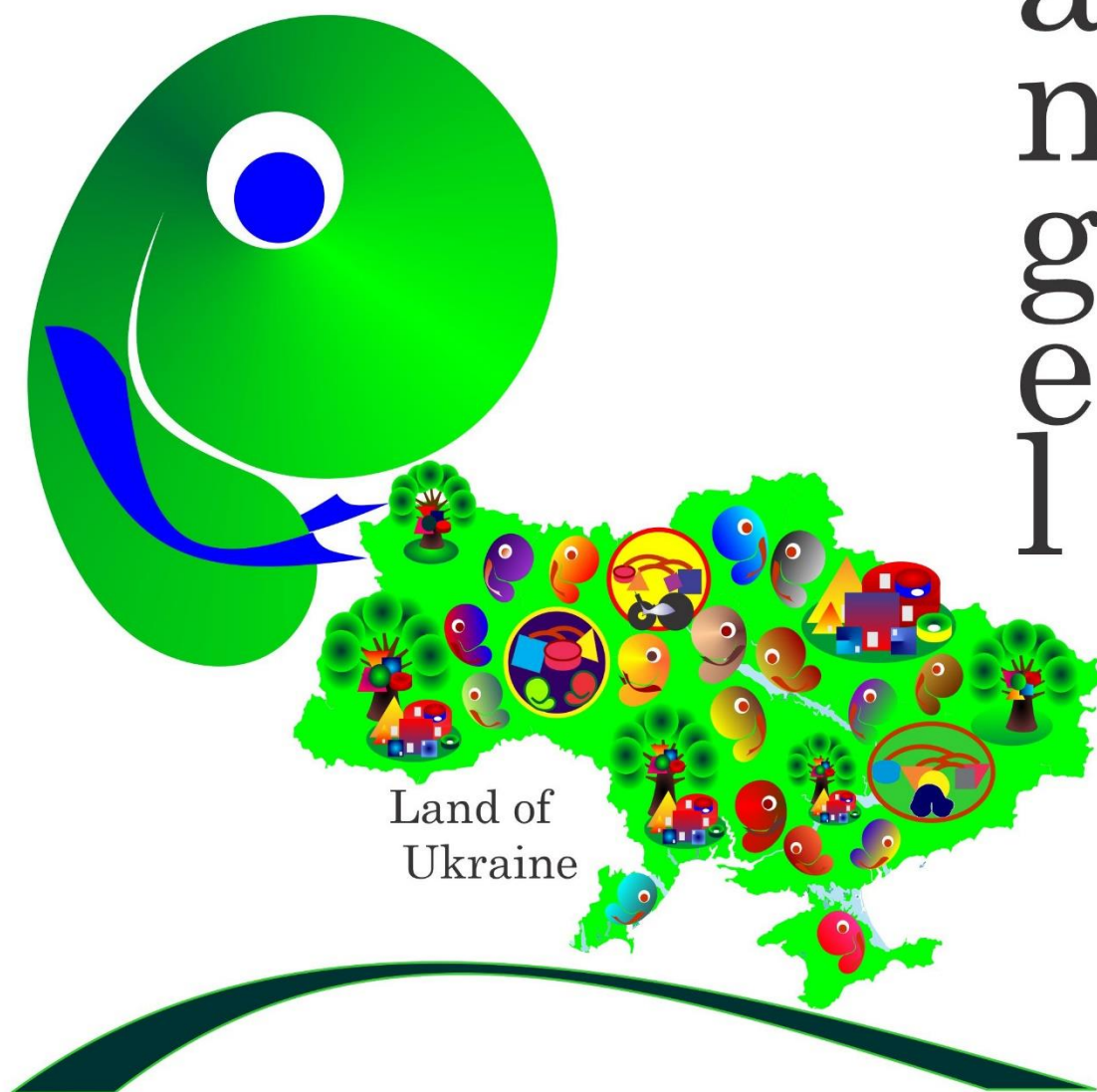


a n g e l



Land of
Ukraine

Most Creative, Artful and Thriving Ukrainian

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

Thrive!

Angel Most Creative, Artful and Thriving Ukrainian

Meet my friend Angel, the most creative, artful, persevering and thriving Ukrainian ever.

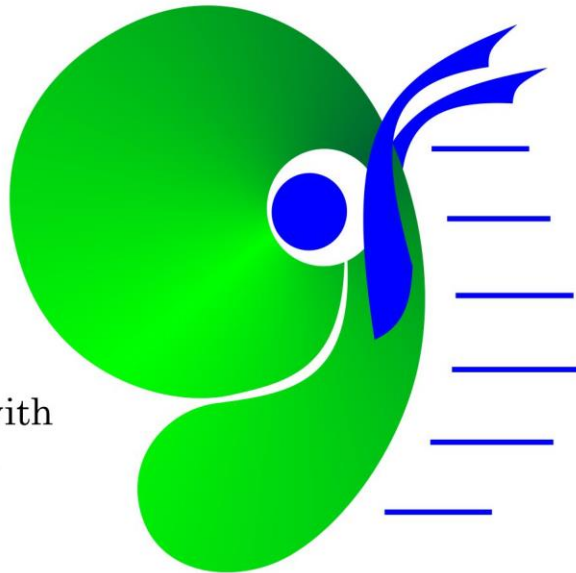
Ukrainians are wild and whimsical, are brightly colored, and live in the amazing Land of Ukraine far, far away.

Angel and other Ukrainians are powerful by being whimsical and creative.

Angel becomes even more powerful by joining with other Ukrainians to create thriving, artful things.

This is an heroic story. Ukrainians face their greatest enemy, Dark Cloud - very evil and powerful.

Can Ukrainians survive? Even more, can they thrive?



This book, **Angel - Most Creative, Artful and Thriving Ukrainian** - is based on Chris' earlier book, **Angel, Thriving Creator of Artful Things**.

The author, Chris, has taken some artistic license in characterizing the Ukrainian people to be somewhat like the Whimseys. But, in some ways, the author sees many of the positives of the Whimseys in the positives of Ukrainians. Creative. Artful. Hopeful. Defiant. Persevering. And, hopefully, thriving.



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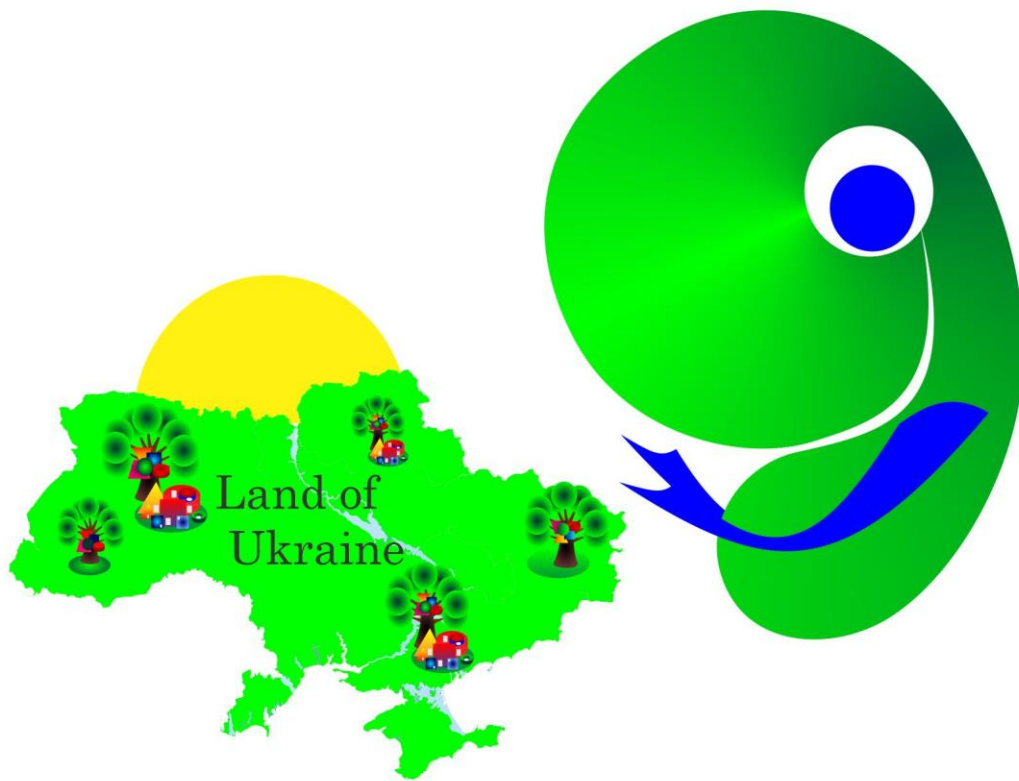
Dedication

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”.

At this and future moments, to all Ukrainian children whose hopes and dreams must be kept alive and whose future must be ensured. And who have every right to question “why”.

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

May all children give us inspiration. May they thrive! May they help us all thrive!



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

This is the story of how Angel becomes a leader to all Ukrainian children and to all Ukrainians. 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. The Ukrainian people face their greatest enemy, Dark Cloud. Very evil. Very powerful.

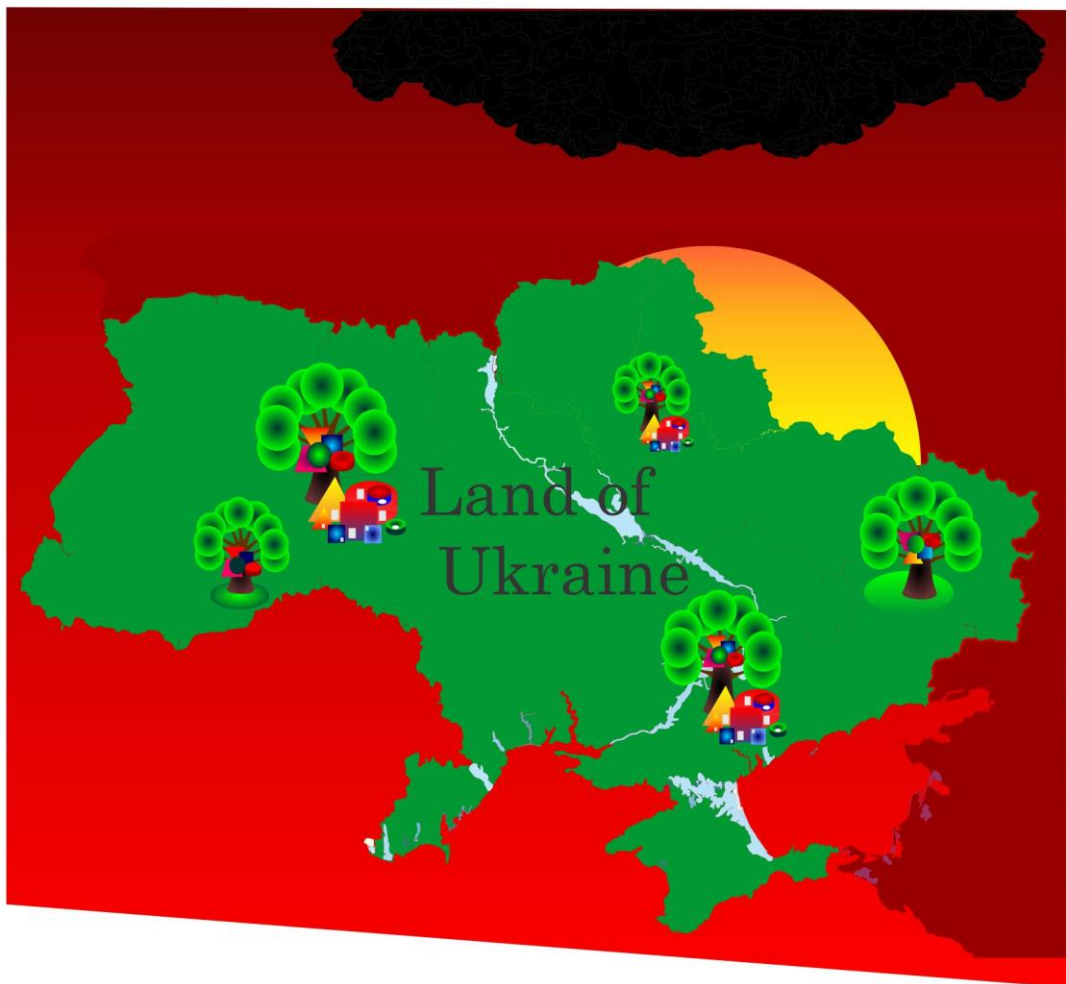
Can Ukrainians survive? Even more, can they thrive?

This story begins in a land east of the Land of Ukraine. A land led by a very evil, powerful Dark Cloud.

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

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

We have but one day at most.



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 Ukraine.

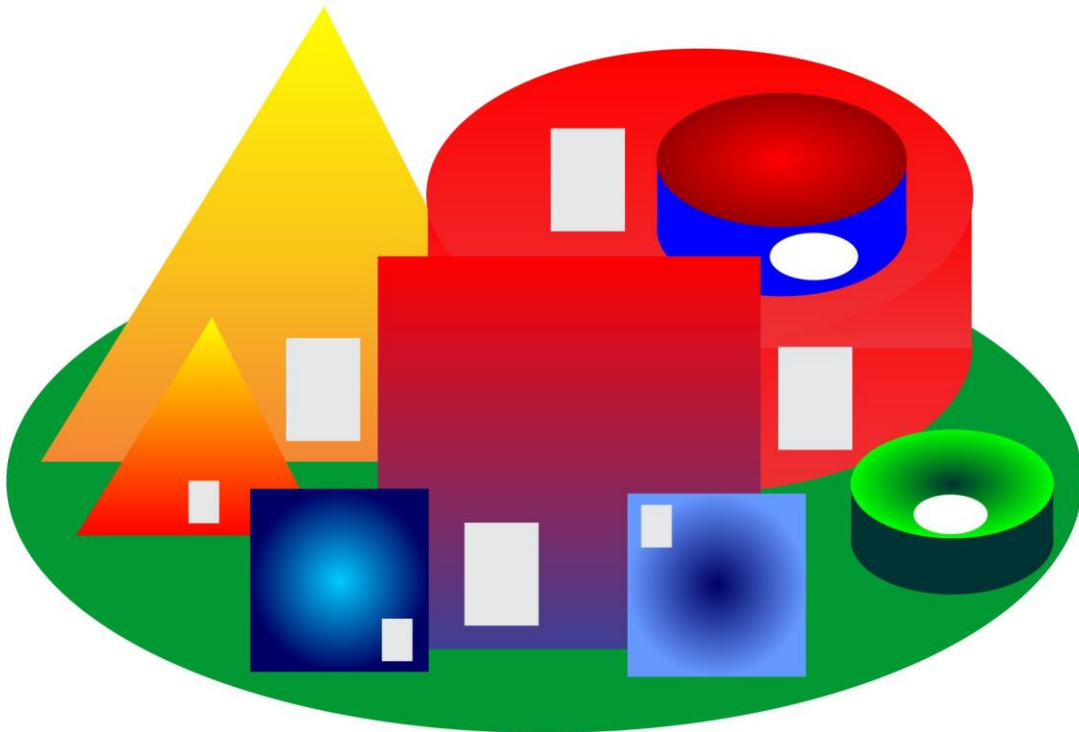
Far below, I see homes built of many shapes, including circles, squares and triangles.

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

Ukrainian 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.

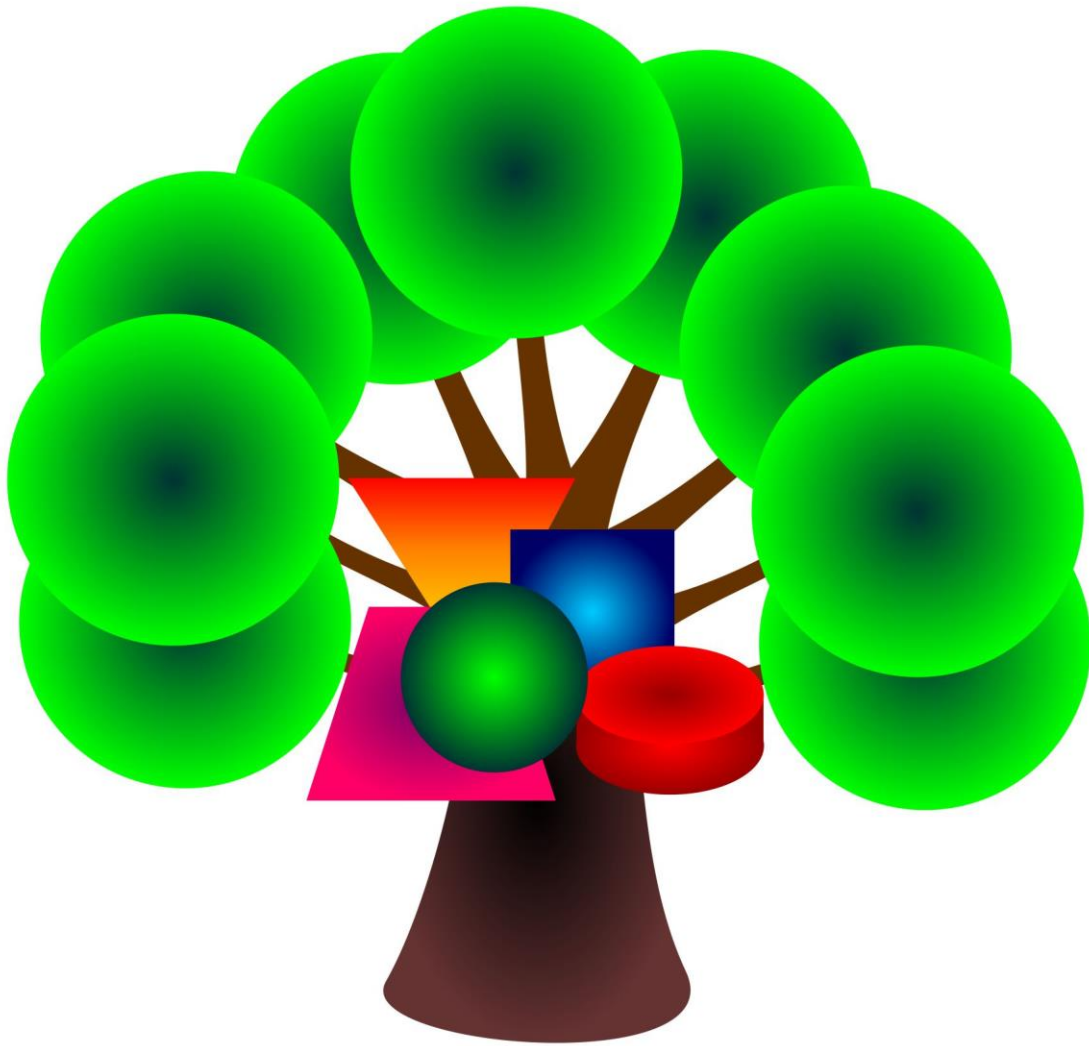


Found it!

The lower part stands firmly on ground. It's a “stabile”.

It's strong, but not enough to withstand Dark Cloud's terrible wind and terrible flying objects.

Tomorrow it must be stronger if Ukrainians are to survive.



The upper part hangs from a great Ukrainian 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, bolts of lightning, and terrible flying objects. More than even it can survive.



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

Truly creative! Truly amazing! Truly whimsical!

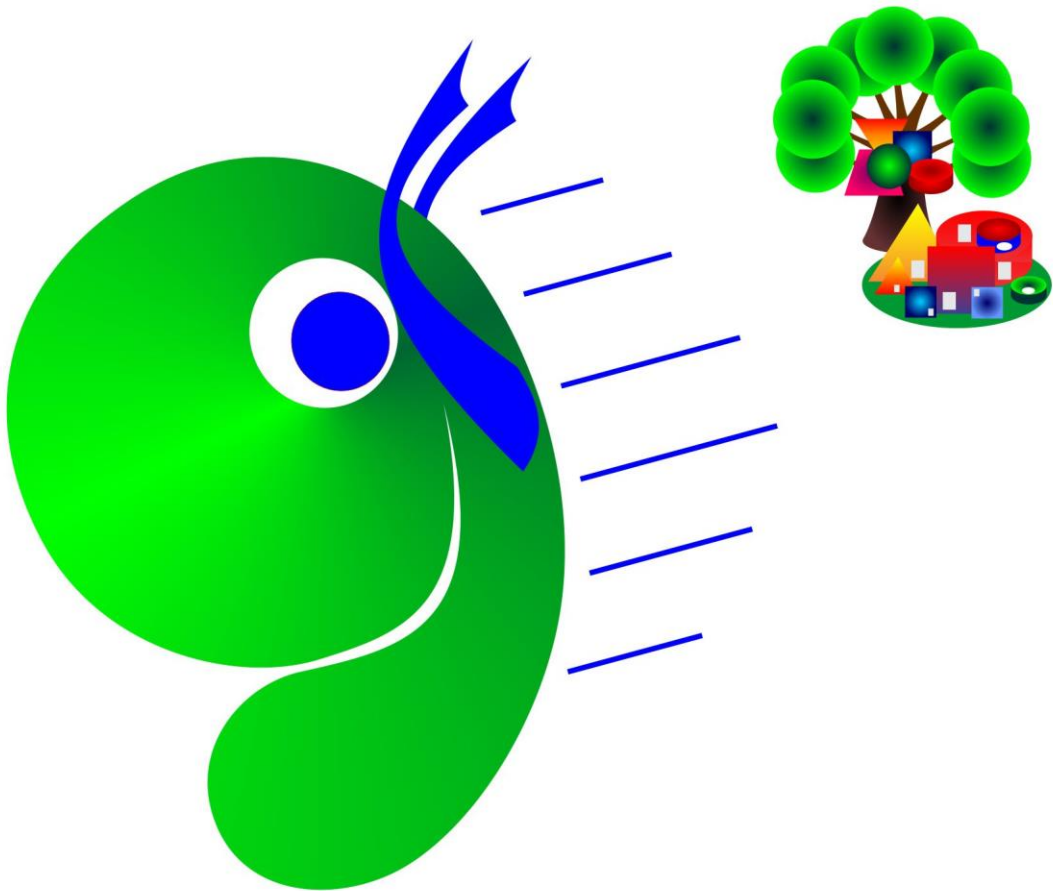
Sadly, it's not strong enough. Dark Cloud is stronger.

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

I hear screaming.

Whooooosh! A bright green streak!

Whooooosh! A bright green streak back the other way!

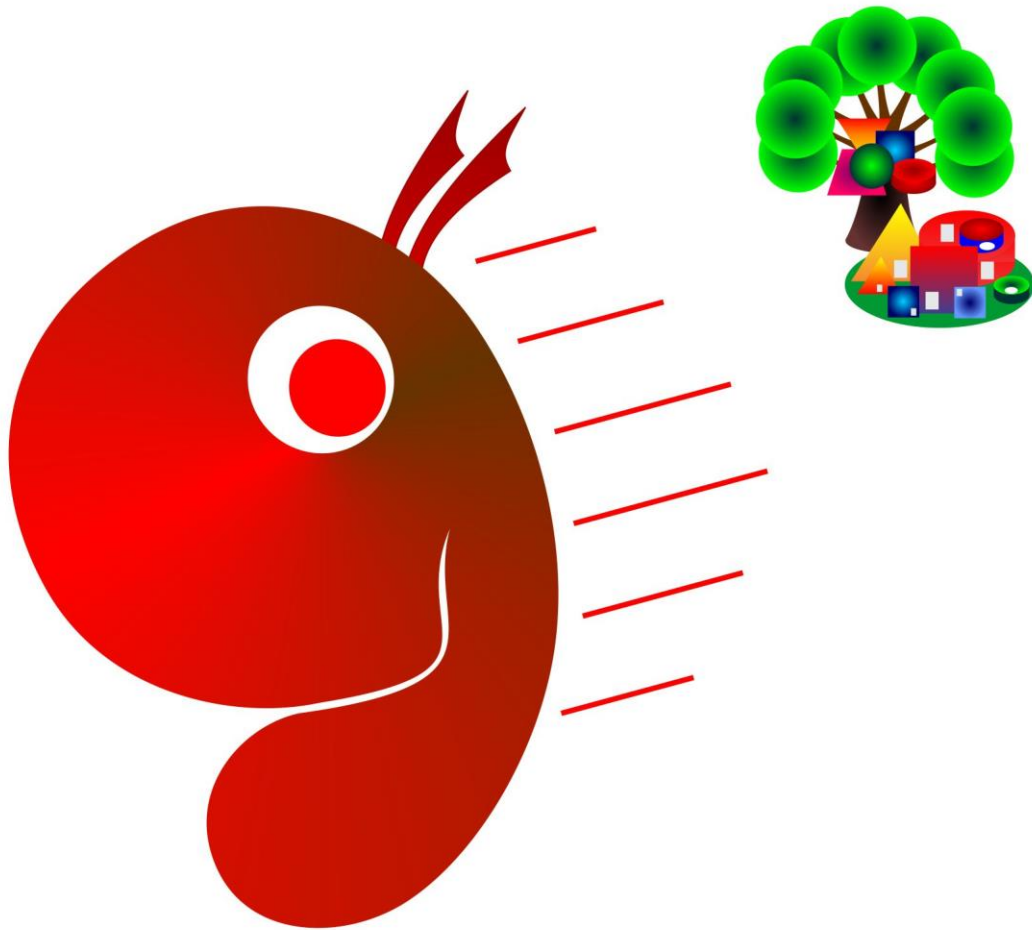


Flying with hummingbird speed and agility is a young, bright green Ukrainian child.

What's that??

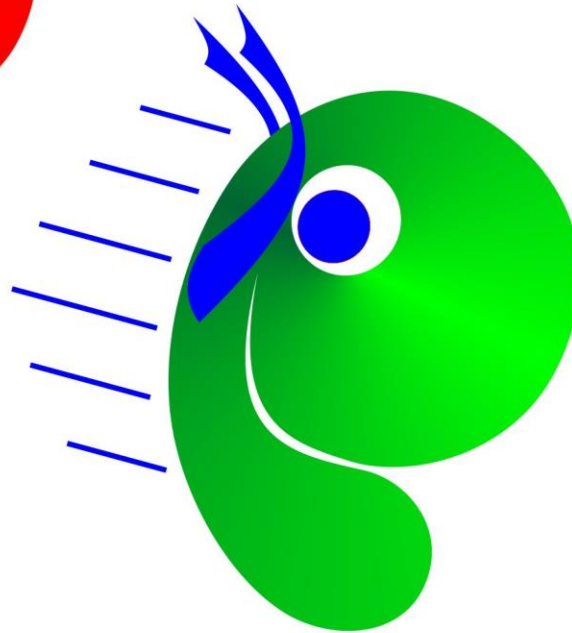
A quick red flash! Another loud buzzing sound.

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



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

Oooh! This one looks very mischievous!



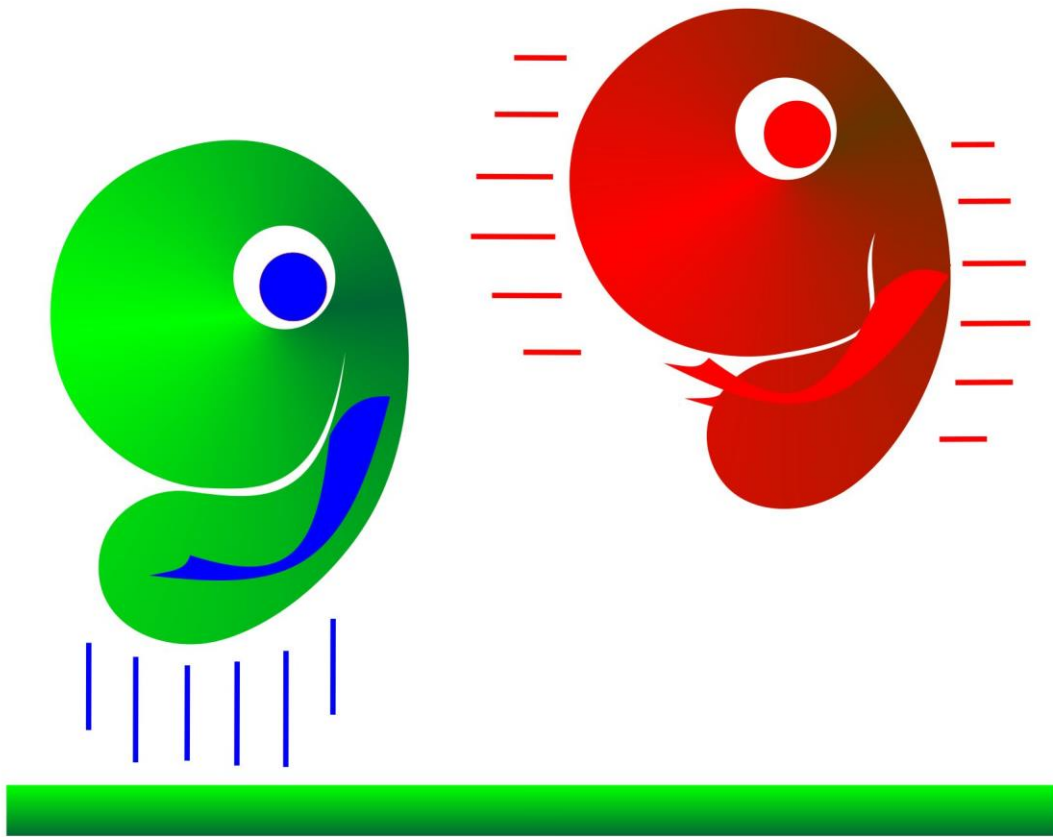
Now I get it. Not fear. Just screams of delight.

They play a very, very fast game of chase.

Green Ukrainian has no fear of getting caught.

Flies artfully. Changes direction with ease. Very, very fast.

Like a really, really high-speed hummingbird.

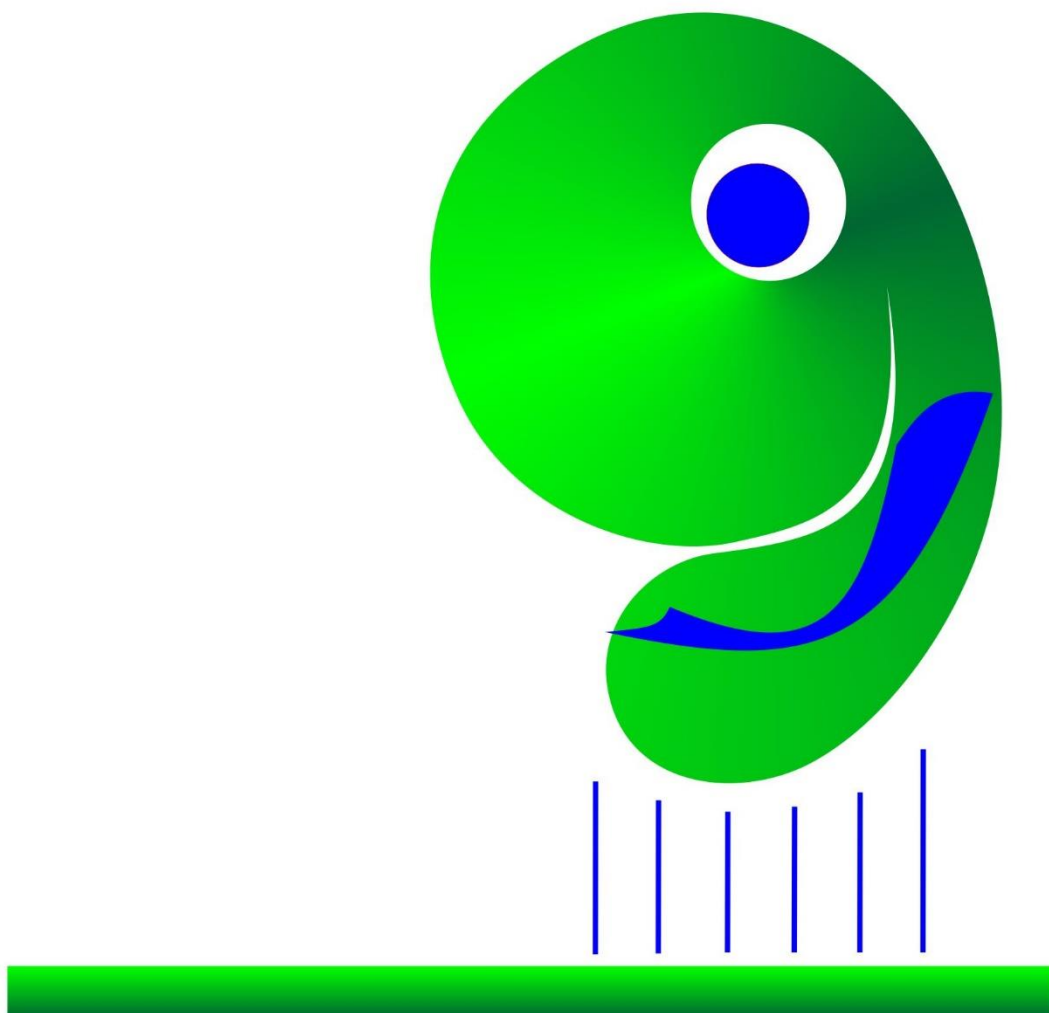


Suddenly, green Ukrainian stops. Bounces excitedly in the air. Stares intently at me.

A second later, red Ukrainian 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 Ukrainian.

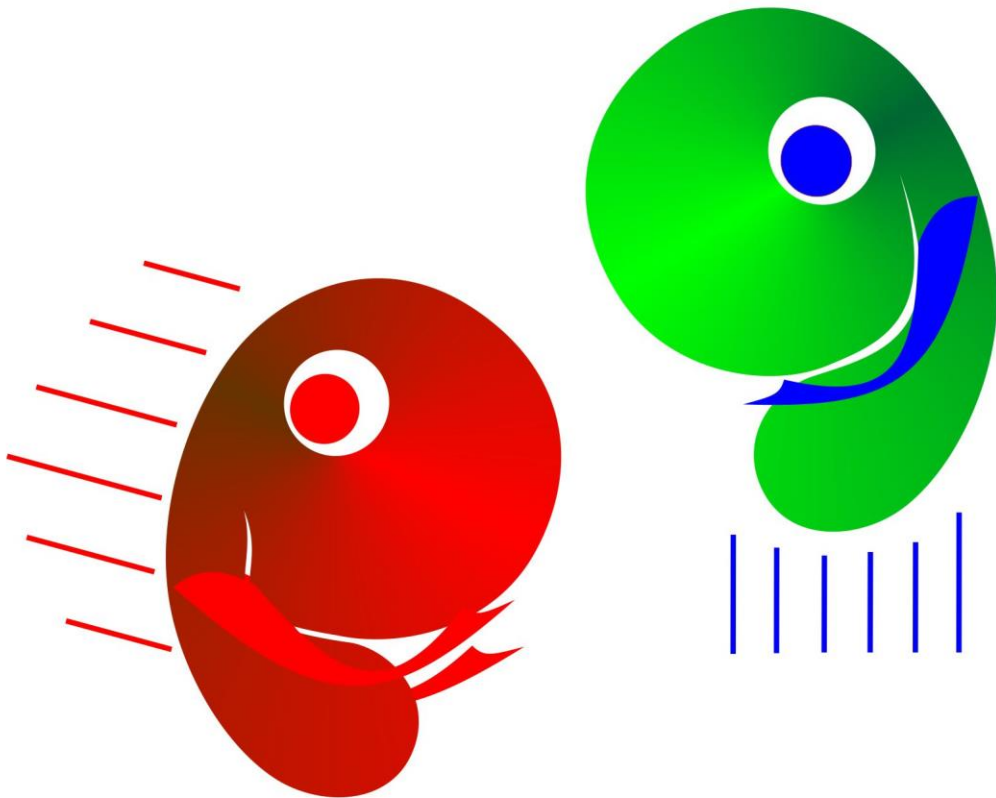


Young green Ukrainian says very cheerfully and proudly,
“I'm Angel. I'm a Ukrainian!”

“This is my sib Wily. We're family Ukrainian.”

“You're totally strange! Who are you? What are you?”

“I'm Chris,” I tell them. “I'm”

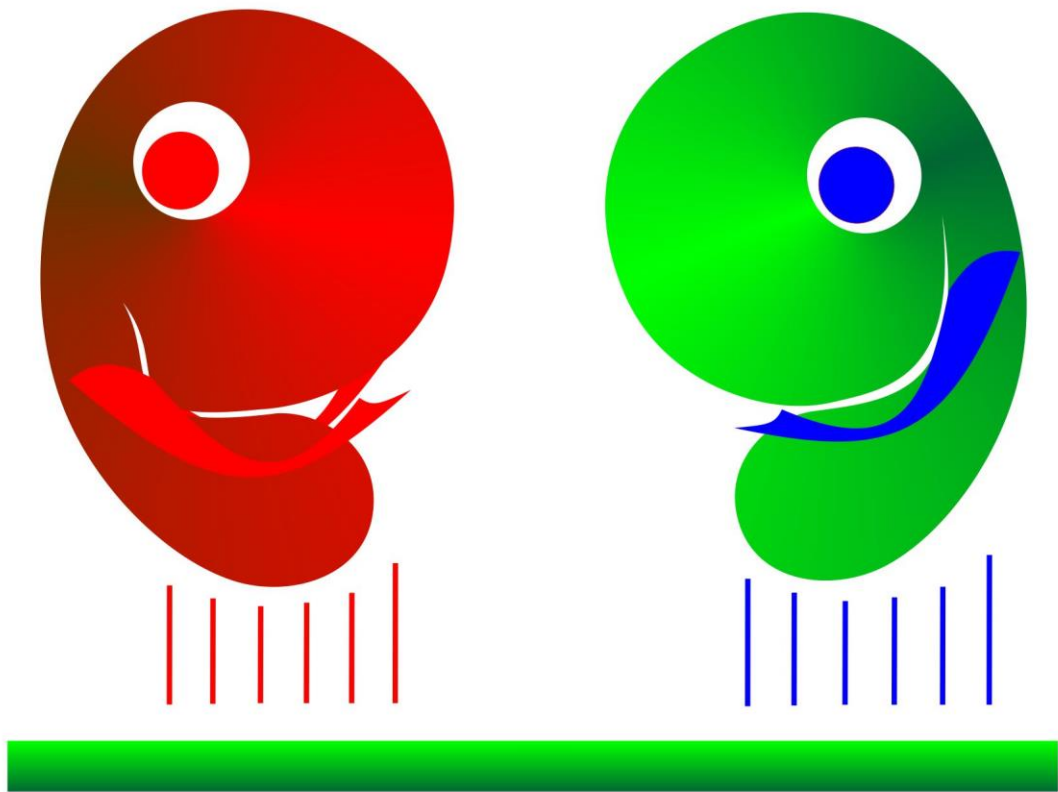


Suddenly, Wily darts forward and blurts, “Yeah, what are you?”

“You're not a Ukrainian. That's for sure.”

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

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

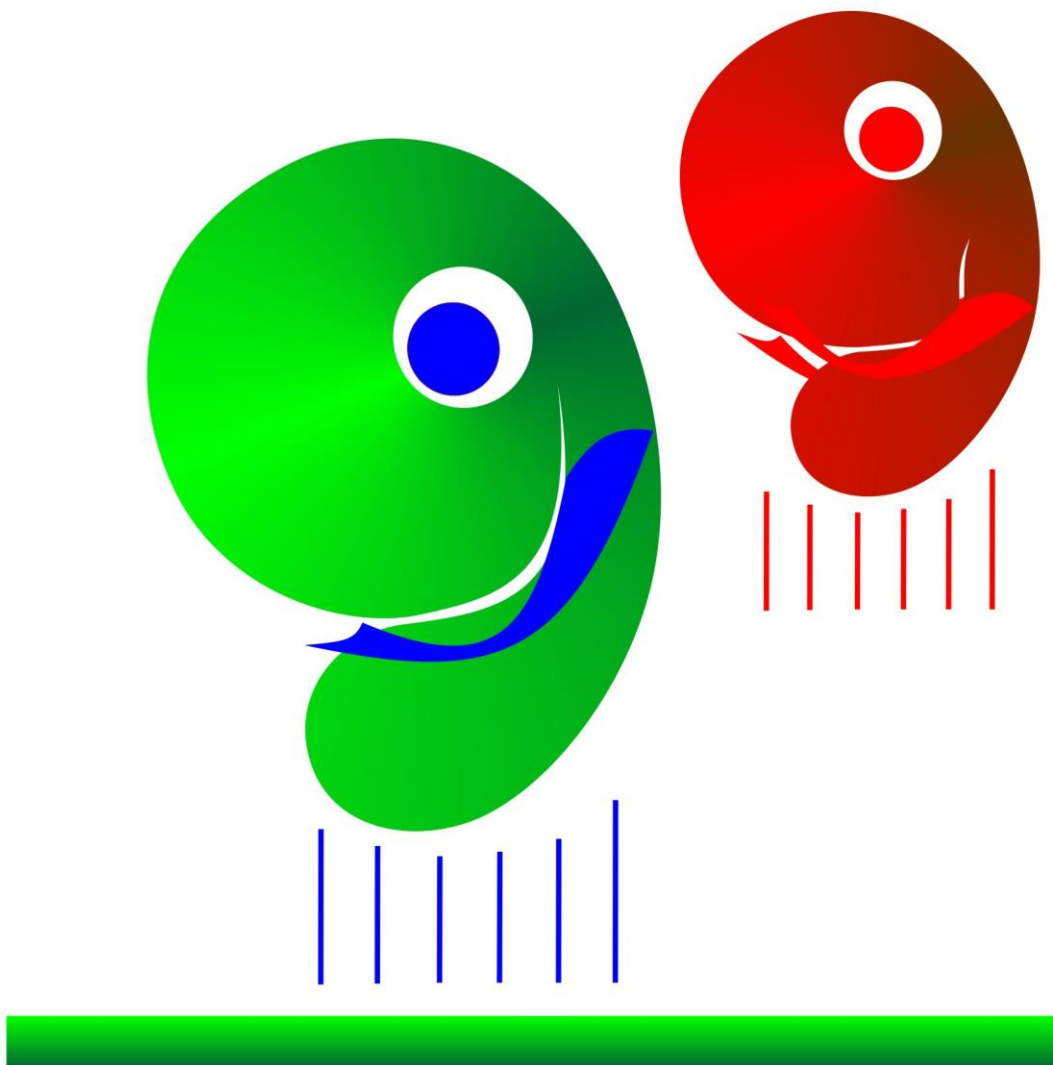


Wanting to be their friend, I reply, “Strange? You are so right!”

“I’m very different from you. Clearly not a Ukrainian. But I am your friend.”

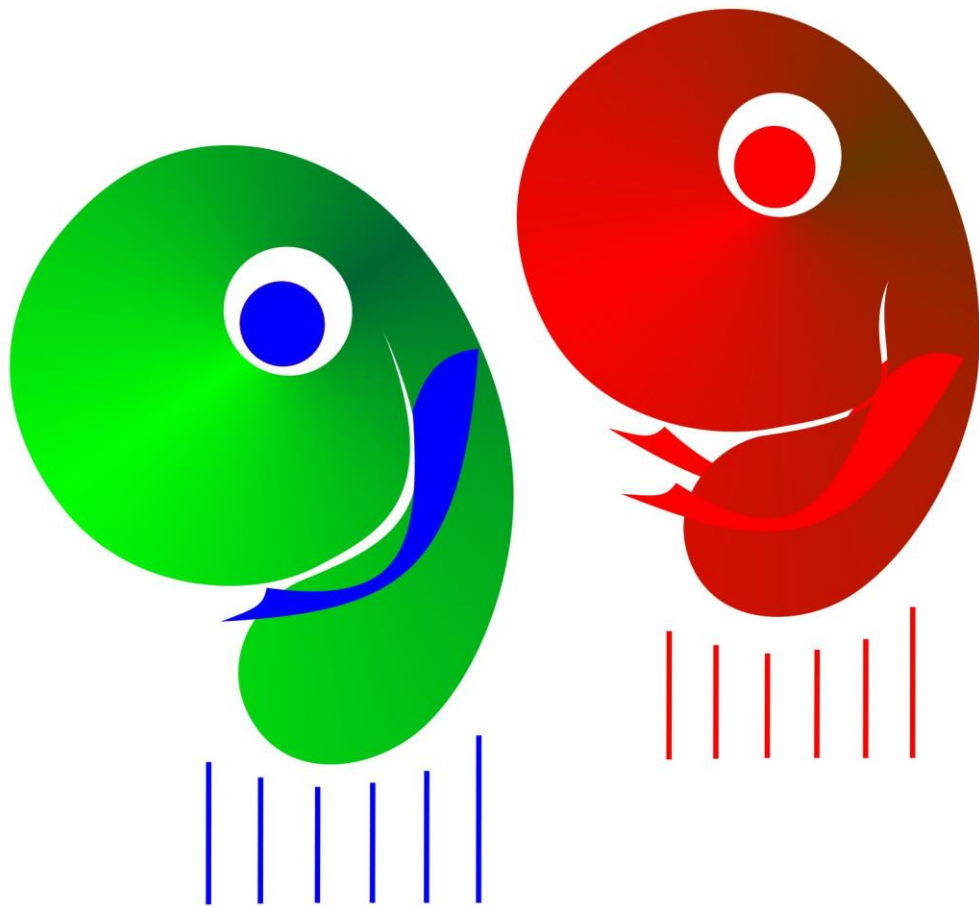
“I help others ‘thrive’. I’m also a ‘creator of artful things’.”

“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'.”



“Creating artful things is what you are already doing. Look at your houses.”

“They are very creative, artful things. Very creative use of different shapes. Different colors.”

“Some are ‘mobiles’, hanging from trees. Some are ‘stables’, sitting firmly on the ground.”

“I also do artful things. Mine are just a bit different.”



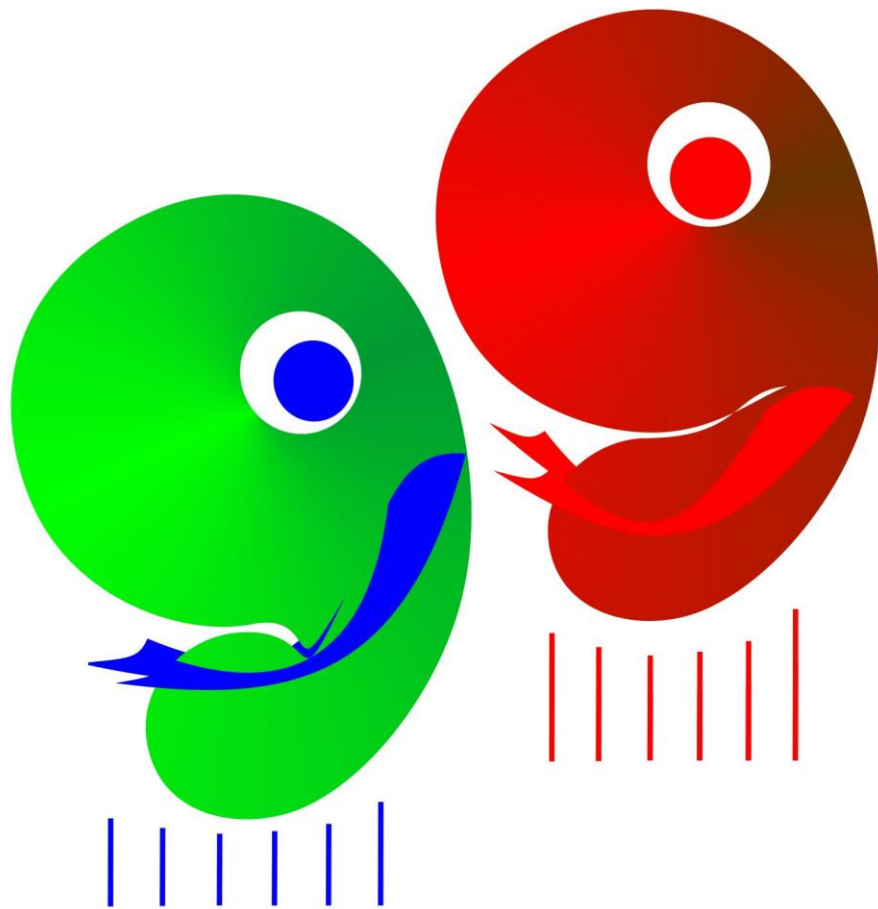
“Oh. Oh. I get it.” exclaims Angel.

Angels flies away and quickly returns with a super creative artful thing. Creatively bringing together a large stick, brightly colored rocks, flowers, a metal piece, and small toys.

Carefully and beautifully balanced.

The mobile is very creative with different shapes and colors. Just like the parts of your home that hang in the great Ukrainian tree.”

Pieces move in the wind. Pieces that touch in the wind make a wonderful sound.



“But I also said I am also a kind of shepherd.”

“Sometimes those living in other lands face challenges that are more than they ever faced. My shepherding is my way to help them take on those challenges and win.”

“You Ukrainians are about to face such a challenge. The evil, powerful Dark Cloud.”

“You are not prepared for what damage Dark Cloud will do.”

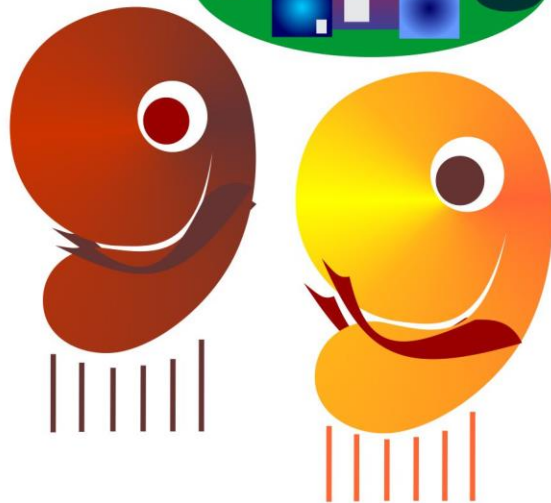
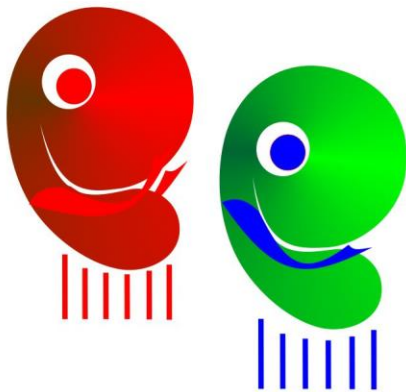
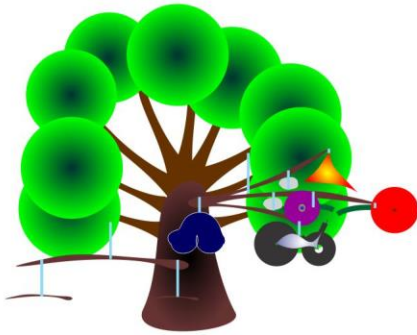


“Angel. Wily. Time is running out for the Land of Ukraine.”

“Dark Cloud is coming and will badly hurt the Land of Ukraine. Badly hurt Ukrainians.”

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

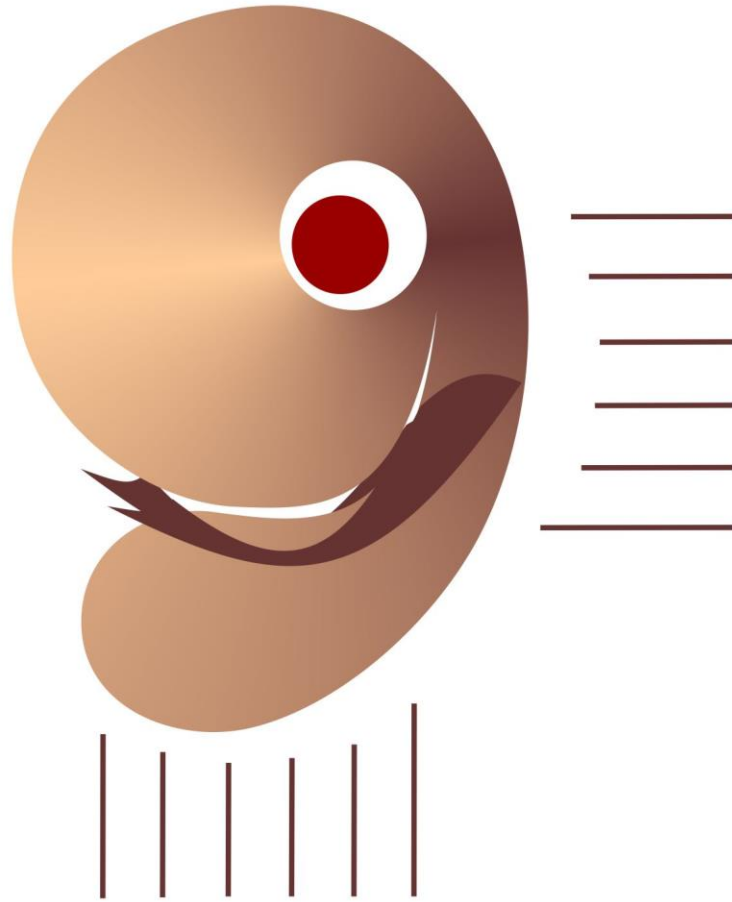
Speedily, we go to their Ukranian family home.



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 mine hanging on the great Ukrainian tree!”

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



With big smile and outstretched arms, Angel's older parent dashes forward, "Hello stranger! And I do mean stranger! My name is I.M. Ukrainian."

"Our home is most creative in all of Ukraine. 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 Ukrainian leader, floats forward gracefully and hovers nervously.

“Now, I.M., be nice.”

“Welcome Chris, I'm Bee Ukrainian.”

“Given whom you are and your very worried look, I suspect you are here about evil Dark Cloud’s coming attack. How soon?”

“Tomorrow morning,” I urgently reply. “We must go immediately and talk to your fellow Ukrainians.”

I see an amazing sight!

Ukrainians of every color are floating. Truly fantastic!

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

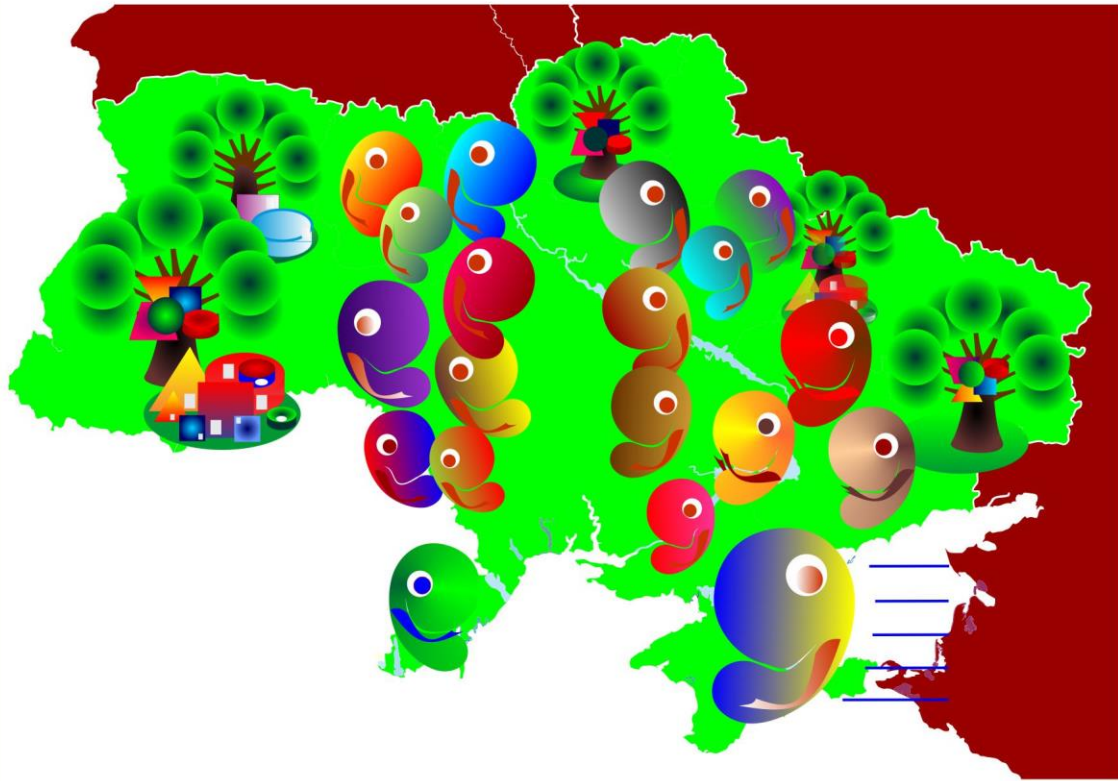




Bee introduces Chris to the other Ukrainians,
“Ukrainians, this is Chris. Comes to help us survive and
thrive through what is about to happen with Dark
Cloud.”

“Chris has helped many others survive and thrive.”

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



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

“Without sunlight, your colors will fade away.”

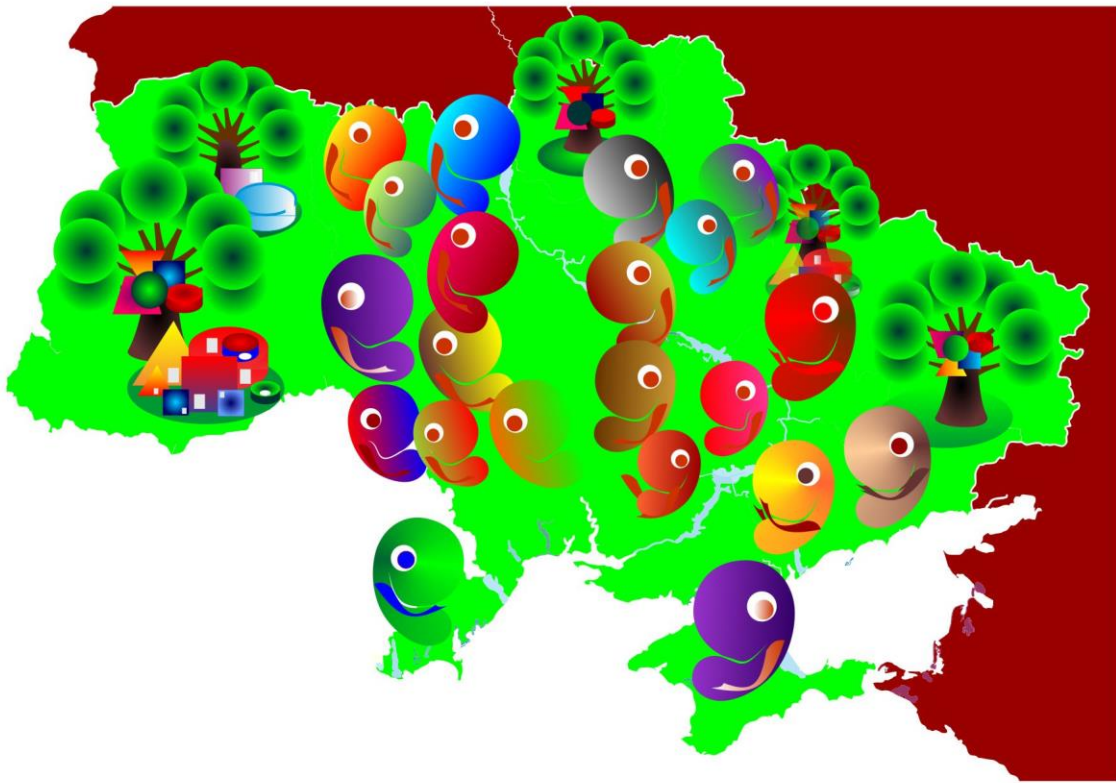
Nervous blue-yellow Whimsey glides and cries, “Evil Dark Cloud did this to others. Did this to Crimea. They could not stop him. Can we stop him now?”

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 Ukrainians and the Land of Ukraine would be like if evil Dark Cloud wins, the sky darkens, and your colors fade away.





“I can help. But your champion must be Ukrainian.”

“But who should be our champion?” they ask anxiously.

“I believe it should be Angel, your most powerful and creative Ukrainian”, I tell them. “Together, Angel and you can save your lives and your Land.”

“But how to stop evil Dark Cloud?” asks a perplexed Ukrainian.

“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 took Crimea.”

“Many homes now sit firmly on ground as 'stabiles'. 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 stabiles so powerful as to stop Dark Cloud.”

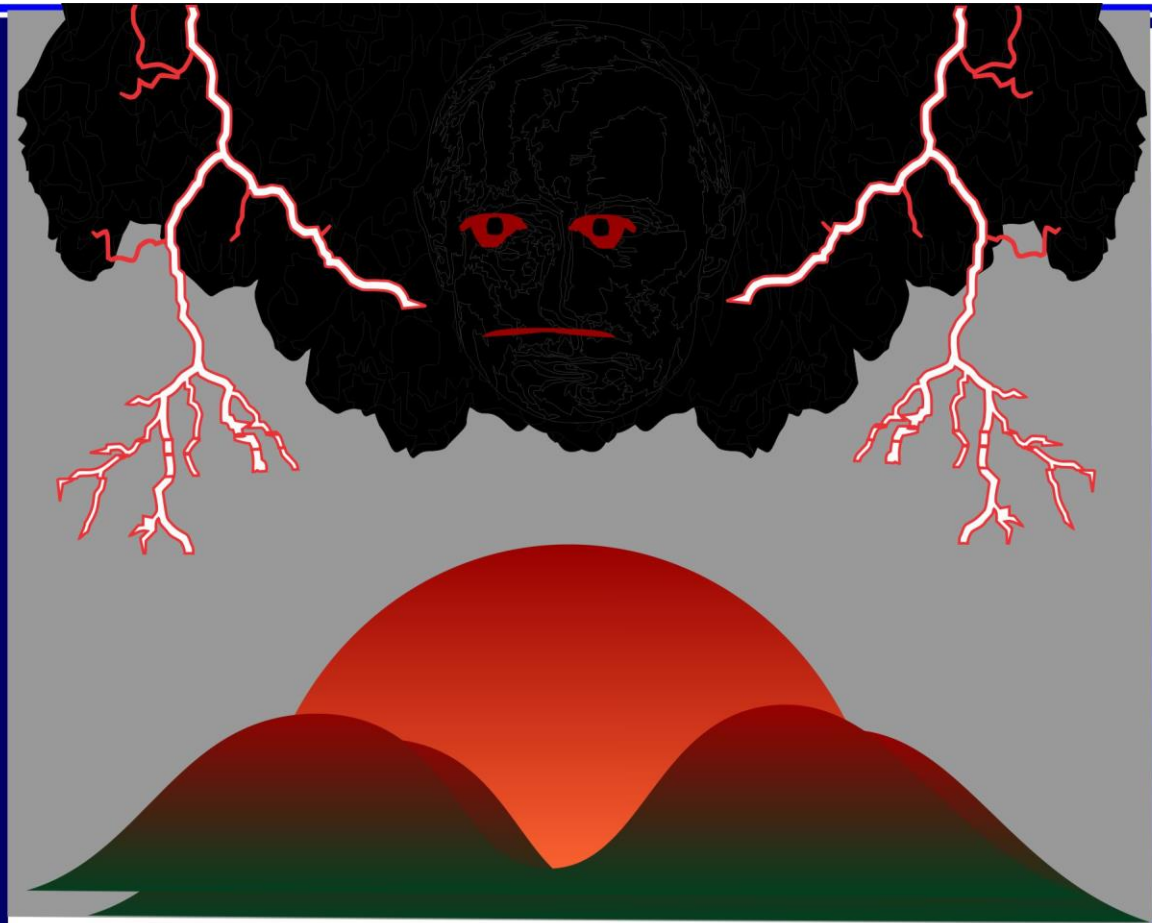


Tick-tock. Tick-tock. We must hurry! Time is running out!

Few sunlight hours remain. Dawn is only hours away.

Darkness is near. Dark Cloud is coming.

In the last hours of daylight and through the night,
Ukrainians begin creating the most artful and powerful
mobiles and stabiles ever.



Sunrise. The sun turns reddish. The sky darkens.

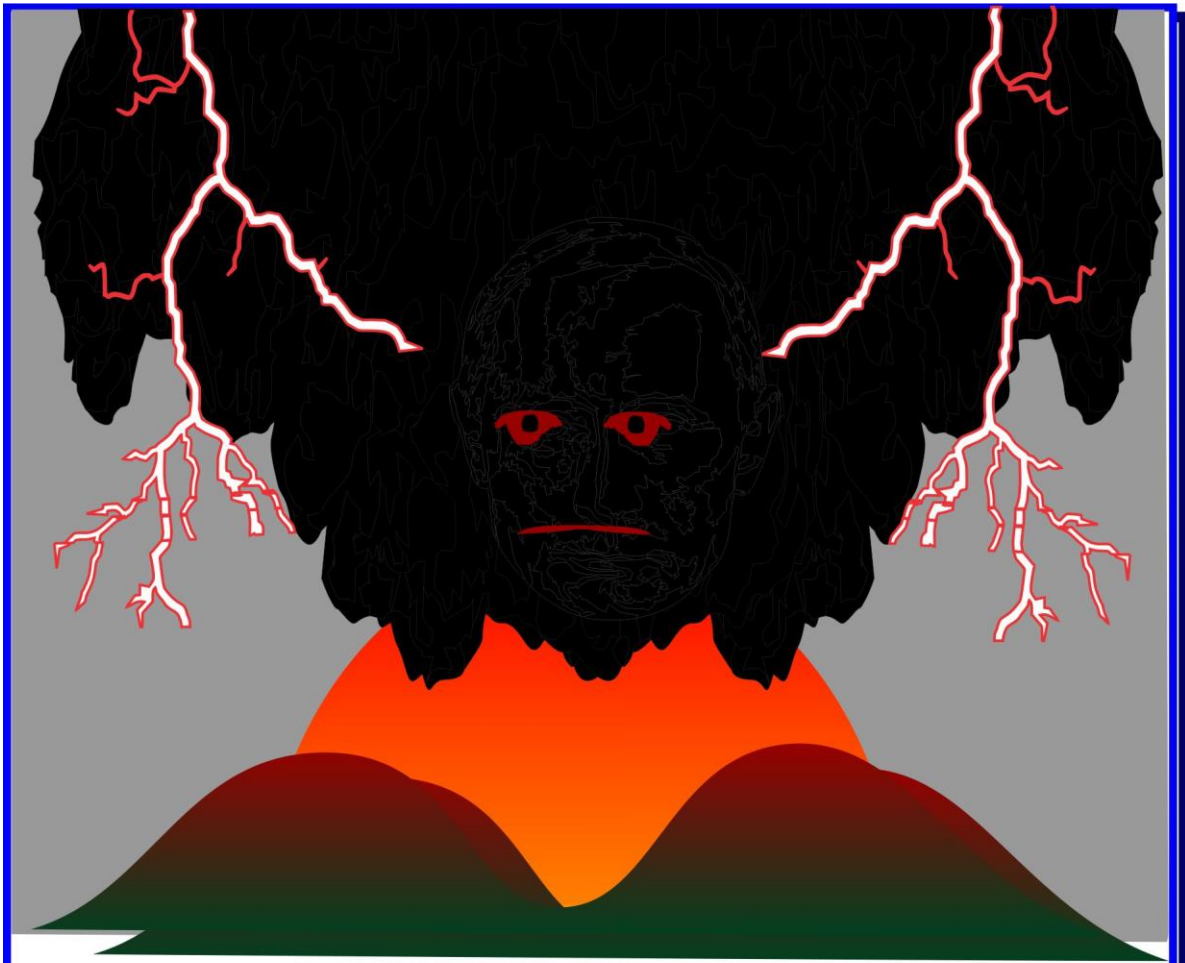
Lightning flashes! Thunder rolls!

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.



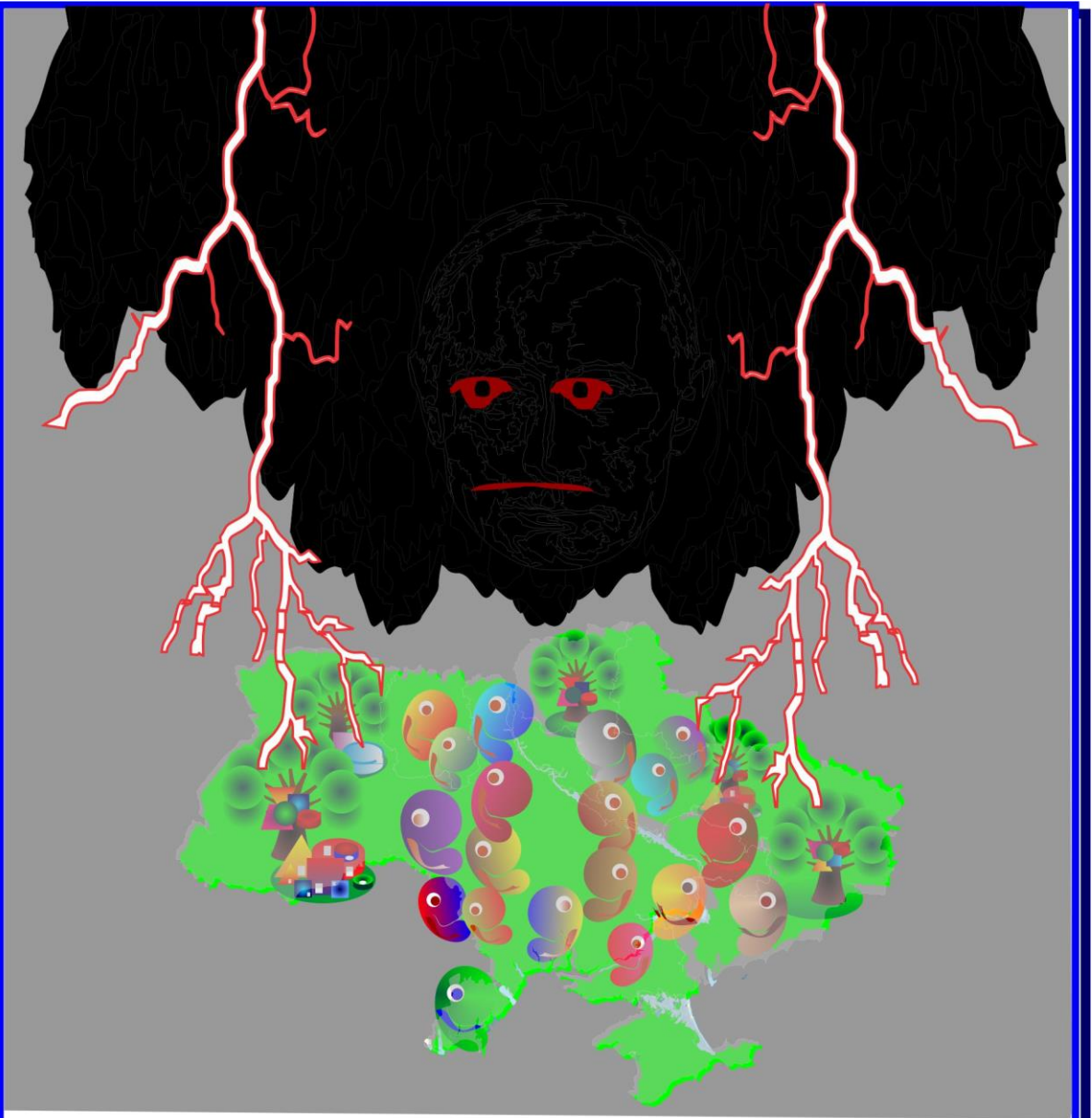
Dark Cloud shouts down, "I'm here!! You Ukrainians are in deep trouble!"

"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!"



Dark Cloud's lightning bolts strike Ukrainian homes and trees.

Dark Cloud's terrifying winds damage homes and trees.

Dark Cloud already threatens the Ukrainians' color.

Dark Cloud shouts, "This is only the beginning! I will destroy Ukraine. I'll have you begging for my mercy."



Angel defiantly and fearlessly rises. Gets right in Dark Cloud's face. Challenges Dark Cloud, "Stop it!!"

"You have no right to attack Ukraine!"

"No right to destroy Ukraine."

"No right to force us to bow down to you!"



“Never will we bow down to you!” Shout back Ukrainians, as they also rise to challenge Dark Cloud.

“You can't win,” roars Dark Cloud. “Who will stop me?”

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

Angel rises again to Dark Cloud and glares. Then smiles and shouts, “Not your day. We’re gonna survive and 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 sly smile.

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

Wily hurls wildly spinning mobiles. They create winds that change Dark Cloud's planes into harmless, puffy clouds. Missiles and bombs into rain drops and snow flakes. Even lightning is more distant.

Wily forces Dark Cloud to stop and then move back where he can do less harm.



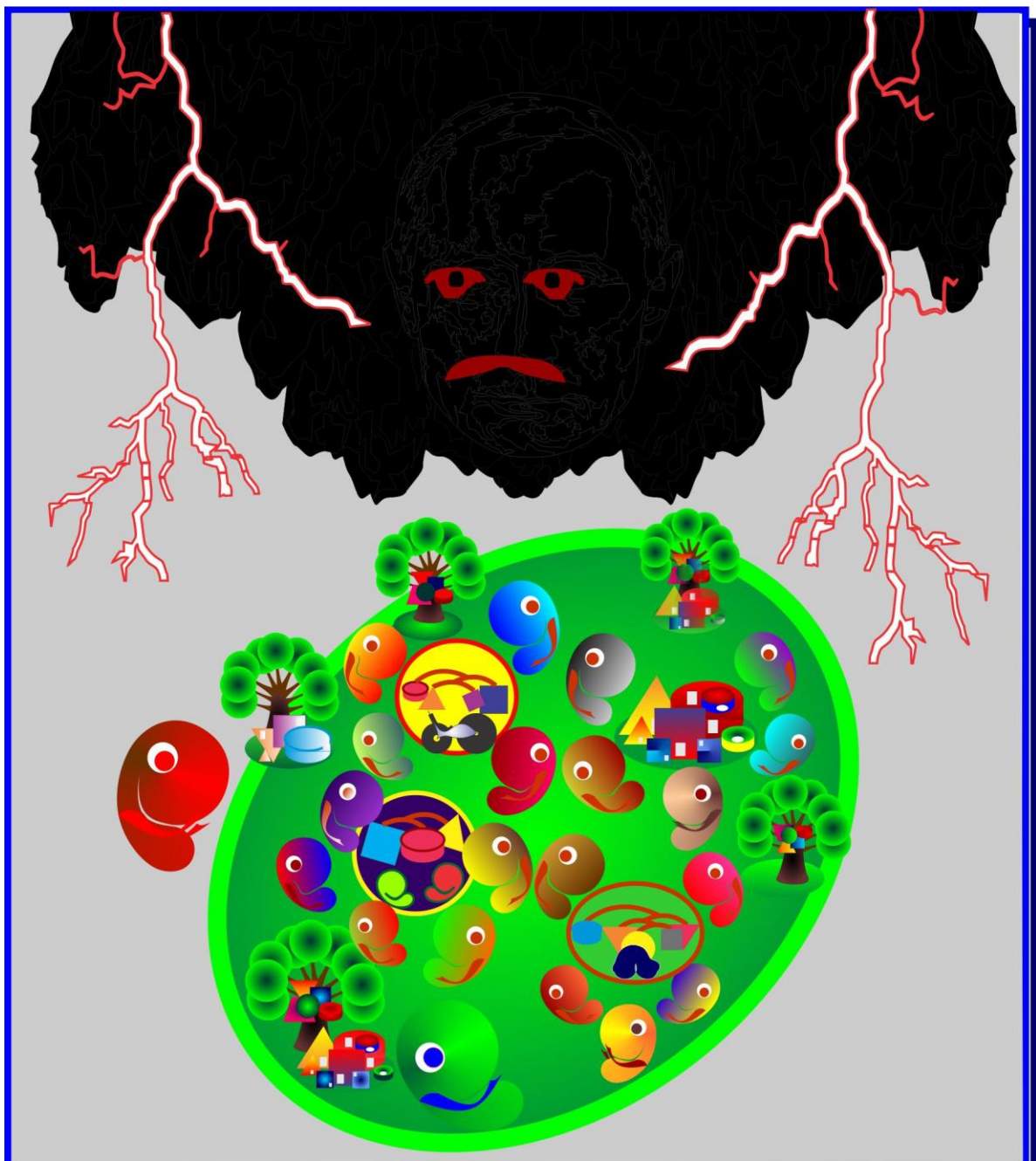
While Wily distracts Dark Cloud, Angel rejoins the other Ukrainians.

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 Dark Clouds's planes in harmless clouds. Missiles and bombs become rain drops and snow flakes.



Wily runs out of helpful mischief and returns.

Immediately, Dark Cloud again attacks the Ukrainians.

He's very angry. His look is pure evil.



Just as Dark Cloud begins the powerful attack, he 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 Ukrainians and their whimsical mobiles and stabiles.

Might that even be a slight smile? Is Dark Cloud a bit less dark?



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!"

"Ukrainians' creative power is far more than I imagined."

"Your whimsical nature and creativity made powerful, artful
things I've never seen."



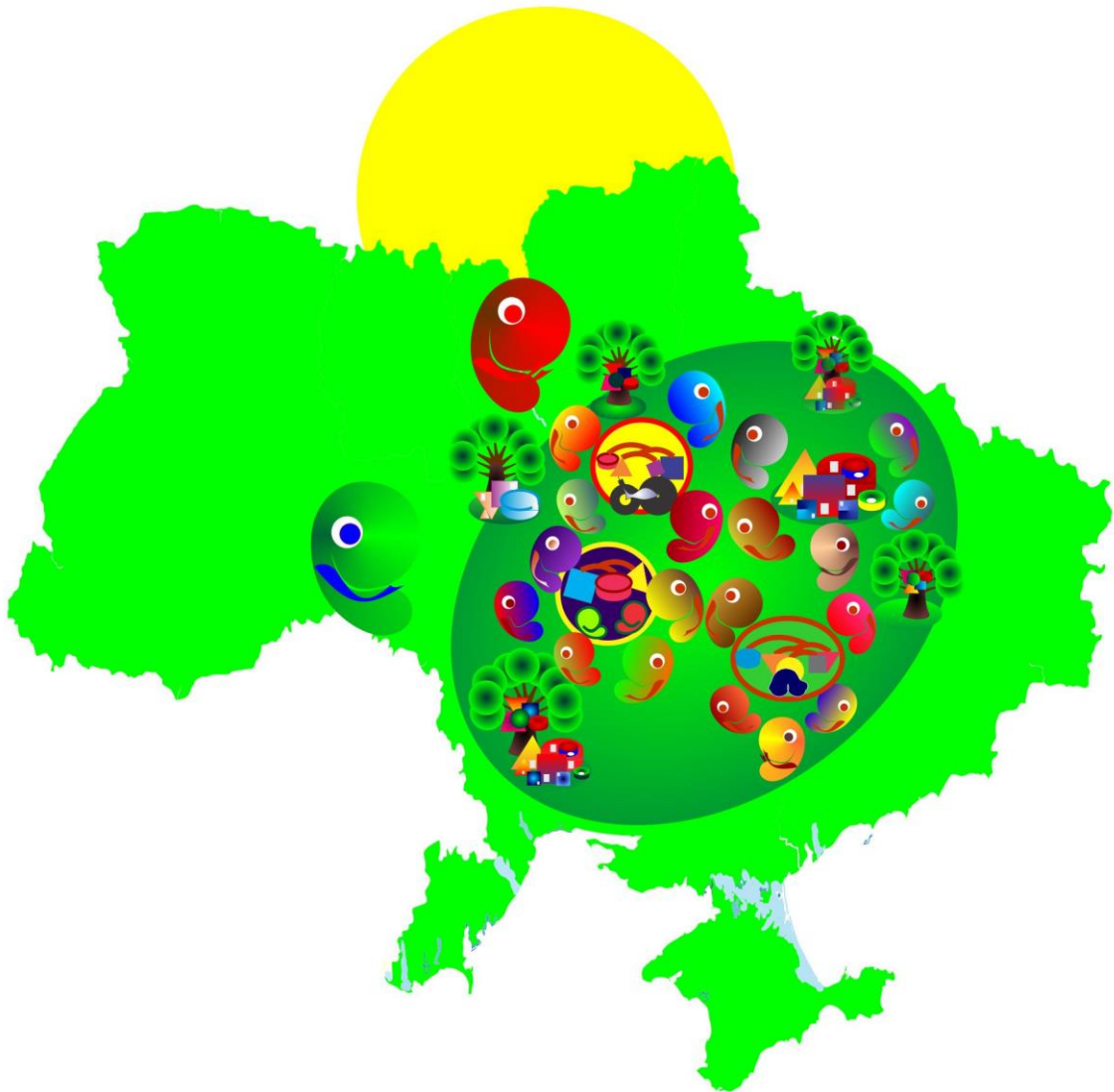
“I’m not sure I can destroy you, even if I want to.”

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

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

“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 now.”



Careful balance is restored between sun and clouds, providing shade and rain when needed.



Ukrainians 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.”

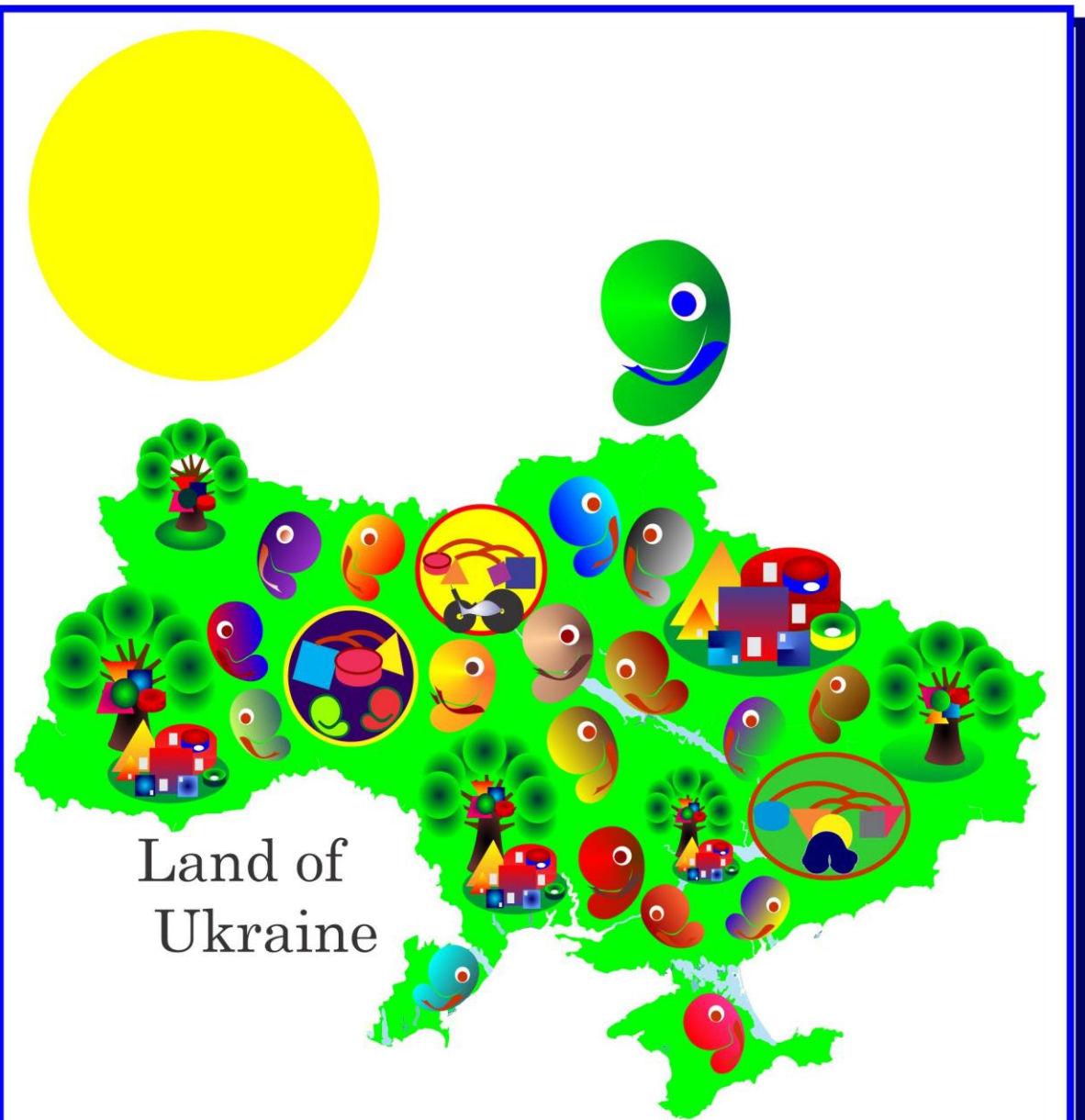
“You were already very creative. I just did a bit of encouraging. A little shepherding.”



Turning to all Ukrainians, 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!”



Land of Ukraine

“I must go”, Chris tells them. “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 Ukranians.

I turn and slowly depart toward the shining sun.

But I glance back.

I hear wild and whimsical music.

I see Ukrainians get wild and whimsical.

“And oh yes, they do thrive!”

