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Deep in the valley where cool waters flow,
Lived Axo the axolotl, with a soft pink glow.

Page 2

She loved moss that shimmered and stones cold and round,
And glowing green mushrooms that peeked from the ground.

Page 3

But Axo had heard of a *magical flower*
That changed all its colors by feeling and power!

Page 4

It bloomed on a mountain the Shimmering Peak,
Far, far above her damp, cozy creek.

Page 5

“That flower is waiting!” she whispered with cheer,
Though a tiny small wobble rolled into her fear.

Page 6

She put on her cloak with soft silvery swirls,
Lantern in hand full of glittering pearls.

Page 7

But when she looked up, her tail gave a twitch
That mountain seemed taller than *infinite* itch!

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“Oh no...” Axo gulped with her toes in a shake.
“My tummy feels tied like a twisty-turn snake!”

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Just then came old Shelly, the sparkly-trail snail,
Moving slow as a whisper, like stars in the hail.

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“Trouble, young traveler?” Shelly hummed with a sigh.
Axo nodded, teary-eyed: “It’s too tall to try!”

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Shelly smiled kindly, “Here’s what I’ve found:
A mountain is *tiny steps* stacked to the ground.”

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“Try, try, try,” Shelly said, slow and wise,
“Little steps climb where big dreams rise.”

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Axo breathed deep “Okay... here I go.”
One tiny step brought a brave little glow.

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Past purple-spot mushrooms she marched with a grin,
And waved to blue ladybugs rushing home in.

Page 15

But, *trip-flip-tumble!* she fell with a bump,
Rolling and landing in soft grassy clump.

Page 16

“I knew I would fail!” she sniffled in dread.
All the knot-worry feelings swirled back in her head.

Page 17

But she’d climbed a *little!* She hadn’t gone far.
She stared at the distance “I got this so far...”

Page 18

She stood and whispered, “One more try.”
And stepped once more with a steadier eye.

Page 19

The stones turned sparkly, loose, and steep
Each step slid back like slippery sleep.

Page 20

She huffed as she sat, “I’ll never get through!
I step I slide what else can I do?”

Page 21

Then Axo remembered: *Try doesn’t mean straight.*
“What if I go sideways instead of up-eight?”

Page 22

So she shuffled left, slow as a frog trying flight,
And **no sliding back!** She squeaked with delight.

Page 23

She crept and she climbed till her lantern burned low,
But her brave-beat heart kept a warm, steady glow.

Page 24

With one final push she reached the top high
Where clouds kissed the rocks and the stars touched the sky.

Page 25

She found the bright flower so gentle, so warm,
Its petals are all shifting like a rainbow-storm charm.

Page 26

She touched it — *whoosh!* — colors burst from inside:
Pink for Pride, Blue for Brave, Gold-Joy glowing wide.

Page 27

She tucked it in close with the softest small sigh:
“If you *try, try, try*, you can climb any sky.”