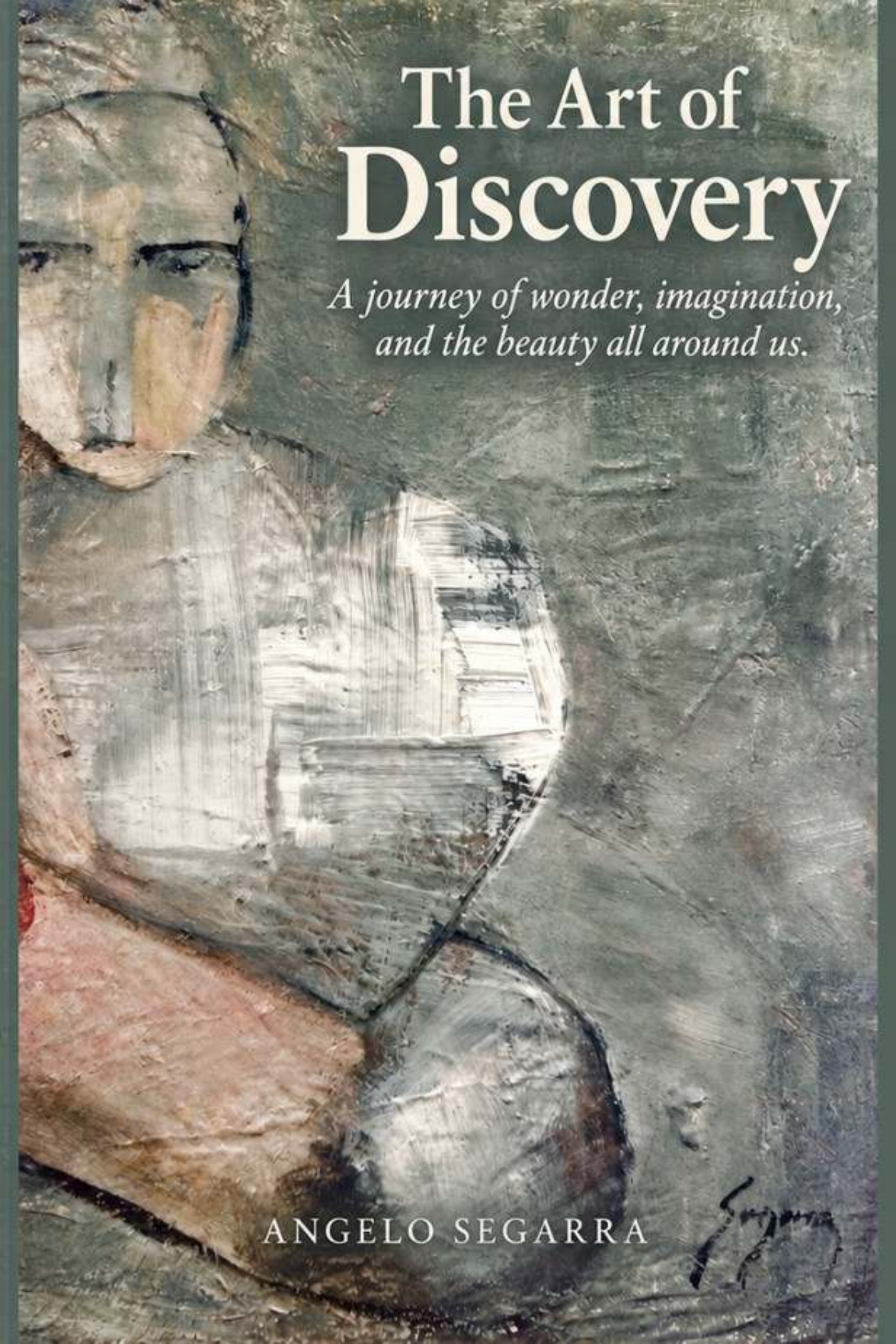
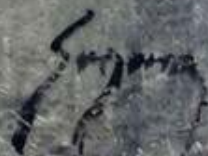


An abstract painting featuring a face and upper torso. The face is rendered with muted, earthy tones (grey, brown, and orange) and has a contemplative expression. The torso is depicted with broad, horizontal brushstrokes in shades of grey and white, suggesting a garment. The background is a textured mix of dark green, grey, and brown. The overall style is expressive and painterly.

The Art of Discovery

*A journey of wonder, imagination,
and the beauty all around us.*

ANGELO SEGARRA

A dark, handwritten signature in the bottom right corner of the page.

THE ART OF DISCOVERY

Written and illustrated by Angelo Segarra

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CHAPTER ONE • THE BRAVE SNAIL

A child ran to the water.
A gentle wave lapped the sand
and covered his feet.

The sun glinted on the receding water.
The shells and stones sounded
like little bamboo drums.



CHAPTER ONE • THE BRAVE SNAIL

A white-and-brown shell
was left behind by the wave.
The child ran to pick it up.

He turned it over in his hand.

Then something moved.



CHAPTER ONE • THE BRAVE SNAIL

A tiny creature was emerging
from the shell, as if to say hello.

It did not seem afraid.

“What a brave snail,”
the boy thought.



CHAPTER ONE • THE BRAVE SNAIL

A wave covered his feet again.
The boy gently placed the snail
back in the water and watched it roll.

Suddenly, the beach was alive
with possibilities.

And the little bamboo drums
began to beat again.



CHAPTER ONE • THE BRAVE SNAIL

My Discovery Journal

Have you ever found something surprising?

What did you notice? What did you wonder?

Draw your discovery here...

Or write a few words about it:



CHAPTER TWO

The Sleeping Giant

The boy wandered farther along the beach.
Something unusual caught his eye.



THE SLEEPING GIANT

The waves had left little pools of water
between the rocks.
He stopped beside a large, weathered stone.
Strange lines crossed its surface.
Dark hollows held the shadows of the sea.



THE SLEEPING GIANT

He looked again.
Two hollows seemed like closed eyes.
A ridge became a nose.
And was that a little smile?

“A sleeping giant!” the boy whispered.
Perhaps the waves had sung him to sleep
for a thousand years.



CHAPTER TWO • THE SLEEPING GIANT

My Discovery Journal

Can you find the sleeping giant?

Perhaps you see something else.
What do you see that nobody else has noticed?

Draw your discovery here...

Or write a few words about it:



CHAPTER THREE

The Ship in the Sky

The boy lay on the warm sand
and watched the clouds drift by.



CHAPTER THREE

A Ship Among the Clouds

One cloud stretched across the sky.
To the boy, it looked like a sailing ship.
He imagined its sails catching the wind.



CHAPTER THREE

Where Would He Go?

He imagined climbing aboard the cloud-ship.

Where might the wind carry him?

To islands of sunlight?

To places no one had ever seen?

Then the wind blew, and the ship changed shape.



CHAPTER THREE • THE SHIP IN THE SKY

My Discovery Journal

*If you could sail on a cloud,
where would you go?*

What might you discover along the way?

Draw your cloud-ship adventure here...

Or write a few words about your journey:



CHAPTER FOUR

The Mysterious Footprints

Along the wet sand, the boy noticed
a trail of tiny footprints.



CHAPTER FOUR

Where Did They Lead?

Who could have made them?

The tiny tracks wandered across the sand
and disappeared between the rocks.

The boy followed, careful not to disturb them.



CHAPTER FOUR

A Little Crab

Behind a rock, something moved.

A little crab scurried sideways across the sand.

It stopped. The boy stopped.

They looked at each other.

Then the crab vanished beneath a stone.

The boy laughed. Another little world!



CHAPTER FOUR • THE MYSTERIOUS FOOTPRINTS

My Discovery Journal

What might be hiding along the shore?

Look closely at the painting.

What tiny mystery can you discover or imagine?

Draw your discovery here...

Or write a few words about your discovery:



CHAPTER FIVE

The Beach of Possibilities

The boy looked across the beach once more.
It was the same beach. Yet everything felt different.



CHAPTER FIVE

Everything Was Still There

He remembered the brave snail in its shell.

The sleeping giant among the rocks.

The ship that sailed across the clouds.

And the little crab that vanished beneath a stone.

He smiled.

How many more stories were waiting here?



CHAPTER FIVE

The Little Drums Beat Again

A gentle wave washed over his feet.

Then it slipped back into the sea,
carrying shells and stones along the sand.

The boy listened.

The beach was alive with possibilities now,
as the little drums beat again.



CHAPTER SIX

The Dancing Wave

The boy watched a wave rise from the sea.

It curled and shimmered in the sunlight,
as though it were dancing with the wind.



CHAPTER SIX

No Two Waves

The wave tumbled onto the shore,
spreading a lace of foam across the sand.

Then it slipped away.

Another wave came, and another.

Not one was quite like the last.



CHAPTER SIX

Shapes in the Sand

The waves drew shining paths across the sand.

A circle appeared. Then a winding line.

The boy leaned closer to look.

Before he could decide what they resembled,
the sea swept over them and began again.



CHAPTER SIX • THE DANCING WAVE

My Discovery Journal

What shapes can a wave make?

Imagine the lines the sea leaves in the sand.

What could they become in your imagination?

Draw your discovery here...

Or write a few words about your discovery:



CHAPTER SEVEN

The Sea of Dreams

The boy sat quietly where the sand met the sea.
Beyond the waves, the horizon seemed to stretch forever.
He wondered what might be waiting on the other side.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Beyond the Horizon

Perhaps there were islands beyond the blue,
with forests full of birds he had never heard.
Perhaps there were shores with shells of every color,
and children discovering mysteries of their own.
The boy smiled. The sea seemed to go on forever.



CHAPTER SEVEN

A World at His Feet

A glimmer of light caught the boy's eye.

He bent closer to the sand.

A drop of water rested inside a small shell.

And in that tiny drop, the whole sky seemed to shine.

He had been dreaming of faraway places.

Yet here was another world, right at his feet.



CHAPTER SEVEN • THE SEA OF DREAMS

My Discovery Journal

What wonders can something small hold?

Think of a shell, a stone, or a drop of water.

What might you discover if you look closely?

Draw your discovery here...

A large, empty rectangular box with rounded corners, intended for drawing. It has a thin, light brown border and a light beige background.

Or write a few words about your discovery:

Three horizontal lines for writing, spaced evenly apart. They are thin, light brown lines on a light beige background.



THE ART OF DISCOVERY

My Next Discovery

The boy's adventure has ended.

But yours can begin anywhere.

Look around you.

What do you notice?

What might you imagine?

A small wonder is waiting somewhere.

Perhaps it is waiting for you.

My next discovery will be...

A large, empty rectangular box with rounded corners, intended for drawing or writing. The box is white with a thin brown border.

Draw a picture, or write a few words.



THE ART OF DISCOVERY

A Note from the Artist

A World of Little Discoveries

Painting and drawing help me notice things.
They are how I learn about the world around me.

Sometimes little details are easily overlooked.
We pass by them without noticing.

But when I paint, I slow down and look more closely.
I become aware of things I had not noticed before:
a color, a shape, the way light touches the water,
or the movement of a wave.

Each painting becomes a new discovery.

You do not have to be an artist to discover
something new. All you need is curiosity
and a willingness to look again.

Keep looking, imagining, and discovering.

Angelo Segarra

Artist and Author

A Little Note to Parents

Thank you for sharing this journey.

If you and your child enjoyed *The Art of Discovery*,
I would be grateful if you shared your experience
by leaving a review.

Your thoughts help other families discover this book
and encourage more journeys into curiosity,
imagination, and art.

Thank you for being part of this journey.

Angelo Segarra
