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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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The legend of Oliver's adventure

Once upon a time, in a small village nestled at the edge of a dense forest, there lived a young boy named Oliver. He was a sweet, curious child who loved nothing more than exploring the woods that surrounded his home. As Mother's Day approached, Oliver knew that he wanted to give his mother the best gift he could find. So, he set out early one morning with a basket in hand, determined to gather the most beautiful berries and flowers he could find.

As he ventured deeper into the forest, the trees grew thicker and the air grew colder. But Oliver did not give up. He was determined to find the best gift for his mother, no matter what. Suddenly, he heard a faint, cackling laugh echoing through the trees. At first, he thought it was just the wind, but then he heard it again, louder this time. Curiosity getting the best of him, Oliver followed the sound until he stumbled upon a small, ramshackle cottage.

The cottage was unlike anything Oliver had ever seen before. The walls were covered in moss and vines, and the roof was made of old, rusted metal. A gnarled old woman with a wart on her nose and a crooked grin on her face was sitting on the porch, stirring a cauldron of bubbling green liquid. As soon as she saw Oliver, she beckoned him to come closer.

"Hello, little boy," she said, her voice scratchy and low. "What brings you to my neck of the woods?"

"I'm looking for berries and flowers for my mother," Oliver replied, feeling a little uneasy.



"Well, well, well," the witch cackled. "I

happen to have the most beautiful berries and flowers in all the land. But I can't just give them to you for free. You must do something for me first."

"What is it that you want me to do?" Oliver asked nervously.

"I want you to stay with me for a little while," the witch said, her eyes gleaming with a wicked glint. "I'll give you the berries and flowers you need, and in return, you can keep me company. After all, I get awfully lonely out here all by myself."

Oliver hesitated, but the thought of finding the perfect gift for his mother was too tempting to resist. So, he agreed to stay with the witch for a little while.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months. Oliver lost track of time as he spent his days gathering firewood, cooking meals, and keeping the witch company. But as time went on, he began to feel more and more trapped. He missed his family and his home,

but the witch had cast a spell on him that made him forget everything about his old life.

One day, as Oliver was gathering berries, he stumbled upon a magical amulet hidden in the bushes. As soon as he picked it up, he felt a jolt of energy shoot through his body. Suddenly, he remembered everything: his mother, his home, and the reason he had gone into the woods in the first place.

"I have to get out of here," Oliver said to himself, determined to break the witch's curse.

He made a plan to sneak out of the cottage in the dead of night, but the witch was one step ahead of him. As he tiptoed towards the door, she cackled and waved her wand, casting a spell that turned him into a frog. Oliver was trapped, unable to escape the clutches of the wicked witch.

Years passed, and Oliver remained trapped as a frog. The witch had long since forgotten about him, but he was unable to break the curse on his own. But one day, a good wizard came to the forest, searching for a rare herb to cure his sick wife. As he wandered through the woods, he heard the faint croaking of a frog. Curious, he followed the sound until he came upon Oliver, trapped and alone.

"Hello there, little frog," the wizard said kindly. "What brings you to the woods?"

Oliver croaked, hoping the wizard would understand him. To his surprise, the wizard did. He had a magical ability to communicate with animals and creatures of the forest.

"I see," the wizard said after hearing Oliver's tale. "I think I might be able to help you, little frog. But first, I must find the herb I came here for."



Together, Oliver and the wizard set out to find the herb. It took many days and many dangers, but finally, they found what they were looking for. The wizard brewed a potion using the herb, and with a wave of his wand, he broke the curse that had trapped Oliver for so long.

As soon as the curse was lifted, Oliver felt his human body return to him. He stood up, stretching his limbs and blinking in the sunlight. For a moment, he was disoriented, unsure of where he was or how much time had passed. But then, he remembered everything. "My mother!" Oliver exclaimed. "I have to get back to her!"

The wizard nodded understandingly. "Of course, my boy. Go home to your mother. She has missed you very much."

Oliver thanked the wizard and set out on the long journey back to his village. His heart raced as he thought about seeing his mother again, after all these years. Would she still be there? Would she still remember him?

As he walked through the forest, he saw familiar sights and landmarks that jogged his memory. He remembered

the day he had set out to find berries and flowers for his mother, and how he had stumbled upon the witch's cottage. He remembered the long years he had spent trapped and alone, unable to remember anything about his old life.

Finally, he emerged from the forest and saw his village in the distance. He ran as fast as he could, his heart pounding with anticipation. As he reached his old home, he saw a familiar figure standing on the porch, looking out at the road.

"Mother!" Oliver cried, tears streaming down his face. His mother turned, and when she saw him, she gasped in surprise. For a moment, she could not believe her eyes. But then, she ran down the steps and embraced him tightly, holding him close as if she would never let him go.

"Oliver! My dear son! You're back!" she exclaimed, tears streaming down her own face.

Oliver hugged his mother tightly, feeling a rush of emotions that he could not describe. It was as if he had been gone for only a day, rather than many long years. He told his mother everything, about the witch, the curse, and the kind wizard who had saved him.

For many long hours, they sat on the porch, talking and laughing and crying. Oliver's mother told him all about the things he had missed, the changes in the village, and the people who had come and gone. But most of all, she told him how much she had missed him, and how glad she was to have him back.

From that day forward, Oliver never took his mother for granted again. He knew how precious and fleeting

life could be, and he cherished every moment he had with her. Every Mother's Day, he would gather the most beautiful flowers and berries he could find, and he would give them to his mother with a heart full of gratitude and love. And the memory of the long years he had spent trapped in the witch's curse would remind him to always cherish the time he had with his loved ones, and to never forget the power of love and family. Years went by, and Oliver grew up to be a kind and wise man. He became a father himself, and he passed down the story of his adventure in the woods to his own children. Every Mother's Day, they would go on a family outing to gather flowers and berries, and they would tell stories and laugh together just as Oliver and his mother had done.

As for the wicked witch, she was never seen again in those woods. It was said that after the good wizard had broken her spells, she had fled to a faraway land, never to be heard from again. But Oliver never forgot the lesson he had learned from her. He knew that there was darkness and evil in the world, but he also knew that with love and kindness, those things could be overcome.

And so, the story of Oliver's adventure in the woods became a legend in his village. Mothers would tell it to their children, and children would tell it to their children. And every Mother's Day, the people of the village would gather together to celebrate the love and sacrifice of mothers everywhere, and to honor the memory of Oliver's journey into the heart of the forest.