

Léo Beaudoin

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My family who besides supporting me read the early version and gave feedback, Katarzyna for enthusiasticaly sharing her calligraphy skills, Lena for her English expertise, those who followed the social media version, and you who got this copy of my book, thank you.





Mr Owl is looking forward to starting his new job at the Ministry of Silly Walks.



Mr Owl has a bit of time before beginning his first day at work. He pops by the hat shop to buy a new one.



Mr Owl has lost some time with all these shenanigans. Now he is afraid of being late on his first day. "A bad way to start", he thinks.



Mr Owl has arrived just in time in front of his new work place. He is a bit sweaty but it's okay.

"At least I'm not late", he thinks.



Mr Owl has been waiting for half an hour but his coworkers are still not here. He's a bit peckish so he decides to have a bite of the lunch he had prepared that morning.

The delicious sandwich makes him forget about the long wait. "Nothing infelicitous has happened to me yet", he thinks.



Mr Owl had forgotten that he was an owl, and that owls work at night. He mixed up 7am and 7pm... again. "Hope no one saw me", he thinks.



Mr Owl goes home to sleep. In the end, his previous mistake will allow him to rest a little longer. "I'm proud of being an early bird", he thinks before he falls asleep.



Mr Owl is stuck with an old lady trying to explain something to him. She is speaking Hungarian for some reason, and has only one curler left in her hair. When Mr Owl tries to tell her he doesn't understand, no sound comes out of his beak.

"I'll be late for work if I don't escape this sticky situation soon", he thinks before he wakes up.



Mr Owl just had a coffee. He's feeling hyper. "I am feeling hyper", he thinks.



Mr Owl can fly, but not when he's wearing a suit.

So he has to take the subway to go to work.

"Good thing that the Great Northern Railway Line opened last month", he thinks.

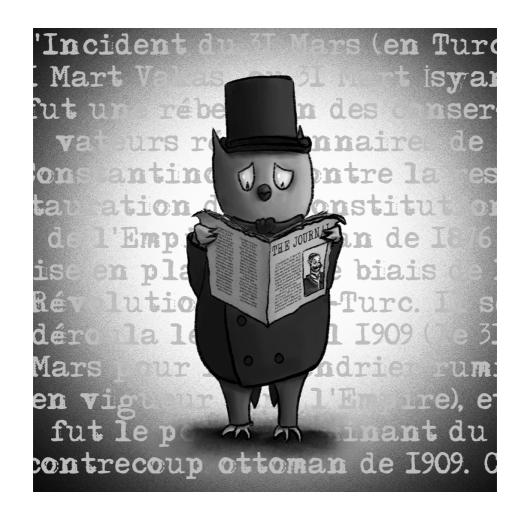


Mr Owl is walking to work when he notices a fancy lady waving at him. As he readjusts his bow tie before waving back, he realises she is actually waving at someone behind him.

"I was on the verge of doing something stupid", he thinks.



Mr Owl is trying to read some road sign. Lately, he has been wondering if his eyesight is dwindling. "I'll save up to buy a monocle", he thinks.



Mr Owl is reading the paper. There's been an incident in the Ottoman empire, 74 soldiers were killed during a rebellion.

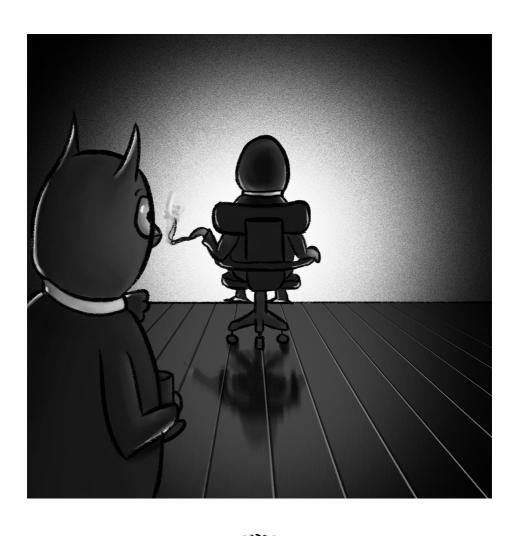
Mr Owl is concerned.

"I hope history doesn't repeat itself", he thinks.

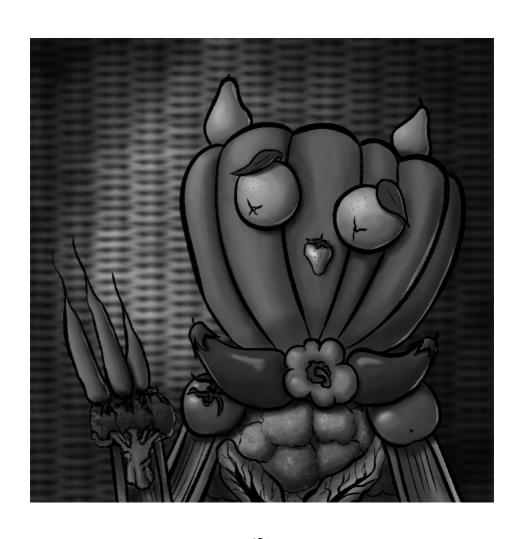


Mr Owl is standing in front of the door. He's ready to start his new job. He adopts a badass pose to give himself confidence.

"I'm the best", he thinks.



Mr Owl is summoned to the Minister of Silly Walks' office. "I didn't think such a minister would take himself so seriously", he thinks.



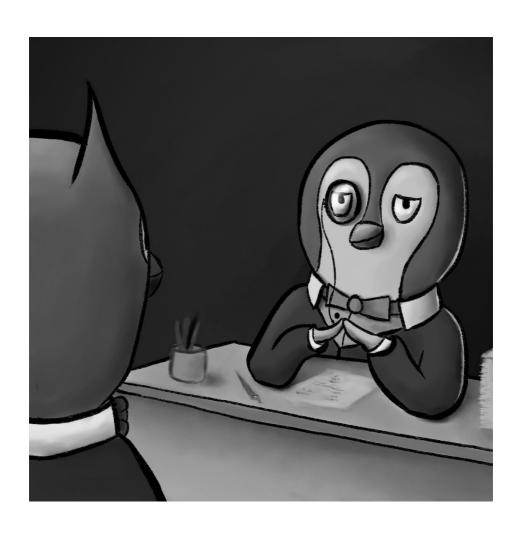
For some reason, Mr Owl is turned into vegetables for a brief period of time.

"Oh pear", he thinks.



Mr Owl is beside himself. He's back to his normal form but some shifty individual took a bite out of his bow tie while he was made of vegetables.

"Well... At least normality is restored...", he thinks.



Mr Owl finally meets his mysterious employer. It's a penguin.

"I thought they lived in a parallel universe", he thinks.



Mr Owl is delighted! He couldn't have dreamt of a better boss.

"What a great day it is", he thinks.



Mr Owl is told how much he would be paid. "Excellent", he thinks.



Mr Owl is still in the Minister's office.

He's given some rules about how things work.

"2nd rule of the Ministry, you do not talk about the Ministry", he repeats to himself.



Mr Owl is sent home after his meeting. On the train, he notices a strange presence next to him. "Is it a dream again?", he thinks.

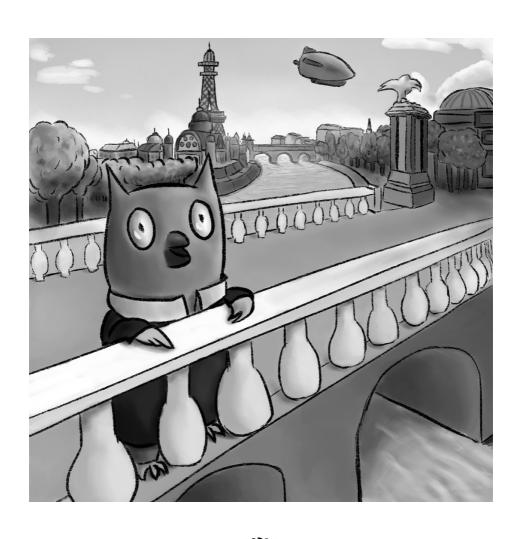


THE ACCIDENT

A random plank of wood falls down.



Mr Owl has been in the hospital for the past 2 weeks. Although they don't know owls' anatomies very well, the doctors are quite confident he will get better soon. It's a mystery what Mr Owl thinks during his coma...



Mr Owl is reliving his past in his deep reverie. "Paris is truly beautiful", he thinks.



Mr Owl now finds himself on a cinemascope reel. "How did I get here?", he thinks.



Mr Owl is transported back to his childhood.

He is sorrowful because everyone is laughing at him.

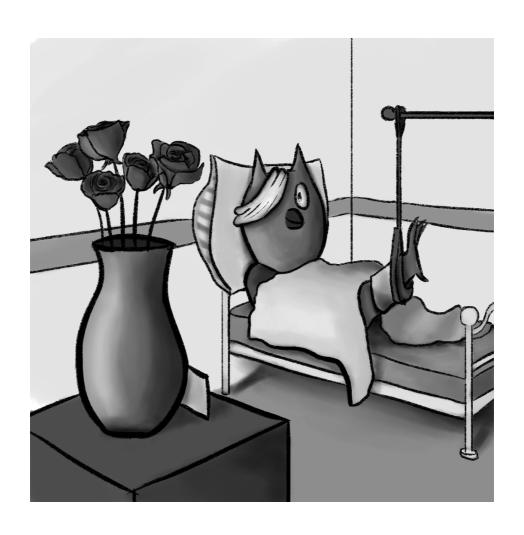
"I never realised how weird my feathers were until now",
he thinks.



Mr Owl is reliving the moment someone took his wing for the first time and told him they fancied his feathers no matter what. "What a warm feeling", he thinks.



Mr Owl is falling through a psychedelic vortex. "What?", he thinks.



Mr Owl finally wakes up. His body is aching but his mind is somehow rested. There are gorgeous flowers by his bed. "Who would be this thoughtful?", he asks himself.



Mr Owl is struggling to put his weird hospital gown on.

He looks terrifying - there have already been one heart
attack and three screaming nurses.

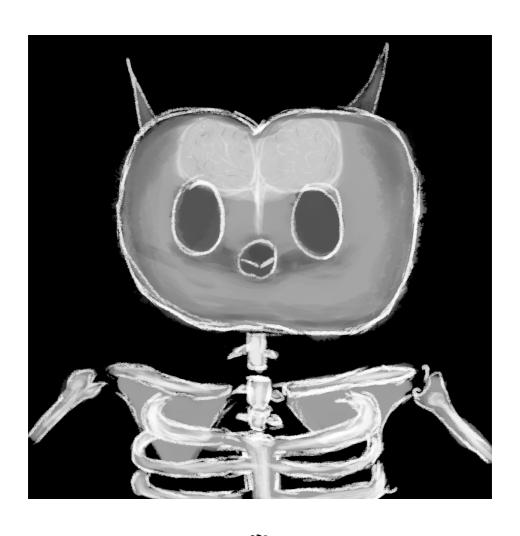
Henry Hellowe'en" he says, without really knowing why

"Happy Hallowe'en", he says, without really knowing why.



Mr Owl has been moved to another room. He is sleeping next to a panda. He's probably called Mr Panda, but Mr Owl doesn't know that. In fact he can't ask any questions because

the panda is always sleeping. "I wonder what bamboo tastes like", he wonders.



Mr Owl is undergoing an X-ray scan, or something like that.

This brand new technology allows doctors to see what is happening inside of Mr Owl's body.

"I'm not sure how it works, but it sure is impressive", he thinks.



Mr Owl is eating hospital food. "It isn't as bad as I thought it would be", he thinks.

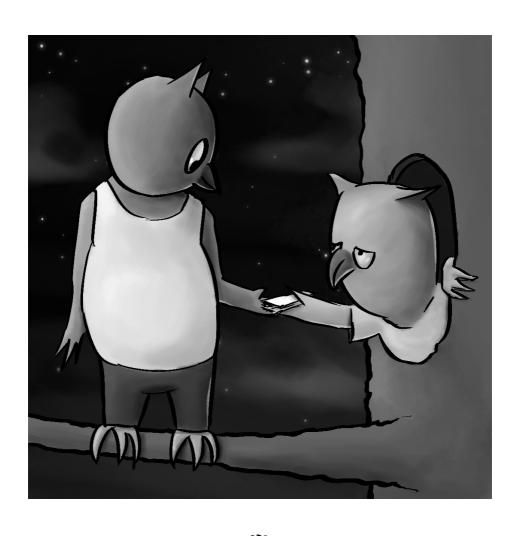


The doctors say he shouldn't be flying, so Mr Owl is trying to walk with crutches.

"How do people manage?", he thinks.



Mr Owl's doctor is rather pleased by the progress his patient is making. This doctor looks a bit like someone from his dreams... That's a bit odd. "What a wonderful moustache though", he thinks.



Mr Owl is back on his claws. After such a long absence, he has to pick up all the mail he missed. His concierge has been collecting it for him.

"She looks really tired" he thinks

"She looks really tired", he thinks.



Mr Owl received a love letter.

"I'm not a expert on that matter, but this looks and smells like a love letter...", he thinks.



Mr Owl is puzzled. The letter was sweet and all, but it wasn't signed.
"Who could it be?", he asks himself.



Mr Owl has to use his mind palace to crack this love letter mystery.

"Aha! Obviously!", he exclaims.



Mr Owl just realised who his secret lover may be! "Incredible!!!", he thinks.



Although Mr Owl solved one puzzle, it opened the door to so many other questions. "What do I do now?", he thinks.



Mr. Owl is normally a very respectable owl. Tonight though, he turns his brain off. He can't handle asking himself so many questions, and lets his primal instinct prevail.



Mr Owl is waking up in a dark alley as the sun is starting to rise.
"Oh dear, I did it again", he thinks.



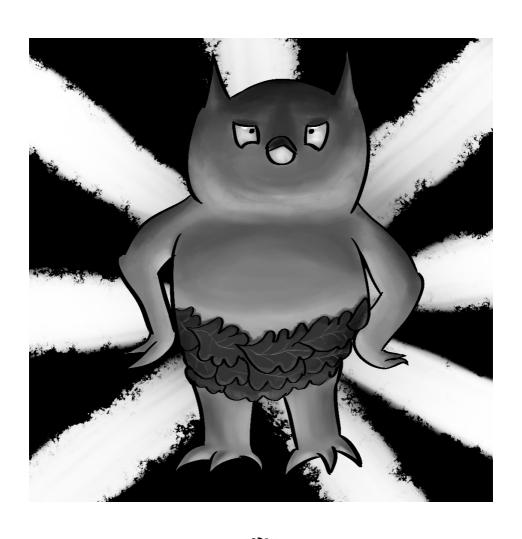
Mr Owl is hoping no one notices how weird he looks.

But it seems nobody really cares.

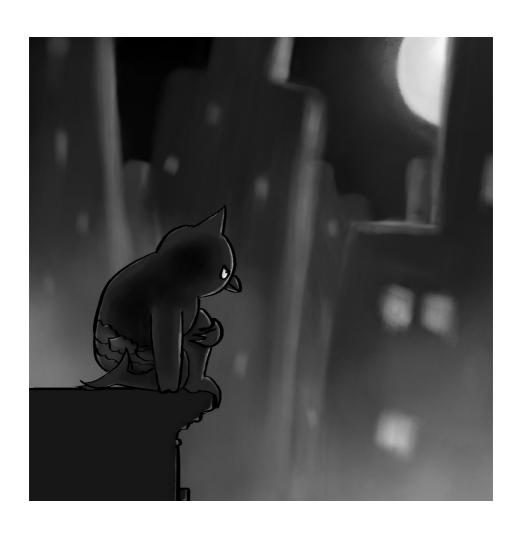
"I don't know whether that's a good or a bad thing", he thinks.



Mr Owl is out of town to take a good old shower. "Exactly what I needed!", he hoots.



Mr Owl makes himself a dashing piece of lingerie before he returns to town.
"It's a new beginning", he thinks.



Mr Owl is back in town and he's ready to kick ass. "Or maybe just buy a new suit", he thinks.



Mr Owl is having a kip on a statue while he waits for the shops to open. "ZZZzzz", he snores.



Mr Owl is watching the sun rise.

He stretches his wings.

"With all this happening to me lately, I don't even know what a normal day is anymore...", he says to himself as he decides to give himself a makeover.



Mr Owl is looking for a new outfit. In the fitting room, he has to laugh. The salesman insisted this was the latest fashion in Tokyo.

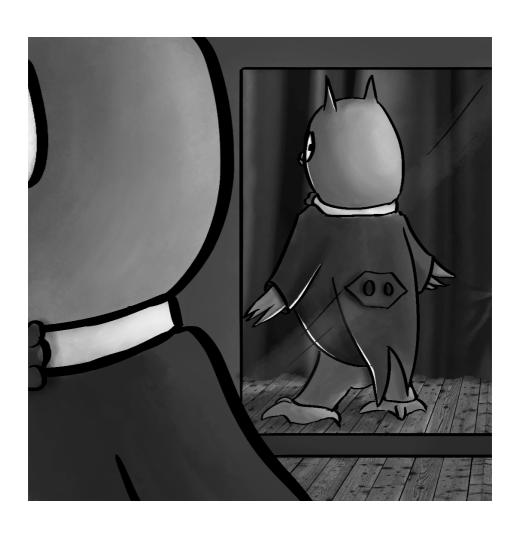
"I feel a little ridiculous with whiskers on", he thinks.



This time the salesman was convinced he found a look that was perfectly edgy and cool. But it only gave Mr Owl a weird craving for gluten free tacos.



Mr Owl is trying out another outfit.
"I'm not sure I can afford this one, but I sure look splendiferous in these clothes!", he thinks.



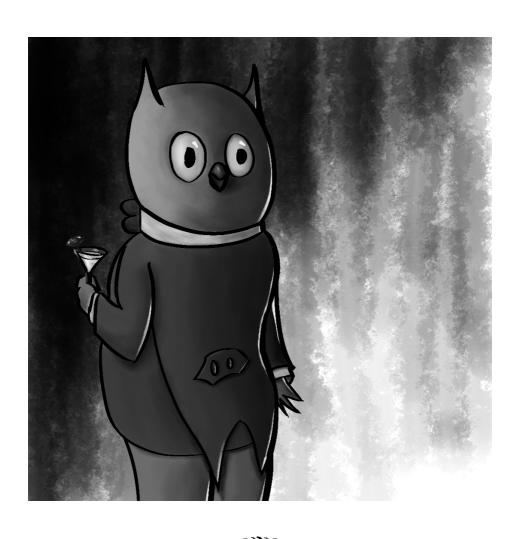
Mr Owl thinks this is the one. "I think this is the one!", he thinks.



Mr Owl is back at work. His co-workers have prepared a little surprise for him.
"I don't know what to say", he says.



Mr Owl receives a brand new hat as a gift. His previous one was tragically crushed in the accident. "How thoughtful of them", he thinks.



Mr Owl feels a presence behind him.
So he just rotates his head.
After owl, he's an all.
"Could it be...?!", he asks himself.



Look who just turned up at the party!

Mr Owl can hardly believe it.

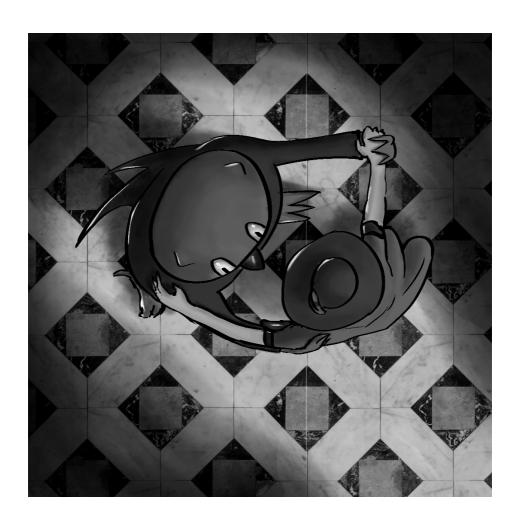
"Maybe she really was waving at me!", he thinks.



Mr Owl wonders what his next step should be.
"Hello, my name is Mr Owl. Yes, like the night bird.
Fun fact: I'm actually crepuscular!", he rehearses in his head.



Mr Owl finally comes up to her and offers her a dance. "He doesn't even know my name", she thinks.



These beautiful people are turning round and round on the dance floor.

"Let's not tread on each other's toes and claws", they think.



The couple decide to have a walk in the neighbourhood. "There's nothing like a starry sky", they think.



The Lady tells him a joke, so Mr Owl can't help but laugh out loud.
"Hahahahahahahaha", he exhales.



Apparently it wasn't a joke. The Lady really has bear feet. "Ahem", says Mr Owl.



Mr Owl starts laughing again, when he feels a sudden SMACK. Now he's seeing little humans running around his head.

"What are those?", he wonders.



The Lady is boiling with anger after Mr Owl laughed at her. Twice.

"How dare he make fun of me?", she thinks.



Mr Owl knows he has said too much. "I have been too unkind", he thinks.



The Lady decides to dissolve her temper in a pint. "Yes, I'm a woman drinking alone in a pub. So what?", she thinks.



Mr Owl is laughing about it. "I'm covering it all up with lies", he actually thinks.



The Lady notices two men looking at her funny. "What's the matter with you?", she snarls.



Mr Owl imagines himself as a hot air balloon, of which he would be the pilot. "That way I could go wherever I want", he thinks.



Some runt made a comment that can't be disclosed here for decency's sake.

The Lady is going to make him regret what he just said. "You picked the wrong person to insult!", she yells.



Mr Owl is daydreaming. He wonders if daydreaming at night is simply called dreaming. "So many questions, so few answers", he thinks.



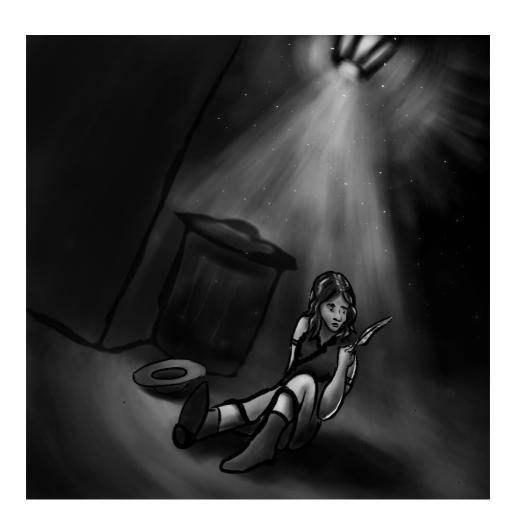
After she broke a chair and two arms, the Lady physically gets kicked out of the pub.

"For a moment I thought I was flying. It must feel good to be a bird...", she thinks.



Mr Owl is walking home from work. He feels a sense of being pulled backwards.

"What would I do if I had the ability to turn back time?", he wonders.



The Lady finally calms down. In the dark alley where she landed, she finds an owl feather lying on the ground. "Maybe I went too far today...", she thinks.



Mr Owl thinks about the little incident that happened a few days ago.

"I know I wasn't well mannered around Her, but did I deserve a slap across the face?", he asks himself.



Mr Owl wishes he knew more about music. He pictures himself as a conductor, leading a prestigious orchestra. "Am, F, C, G", he thinks.



Mr Owl also wishes he could be a skilled golf player. "I would be so classy", he thinks.



Mr Owl also sometimes wishes he had a lot of money. "I know exactly how I would spend every penny", he thinks.



Mr Owl also imagines himself being a very successful scientist.

"I'd research better vaccines for birds", he thinks.



Mr Owl can also imagine becoming a very thorough reporter.

"I'd find the corrupted scum and expose them for who they really are", he thinks.



Mr Owl is changing hat again in his mind. "Why didn't I become a cowboy? I would have looked so cool and learnt how to fire a gun...", he thinks.



Mr Owl should probably stop his wishful thinking and get some work done.

"Maybe I'll get a cowboy hat though...", he thinks.



Mr Owl is as free as a bird today! Well, he's actually flying home after a long night of work. We can only see his silhouette, otherwise this view would be very inappropriate.



Mr Owl realises that he has hooves and horns. "I don't even know how to make milk!!!", he squawks.



Mr Owl wakes up abruptly because of a knock on his door. Then he realises he never sleeps in a bed. Nor does he have a door to his home. He lives in a tree.

"This must be another nightmare", he deduces, congratulating himself for being smarter than his subconscious.



Mr Owl is lucid dreaming. He clearly hears a knock coming from one of these doors but doesn't know which one. "Is it tea-time already?", he asks himself.



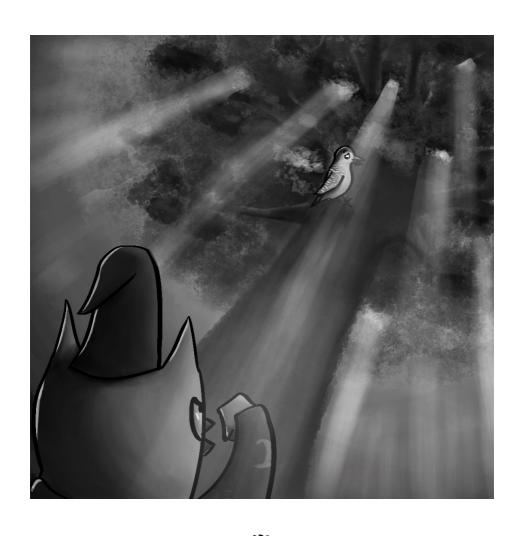
Mr Owl opens a door, and finds an older version of himself. "Hello?", they say in unison.



Mr Owl finally wakes up for real.

He feels like he stood at death's door.

"And I can still hear this knock...", he worries.



Mr Owl finally realises where the knocking sound comes from.

It's a woodpecker, pecking on Mr Owl's tree. "Silence, some of us are trying to sleep!", he shouts.



Mr Owl is going to work and the moon is full. He decides to use a different path than usual. He stumbles upon the most mysterious tree he's ever seen in the city.

"Spring is coming", he thinks.



Mr Owl realises he still has a bit of time, so he chooses to rest for a bit in this uncanny place.

"I shall enjoy this little moment before I get to work", he thinks, as a shadow closes in.



Mr Owl opens his eyes.
"I'm here to make you an offer you can't refuse, Mr Owl", she says.

To be continued...