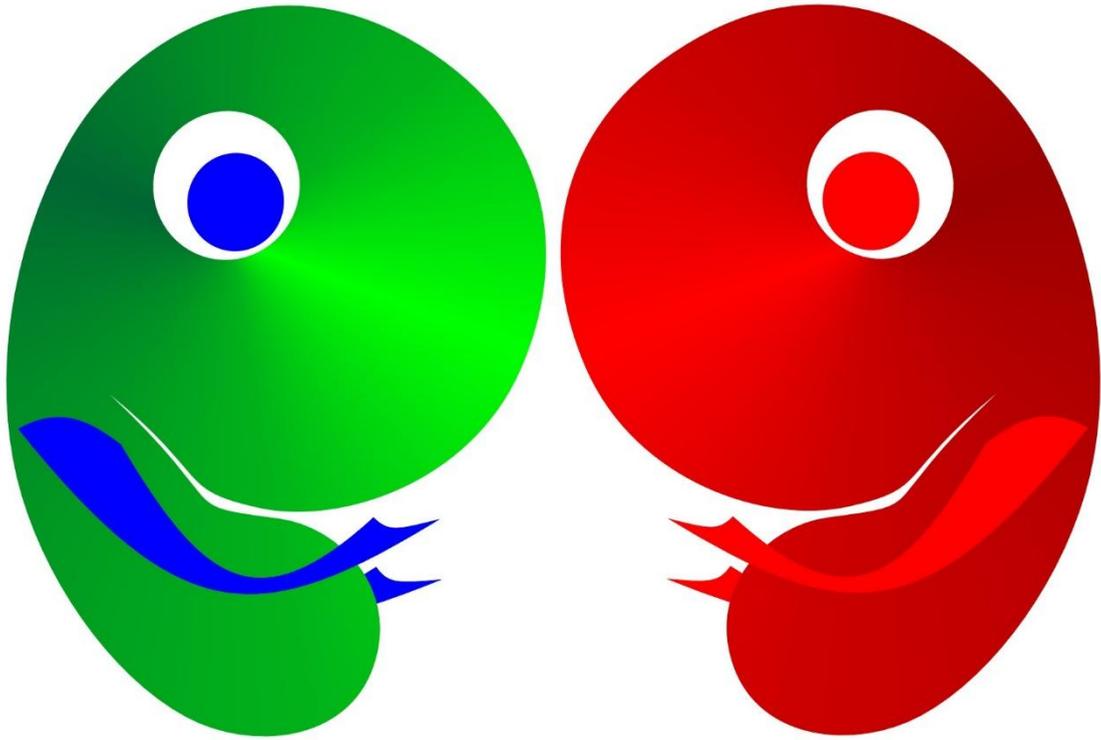


“So little time”, I tell them.

Quickly, I show them how to make art things. Mobiles. Stables. *

They make very, very cool ones.

* At the end of this book, I will show you how to make easy art things. Mobiles. Stables.

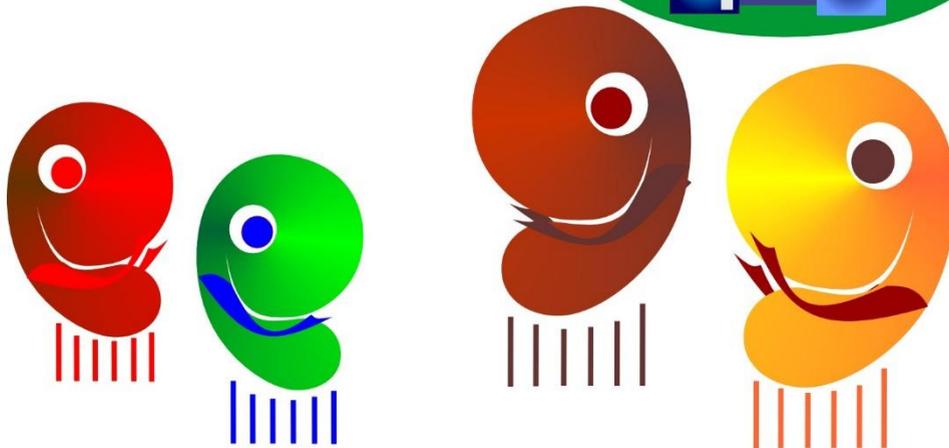


I warn them, “We have to go right now!”

“Evil Dark Cloud will be here soon. Wants to hurt all of you.”

“Please take me to your family. Now!”

Quickly we
go to the
Whimsical
family home.



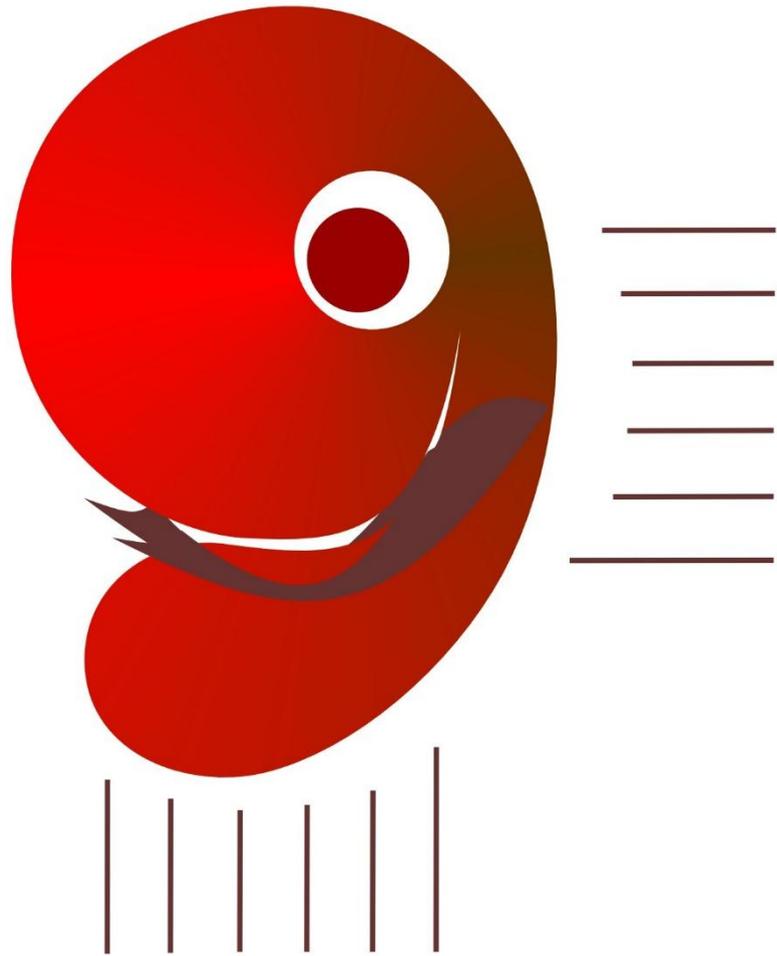
Very excited, Angel has me meet
their parents. “This is Chris!”

“Chris helps others and creates art
things.”



Angel says, “Chris showed us how to create mobiles. See them hanging on great Whimsey tree!”

“Chris thinks we're very cool.”



With big smile, 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 fun morning.”

“They aren't easily surprised, even by someone as strange as you.”



Their younger parent, a bright yellow-orange Whimsey and Whimsey leader, floats forward slowly and hovers.

“Now, I.M., be nice.”

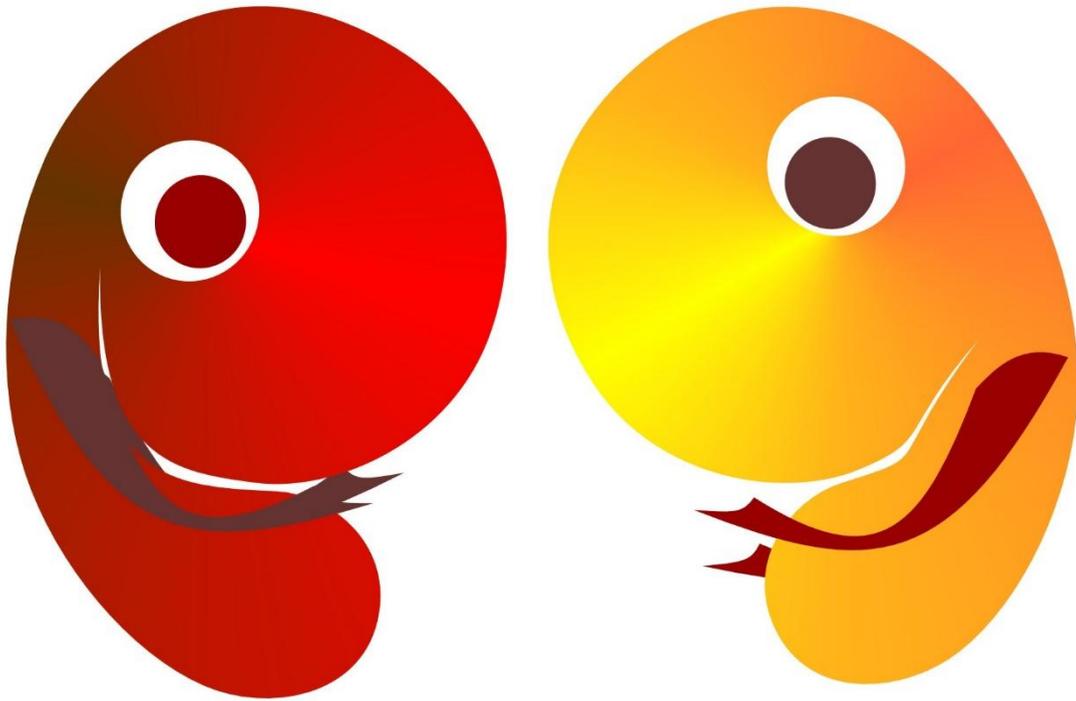
“Welcome Chris, I'm Bee Whimsical.”



Bee Whimsical speaks, with a worried look, “Is evil Dark Cloud coming back?”

“It was so very, very mean last time.”

“How soon?”



“Tomorrow morning,” I reply.

“Quick.”

“We must go and talk to all
Whimseys right now.”

In Whimsey World, a hopeful sight!
Whimseys of every color are
floating. Truly amazing!

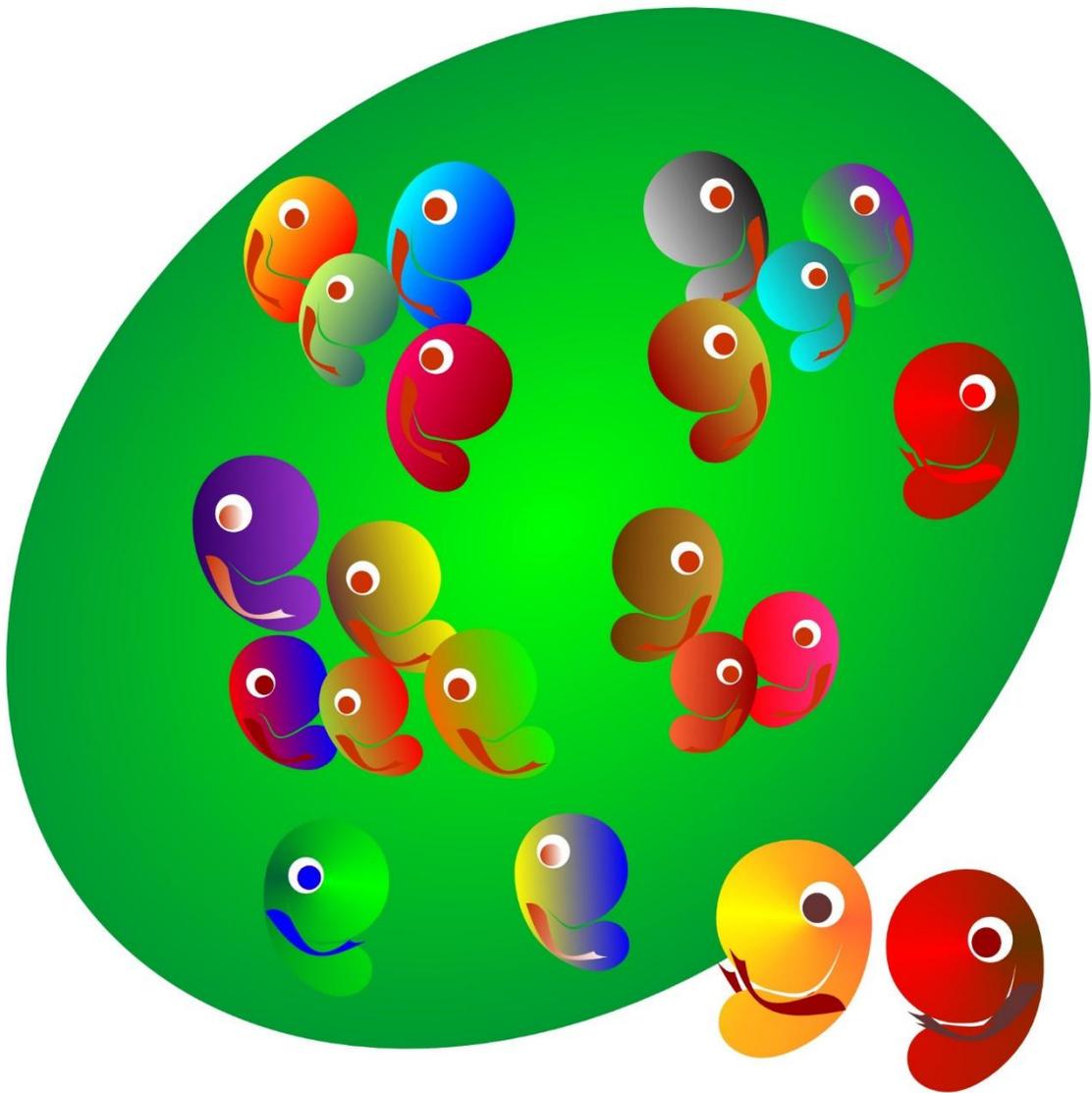


They are smiling. Playing.
They don't know Dark Cloud is
coming to hurt them.



Bee Whimsical has Chris meet the Whimseys, “Whimseys, this is Chris.”

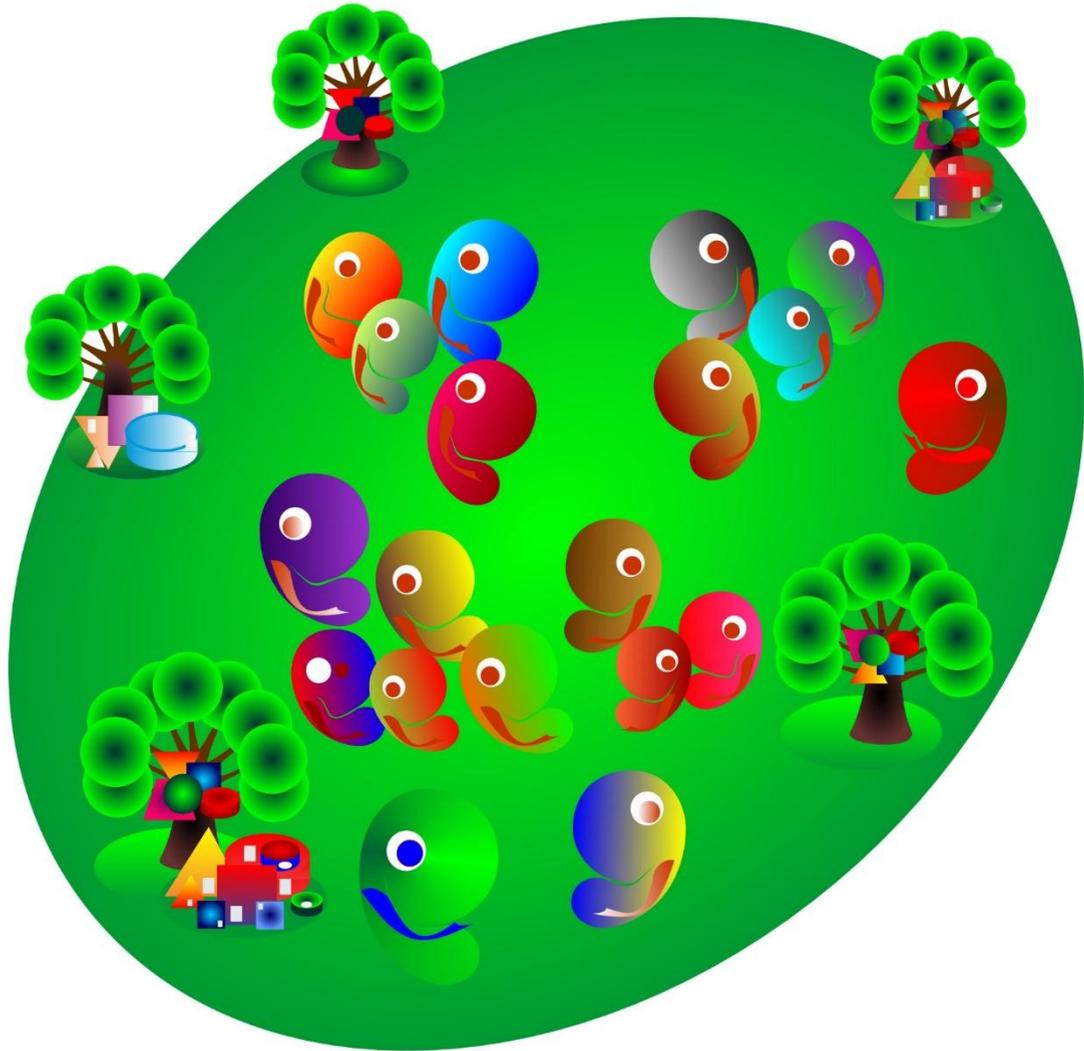
“Chris comes to help us survive and thrive even with evil Dark Cloud.”



“Chris helped many other worlds.”

“So listen to him!”

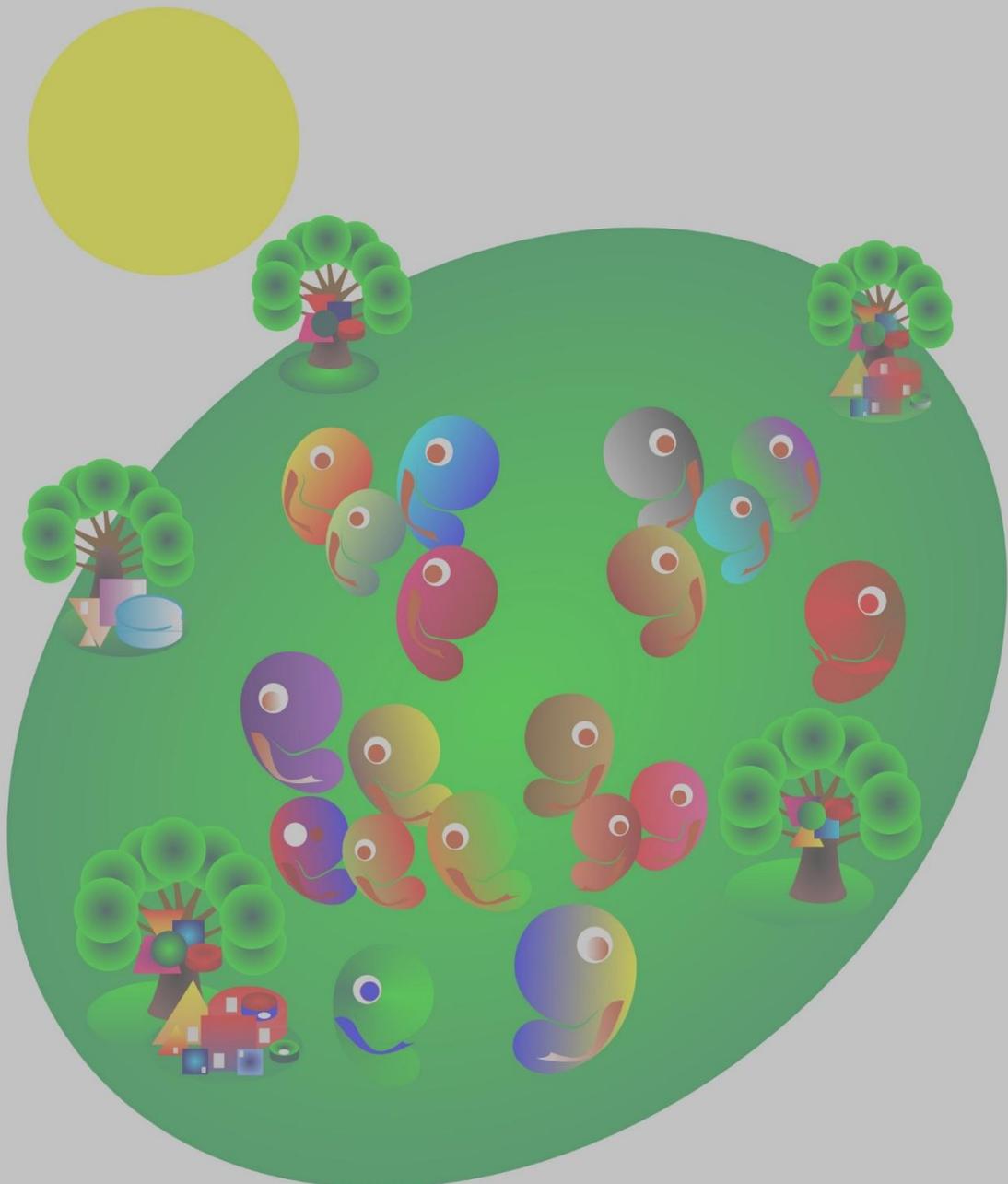
“Our homes and our lives depend on it. Our future depends on it.”

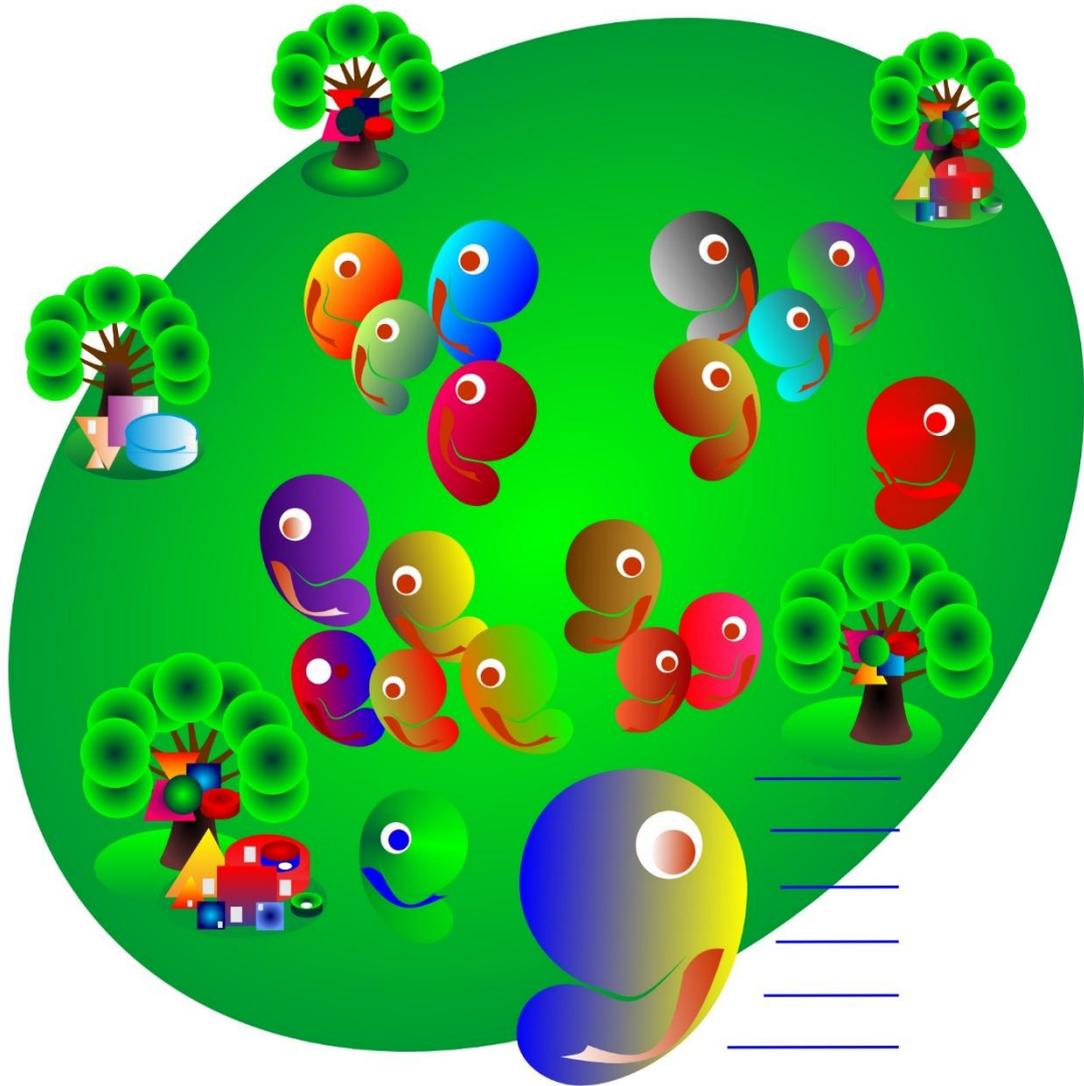


Chris gives them bad news, “Evil Dark Cloud returns at sunrise.”

“Dark Cloud will try to block the sun and blow away your homes.”

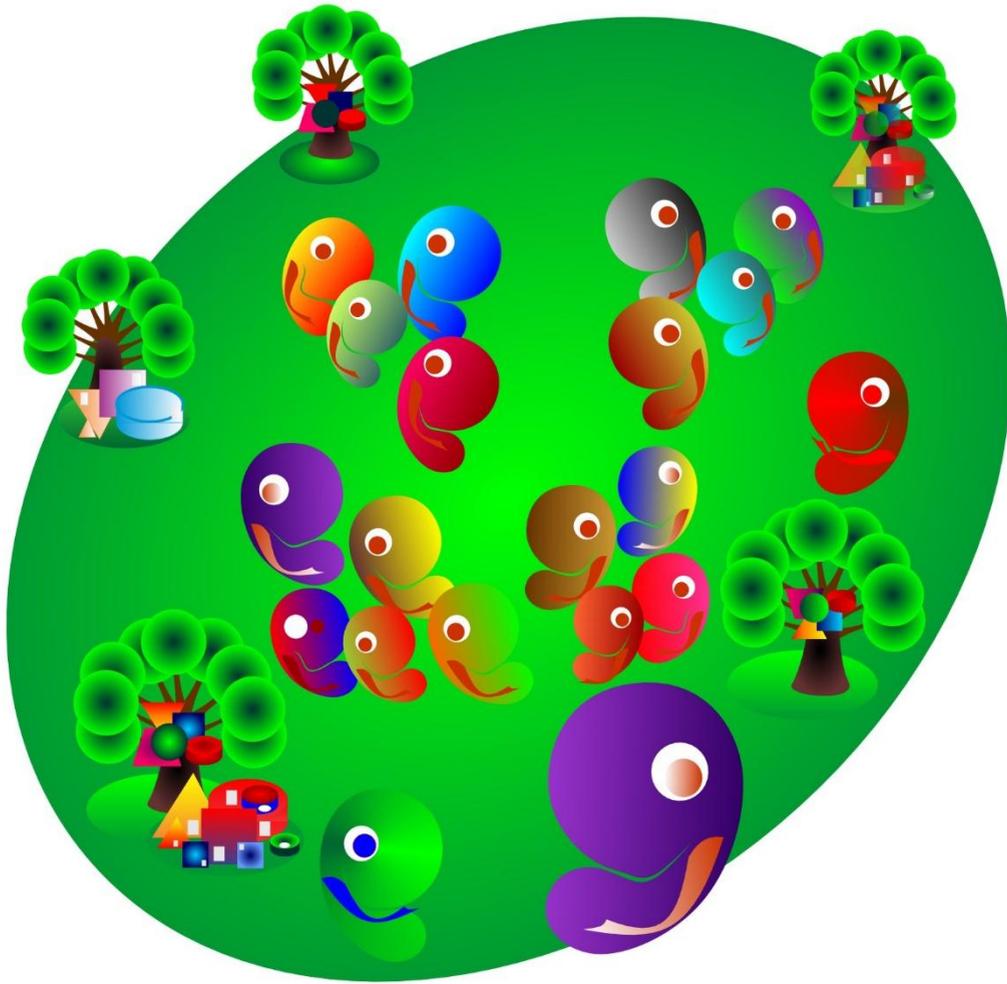
“If evil Dark Cloud wins and the sky darkens, your beautiful colors will fade away.”





Blue-yellow Whimsey cries, “Evil Dark Cloud did very bad things to us. It hurt us! A lot!”

“We could not stop it then. Can we stop it now?”



“But how do we stop evil Dark Cloud?” asks purple Whimsey.

“Create powerful, art things!” I shout.

“Join Angel. And with my help, you'll be powerful creators.”



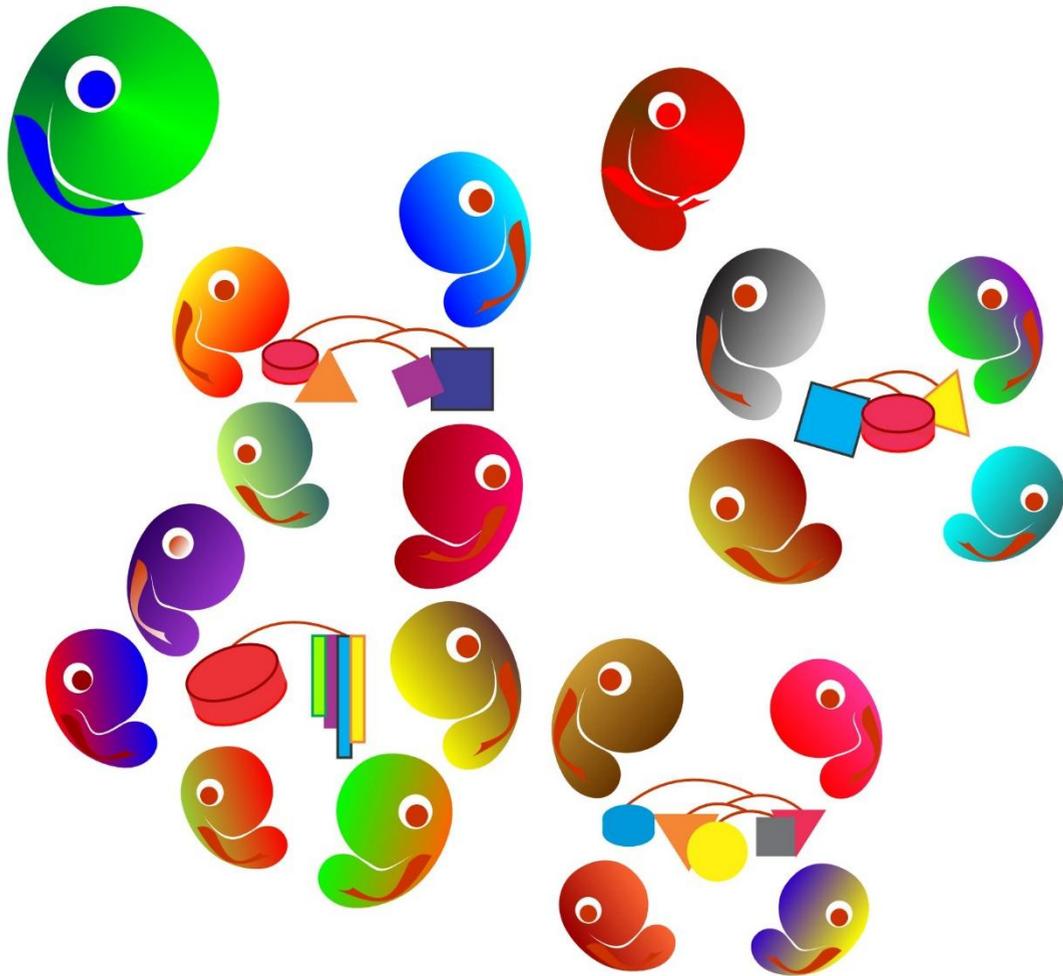
“You are stronger than when Dark Cloud was here.”

“Homes now sit firmly on ground. Better stand against Dark Cloud's powerful winds.”

“Homes hang from trees. Better move safely with Dark Cloud's strong winds.”

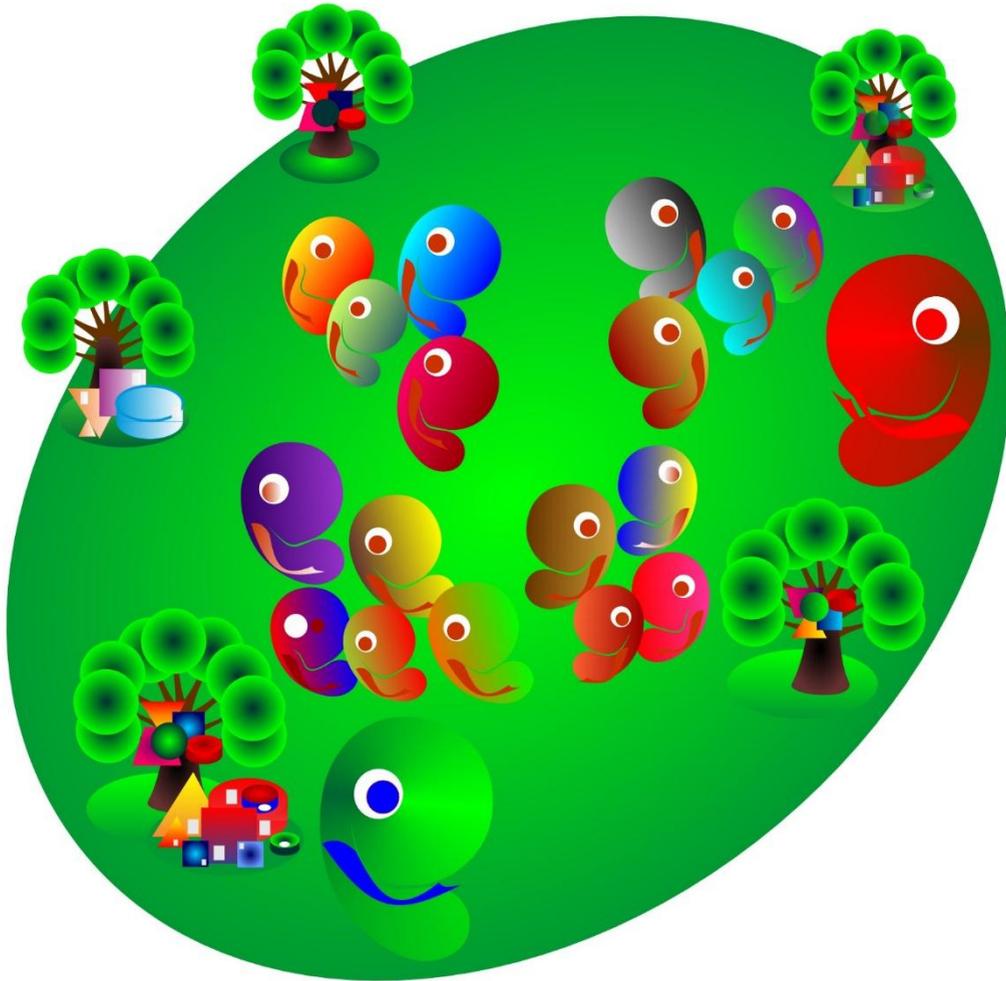


“But, your homes must be even stronger to survive Dark Cloud.”



“Good news.”

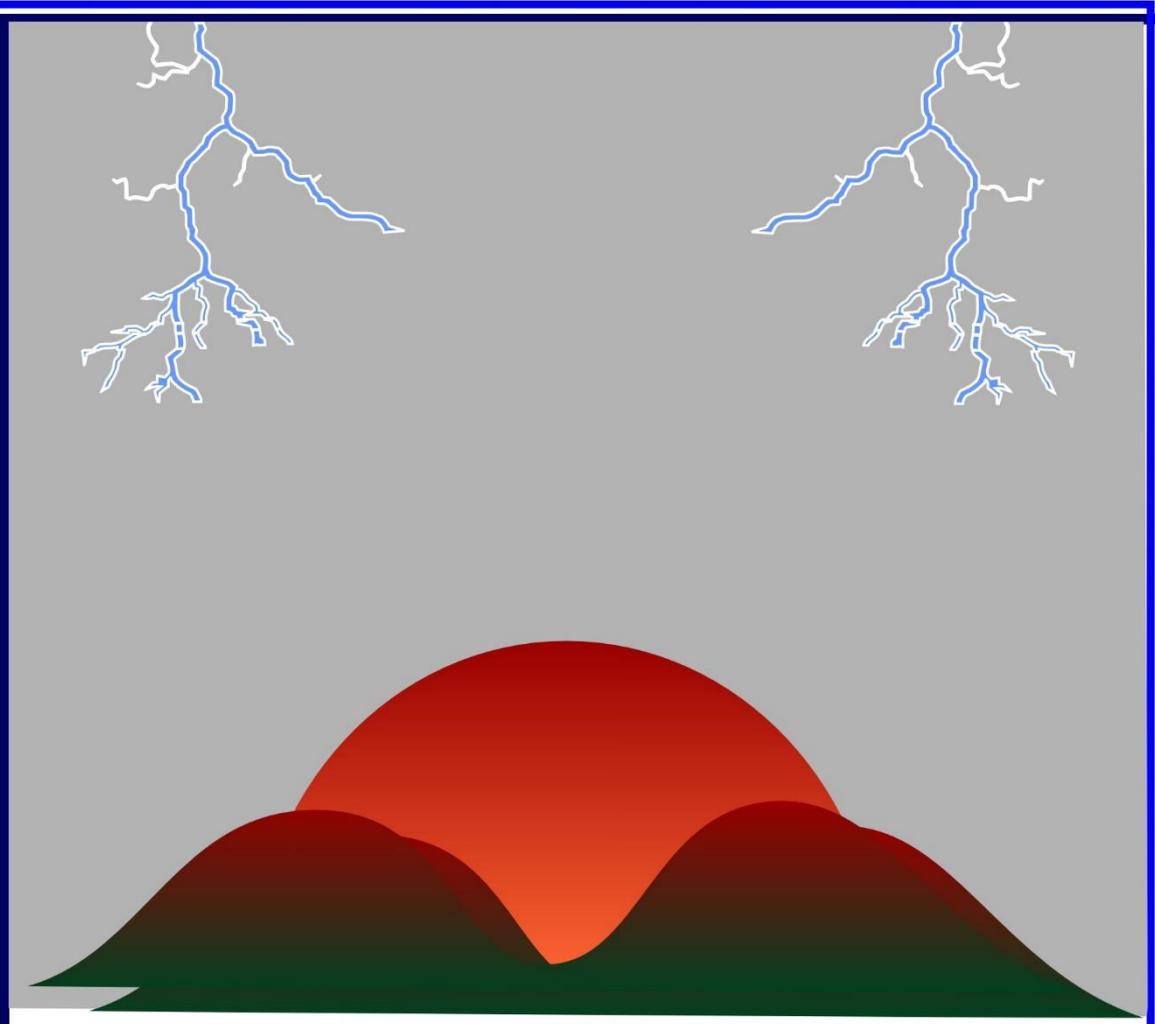
“Angel's great creativity joined with yours can create mobiles and stables with big power to stop Dark Cloud.”



Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Whimseys
must hurry! Time is running out!
Few sunlight hours remain. Dawn
is only hours away.
Evil Dark Cloud is coming.



In the last hours of daylight and through the night, Whimseys create the most artful and powerful mobiles and stabiles ever made.



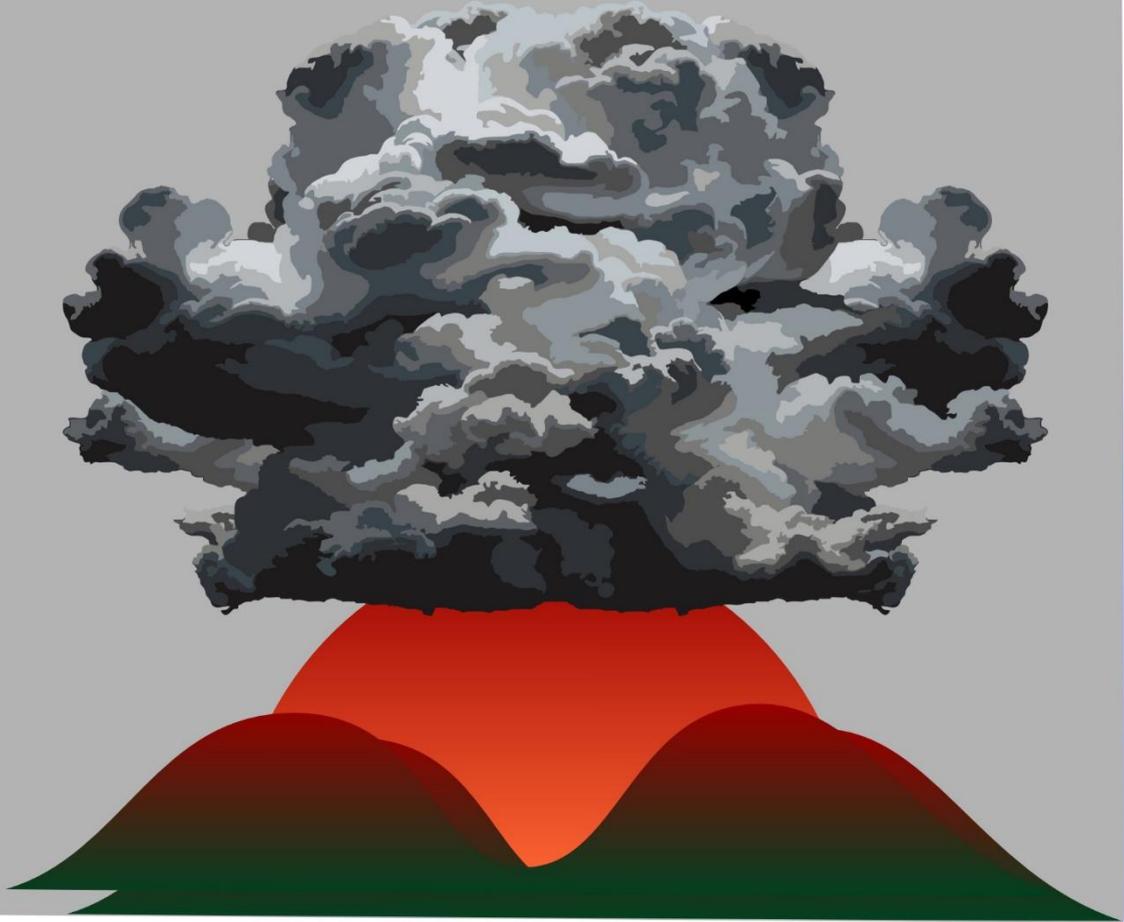
Sunrise.

Sun turns reddish.

Sky darkens.

Lightning flashes! Thunder rolls!

Danger moves closer and closer.

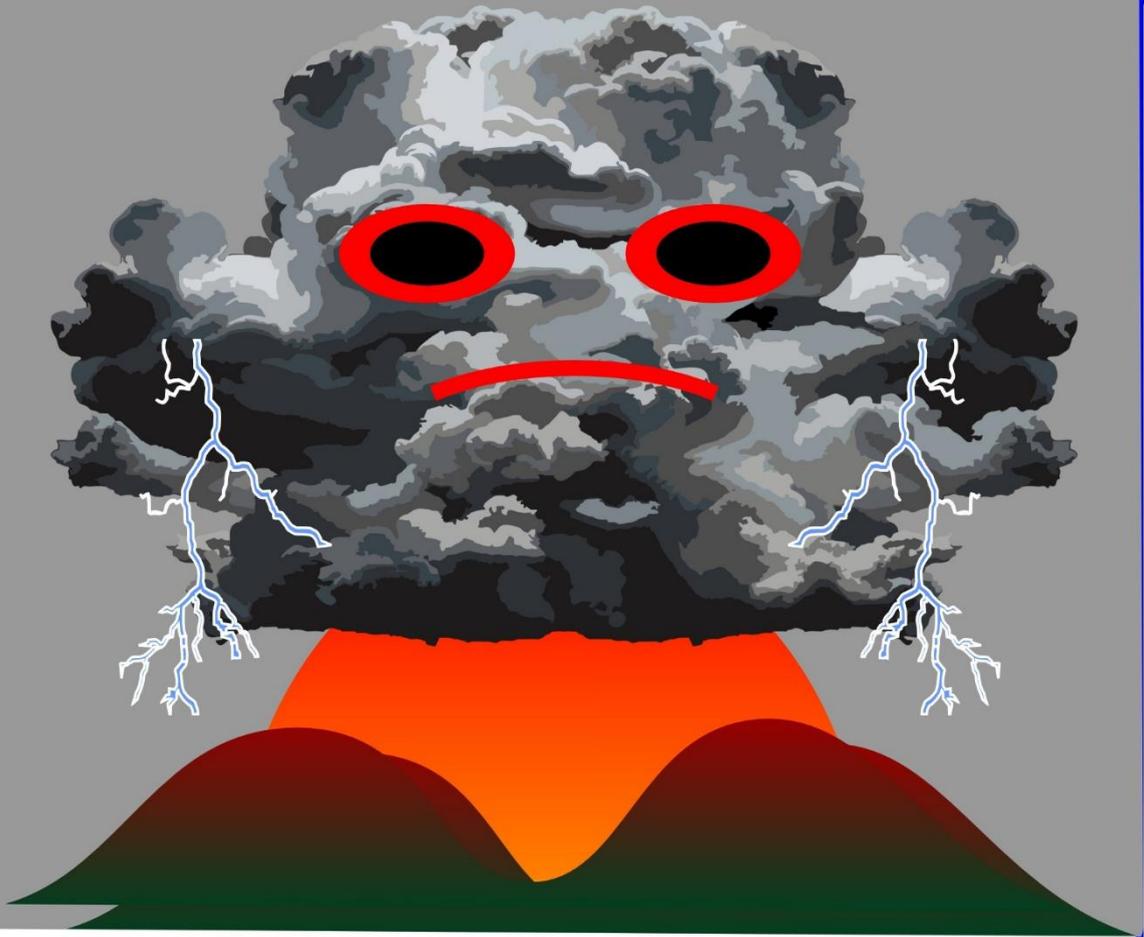


Suddenly, a dark cloud rises over
the mountains.

Evil Dark Cloud is here!

Blocks sunlight.

Blows powerful winds.



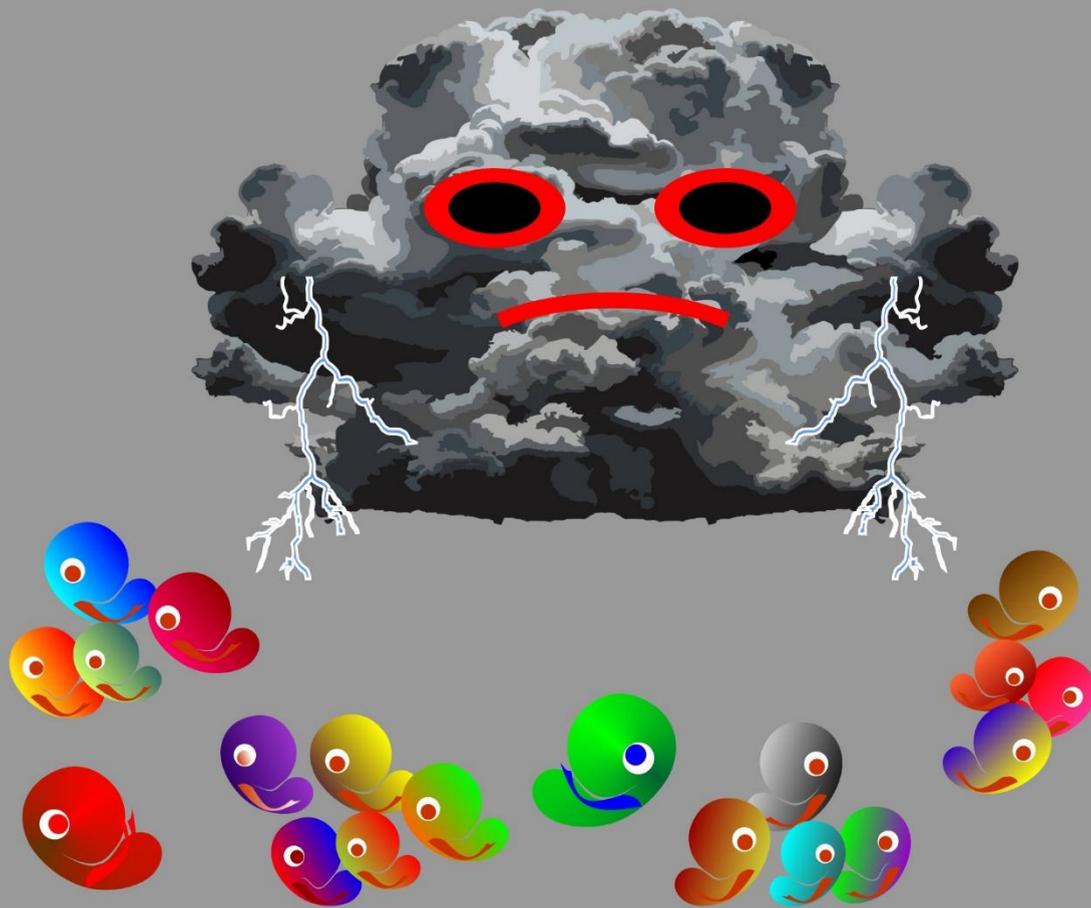
Dark Cloud shouts, “I'mmm back!!”

“I’ll blow down your homes.”

“Shade you from the sun making
your colors fade away.”

“Your future is doomed.”

“Bow down to me!”

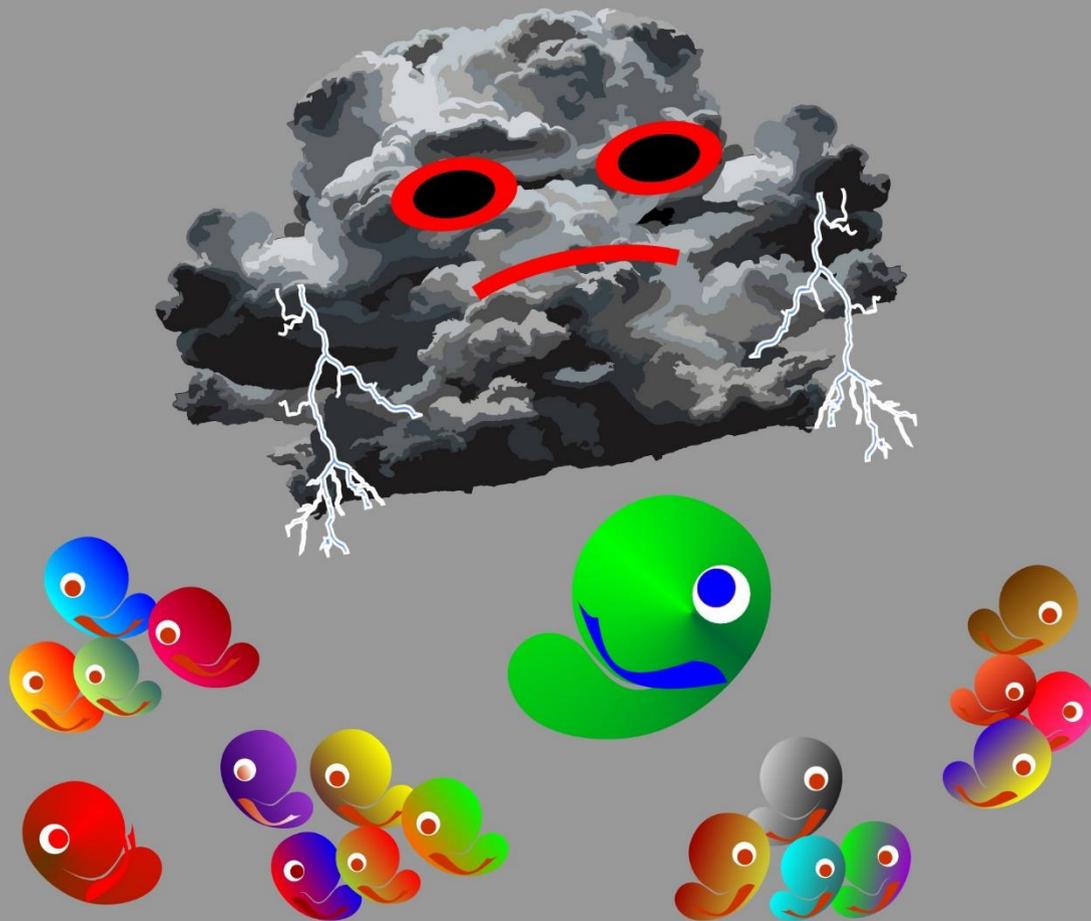


“Never!” Shout back Whimseys, as they rise together.

“You can't win,” roars Dark Cloud.

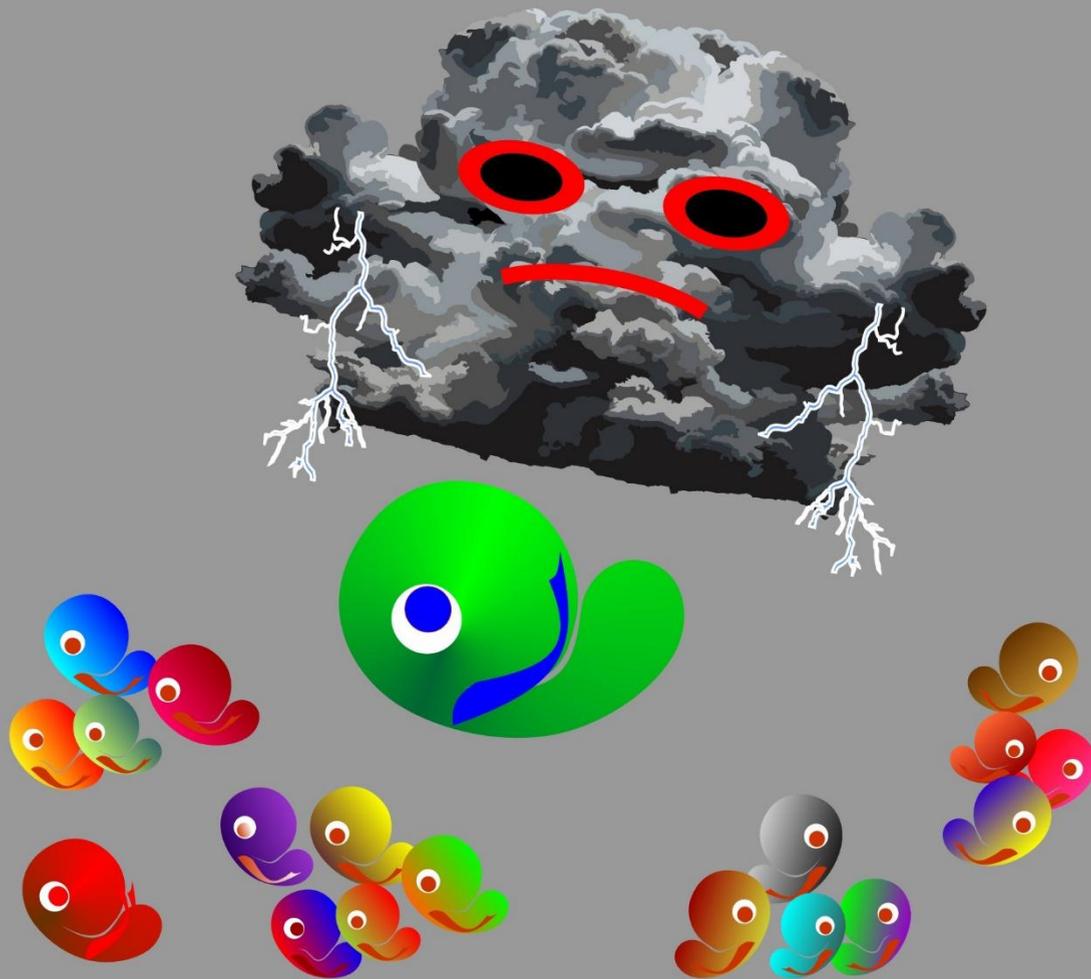
“Who will stop me?”

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



Angel rises to Dark Cloud. Glares at it.

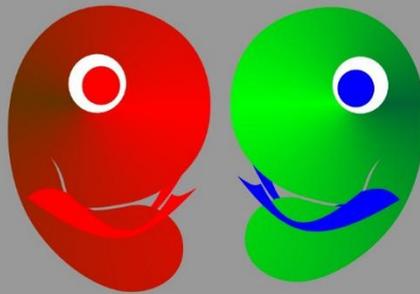
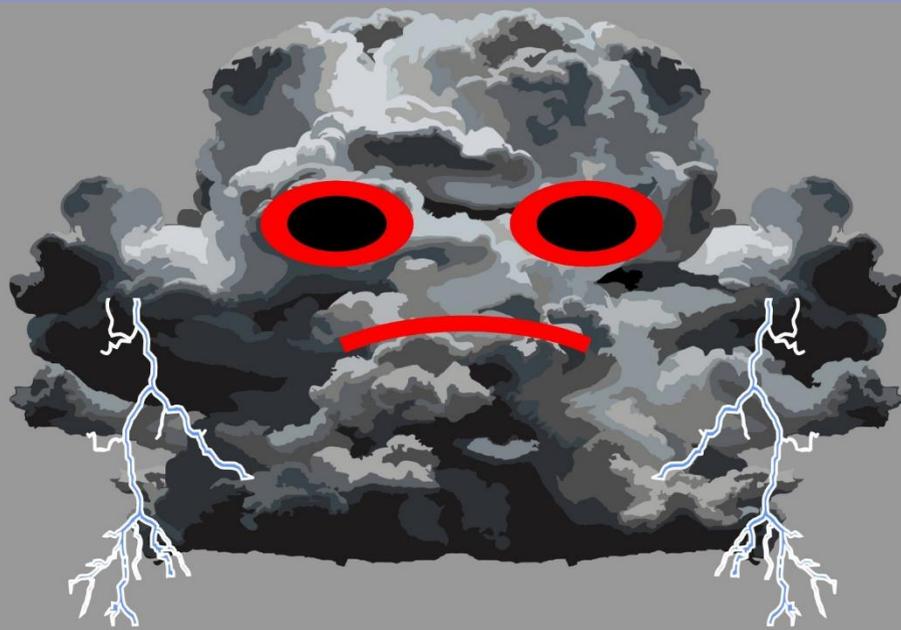
Then smiles and shouts, "This is not your day. We're gonna survive! Gonna thrive!"



“Get ready to be amazed.”

“Face whimsical creators.”

“Be stopped cold. Be forced to
leave forever.”



Wily rises beside Angel and whispers, “Let me help. My playful creativity will annoy Dark Cloud lots.”

Angel nods yes. Floating down, Angel has a playful smile.



Wily shouts, “Hey, big bad cloud!
I'm coming at you!”

Wily throws wildly spinning
mobiles. They change some of Dark
Cloud into harmless, puffy clouds.

Forces Dark Cloud to move high
where it can do less harm.



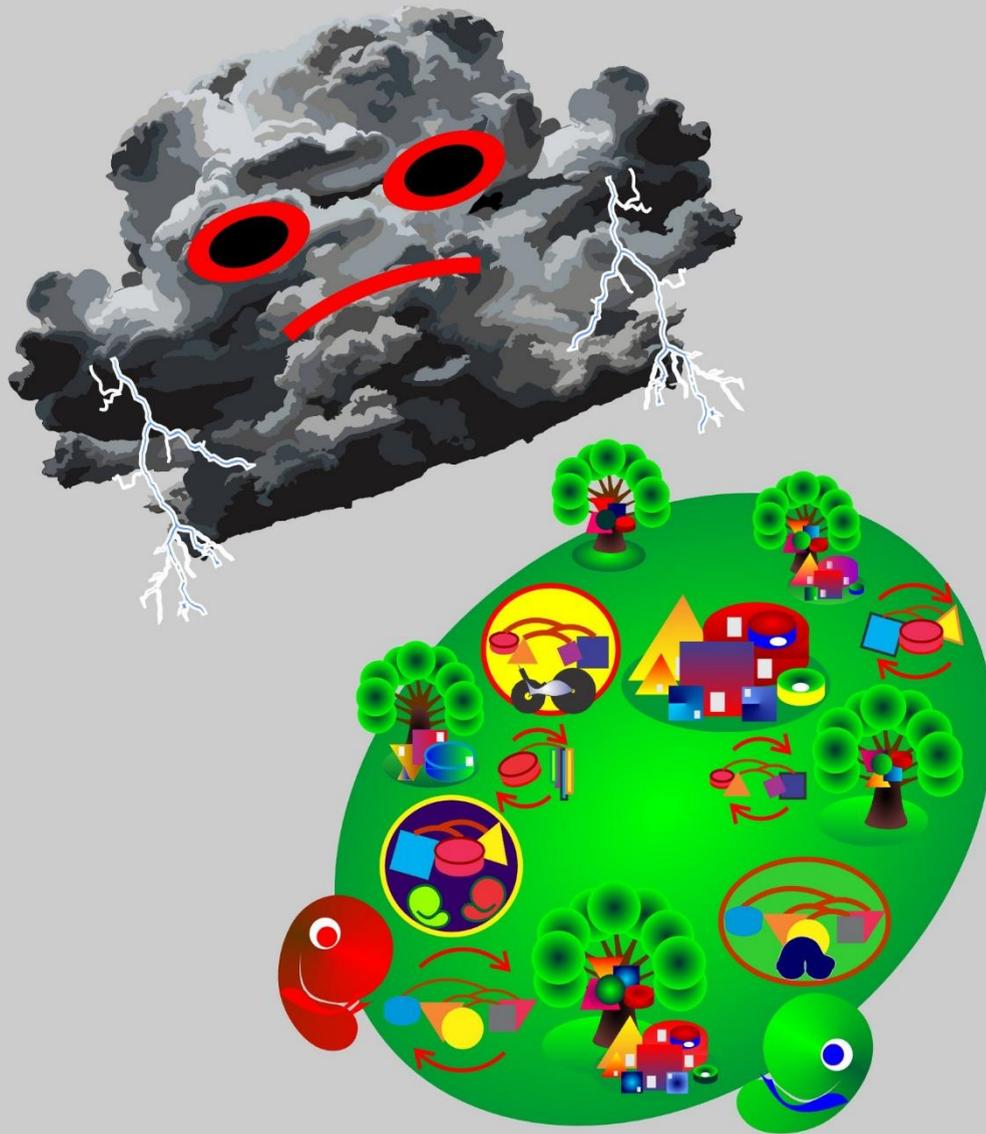
While Wily annoys Dark Cloud,
Angel joins the Whimseys.

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



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

Stronger mobiles in air protect their homes. Create winds turning Dark Cloud into harmless clouds.

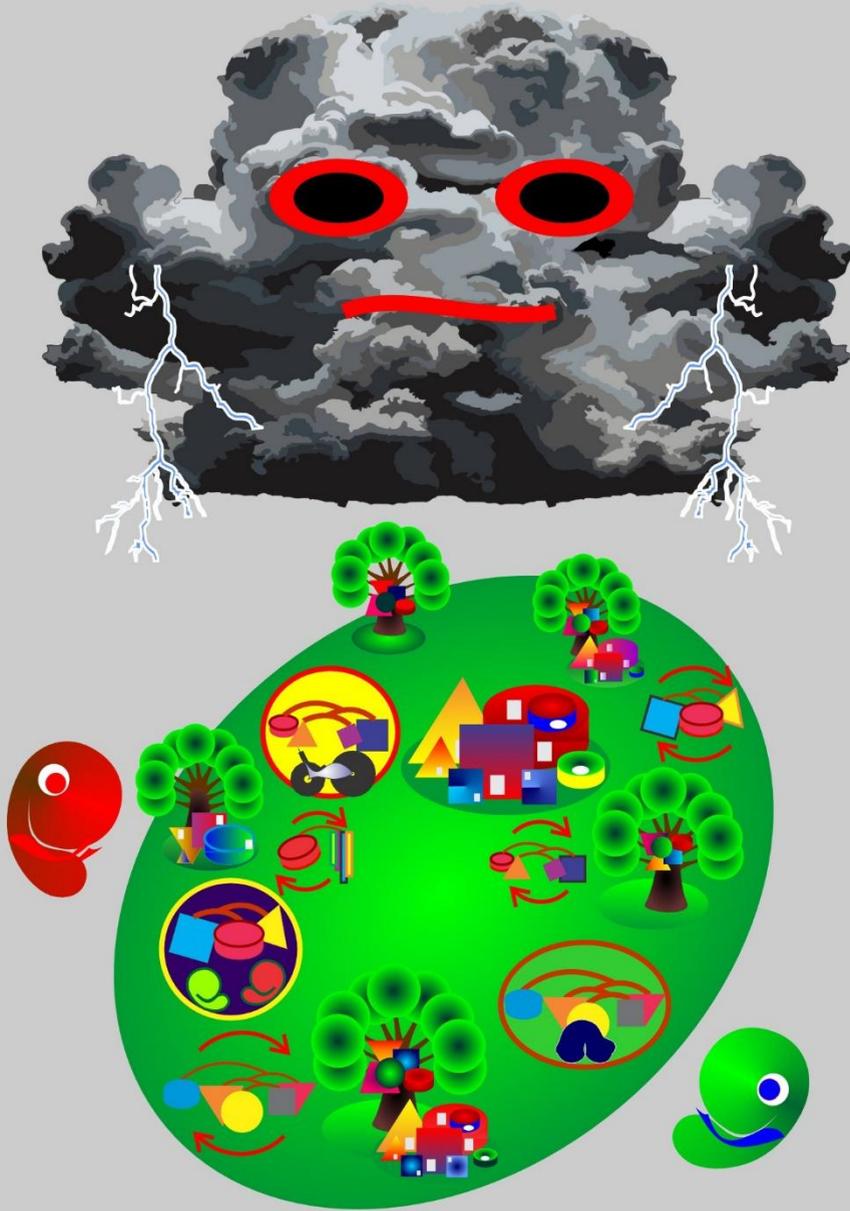


Wily stops annoying Dark Cloud.
Dark Cloud drops down to attack.
It's very angry. Look is pure evil.



Just as Dark Cloud begins the attack, it stops. Puzzled look.

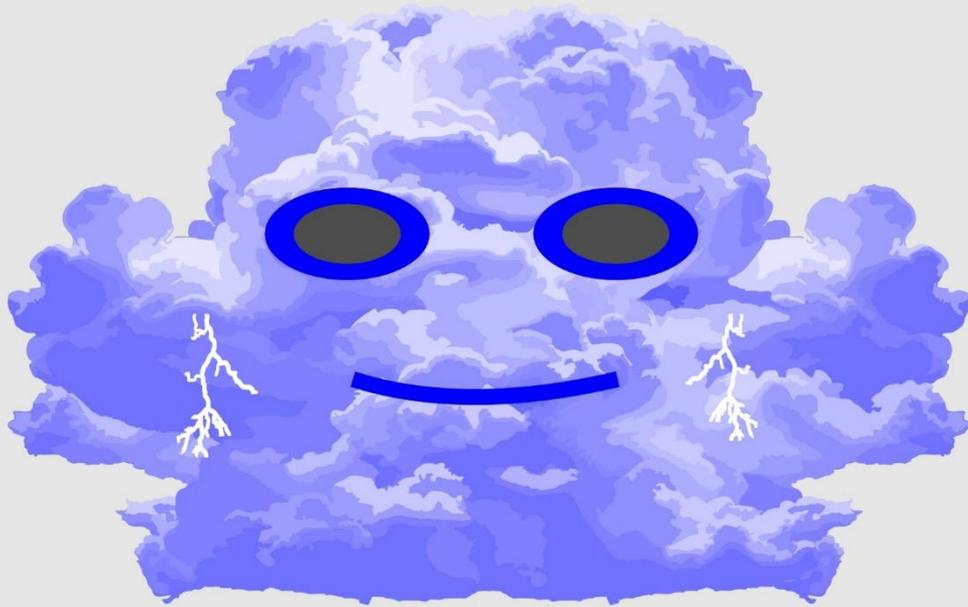
Something new. Dark Cloud sees artful, powerful things it has not seen before.



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



Then, Dark Cloud's red is gone.
Might that even be a slight smile?



Dark Cloud changes more.
Less dark. More colorful.
Lightning bolts almost gone.
Almost friendly.



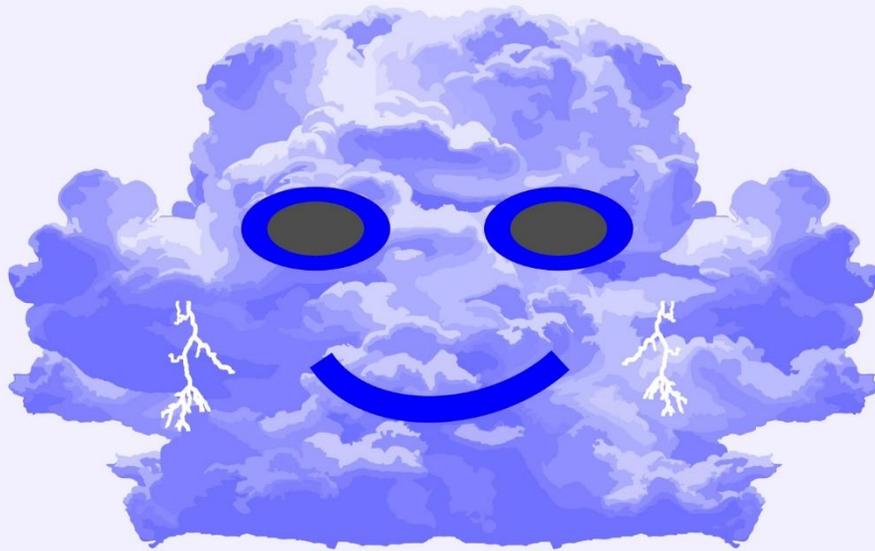
Dark Cloud shouts, “I’m amazed!”
“Whimseys’ whimsy and creativity
made powerful, art things I’ve
never seen.”



“I'm not sure I can destroy you.””

“I no longer want to hurt you.”

“I'll stop hurting your homes and blocking your sun.”



“You earned the right to be whimsical and colorful with your great creations.”

“I leave for less creative, less powerful lands.”

Using powerful wind, Dark Cloud quickly flies away.



Once again, the sun shines brightly on Whimsey World.

Sun and clouds give shade and rain when needed.



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

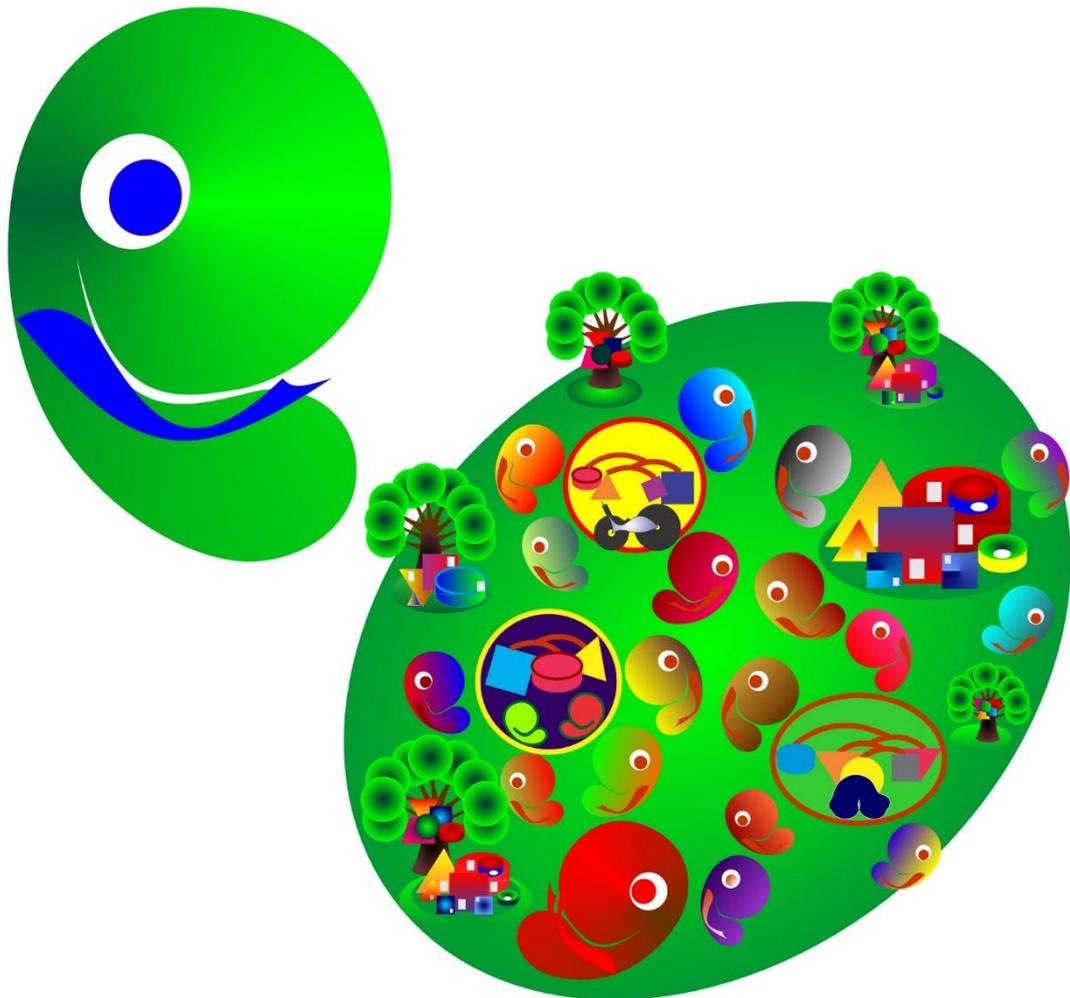
“Angel,” I shout, “you’re truly a
thriving creator of art things.”

“You do thrive!”



Wily shouts, “Hey! You gotta love me being creative and annoying!”

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



“Chris”, says Angel, “Couldn’t have been this creative without you.”

I shake my head and say, “No, you were already very creative.”

“I just did a bit of encouraging and shepherding.”



I tell all 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 even more beautiful, whimsical and powerful art things.”

“You thrive big time!”



“I must go.”

“Other worlds need my help.
Others need to be creators of
artful things.”

“Other worlds 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, Whimseys do thrive!”

The End?



No, more to come!

One more thought.

Angel and I would like to give you, your friends, and your family something to think about,

For those who are curious, creative, and care about your and our future, please think about this.

As you now know, Angel led Whimseys to save their world and build a thriving future for all. All the Whimseys, working together, did that by just being unselfish. Just that.

What about you, your friends, and your family? A thriving future for them? For all people? For all other creatures? For Earth?

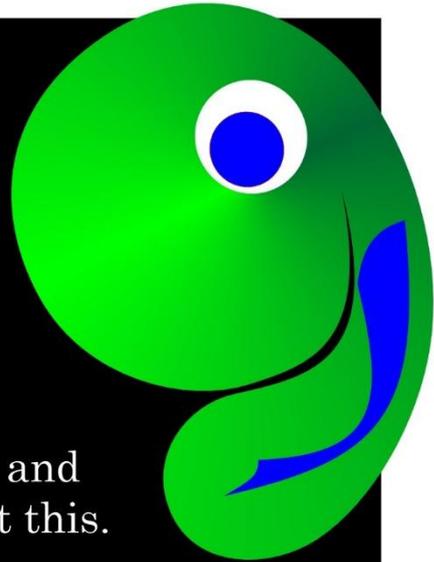
A thriving future for all would be so great. Do you agree? I think you do. I hope you do.

But what will you do? Now? When you are older?

Pretty good questions. Let me suggest that you just be mostly unselfish?

Being unselfish is your and our greatest hope.

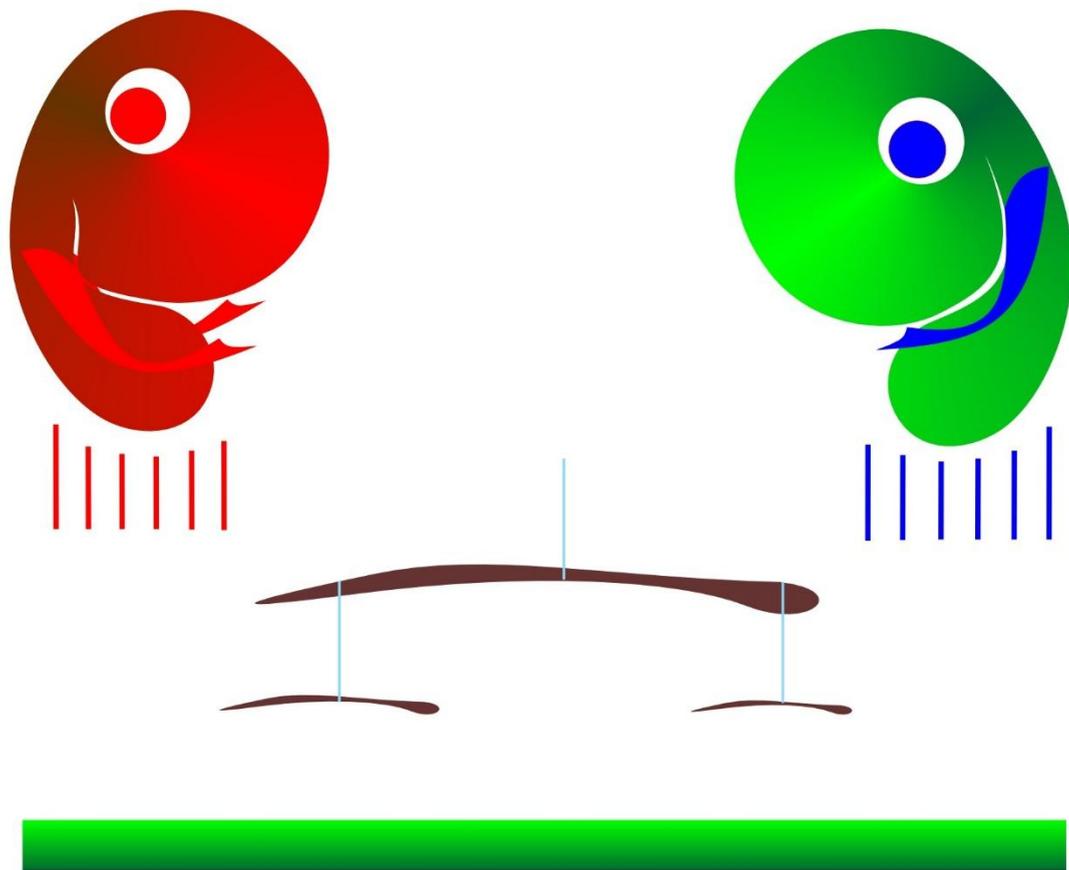
Chris



How to make art things.



Make mobiles (art thing) just like Angel and Wily learned how to make them.



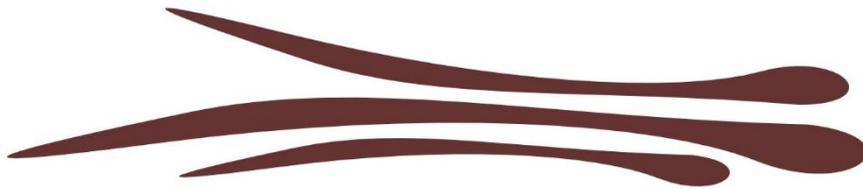
I say to Angel and Wily, “Let me show you how to make a mobile.”

As fast as I can, I show them how to create an easy art thing.

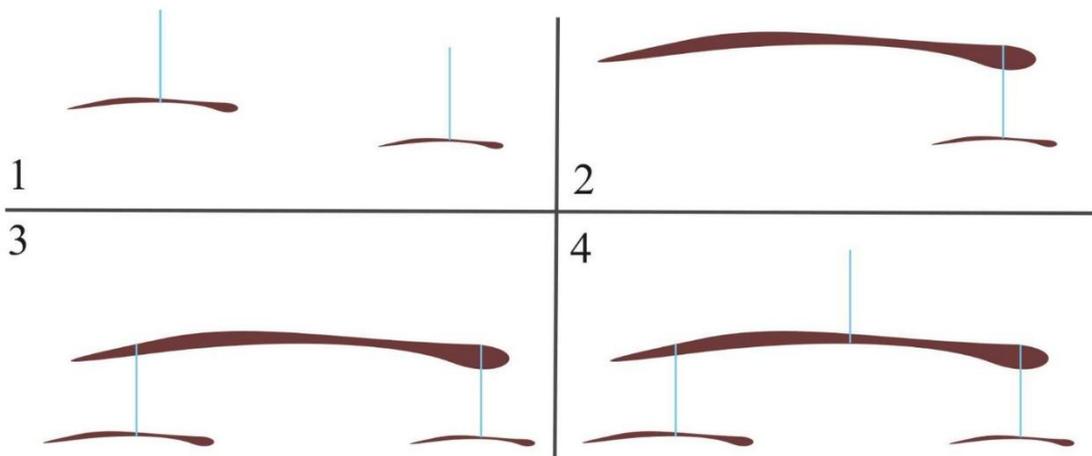
A very easy mobile using three sticks and clear fishing line.

Create a Mobile, an Art Thing

Get three curved sticks fallen from a tree.



Use some clear and strong fishing line. [Or string.]



“First, tie piece of line to point of near middle of each small stick where it balances. Whimseys use your mind and arms. Humans use your fingers and arms.”

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

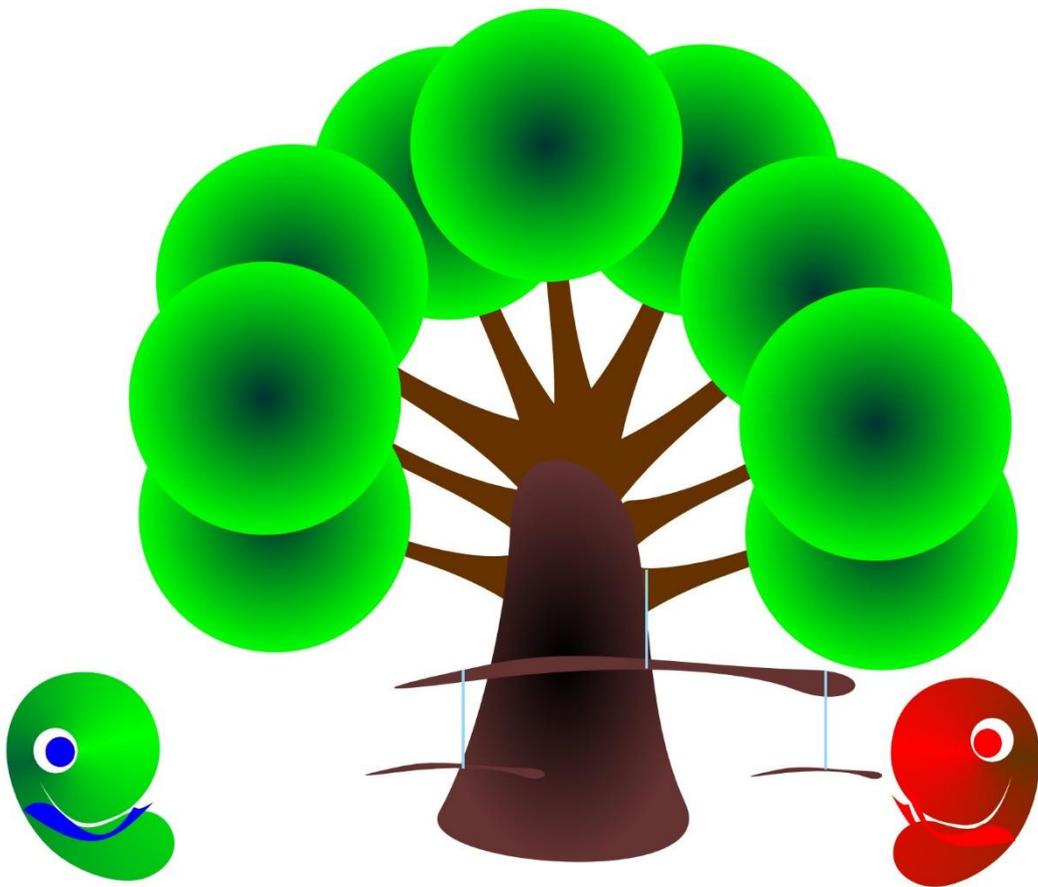
“Next, hang the other small stick at the other end.”

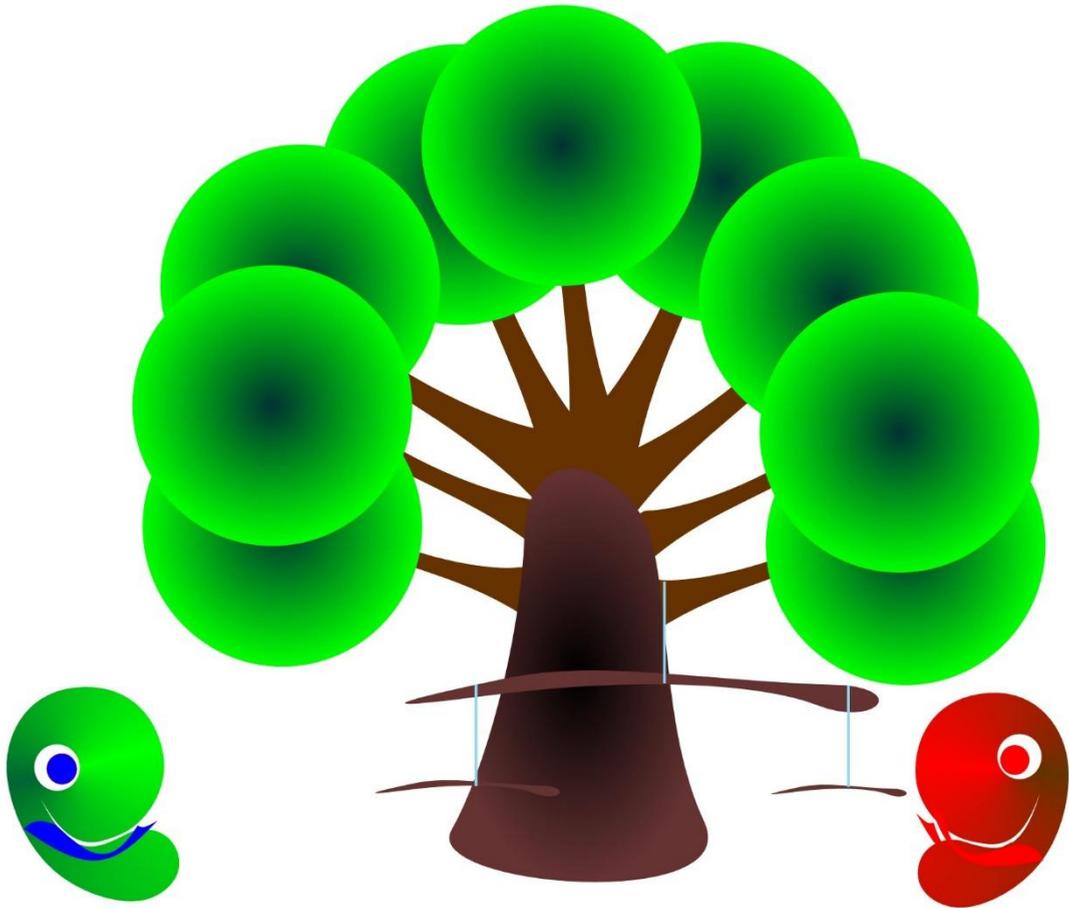
“Next, tie a third piece of line closer to middle of the big stick so it balances when you hold it.”

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

“Let me hang it,” shouts Wily.

Wily grabs it, buzzes to a low tree branch, and hangs the art thing.

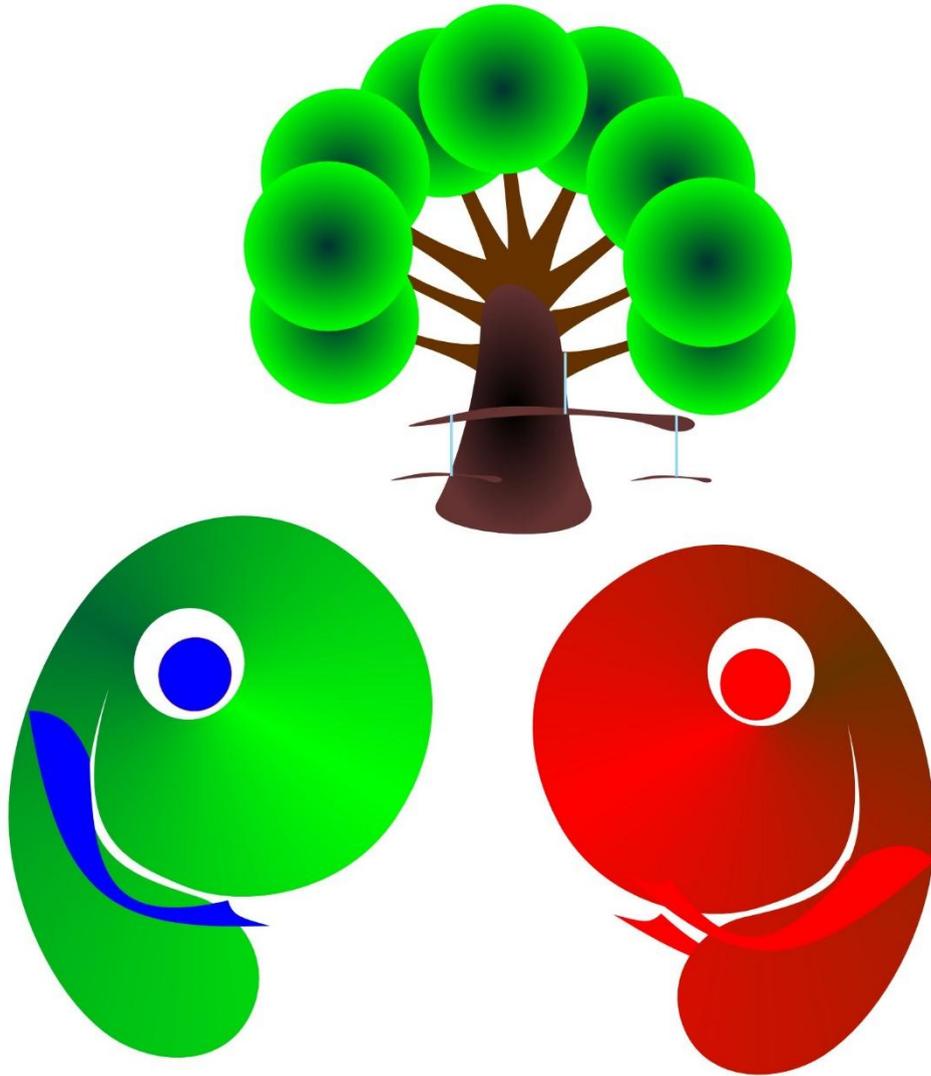




I explain, “This is a 'mobile'.

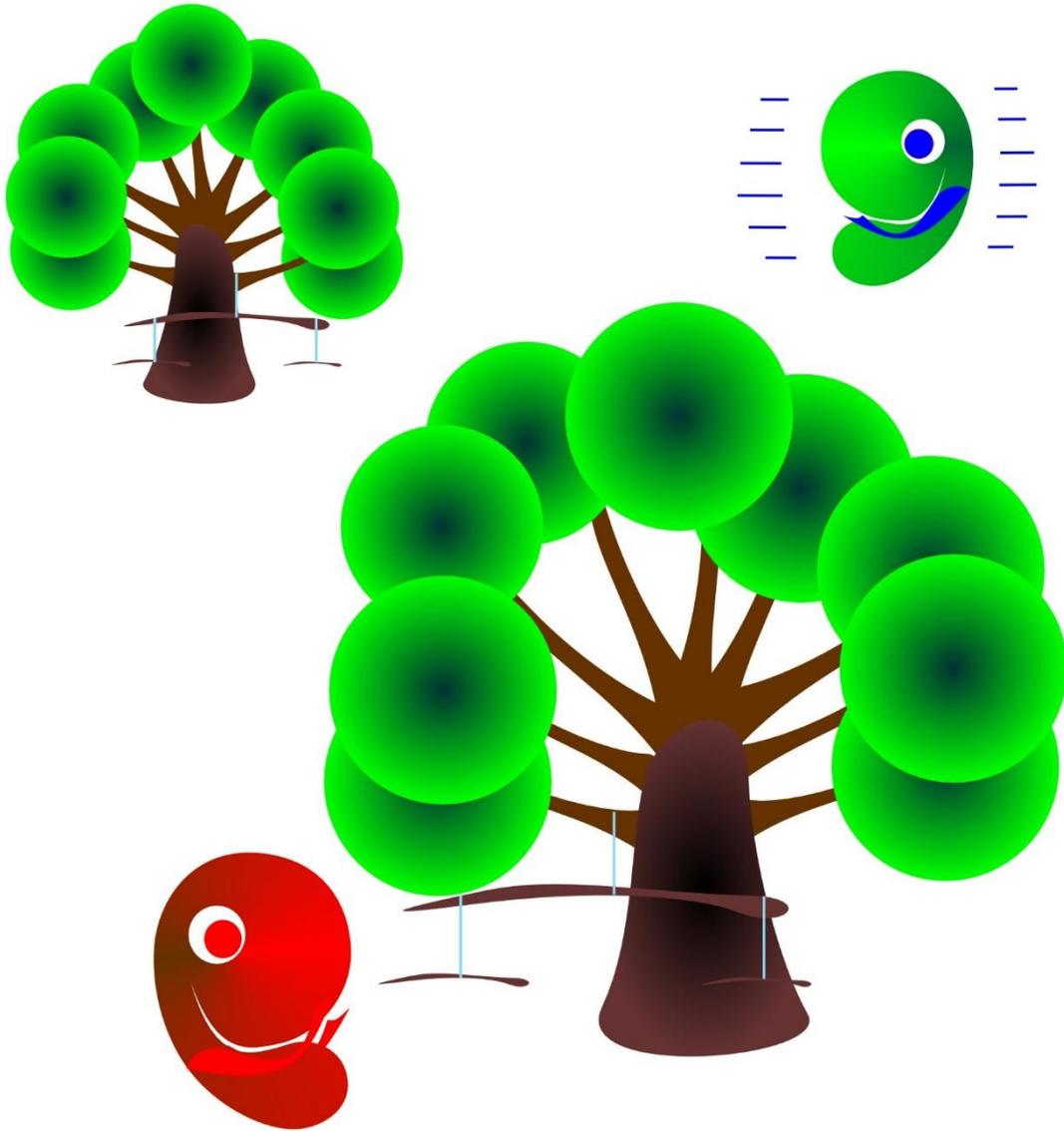
It hangs in air, is carefully balanced, and moves with wind or gentle touch.”

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



“Can we do our own?” cries Angel.
“Pllleeeaaaassssssseeeeeeee!”

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



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

Wily is very proud.

“Nice job!” I shout.



Meanwhile, Angel has gone far beyond just three sticks.

Gets super creative and finds a large stick with three branches.

Finds bright colored rocks, flowers, a metal piece, and small toys.



The things are hung from stick's three branches. The last string is tied to center of the largest branch.

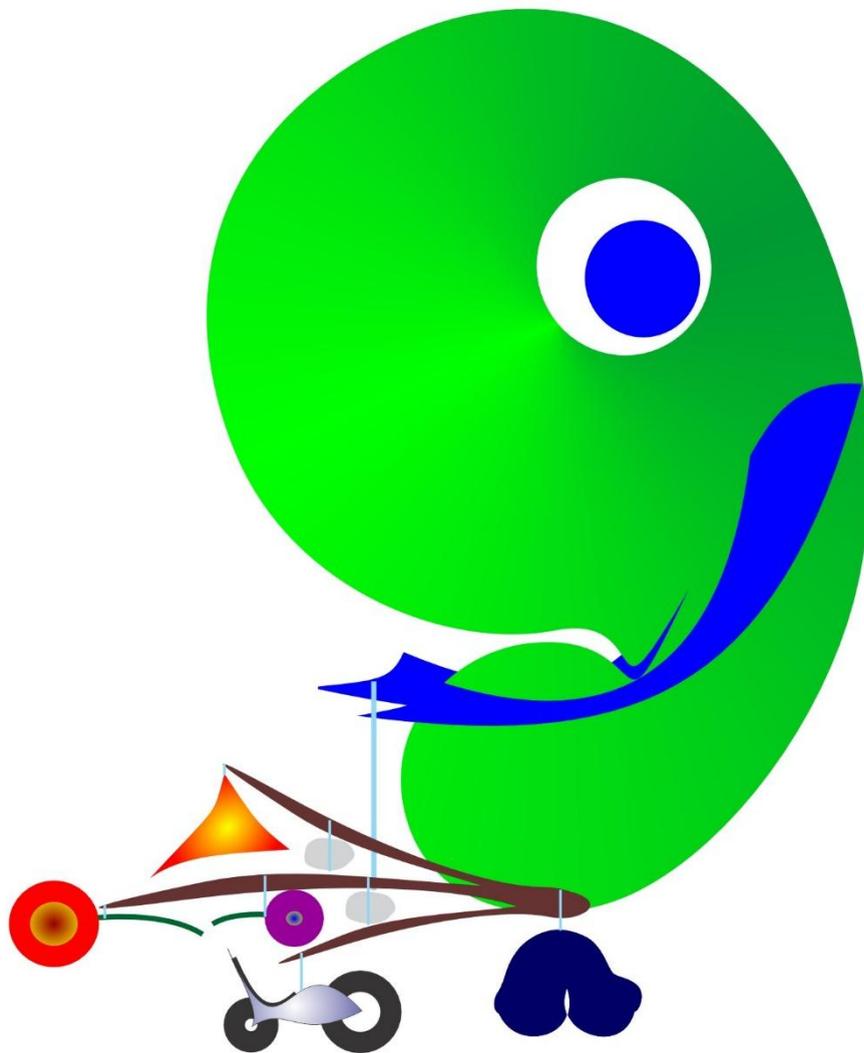
Carefully and beautifully balanced.

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 worried
Angel.

“Should I have made exactly what
you made?”





“No,” I smile. “You went way beyond my simple lesson.

Yours is amazingly creative and artful!

It thrives!”

Angel, Thriving Whimsey

Meet my friend Angel, the most unselfish, creative, artful and thriving Whimsey ever. Whimseys are wild and whimsical, are brightly colored, and live in 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 being unselfish and joining with others to create thriving, artful things.

This is an heroic story. Whimseys face their worst enemy, Dark Cloud - a very evil, powerful cloud.

Can Whimseys survive? Even more, can they thrive?

