

The Wise Owl and the Listening Superpower



Once upon a time, in a faraway land, there was a boy named Ben. Ben was good at climbing trees, jumping over puddles, and making the loudest burp in his village. But there was one thing he wasn't good at—listening.

No matter how many times his mom called him, he just didn't hear her.

"Ben, pick up your socks!"

"Ben, don't put peanut butter on the cat!"

"BEN! ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING?!"



One day, after being scolded for not listening (again), Ben climbed his favorite tree to sulk. Just as he flopped onto a thick branch, a voice hooted from above.

"What seems to be the trouble, young one?" Ben gasped. A giant, feathery owl with golden eyes was staring at him.

"Who—who are you?" Ben stammered. "I am Oliver the Wise Owl, the greatest listener in the entire forest! And you, my friend, have a listening problem."

Ben sighed. "I know. I just don't know how to listen! My ears work fine, but everything else in my body wants to move, jump, or talk!"

Oliver fluffed up his feathers. "Then we must teach you the secrets of great listening!" He called out to the forest. "Gather around, everyone! We have a listening emergency!" Within moments, animals of all shapes and sizes appeared.

**First, Bunny
hopped forward.
"I have BIG ears,
so I can hear
everything! You
should use your
ears too!"**



**Ben wiggled
his ears. "I
have ears,
but
sometimes
they just
don't work!"**

Next, Tiger slinked over and whispered, "I listen with my eyes. I watch carefully, even in the dark!"

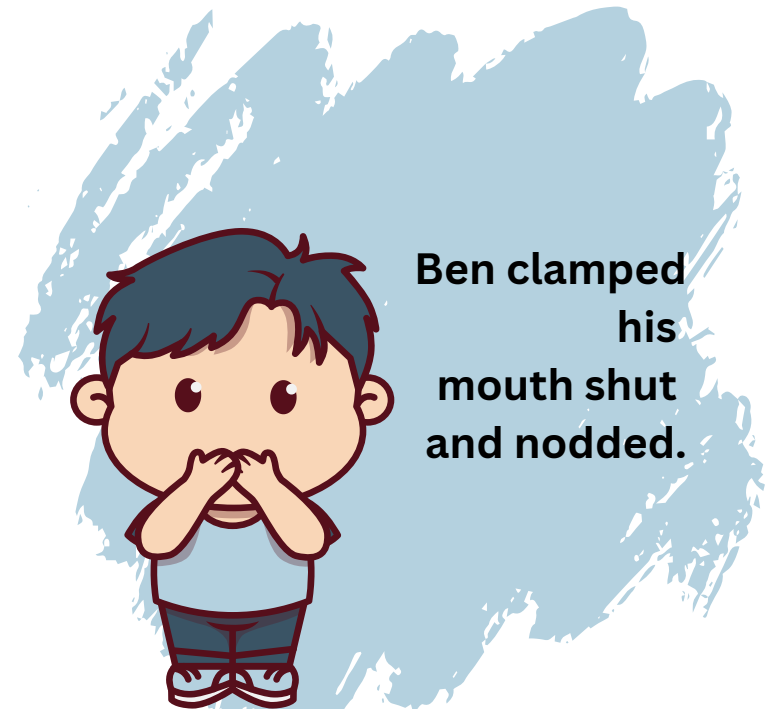


**Ben widened his eyes.
"So... if I look at people
when they talk, I'll
listen better?"**



**"Exactly!" Tiger
nodded.**

Then, Wolf trotted up, looking guilty. "I used to talk ALL the time. But one day, I yapped so much I didn't hear a bear sneaking up on me. Now, I close my mouth more so I can hear better."



Ben clamped his mouth shut and nodded.

Bear rumbled forward. "I listen with my heart. That's how I know when my cubs need a hug!"



Ben put his hand on his chest. "So listening isn't just about ears?"



Finally, Oliver the Owl flapped his wings. "And trees listen with their roots. They stay still and soak up everything!"

Ben wiggled his toes. "So, if I stay still, I'll hear more?"

"You're getting it!" hooted Oliver.



Ben grinned. "So, to be a great listener, I need:

Ears like a bunny

Eyes like a tiger

A closed mouth like a wolf

A heart like a bear

And feet grounded like a tree!"



"Hoot-hoot! You got it!" Oliver cheered.

From that day on, Ben became the best listener in the village. And even though he still put peanut butter on the cat (sometimes), he always heard his mom calling him—loud and clear!

The End.