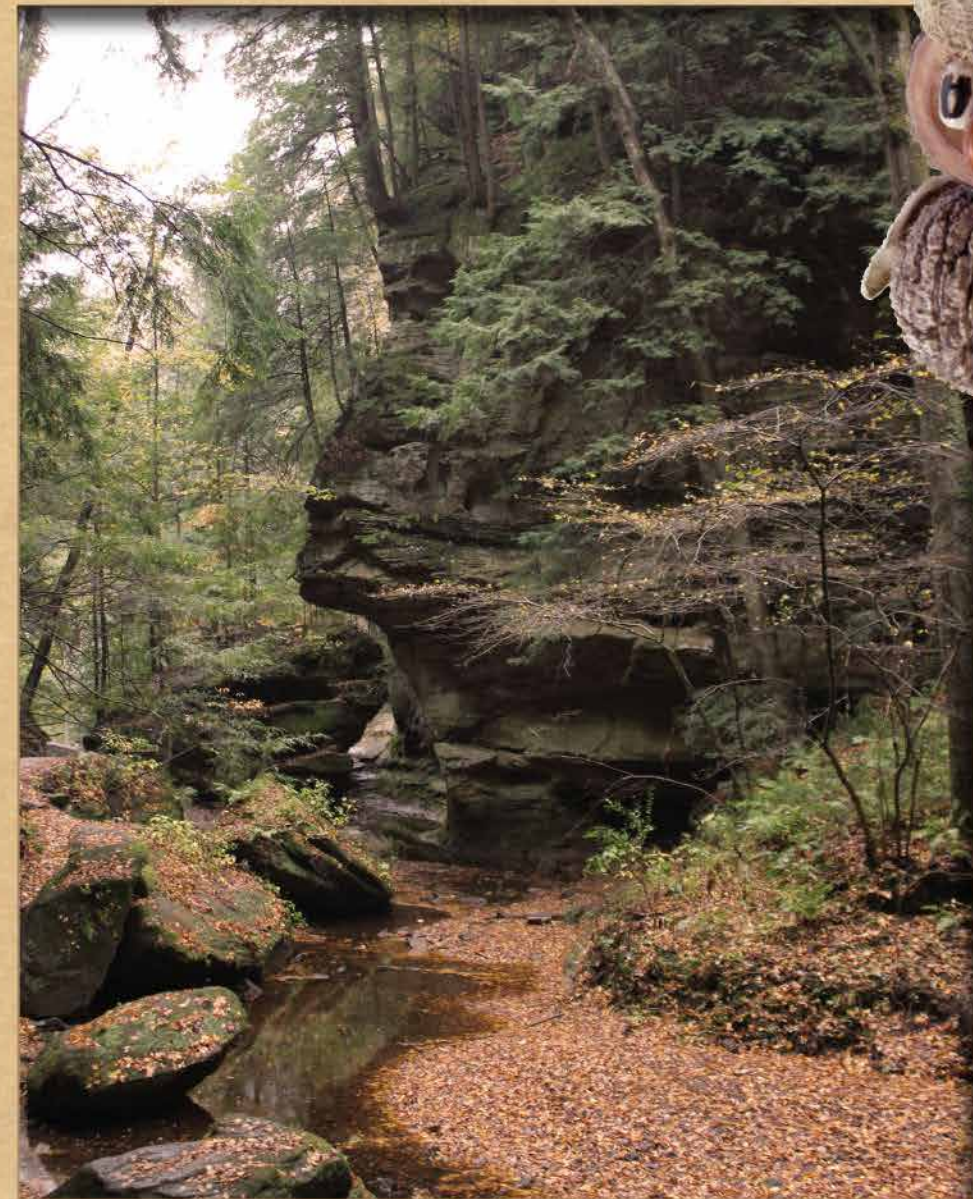




The next morning, Shayla awoke to a day of sunshine, but there was a chill in the air. The strong smell of earth and wet leaves filled her with restless energy.

The green leaves were changing to yellow, orange, and red. They were scattered on the forest floor, covering the moss and ferns she loved. As the wind blew through the leaves, they rattled impatiently. Their music was different from the low murmuring of summer. Her forest home was changing and she was troubled.



There was a whisper of wings, and Shayla saw her owl friend, Ogilvie, landing nearby. "Why do you look so worried on this fine autumn day?" asked Ogilvie.

"I don't want summer to end," said Shayla. "I'm enjoying the long days I spend with my friends!"





Suddenly, Kegan dipped down toward a tree and took a deep breath. As he blew on the tree, it shivered with the dragon's magic.

The fairy could see the tree looked different, but it was too dark to see it well. Shayla could hardly wait until morning when she could see better.



Having Shayla for company made the night extra special for Kegan. He enjoyed hearing about the animals she visited while he slept in his cave each day.

As they flew through the trees, the moon seemed to travel with them as they journeyed across the sky.