

# The Enchanted Forest

## Chapter one

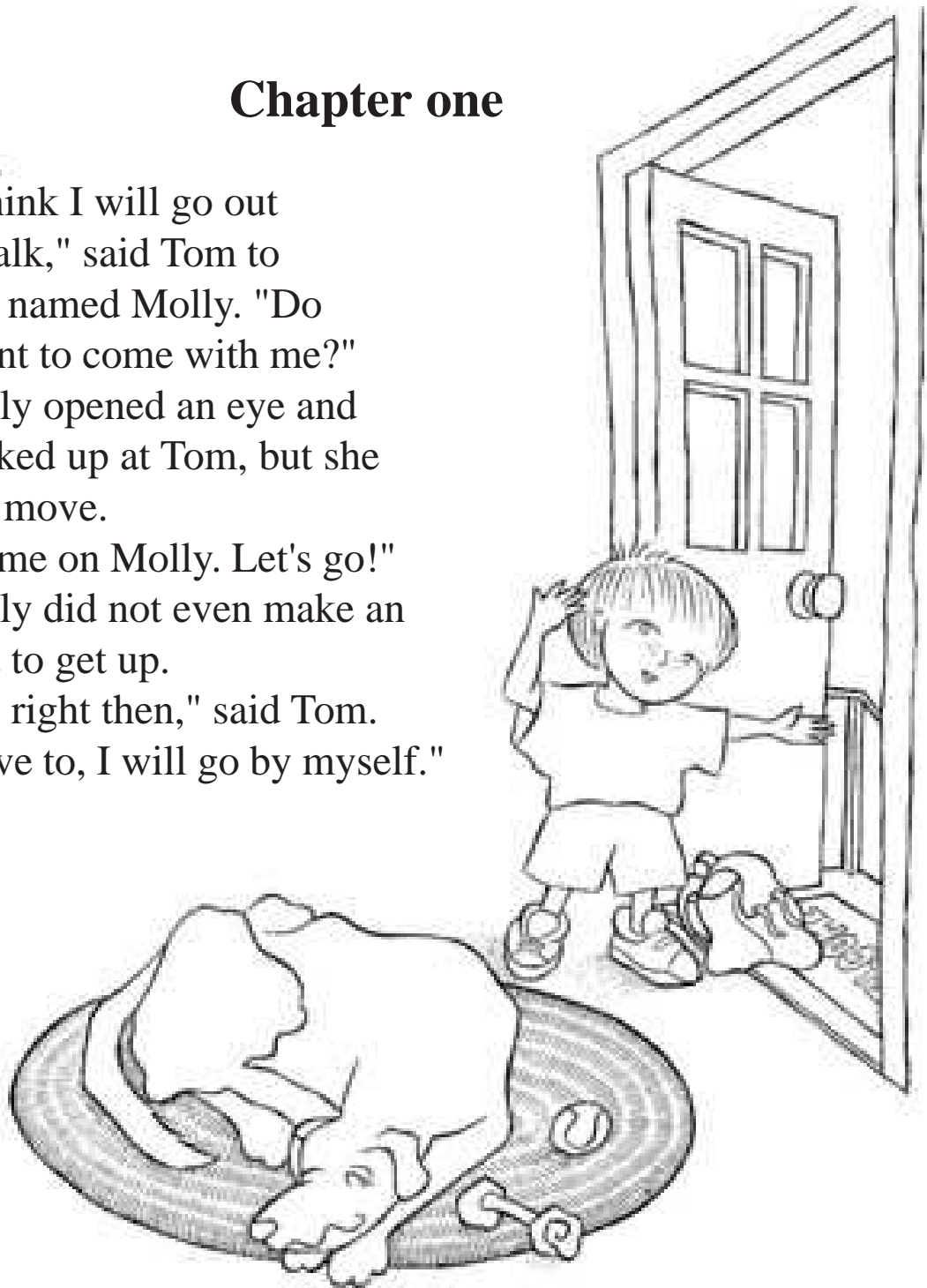
"I think I will go out for a walk," said Tom to his dog named Molly. "Do you want to come with me?"

Molly opened an eye and she looked up at Tom, but she did not move.

"Come on Molly. Let's go!"

Molly did not even make an attempt to get up.

"All right then," said Tom. "If I have to, I will go by myself."



Tom went to the front door and after one last attempt to get Molly to come, he stepped outside and he quietly closed the door. He walked past the neighbor's houses and on down to the local park and he sat under a big tree.

"No one loves me," said Tom to himself.

"I do," said a little voice.

Tom was surprised. He thought he was all alone.

"Who said that?" asked Tom.

"I did," said the little voice.

Tom looked all around, but there was no one there.

"Where are you?" asked Tom.

"I'm right here," said the little voice. "Right here above you."

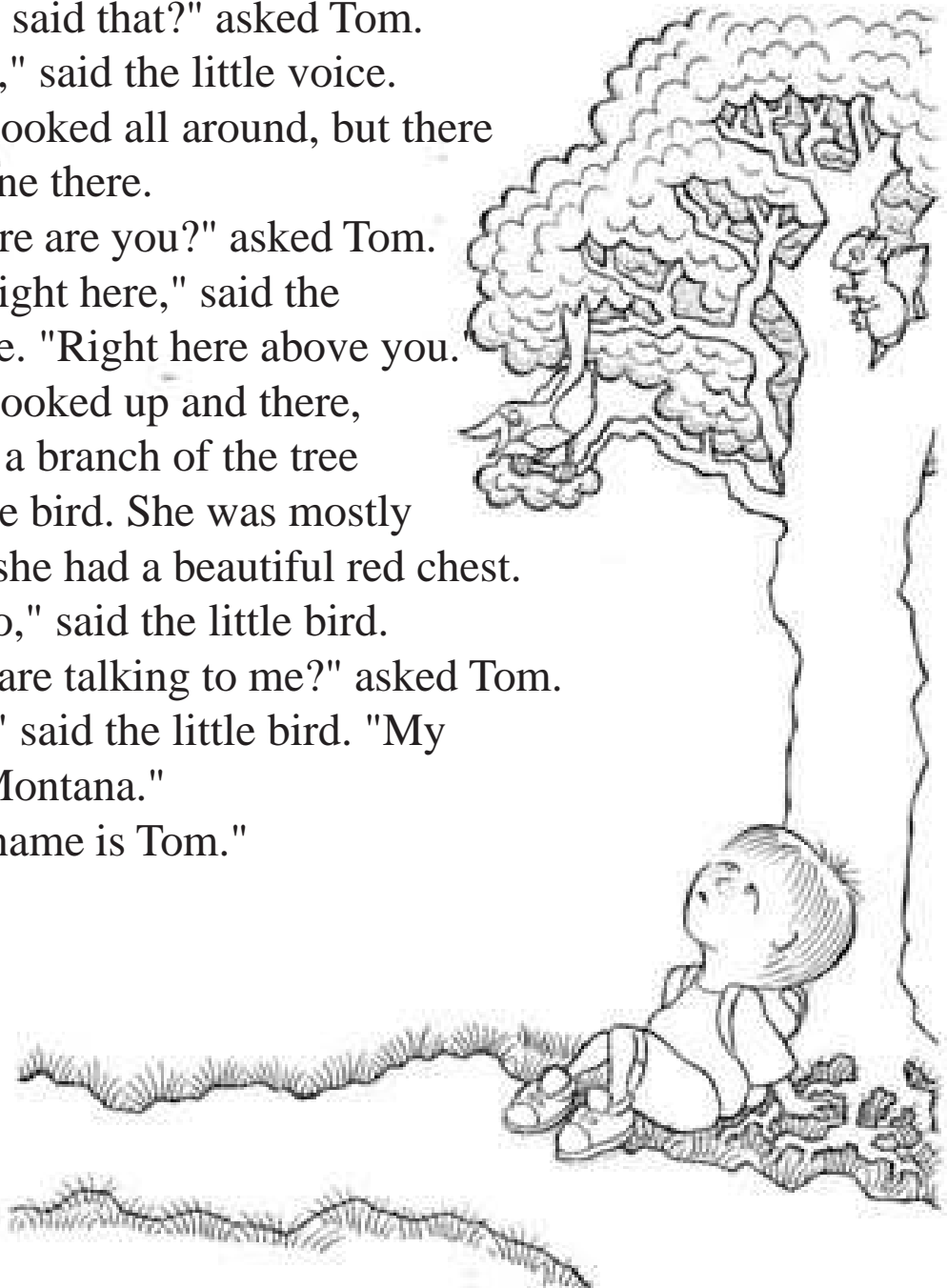
Tom looked up and there, sitting on a branch of the tree was a little bird. She was mostly grey and she had a beautiful red chest.

"Hello," said the little bird.

"You are talking to me?" asked Tom.

"Yes," said the little bird. "My name is Montana."

"My name is Tom."



"Nice to meet you," said Montana. "I'm going to go for a walk. Do you want to come with me?"

"Where to?" asked Tom.

"I'm going to the enchanted forest," said Montana.

"I've never heard of that," said Tom.

"I'm not surprised," said Montana. "It is not on any maps."

"Where is this place?" asked Tom.

"It is just beyond the trees at the top of the hill," said Montana.

"Perfect," said Tom. "Let's go!"