

A Magical Journey

Use Your Imagination Books

the Fifth book

Back to Fairyland



"I believe in fairies."

Sharone Stevenson

A MAGICAL JOURNEY BOOK SERIES

The First Book	An Unusual Day in Fairyland
The Second Book	The Search Begins
The Third Book	A Ball of Golden Light
The Fourth Book	Hall of the Silver Threads
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Back to Fairyland

The cold clammy wind kept its grip on Fairy Blue Light until it let her feet touch the ground. Feeling very afraid to see where she was, she peeked carefully through her fingers. She shuddered when she found she was inside a dismal grey room. The high grey walls dripped with water in a never-ending stream of large, glassy, globules. The air smelt salty like the ocean.

In the centre of the room was a long wooden table covered with strange looking objects. The closer she got, the more frightened she became. Suddenly she jumped back and let out a loud scream.

“Let me out of here! I want to go home! I want to go home!” she cried, running to the farthest corner and hiding in the shadows. The water running down the walls splashed on her face, and she angrily wiped it away. But it continued to splash on her, no matter where she hid her face.

“Hello! What’s going on here?” asked a raspy voice, as a door opened from somewhere else.

Fairy Blue Light heard some shuffling footsteps moving across the room, and crouched even lower.

“Who’s here? I wasn’t expecting anyone,” he called as he peered into the shadows.

“That’s odd,” the raspy voice said to itself, “no one ever comes into

the Hall of Broken Hearts except me!”

Fairy Blue Light tried hard to see who it was, and took one tiny step out of the shadows. As her eyes got used to the darkness, she saw that the voice belonged to an old elf with a long grey beard. His back was bent and twisted. His eyes, like watery globules, oozed tears that constantly dribbled down his wrinkled face and dripped off the end of his beard. Fairy Blue Light kept quiet, and watched the strange old elf. He walked over to the table and leaned over it.

“ Hmm! I wasn’t expecting any more broken hearts today, and they don’t usually scream,” he mumbled to himself.

Fairy Blue Light watched him peering closely over the things that had upset her so badly.

“What did he mean by *‘not expecting any more broken hearts today?’*” she wondered to herself.

He gave a last look round to make sure that everything was in place, and shuffled away. Fairy Blue Light knew that he was her only hope of showing her the way out. Otherwise, she might never get back to where she came from, wherever that was.

“Hello! I’m over here,” she said in a shaky wispy voice.

The old elf turned quickly and looked around. He stood very still for a few moments and stroked his long grey beard. He was right. Somehow, the room felt different today.

Fairy Blue Light crept a little farther out of the shadows and walked very slowly towards him.

He lurched backwards and said in a trembling voice, “Who are you? And what might you be doing here, madam?”

“My name is Fairy Blue Light, and I don’t like being called ‘madam’,” she said angrily.

“Oh really!” he said, staring closely at her. You say you’re a fairy! You can’t be. You have no wings. And anyway, how did you get here? ”

“I don’t know how I got here, and I don’t know how to get back. I would be very much obliged to you if you would show me the way out of this awful place.”

“I’m very sorry, I can’t do that,” he replied. “If you’re here, then you’re here for a reason. We never go anywhere we shouldn’t go. So you’ll have to find out why you’re here, before you can go back to wherever it was you came from.”

“But I don’t know. So how can I find out? You’re no help to me. You don’t make any sense at all,” she said angrily. “And I don’t suppose you can even tell me how to get this awful water to stop splashing on to my face.”

“This is what happens when you stand by the Wall of Tears,” he replied.

“What do you mean, the Wall of Tears?” she said, as she quickly moved away from the weeping wall.

“Exactly that!” he said abruptly.

The old elf paced up and down the room, trying to figure out what to do.

“Aha!” he said. “Now I remember. I was told I’d have a visitor today, but I can’t remember who, or why. Therefore, it just has to be you. I haven’t seen anyone else, have you?” he asked, peering into the darkness.

“No, of course I haven’t. I only just got here, and it feels as if I’ve always been here, and I want to get out right now,” she said, stamping her feet angrily.

“I still find it hard to believe that you’re a fairy. You really have forgotten who you are! If you can’t remember where you came from, then

it makes sense to me, that you don't know who you are either. All the fairies I know are gentle and well mannered. You don't have any manners at all. You are sadly mistaken. Yes! Most definitely a state of mistaken identity."

The little old elf nodded his head, and began to walk away. He wondered what to do with this 'mistaken identity', who thinks she's a fairy.

"Excuse me! What did you say your name was?" he asked, turning back to her.

"I just told you! Fairy Blue Light!" she said rudely. "And who are *you*, and what are *you* doing here?"

"Fairy Blue Light! Hmm! Fairy Blue Light!" he repeated, tapping the side of his brow. "That sounds vaguely familiar. Where've I heard that name before?"

He walked over to the long table and squinted his eyes as he peered closely at the objects. Then he raised his head and looked directly at her.

"Ah! Now I remember why you're here!" he exclaimed.

"You have come to the Hall of Broken Hearts to learn how I mend them," he said turning to face her. He held out his hand and said, "Oh, pardon me! I'm Helf, the Broken Heart Elf."

Politely he shook hands with her, and Fairy Blue Light giggled shyly.

"Oh thank goodness I've found you!" she exclaimed. "Were you really banished from Fairyland because you made a mortal boy draw a picture of an arrow piercing a heart?"

"Yes, I was. I thought it was clever, but I was very wrong."

"How awful!" she replied.

"Well, never mind about that now. We must get started. You have lots to learn, and it's not going to be easy."

He walked around to the other side of the table and peered closely

at something. Then he said, “Please come over here Fairy Blue Light. Do you recognize this heart?”

She leaned over the table and took a close look at a heart that was broken in two. An endless stream of tears trickled out from somewhere deep inside.

“No, I most certainly don’t! I’ve never seen a broken heart before, and it’s horrible,” she shuddered.

“Yes, they are very sad things. Even though they look like real hearts, they’re actually the feelings that come from the broken hearts,” he said. “So now you know that feelings are real.”

“In Fairyland the heart is a pure pink light that shines from the middle of the chest,” she said, as she quickly turned away from the table.

“Oh!” she exclaimed happily. “I must be ready to return home. I’m beginning to remember that I came from Fairyland!”

“No, you’re not ready yet,” he said kindly. “First take a look at the name plate below the heart. What does it say?”

Fairy Blue Light leaned over and read the name out loud. “It says *Fairy Blue Light*. That’s odd. I don’t understand it. That’s my name. I suppose there must be another Fairy Blue Light. There’s really no reason why my heart should be here in this awful place. And, my heart most certainly isn’t broken.”

She wiped away the annoying splashes of cold clammy water that still hit her in the face, and moved quickly away from the table.

“I think you’re quite mistaken,” he said gently. “This is *your* heart, and even though it still looks broken on the outside, on the inside it’s healing slowly.”

“How can you possibly know that?” she said angrily. “This is all quite ridiculous.”

“Well, to you it might be ‘*quite ridiculous*,’” he said, mimicking her whiny voice, “but the water that continuously splashes on your face, is your own tears. No matter where you move, it will be there. It won’t leave you until your heart is completely healed.”

Fairy Blue Light didn’t really believe him, but decided to pretend she knew what he meant. He was her only way out of this awful place.

“Well, if that’s the case,” she replied softly, “then what can we do? I really want to feel better. I’m not usually this rude and angry. In fact, I really didn’t know how to feel angry until now. It’s very unpleasant.”

“That’s good!” he said, nodding his head. “It’s all right to feel some anger. It tells me that your heart is healing. If you didn’t feel any anger, then your heart would remain here on the table feeling sorry for itself, and eventually give up. Feeling sorry for ourselves makes us weak.”

“What do you mean? I thought it was bad to be angry,” she said.

“Well yes, that’s partly true. But, there’s good anger and there’s bad anger.”

“That doesn’t make any sense,” she replied.

“Please, give me a chance to explain,” he said looking very serious. “Good anger starts when you’re tired of feeling sorry for yourself, and you want to make some good changes. Bad anger is when you lose your temper and act like a whirlwind with red hot coals in the center. You, and everyone around you, gets hurt. This is very difficult to repair. But with good anger, anything can be healed.”

“Do you think I’m angry now because I want to get out of here?” she asked him.

“Yes, that’s good anger. And because of it, somehow you’ll find your way out.”

“But, I still don’t understand why I’m in this awful place.”

“Well, you are here, so let’s not worry about that. It is up to me to try and help you.”

“How can *you* help *me*? If you can’t get out of here, then neither can I.” She held both sides of her head and cried, “This just has to be a nightmare!”

Helf took her by the hand and they walked round to the other side of the table. “Maybe together we’ll learn the mystery of this cold grey place, far away from the warmth and light of the Golden City Behind the Sun. Hopefully I can get out too.”

“Helf, how can I help you?” she asked eagerly.

“Good! That’s what I wanted to hear,” he said as he turned again towards the table and leaned over it. “There’s only one way to heal hearts. If you watch me, I’ll show you the secret.”

Helf carefully cupped his hands around one of the broken hearts, picked it up and lovingly placed it against his own heart.

“This heart has forgotten what it feels like to be loved, so I fill it with my love.”

Fairy Blue Light watched the red heart that rested in his hands.

“Look!” she said excitedly. “I can see it’s slowly beginning to heal.”

“Yes! Once you know how, it’s really quite simple. Love heals everything. It’s the greatest power we have. You can’t see it, and you can’t touch it. But, when it’s gone the heart collapses and dies.”

“Helf, please may I try holding a heart?” asked Fairy Blue Light bravely.

“Yes, of course. Why don’t you pick up your own heart, and heal it yourself? If you wait for someone to do it for you, it might never happen.”

Fairy Blue Light gently picked up her own heart in both hands. She

looked at it for a few minutes, then held it against her chest and began to sing softly to it –

*Dear heart I love you,
You are a part of me.
As I hold you gently,
Our love will always be.
You never will be sad again,
We'll laugh and have such fun.
For now we are together,
And you and I are one.*

“Fairy Blue Light that was beautiful. You’ve discovered the secret of healing your heart,” he said as he walked over to her. “I think your way works much faster than mine. Would you sing your song to the other hearts, and then we can return them quickly back to their owners?”

“Oh, yes. I’d love to help you! Let’s get started. I want to get out of here as quickly as I can.”

Helf and Fairy Blue Light worked together. She moved around the room, singing and dancing as she gently cuddled each heart. Finally the last heart was healed. She sighed and turned away from the table, and wandered over to the Wall of Tears.

“Helf!” cried Fairy Blue Light excitedly. “Come! Please come over here.”

He turned and rushed over to her, almost tripping over his long grey beard. “Look! The Wall of Tears is dry,” she said trembling with excitement.

He walked over and touched the wall and said, “Oh my goodness me it is!”

His whiskered face lit up in a smile, and his eyes twinkled brighter

than ever before.

“Now I know that this part of my job is finished. All the hearts are healed,” he said, sighing deeply.

“What do you mean by ‘this part’ Helf?” she asked.

“Usually, when one job is finished, the next one is waiting to get started.”

“But I just want to get out of here!” she cried anxiously.

“Well, you’ll just have to be patient and wait for the clue.”

He went over to a glass cabinet and put a small gold key in the lock. He reached inside and took out a musty old leather book. On the cover, in faded gold letters, it said:

‘Unloved Hearts Needing Love’

“While we’re waiting, we’ll return the healed hearts back to their owners,” he said as he turned over the faded pages of the book.

“You’ll find their names in this book. Please put the hearts in this magic box, and they’ll be returned their owners immediately. Then the next job will be ready for us, and not a moment before.”

So together they matched up the hearts with their owners until the table was completely empty. They closed the book and placed it carefully back in the cupboard, and locked the door.

The room, now dry, still smelt dank and musty. The long empty wooden table had been cleaned and polished. Fairy Blue Light still felt trapped as she wandered up and down the room trying to find an answer.

“Helf, there must be something we can do. I don’t believe that if we just wait, something will happen. I think, if we start to look for a clue, then we’ll find the answer.”

“I’m not stopping you Fairy Blue Light. I’m tired and need a rest. Let me know when you find the answer.” Helf yawned and dragged his

tired old body up on to the bare wooden table. He closed his eyes and fell asleep.

“If I just keep looking, I know I’ll find the way out,” said Fairy Blue Light quietly to herself. “I must get us both out of here. Poor Helf is so old, and has worked hard. He deserves to be happy.”

She groped her way around the dark room hoping to find any possible way of escape. She walked over to the now dry Wall of Tears. As she looked at it, she suddenly noticed something else different about it, and cried out in a shrill voice, “Helf! Wake up! Wake up! I think I’ve found the way out!”

Helf struggled to sit up as fast as his old body would let him. He rubbed his eyes and quickly smoothed his beard.

“Oh, Helf, look! The tears running down the wall had hidden it.”

“Hidden what?” asked Helf, as he clambered off the table.

“Look! It’s an old wooden door,” she said excitedly. “And there’s a mouldy key covered in green slime in the keyhole.”

“Wait! Let me have a look,” said Helf as he moved towards the door. “I can’t believe it! I never saw this door before. I just don’t understand it.”

“Helf! Look! There’s a bright light shining from underneath the door. Do you know what’s on the other side?” Fairy Blue Light crouched down low and peered into a narrow space underneath the door.

“No, I haven’t any idea. But, if we don’t try to open it, we’ll never know. Can anything be as bad as this room? I’ve been here ever since I was banned from Fairyland.” He took a ragged grey looking handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the green slime off of the key.

He looked down at her and said, “Now, let’s turn the key together.”

She jumped up quickly and placed her hands beside his on the old rusty key. “I’m going to count to three,” he said. “And on the count of

three, turn it as hard as you can.”

Fairy Blue Light gripped her lips together and nodded.

“Ready? One, two, three, turn!” But nothing happened. “Let’s try again,” he said gasping for a breath. And this time the key scraped and rattled, and the door creaked as it slowly began to open.

“Can you see anything Helf?” Fairy Blue Light asked excitedly, as she tried to see over his shoulder.

Suddenly the door flew open and a wall of brilliant light blinded them. They both fell to the ground and quickly covered their eyes.

“Oh Helf!” she screamed. “What is it? Where are you? I can’t see anything!”

“I’m right here,” he cried, trying to keep his voice calm. “Listen to my voice and reach out for my hand.”

She reached out and waved her arms frantically in the air and sobbed, “I can’t find you.”

“Keep still then, and I’ll find you,” he said gently. He moved to where he thought she was and reached out his hands, but their hands never touched.

CHAPTER TWO

With a loud clunk, the creaky rusty old door shut behind them. There was no way to go back, and no way to move forward. Helf wished he’d never turned the key. Somewhere he heard Fairy Blue Light whimpering, but he was still stunned and blinded by the light.

“Stop crying Fairy Blue Light, I’ll find you somehow,” said Helf calmly. “Keep talking to me, and I’ll come towards your voice.”

“All right Helf,” she replied. “I’m over here. Keep coming to me, keep coming,” she repeated.

Helf’s twisted old back hurt as he groped his way along the ground

trying to move to where he thought she was. Suddenly he bumped into her.

“Oh, Helf! I’m so frightened,” she cried, as he gently took hold of her hand.

“That’s all right,” he replied. “So am I! But we’re going to creep forward together. Are you ready?”

“Yes, I think so,” she replied, gripping his hand tightly.

“In time our eyes will adjust to the light, and we’ll be able to see where we are.”

They both moved forward slowly, keeping close to the ground just in case there was something they might stumble over.

“Can you see anything yet Helf?” asked Fairy Blue a little more bravely.

“Not yet,” he replied. “So let’s go a little farther.”

They kept creeping forward towards the light. Gradually their eyes began to see some shapes.

“Oh, look Helf,” said Fairy Blue Light excitedly. “I can see some bushes up ahead.”

“Yes, so can I. It looks as if we’re in a garden. Can you hear voices coming from somewhere in the distance?”

“Yes, but I can’t see anyone yet?” replied Fairy Blue Light.

“Let’s go and see if the voices are coming from the other side of the bushes.”

Helf and Fairy Blue Light crept towards the bushes. They carefully pushed the branches aside and peeked through them. Fairy Blue Light gasped and turned to Helf and was just about to say something, when he put his finger to his lips and said, “Shsh!”

They both stared in absolute awe at what they saw in front of them.

The garden was filled with a group of beautiful Fairy Beings. Some sat on the grass, and others on dainty chairs of shimmering white and silver light. In the centre sat a tall Being of glorious beauty and light. He wore a long white and golden robe that sparkled like sunlight on the water. His violet eyes shone like dancing amethysts.

Dazzling rays of golden light darted around his body. Rays of deep pink light spun in pulsating patterns from his heart. As he spoke, they danced around him like a cloak of jewels. Everyone listened intently to every word he said.

“Can you hear what he’s saying Helf?” she whispered.

“No, he’s too far away. Let’s creep a little closer.”

So they both crept very carefully between the bushes until they were almost in the clearing where the Fairy Beings sat in groups. The Great Being of Light paused for a moment. Then he turned towards where Fairy Blue Light and Helf were hiding. They crouched even lower so he couldn’t see them. All the Fairy Beings turned and looked in the same direction.

“Please come over here Helf and Fairy Blue Light. We want to meet you,” he said gently.

Fairy Blue Light grabbed hold of Helf’s hand, and started to tremble.

“You cannot hide from us,” he said. “Only darkness lives in the shadows, and there are no shadows here. Everything is always beautiful in the Golden City Behind the Sun, because that is the way we want it.”

“Helf,” whispered Fairy Blue Light excitedly. “Did you hear that? We’re in the Golden City Behind the Sun! I didn’t think I’d find it, and it’s right here.”

“And I had no idea it was on the other side of the Wall of Tears,” he said, shaking his head in utter amazement.

“Come, we must move forward now,” he said, as he led Fairy Blue Light through the bushes and out on to the lawn.

The Great Being of Light put his hand out and said, “Welcome to the Golden City.” All the Fairy Beings clapped as the two of them walked forward.

“Are you really the . . . the Great Being of Light?” she stuttered as she stared up at him.

“Yes, that is my name. But, I am no greater than anyone else. I simply come to teach all I know,” he replied, as he bowed his head graciously.

Fairy Blue Light flushed a deep rose pink. She wondered how he could think that anyone was just as great as he was. “However,” she thought to herself, “maybe that’s why he is so great.”

“Fairy Blue Light, you have come a long way to meet me, and I know you have questions to ask me.”

“Yes sir,” she replied softly. “I think I have.”

“But, before you ask me *your* questions,” he said gently, “we have much to talk about.”

“Oh! Thank you sir,” she said, in a whisper.

“Fairy Blue Light, did you know your sobbing was heard throughout the Universe?”

Fairy Blue Light opened her mouth to speak, and Helf squeezed her hand hard and gave her a look that implied, “Don’t say a word, just listen!”

“Dear little fairy, we heard your heart break,” he said sadly. “We’ve never had a fairy with a broken heart, and I want to know why.”

“Oh, I didn’t know then my heart was broken,” she blurted out. “I just couldn’t remember the special job I was given to do, and someone told me you would help me find the answer.”

“It’s hard to believe that any fairy would forget something so important,” he replied gently.

“Fairy Blue Light,” he said kindly, “Are you sure that is the only reason?”

Fairy Blue Light looked at Helf for help. But he too, stood there waiting silently for her to answer.

“Fairy Blue Light,” said the Great Being of Light, “you are the only one who knows the real reason, so why don’t you tell us all about it? Telling the truth makes us feel wonderful.”

Fairy Blue Light dropped her head, and shuffled her feet back and forth.

The Great Being of Light understood how uncomfortable she felt, and placed his hand gently on her shoulder.

“Fairy Blue Light, please look up at me and tell me the whole story. We are here to help you. We were waiting for you to come, so please, do not be afraid.”

She raised her head a little, and looked up through her long eyelashes. She saw all the beautiful faces of the Fairy Beings looking at her and waiting for her to speak. She turned directly to the Great Being of Light and looked into his sparkling violet eyes, and she knew she had no choice but to tell them her story.

“Well sir,” she began, “all fairies must look after a magic raindrop when it comes down the rainbow from the Golden City Behind the Sun. Everyone else likes doing it except me. So, when I was told where to meet mine, I put my hands over my ears so I couldn’t hear, and then I made it even worse, I lied to Fairy Rose Light.”

She crinkled her eyes up to stop the tears coming out from inside. Her moist eyelashes caught the sunlight, and sparkled as she blinked.

“Yes, lying is bad Fairy Blue Light, but there’s nothing wrong with being afraid. But, what you didn’t know then, was that you needed to have a broken heart.”

“But why?” she sobbed, as the tears now flowed freely. “It’s absolutely awful.”

“Yes, I know. But when you return to Fairyland you have a very, very special job to do. And so you could understand what it was like to have a broken heart, you had to feel it for yourself.”

“But why me?” she asked, looking up at him. Her tears now trickling from under her swollen eyelids.

“Dearest Fairy Blue Light, on the way here you healed your heart. You are a strong fairy and overcame all your fears. And the most important thing of all is that you found love inside yourself.”

“Did I really do that?” asked Fairy Blue Light smiling through her tears.

“Yes you did!” he said smiling gently. “You had to learn it for yourself. No one else could teach you.”

The Great Being of Light turned and faced the Fairy Beings. He raised his arms and they all stood up.

“I proclaim that never again will there be a broken heart anywhere.”

Everyone clapped their hands, and turned and hugged each other.

“Come now everyone,” he said as he opened his arms wide. “Let us go into the Palace of Light, and I’ll tell you more about this ‘very special job’.”

Where they had been standing the grass was still flattened and the chairs of white and silver light had disappeared. All that was left was a soft white mist.

CHAPTER THREE

Still holding hands tightly, Fairy Blue Light and Helf found they were suddenly somewhere else, but didn't know how they got there. Helf put both his hands gently around Fairy Blue Light's frightened little face and laughed.

"Open your eyes Fairy Blue Light. We're inside the Palace of Light."

"Oh Helf!" she gasped as she looked around. "It's so beautiful!"

"But, how did we get here? and where is it? and . . . ?"

"Hush Fairy Blue Light. Let's follow the others," he said, as groups of Fairy Beings floated by them like a mist of pastel cobwebs.

"All right!" she said, as she skipped daintily over the mother-of-pearl floor.

The Fairy Beings entered a large round room with walls of frosted gold. In the centre, six elegant pillars reached from the floor to the ceiling and opened into a six pointed golden star. The Great Being of Light stood in the centre, directly under the star. He stepped on to a raised surface made of pink marble. He raised his arms high and said in the gentlest voice, "Come here everyone, gather around. I have much to tell you."

He looked over to where Helf and Fairy Blue Light were standing, and said to them, "Please come and sit by me. You are our guests and I want you to hear all I have to say."

The Fairy Beings stepped aside and cleared a path for Helf and Fairy Blue Light. As they started forward, Helf whispered anxiously to Fairy Blue Light, "Please stop dancing!"

"I'm so nervous, I just can't help it," she whispered back. But, she managed to keep her dancing feet under control and walked gracefully beside him.

“Please be seated,” said the Great Being of Light, as he turned towards everyone. Then he sat down on a tall backed chair that glistened like frosted icicles. He waited for everyone to settle down. When all was quiet, he turned to Fairy Blue Light and said, “Dear little fairy, you have proven to me that you are no longer afraid to look after a magic raindrop. So, now I can tell you about something special that I want you to do.”

“Oh, what is it? What is it?” she asked rising on tiptoe and clasping her hands together.

“Well,” he paused, “when you return to Fairyland, you will know what I mean.”

“But . . .” she started to say.

“Hush! Let me finish,” he said gently, and I’ll tell you all about it.”

He placed his hands together in front of him, and paused for a moment.

“The time has come for you to whisper into the hearts of humans, a simple, and yet most powerful truth. A truth that has been forgotten – the true meaning of the power of caring love.”

They all gasped and looked at each other in surprise. A Fairy Being, with transparent lavender wings, stood up and raised an arm anxiously in the air, and asked, “What if the humans don’t want to listen?”

“Well, the truth is,” the Great Being of Light replied, “now, many of them are ready to listen.”

“Where do they start?” asked another Fairy Being. “It’s a huge job for them to do.”

“Yes, it is. So, the first thing to tell them is that everyone has a light in their heart. Then, tell them if they want to use it, the secret is in ‘choosing’ what they want to do with it.”

Another Fairy Being pushed his way through the crowd. He stood

on tiptoe trying to make himself as tall as he could, and said, “I don’t think they’ll understand about a ‘light’ in their hearts!”

The Great Being of Light paused for a moment and then said thoughtfully, “I watch them, I hear what they say. I whisper deep within their hearts. I tell them to listen to the truth I have to tell. But, some don’t believe me, so what else can I do?”

“We want to help you,” said one Fairy Being standing up and clapping.

“Yes, we do,” said all the other Fairy Beings as they all stood up together.

“Thank you, thank you,” said the Great Being of Light raising his arms. “Please be seated and I’ll tell you how.”

The Fairy Beings sat down and waited for the Great Being of Light to begin.

“You’ll tell them about gentleness. It is something they’ve all forgotten.”

“How will they understand that when the children are unkind to each other? They’re taught that if they’re soft and gentle, they’ll get hurt.”

“Yes, I know. But gentleness is not only kindness, it is respecting each other. It is having good manners and being polite. If they cared for each other, then they wouldn’t get hurt.”

“Do we tell the parents first, or their children?” asked another Fairy Being.

“The children will teach their parents!” he said in his most powerful voice.

A Fairy Being dressed in a soft misty pink gown, stepped forward and said, “Sir, but, some children are taught to love others before they know about loving themselves. How can we change that?”

“We can change it by teaching them that they cannot love another until they love themselves first. When you love and respect yourself, how could you possibly hurt someone else. It’s so very simple.”

The Great Being of Light stood up and stepped down from the pink marble step. He turned and took hold of Fairy Blue Light’s hands and said, “Fairy Blue Light, when you were home in Fairyland, you forgot this very simple truth. You kept giving your love away and left none for yourself. That is not the right way to love yourself. Love is for sharing.”

“Is it?” asked Fairy Blue Light, trying to understand.

“But, as you journeyed here, you learned the true meaning of love. And when you helped Helf mend the broken hearts, you understood the sadness that is everywhere.”

Fairy Blue Light lowered her head on to her chest and her cheeks blushed.

“Helf the Broken Heart Elf!” said the Great Being of Light, turning to him. “Please come here and stand by me.”

Helf hobbled forward nervously and stood beside him.

“You have learned your lesson,” he said as he placed a hand gently on Helf’s old bony shoulder. “You learned how to heal hearts with a selfless love. And now you no longer have to spend any more time in the Hall of Broken Hearts. By sharing your love, you have healed and forgiven yourself.”

Helf’s old wrinkled face twisted into a smile, and he stood speechless as he looked up at the Great Being of Light.

“Helf, it is now time for you to go back to Fairyland with Fairy Blue Light. Together you will teach mortals how to speak without hurting; how to love without questioning; how to laugh without sadness; and how to cry tears of joy. This is gentleness, the true meaning of caring love.”

Suddenly a large round window appeared in the wall, and the Great Being of Light walked over to it. He paused, and looked down to a vibrant, lush and beautiful planet floating gently along in outer space.

“On that beautiful planet, the mortals have forgotten the truths that are buried in their hearts.” He continued staring down, and shook his head sadly from side to side.

“Little Fairy Blue Light and Helf,” he said, as he turned and walked over and stood between them and placed his hands gently on their shoulders. “I’m so proud of the two of you,” he said smiling at them. “Now, you are both ready to start on another very special magical journey. But before you leave, there is one more thing I must do.”

“Will it take long, sir?” asked Fairy Blue Light anxiously. “I just want to go home.”

“No, it won’t!” he laughed. “Please be patient Fairy Blue Light, and you will see what I mean.”

“Helf, I want you to close your eyes for just a moment,” he said, and raised his arms out towards Helf. As he did so, a dazzling white light poured from his hands and Helf disappeared.

“What have you done? Where has he gone?” cried Fairy Blue Light nervously.

“Hush, little fairy,” he said kindly. “Just wait and see.”

Fairy Blue Light stared into the space where Helf had been standing. And then, to her surprise, a handsome elf with a radiant skin and green eyes gradually appeared. Around the waist of his well fitted green suit was a wide belt of twisted gold threads. His silver hair hung almost to his collar.

“This isn’t Helf,” gasped Fairy Blue Light jumping back. “Oh, where has he gone to?”

The handsome elf stepped forward and took Fairy Blue Light's hands, and gently kissed her on both cheeks.

"Yes, I'm still Helf," he laughed, as he saw his reflection in her shining eyes.

"But you're not an 'old 'elf anymore! What has happened?" she asked, turning to the Great Being of Light.

He smiled and said, "He too, has found the true meaning of love and will never be old again. Now, you are both ready to return to Fairyland to teach the mortal children all about gentleness and caring. I don't want any more broken hearts anywhere."

Suddenly there was a huge flash of light and the Great Being of Light and all the other Fairy Beings just disappeared.

Helf and Fairy Blue Light now found themselves standing all alone in the Palace of Light, and wondered what to do.

"Helf, how do we get back to Fairyland?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know Fairy Blue Light."

In a flash of light, Ansela suddenly appeared beside them.

"Ansela," cried Fairy Blue Light. "Oh, I'm so pleased to see you. Why did you leave me all alone?" she said as she threw her arms around her. "I have so much to tell you. And how do we get back to Fairyland? And . . ."

"Hush, Fairy Blue Light. The Great Being of Light sent me to take you both home."

"Let's all hold hands, and we'll leave right now," said Ansela. "When I count to three, I want you to close your eyes and imagine you are standing at the base of a large rhubarb leaf in Mr. Pippin's garden."

"Oh, Ansela!" squealed Fairy Blue Light as she hugged her again.

"Who is Mr. Pippin? And why are we going to find a rhubarb leaf in

his garden and . . . ?” asked Helf looking very surprised.

“Oh Helf, it’s all so wonderful,” said Fairy Blue Light excitedly, and she turned and hugged him too. “I have so much to tell you.”

“Fairy Blue Light, if we don’t hold hands we’ll never get back to Fairyland,” laughed Ansela

“Are you both ready?” she asked.

“Yes! Yes!” they both said as they all held hands and stood close together.

“One, two, three.” There was a loud ‘whoosh’, and they all disappeared. Once again the garden was peaceful and quiet.

A large snail resting on a rock beside the bushes slithered out of his shell. He stretched his body, and raised his two horns and said in a very gruff voice, “Thank goodness they’ve gone. Now I can get some sleep. I never thought they’d go, and all that talk about love, whatever that is,” he muttered as he closed his eyes. “I’m glad I live in the Golden City Behind the Sun. I don’t need to know about those things.” He gave a couple of grunts and a few ‘whistly’ snores, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER FOUR

Mrs. Pippin crept quietly along the garden path so she wouldn’t disturb the early morning activities in Fairyland. The busy little elves sorted out their paint pots and got their brushes ready to paint the flowers. The daffodils looked faded now, so they needed sprucing up before the tulips were ready to show off their beauty.

The pixies, with their long bulrushes, swept away the lacy gossamer webs that sparkled like diamonds in the early morning sun. The spiders, annoyed that their perfect work was simply *brushed away*, swung across the garden on long silver threads. They hastily attached themselves to another leaf and started over again.

Mother Nature had warned them not to make so many webs, and she told them that if they kept doing so, she wouldn't give them so many silver strands to work with in the future. However, spiders, being spiders, didn't take any notice. They kept spinning beautiful webs, and catching unsuspecting bugs.

Close to the rhubarb patch, Mr. Pippin was taking his turn watching the magic raindrop. Mrs. Pippin had decided to take another plate of apple-cinnamon cookies for him, knowing by now he must be quite hungry. As she tiptoed closer to him, she heard a deep growling sound followed by a long drawn out hiss.

“Oh my!” she sighed. “Mr. Pippin has fallen asleep again.”

He stirred restlessly as he dreamed of fluffy white clouds being lowered down from the Golden City Behind the Sun, and then, to everyone's surprise, going back up again. So many strange things were happening in Fairyland, and old Mr. Pippin felt rather confused.

He knew the garden needed weeding, and the new plants waited to be tucked into the rich soil. But now he spent most of each day watching over this extraordinarily large raindrop, which had settled under a large rhubarb leaf in his garden. He pretended to be a little annoyed, but the truth was, he enjoyed just sitting and snoozing in the sun.

“Mr. Pippin,” she whispered so she wouldn't scare him, “you've fallen asleep again.”

“Uh! What is that? Is something wrong?” he asked as he opened his tired old eyes.

“No! There's nothing wrong dear, except you were sleeping again.”

“Oh! Actually I just closed my eyes to give them a rest,” he said, trying to make an excuse.

“Well, never mind dear, you're awake now. Has anything unusual

been happening?”

Mr. Pippin got up slowly from his chair, stretched his arms, and shook his short little legs. He moved from under the trees into a clearing.

“No, nothing dear,” he replied.

Mr. Pippin placed his hand on his forehead to shade his eyes, and looked up into the sky.

“What are you looking at dear?” asked Mrs. Pippin.

“I don’t know. But I can hear the most exquisite bird song coming from somewhere, but I can’t see where it’s coming from. I’ve never heard such a beautiful song before. Please come over here Mrs. Pippin, and see if you can see it. Your eyesight is much better than mine.”

Mrs. Pippin stepped out into the clearing and also looked up into the sky.

“Yes! I can hear it too. But I can’t see anything either. I agree, it’s most unusual.”

“Maybe dear, if you put your spectacles on you will see what it is!”

He reached into the large ragged pocket on the top of his old green sweater. He pulled out his spectacles and placed them on the end of his nose.

“No, there is no bird anywhere,” he said. “Oddly enough it sounds to me like a skylark, but if I can’t see it, then it must be invisible,” he said jokingly.

“Oh dear, I just don’t understand it,” Mrs. Pippin replied, as she also shielded her eyes from the morning sun and kept staring into the clear blue sky.

Then Mr. Pippin gasped. “Oh, Mrs. Pippin, did you see that? Something very small just fluttered from where the birdsong is coming from?”

“I did! I did!” she said excitedly. “It’s a butterfly, and it’s flying around in circles.”

“What could a butterfly be doing so high up in the sky?” he wondered, as he bent his stiff neck forward and gave his head a shake.

“There it goes,” said Mrs. Pippin excitedly. “It’s flying down into our garden.”

Mr. Pippin saw it too and said, “But, now I don’t hear a bird singing. It’s very strange, very strange indeed.”

He ambled over to his chair and lowered himself slowly down. He removed his spectacles; took out his white cotton handkerchief and wiped his brow.

“There must be something wrong with my eyes and my ears. Maybe I’m not feeling well.”

Mrs. Pippin went over to him and rubbed him gently on his back.

“There’s nothing wrong with you dear. I heard and saw it too,” she said, as she sat down beside him.

Mr. Pippin looked relieved, and let out a deep sigh. He settled back in his chair and decided to take another nap.

“I wonder if anyone else saw what we saw,” she thought, now feeling a little uneasy. “I think we should ask Mrs. Ladybird to come right now. Maybe her children have now told her what they were excited about. They always seem to know what’s happening in this part of Fairyland.”

Mrs. Pippin knew that this would make him feel better. “But, Mr. Pippin, I’ll stay here for a few moments before I go home and start baking an apple pie,” she said. “But, by the size of your waistline, I don’t think you really need one,” she laughed, as she leaned over and playfully patted his fat little tummy.

Mrs. Pippin placed her hands in her lap, closed her eyes and let the

sounds of Fairyland's hustle and bustle wash over her. It was hard to stay awake in such a beautiful place surrounded by so many blossoms. The warmth of the sun mingling with the fragrance of the garden, lulled her off to sleep.

While both Mr. and Mrs. Pippin napped, Beatrix the Butterfly flew right over top them as she headed for her home on the other side of the orchard.

"No one is ever going to believe what I have to tell them," she said to herself. "Whoever heard of a butterfly going almost to the Golden City Behind the Sun? And never, ever, has a butterfly flown on the back of a skylark, and especially one as proud and important as Maestro Skylark."

She fluttered faster and faster as her home in the corner of the garden came into view. "I do hope they'll believe me. But if they don't, at least I know it's true, and that's really all that matters."

CHAPTER FIVE

Even though quiet, a sense of magic filled the orchard, as if something was about to happen. The birds waited on the branches, their wings tucked tightly over their backs. The breeze stopped blowing, and the trees stopped swaying. The only sound in the orchard came from Mr. Pippin's long drawn out snores.

Suddenly, Mrs. Pippin woke up with a jolt. She got up from her chair, and quickly went over to the rhubarb plant.

"Something is happening," said Mrs. Pippin, all of a fluster. "Somehow, I just knew it was going to happen today." She bent down and looked closely at the large mysterious raindrop.

"Mr. Pippin! Come quickly! The raindrop is starting to move!"

Mr. Pippin jumped up from his chair, and ambled over as fast as his short stubby legs would let him.

“Let me see,” he said, as he peeked under the rhubarb plant to take a closer look.

“Yes, you’re right Mrs. Pippin. Something is starting to happen.”

“Oh my goodness! Oh my goodness me!” she repeated anxiously.

“Calm down Mrs. Pippin, and do keep still,” said Mr. Pippin firmly. “It’s no use getting excited. That will just upset everything.”

“But, Mr. Pippin, it is most exciting. Every day we’ve been waiting for something to happen, and now it is.”

“Yes, I know. However, at times like this, it is important to keep calm. We don’t want the whole village coming into our garden.”

“There must be something we should be doing,” said Mrs. Pippin as she took out her white lace handkerchief and patted it over her shiny wet forehead.

“Mrs. Pippin!” said Mr. Pippin firmly. “I know you’re right dear. I think we should ask Mrs. Ladybird. She’ll know exactly what to do. I’ll stay here while you go and get her.”

Mrs. Pippin turned and scuttled away as fast as she could, and headed directly to Mrs. Ladybird’s house.

“It should be a woman’s place at the side of the magic raindrop,” she mumbled to herself as she ran as fast as she could, which wasn’t very fast. “Now I wish I hadn’t given Mr. Pippin so many cookies. He’s just too plump to run.”

Poor Mrs. Pippin puffed and panted as she tried to run faster. She also, had eaten too many cookies, but she could run faster than Mr. Pippin.

Just as she got to the garden gate, she was surprised to see Mrs. Ladybird, with all her children, heading straight towards her.

“Come quickly,” she called, as she beckoned to Mrs. Ladybird.

“Something is happening to the magic raindrop, and Mr. Pippin is . . .”

“Yes, I know Mrs. Pippin,” said Mrs. Ladybird, as she simply kept moving along.

“Shsh! Please keep quiet,” Mrs. Pippin said, as she waved her arms wildly in the air. However, the voices kept getting louder and louder. And from around the corner, following right behind Mrs. Ladybird and her children, came group after group of noisy townsfolk.

“Who are all these people? How did they know?” she asked Mrs. Ladybird. But, no one heard her questions. Poor Mrs. Pippin was swept along by the crowd, right back into Mr. Pippin’s garden, and over to the rhubarb patch.

“Let me through!” cried Mrs. Pippin, as she pushed her way to the front of the crowd. The once quiet garden now buzzed with excited voices.

“Good morning Mr. Pippin,” said Mrs. Ladybird politely, as she shook his hand.

“Good morning Mrs. Ladybird,” he replied. “And who are all these people, and . . . ?”

But Mrs. Ladybird didn’t listen to him, she was too eager to get a close look at the magic raindrop. She crouched down low by the rhubarb plant and looked up and asked Mr. Pippin, “Has it moved yet Mr. Pippin?”

“Oh, er . . . I’m not really sure. But I think I heard my wife say that she saw some movement.”

Mrs. Ladybird carefully pulled back the leaves, and spoke gently to the magic raindrop.

“Yes, it’s beginning to happen,” she said excitedly. “We must just wait. That’s all we can do.”

Suddenly, a bright flash of light startled them and they all moved

back quickly. Two beautiful fairy beings and one handsome elf now stood in front of them.

“Don’t be afraid,” said Fairy Blue Light, as she went over to them. “This is my magic raindrop,” she said proudly, “and my friends are here to help me.”

Fairy Blue Light, Ansela and Helf, stepped over to the rhubarb plant. All three of them placed their hands around the raindrop as parts of it began to wriggle. The townsfolk moved a little closer, and tried hard to see what was happening. Not one sound could be heard anywhere in the garden. Slowly, very slowly, the magic raindrop began to open wide enough to see inside it.

Cuddled close together were two teeny-weeny pixies. They both peeked their heads out together. One pixie had long golden hair, and the other wore a small green cap. They rubbed their eyes, stretched their arms and wriggled. They looked at everyone, and wondered why all these strange faces were staring at them.

The swishing sound of fairies’ wings filled the air as a filtered shadow passed over the garden. The townsfolk again jumped back in surprise. The once silent garden was now filled with the laughter and chatter of fairies. One of the fairies, in a long pink dress with white roses twisted in her hair, stepped forward. She motioned to the others for silence, and went over to Fairy Blue Light.

“Oh, Fairy Blue Light, we’re so happy you have found your magic raindrop,” said Fairy Rose Light smiling at the two tiny pixies. “We were very worried when Sir Ashford the Third of Dignified Dragonfly Dry Cleaning turned up with your wings. We thought you were lost.”

Fairy Blue Light blushed to the roots of her silver hair. She was just about to tell her that it was Mr. and Mrs. Pippin who actually had looked

after the magic raindrop, when the Crystal Fairy stepped forward. In her arms she carried a pair of wings.

“My wings! My wings!” said Fairy Blue Light excitedly. “Oh, I thought I’d never see them again.”

“Please come here and let me put them back on,” said the Crystal Fairy. “They’re just like new. The dragonflies always do such wonderful work,” she laughed.

Fairy Blue Light turned around and the Crystal Fairy attached the wings to her back. They fitted perfectly, and once again she felt like a real Fairy. She looked at Helf and smiled.

“Dear Fairy Blue Light,” said an invisible voice, “you don’t really need wings anymore.”

“Oh, Mother Nature!” said Fairy Blue Light recognizing her voice. “Oh, where are you?” she cried excitedly.

“I’m right here,” she laughed as she suddenly appeared. Fairy Blue Light threw her arms around her and hugged her.

Mother Nature pulled Fairy Blue Light’s arms from around her neck. She straightened her long skirt and said, “Now, about your wings dear. I know that Ansela taught you both how to come and go in a flash of light, and . . .”

“Yes she did,” interrupted Fairy Blue Light, “but I still want to have wings. I love being a fairy, and without wings I never really felt I was one.”

While Mother Nature and Fairy Blue Light discussed her wings, Mrs. Ladybird and Mrs. Pippin had taken care of the two tiny pixies. They had brushed their hair, and tidied them up. Not one tiny trace of the magic raindrop could be seen. It had completely disappeared.

Fairy Blue Light turned to the two tiny pixies and said proudly, “Welcome to Fairyland. I’m Fairy Blue Light and this is Helf.”

“We’re Pitta and Pat the Pixies,” they said at exactly the same time.

“I’m Pitta,” said the one with the long golden hair, and this is my brother, Pat.”

“No, she’s wrong!” laughed Pat. “I’m Pitta!”

“Well, never mind,” said Fairy Blue Light laughing too. “Helf and I are going to look after you until you’re ready to be left alone. You have lots of wonderful things to learn and do.”

“When do we start?” asked Pitta, as she danced ahead of them, her long golden hair flowing in the breeze.

“Yes, when?” asked Pat.

“We’ve already started,” said Helf.

The fairies’ work was now finished and they lifted into the air like a carpet of iridescent jewels, and disappeared into the distance.

For the first time the townsfolk saw the two pixies as they danced around in circles, and they all clapped and cheered. In fact, the cheers were so loud, that the Great Being of Light heard them in the Golden City Behind the Sun. He knew that Fairy Blue Light had found her magic raindrop.

As they walked along together, Fairy Blue Light said to Pitta and Pat, “The Great Being of Light told us that Helf and I have a special job to do, and that you are going to help us.”

“How? How can we help?” they asked together.

“We’re all going to work with babies, the babies of mortals. You, Pitta and Pat, will whisper beautiful ideas to them as they are lulled off to sleep by the pit-a-pat of raindrops splashing against the window panes.”

“What beautiful ideas? We don’t know what to tell them,” said Pitta, looking at Pat, hoping he knew what Fairy Blue Light meant.

“You must be patient,” she replied. “You’ll learn all about that later.

First, I'm going to tell you all about my magical journey to the Golden City Behind the Sun. Then I will teach you what I learned on the way."

Helf squeezed Fairy Blue Light's hand, and their eyes met. There would be some things too wonderful for Pitta and Pat to know about for quite a while. Fairy Blue Light and Helf looked up at the Golden City Behind the Sun, they smiled at each other and started to sing.

*Love is what you hear about
You find it for yourself.
No one else can teach you,
And you can't teach someone else.*

*It's real, though it can't be seen,
And when it's treated tenderly,
Love will come right to you,
And true love you will be.*

*Fill yourself with love and joy,
And let it flow right through.
You cannot love another until you love you,
love you, love you.
You cannot love another until you love you.'*

Helf kissed Fairy Blue Light gently on the cheek. Then he turned to Pitta and Pat and said, "Very soon all mortals will know the true meaning of caring love. There will be no more sadness that makes hearts break in two."

"And there won't be a need for someone to mend them," said Fairy Blue Light, as she winked at Helf.

The four of them danced down the garden path and out of Mr. and Mrs. Pippin's garden. All the townsfolk followed closely behind them,

singing and dancing as well.

Not far above them a Little White Cloud floated happily in the sky. The breeze playfully blew him back and forth as he followed them down the garden path.

And flying along above them, unseen by anyone, was Maestro Skylark with a small Pink Butterfly on his back.

Could the adventures of Pitta and Pat be the beginning of another magical journey? Who knows! Anything can happen in Fairyland! I'm going to follow them. Are you coming too?



Project

Now that you have read all the books in *A Magical Journey*, see how many questions you can answer correctly.

1. Where was the magic raindrop found?
2. What was the name of Mrs. Ladybird's new baby?
3. Who thought he was important and jumped up and down?
4. How did the magic raindrops travel down the Fairyland?
5. Who spoke to Beatrix the Butterfly from the Golden City Behind the Sun?
6. Who took lots of afternoon naps?
7. How did Beatrix the Butterfly become invisible?
8. How did Katie the Caterpillar turn into Beatrix the Butterfly?
9. Who took Beatrix and Fairy Blue Light up to the Little White Cloud?
10. What was tied around the Little White Cloud's tummy to pull him back up?
11. What did Maestro Skylark and Fairy Blue Light find in the middle of the Little White Cloud?
12. What was the name of Fairy Blue Light's guide in the Golden City Behind the Sun?
13. Who showed Fairy Blue Light how to mend broken hearts?
14. What happened to Helf in the Palace of Light?
15. What was the special job that Fairy Blue Light, Helf, Pitta and Pat were chosen to do?

Go to the next page to find the answers.

Answers

1. Under the leaf of a rhubarb plant.
2. Baby Anne.
3. The grasshopper.
4. In a crystal carriage pulled by four golden butterflies.
5. The Pink Butterfly.
6. Mr. Mushroom.
7. She was covered with Mother Nature's Magic Dust.
8. By spinning a beautiful silky protective coat.
9. Maestro Skylark.
10. A silver thread.
11. Its silver lining.
12. Ansela.
13. Helf.
14. He changed into a young handsome elf.
15. To teach mortal babies the true meaning of caring love.

How many did you get right? _____

Thank you for reading all about my adventures from my home in Fairyland to the Golden City Behind the Sun and home again. No longer do I feel less than any other fairy. I am just as important as all the other fairies are.

Learning to love not only myself, but everyone else, as well as all my delightful friends whom I met on my journey, is so wonderful. They are all a very important part of my world.

Now I know what it means to love myself and how to love others. As you grow older, I hope you'll always remember this, and also teach it to others.

Fairy Blue Light

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