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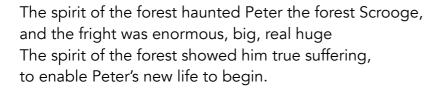
Sourpuss Peter

Once upon a time there was a sourpuss Peter a bored offender, a desparate bleaker a sad spirit, torn apart from inside, trying not to show his pain, but hide.

The little sourpuss Peter was also a slow teeter full of anger and hate and envy.

He won't get far in life with that, now will he?

He did what everyone would have done reacted with anger to everyone Until... yes until something come up, if you will to make him turn around, settle the bill In fairy tales as well as in life you go through hardship before you thrive.



For Peter's life was really good, he only lacked the courage to face life and some gratitude for being protected and taken care of. Instead he acted like an oaf.

As life is always beautiful and worth the while forget your worries, try to see the reason to smile life is always beautiful, we only have to see and as Peter did so, he began living happily.

He turned into a joyful child, happy as a newborn, free and wild.

Peter understood thanks to the wood the journey is the reward words that often can be heard,



but Peter grabbed their real meaning, he was comprehending, really seeing that joy can be found anywhere that life is laughter and happiness, loving care. It's not what we buy and have that makes us happy, but nature, and love, albeit that sounds sappy

And Peter realised he had been stubborn without trust in life he had ended up forlorn, strict—everything had to be be as he wanted it to be Everything else he felt was evil glee.

The spirit of the forest taught him humility, bringing forth Peter's truth splendidly. Peter's true core was free and spirited and that was why he was loved, indeed.

Peter has been whistling ever since walking through the forest, feeling like a prince. As he devotes himself to his work with joy, nothing remains of the once dour boy.

Slowly he regains confidence, begins to build bridges, to make amends. And soon he is a happy child with friends.

