

Star

'The one who crafts the most beautiful feather cloak will win the Star,' said Alandra, the Queen of the Garden of All Things. The star shimmered and sparkled on the palm of her hand.

'My cloak will win,' said Preena to Cally. 'You won't find a single beautiful feather.'

Preena sent out her friends to gather all the beautiful feathers, catching birds so that Preena could pull out their prettiest feathers.

The first feather Cally found lay at the base of a tree. It had a dull grey-black hue. She kept on finding more and when she'd found enough, she began sewing her feather cloak.

The day for the Star Award came. When Cally lifted up her cloak, the feathers scattered. The cloak was nothing but quill stubs.

Cally wore her ruined cloak to the parade and Preena and her friends laughed while Preena's cloak winked with the light of a thousand jewels.

A flock of pigeons descended, enveloping Cally in a living cloak that shone with green and purple iridescence.

Bright and colourful birds descended and surrounded Preena. They pecked and snatched their feathers from her cloak, leaving it bare.

Alandra handed Cally the Star.