

A Magical Journey

Use Your Imagination Books

the Fourth book

Hall of the Silver Threads



"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
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The Fifth Book	Back to Fairyland

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email: imagine@radiantartistry.com

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Hall of the Silver Threads

Tucked up tightly under Maestro Skylark's feathers, Beatrix the Butterfly felt warm and cozy. His strong powerful body was carrying her, and Fairy Blue Light, swiftly up to meet the Little White Cloud.

Fairy Blue Light had very carefully moved off of Beatrix' back, and tucked herself up just behind one of his wings. She was so excited she could hardly keep still. She wondered how many other fairies had ever had the chance to ride on the back of the most beautiful golden skylark. As the sound of the wind rushed by his feathers, she started to sing. She sang as loudly as she could, hoping that no one could hear her.

When Beatrix heard Fairy Blue Light singing, she smiled to herself. She thought her voice was very musical. So, while Fairy Blue Light sang, Beatrix decided to talk with Maestro Skylark. Very carefully she wriggled up closer to his head and said, "Maestro Skylark, it is so kind of you to take us up to meet the Little White Cloud. I do hope you'll continue your journey back to Fairyland when you have dropped us off."

"Yes, I'm sure I shall Miss Beatrix. But the most important thing now is to get the two of you safely up to him," he said, in a surprisingly

courteous manner.

“Oh, thank you sir,” she replied. “But, there is something I’m rather curious about. Do you mind if I ask you a question?”

“Well, if you don’t ask a question, you’ll most certainly never know the answer,” he replied bluntly. “If we were all afraid of asking questions, we’d never learn anything. I always ask a lot of questions, that is why I know so much. Now, Miss Beatrix, what is it you want to know?”

“Well,” she replied, trying to find the right words, “when we first saw you, you were coming towards us so fast, we thought you were going to bump into us. I’m wondering if you saw us.”

“Of course I did,” he snapped. “I’ve two perfectly good eyes. Why would you think I couldn’t see you?”

“Actually,” said Beatrix, wishing now she hadn’t asked such a silly question, “when we left Fairyland, we were covered with magic dust. It made us invisible. So of course, we didn’t think you could see us.”

“Oh, is that all!” he replied haughtily. “The answer is quite simple. All things invisible are visible to those who are invisible. I cannot imagine how anyone wouldn’t know the answer to such an easy question.”

His neck feathers ruffled, and he shook his head, and said, “Did you ever see the breeze that helps you to fly? Well, that’s believing without seeing. It’s so simple.”

But it wasn’t all that simple to Beatrix. She didn’t understand riddles.

“Er . . . I’m trying to understand what you mean. Are you saying that you’re invisible too? Did you find some magic dust by mistake?”

“No, of course not Miss Beatrix,” he said impatiently. “I’ve just come from the Golden City Behind the Sun. And to anyone who doesn’t

live there, I'm invisible too.”

Maestro Skylark closed his beak tightly, and poor Beatrix knew he thought she was just a silly little butterfly. So she decided not to ask any more questions. She turned and looked up at the Little White Cloud and now he seemed to be just a bit closer.

But, the little trio had no idea what had taken place long before he appeared in the clear blue sky. In the Hall of the Silver Threads, in the Golden City Behind the Sun, everyone was very worried. A group of pixies and elves chatted with each other. They pointed and laughed at a small puff of white cloud that sulked in a corner on the other side of the large hall.

Near by the little white cloud, two big heavy golden doors were wide open. Beyond them, the endless blue sky reached out forever. A large spinning wheel with silver threads still hanging from the spindle, sat motionless in the middle of the floor. On high shelves around the hall, a few large reels of silver threads were stacked up on top of each other. In one corner, on a lower shelf, were smaller reels with threads in all the colors of the rainbow.

The Keeper of the Silver Threads stroked his long white beard, and just stood staring at the Little White Cloud.

“How can anyone be this stubborn?” he asked himself. His long purple velvet gown swished as he turned quickly and walked away.

Close by the open doors, a frightened and angry little voice cried out, “I won't go! I just won't go! It's not fair! I'm only a Little White Cloud, and I don't want to go out there alone!”

The Keeper of the Silver Threads called the Pink Butterfly over to

see if she could help. She was in charge of lowering him into the sky, and had promised Beatrix that he would be there to meet them.

She fluttered close to him and whispered gently, “Dear Little White Cloud, don’t you realize how important you are? You have been specially chosen to meet my friend Beatrix the Butterfly, and Fairy Blue Light, on their way here from Fairyland. Don’t forget, I’m going with you, so you won’t be alone.”

“I just don’t care! I’m not going!” he replied sulkily, and refused to listen to her, or anyone else.

Even though he was only a Little White Cloud, he knew that once he left the Golden City, there was no way he could return, and he wasn’t ready to leave home yet. So he pouted and sulked, hoping someone would agree with him. But no one did.

The Pink Butterfly flew over to all the helpers and said, “There’s one more thing we can try. As he won’t listen to us, we’ll have to call in Mother Nature. She will know exactly what to do.”

The helpers agreed, and quickly moved back to give her room. The Pink Butterfly closed her eyes and imagined Mother Nature standing in front of her. And, as fast as a shooting star, Mother Nature appeared.

“Whew! That was most unexpected!” she exclaimed, as she removed a twig from her soft coppery-red curls, and shook out her autumn-orange gossamer skirt.

The helpers moved away and went back to their work. The Pink Butterfly and Mother Nature walked over to the Little White Cloud.

“Please, just give me a second to get my breath,” Mother Nature said, as she sat down on a beautiful crystal chair that sparkled with light.

“Your urgent call took me completely by surprise.”

The Pink Butterfly nodded and smiled, and sat down too. She knew Mother Nature liked everything in perfect order, and this unexpected visit, most certainly was not on her schedule for the day.

“Of course Mother Nature,” she replied. “I hope we didn’t get you at an inconvenient time.”

“Well, as a matter of fact, I was just giving the pixies some new paints for the autumn leaves. Yes, I even mixed them myself,” she nodded proudly, as she noticed the flakes of bright orange paint still on her hands.

“But, what is so important to call me away so suddenly?” she said, as she turned to the Pink Butterfly.

“Well, as you can see,” she replied, looking over at the Little White Cloud, “we’re having a problem with him. He just won’t cooperate. We need you to tell us exactly what to do?”

“Oh deary me!” replied Mother Nature, feeling quite puzzled. “I thought he would be reliable. But, by the look of him, he’s just about to cry himself into a major hailstorm. Let me see what I can do.”

Mother Nature got up and went over to the Little White Cloud. She walked back and forth looking at him from all sides, and then spoke very quietly to him. But nothing changed. He just refused to listen.

“I just cannot believe he can be this obstinate,” she replied, as she walked back to the Pink Butterfly. “Quite frankly, I just don’t know what to do either.”

She sat down again and thought for a moment, and then said, “This calls for some extra special help. I will go and ask the Great Being of Light what we should do. He’ll know the answer. Please excuse me for just

a moment.”

Mother Nature stood up and crossed her arms over her chest. She counted to three, and simply disappeared.

Meanwhile, everyone gathered around the sad little cloud and tried to convince him to be brave. But being brave wasn't one of his best qualities.

The Hall of the Silver Threads was silent now, except for a slight whimpering sound. The elves and pixies sat around and waited for Mother Nature to return to tell them what to do. The Pink Butterfly also sat quietly, and just gazed at the sad little cloud.

Then, in a flash of light, Mother Nature returned just as quickly as she had left. She gathered up her skirts and daintily skipped straight over to the Keeper of the Silver Threads. He looked up from his spinning, and stood up as she approached him.

“Dear Keeper of the Silver Threads, the Great Being of Light just told me, it isn't quite time for the Little White Cloud to leave home on his own, so he wants you to spin an extra strong thread that will wrap around his middle. It must be strong enough to pull him, and his passengers back up here.”

The Keeper of the Silver Threads stroked his long white beard. His ice blue eyes gazed off into the distance. He stood silent for a moment. He'd never heard of anything like this happening before, and wondered what he should do.

He looked around the room and said sadly, “Oh dear! We don't have enough silver thread in stock, so we'll quickly have to spin more.” He walked over to the reels of rainbow colored threads and counted them.

He nodded his head, and said, “Hmm! Yes, we’ll add some rainbow threads in with the silver ones. That will make them much stronger. But we don’t have enough of them either.”

Mother Nature looked very worried, and she asked him, “How long will it take to spin all the thread we need, and . . . ?”

“Just leave it to me,” he said kindly, and turned and went to a large cupboard. He took out a huge glass bottle filled with very delicate cobwebby tangles.

“Of course,” she laughed. “I knew you’d know exactly what to do. You make the best silver threads in the whole kingdom. I must leave you now as I have so much work to do.”

“Thank you Mother Nature!” he said, as he swept his right arm across his lean body and bowed deeply. And as quick as you could wink, Mother Nature just disappeared.

He walked over to where all the helpers had gathered and clapped his hands rapidly. “Please come quickly! We have lots of work to do.”

The Hall of the Silver Threads now bustled with excitement. Three pixies, each holding on to a long thin wooden paddle, stirred large vats of different colored dyes. Several fairies sat on the floor and pulled the threads into strips. The elves gently carded the delicate fibres, and divided them into different colored batts. Then they carried them over to the Spinning Wheel, and placed them neatly side by side.

The Keeper of the Silver Threads sat on a white marble bench at the spinning wheel. He skillfully wove his magic into the silver threads. Then, he took several strands of rainbow colored threads and twisted them in with the silver ones. His nimble fingers flew fast as the strong

twisted colored threads appeared. The spinning wheel creaked and groaned, and the threads grew longer and longer.

“Just one more twist and they’re finished,” said the Keeper of the Silver Threads happily.

Everyone gathered around and waited for the final threads. As soon as they were finished, the elves and pixies wound them on to large reels, and pushed them over into a corner.

The Keeper of the Silver Threads got up and stretched his tired back. He turned to the Pink Butterfly and the helpers, and said, “Come with me! We are now ready to attach the silver thread.”

They all hurried over to the Little White Cloud and noticed that he was now turning greyer and greyer, and growing bigger and bigger.

“Oh my goodness me! If he puffs up any more, we won’t get him through the doorway. Hurry, we must work as fast as we can.”

The elves and pixies stood in a line, and hand over hand, pulled the colored thread from the reels. The Keeper of the Silver Threads took hold of one end and went over and stood very close to the Little White Cloud.

“Now, please keep still,” he said firmly. “We’re going to put this strong thread around your tummy. Then if you feel afraid at any time, we can pull you back up.”

The frightened Little White Cloud wriggled and squirmed as the elves and pixies dragged the thread right round his middle.

“Tie a large knot in the end,” ordered the Keeper of the Silver Threads, “and everyone get into place now, and hold the thread as tightly as you can.”

The Pink Butterfly hovered close by, and then asked, “Is it safe for

me to climb on yet?”

“Yes,” replied the Keeper of the Silver Threads. “The pixies have made you a tiny room where you’ll be quite safe and comfortable.”

The Pink Butterfly fluttered over and landed on the Little White Cloud, and settled down inside him.

“Now, is everyone in place?” asked the Keeper of the Silver Threads, as he looked around the hall.

“Yes sir!” everyone called out together, and wrapped their hands even tighter around the threads.

“Little White Cloud, we’re going to lower you down now. You’ll be quite safe. The Pink Butterfly is with you, and if at any time you want to return, we’ll pull you back up. There is no need to be afraid.”

“But, I still don’t want to go,” he whimpered. “It’s all right for you, you’re not the one who has to go.”

“Enough of that!” he said firmly. “You are going, and that is all there is to it. Now, puff out as much air as you can. We’re ready to push you through the doorway right now.”

The Little White Cloud knew there was no way to get out of this. So he puffed out a little bit of air. Then, a little bit more, and then even more. And with one final big puff, he was small enough to go through the doorway.

The Little White Cloud closed his eyes and felt himself floating down lower and lower. The silver thread sparkled in the sunlight as it slowly unwound.

“I don’t think I like this. I can’t see anyone,” he whimpered, as he peeped out of one eye.

“Maybe the silver thread will break, and I’ll never go back up to the Golden City Behind the Sun again.” He started to cry and several large tears trickled out from inside the grey puffy patch.

“Oh, my goodness,” he sobbed. “I’m raining on Fairyland. They will wonder what it is, as it hardly ever rains there.” He rolled over on to one side trying to see where his tears had landed.

“Hmm! That seems odd,” he said “Why are all those people in Fairyland looking up at me?” He wriggled around trying to see more.

“Oops, I mustn’t go too far. The silver thread might not be long enough,” he said as he twisted around to see if it was still there. But he couldn’t see it. “Oh, it must be broken,” he cried. “Now what do I do?” He took a few slow breaths and tried to pull himself back up again. But the silver thread grew longer and longer. And the Little White Cloud floated farther and farther out into the clear blue sky. A gentle breeze came and pushed him from side to side, and he gradually began to feel better.

“That’s strange! I can’t seem to make myself cry any more,” he said as he tried to squeeze out some more tears. He smiled and billowed out bigger and bigger. He rolled over again and looked down at Fairyland.

“Of course! Now I know why all those people are looking up at me. I am very special. Now I’m a Big White Cloud. In fact, I am so big, I don’t have to look for the butterfly and the fairy. Instead, they can find me.”

The Little White Cloud laughed and floated farther and farther away. He didn’t care any more. His dream had come true.

“This isn’t quite as scary as I thought it would be,” he said, as he puffed himself out more and more.

“But,” he said with a little tremble in his voice, “I’ll be glad when I’m safely home again.”

Meanwhile, Maestro Skylark and his two passengers flew directly towards him. He was the only cloud in the clear blue sky, and if you looked closely enough, you could see a long silver cord that went from somewhere inside it, right up to the Golden City Behind the Sun.

CHAPTER TWO

Tucked away safely inside the Little White Cloud, the Pink Butterfly waited patiently. She wondered if anyone would see him as he was so tiny. Then suddenly, she felt a jolt and the Little White Cloud began falling lower and lower. She fluttered her wings to help her keep her balance, and wondered what was happening outside.

After a while he began to tremble and called out, “Pink Butterfly! I can see something golden coming towards us. I can’t make out what it is. Can you please take a look and tell me what *you* think it is?” He was so excited he began to thin out in the middle, but quickly pulled himself together just in time.

“Keep still! Do keep still!” she said, as she fluttered over to the edge of the cloud and looked downwards.

“Yes, I can see it too. It looks like a tiny golden ball, but there’s no sign of any butterfly. If it comes any closer, I’ll let you know what I think it might be.”

The Pink Butterfly watched as the golden ball grew bigger as it came closer.

“That’s strange! I can hear beautiful singing voices, and I think

they're coming from the golden ball of light," she said excitedly.

"What do you think it is? Will it bump into us?" asked the Little White Cloud anxiously.

"I don't know yet," she replied. "But, just a moment," she said as she leaned out even farther. "I can see wings, and there is something sitting on its back." She fluttered her wings so fast that she slipped off the edge of the cloud and began falling towards the golden ball of light.

"Be careful Pink Butterfly. If you go too far I won't be able to help you. Please come back right now," cried the Little White Cloud, as he watched her flying off into the distance.

"Oh dear! Now I'm really all alone," he said, as he almost began to cry.

"Stop being so silly!" he said firmly to himself. "If I cry, my tears will fall on my very dear friend, the Pink Butterfly. And if she gets wet, she won't be able to come back to keep me company."

So he just waited and hoped she wouldn't be too long. Then suddenly, he heard laughter and voices, and couldn't believe what he saw. Heading towards him was a magnificent golden skylark, with three tiny passengers on his back.

"Get ready Little White Cloud, we're coming in for a landing," called the Pink Butterfly, as she directed Maestro Skylark to the best place to land.

The Little White Cloud was so excited he floated in all directions. The golden skylark circled around him several times, and then said, "I can't see a good place to touch down. If he doesn't keep still, I cannot make a landing."

The three passengers looked at each other, and wondered what to do.

“I have an idea Maestro Skylark,” said Beatrix excitedly.

“I want you to fly as close to the cloud as you can. Then, hover and sing, just like you did when you lived in Fairyland.”

“Excuse me!” he exclaimed. “My wings are already aching, and you want me to hover and sing!”

“Yes! That’s exactly what I said,” she replied firmly.

“Oh, I can’t sing because the ache is going to make me think about it,” he moaned.

“That’s nonsense,” Beatrix replied tersely. “Just think of something that you really like to do, and the pain will be tired of not being noticed and will go away.”

“I just don’t believe that!” he replied rudely.

“Well, it worked for me. When my wings ached, I kept thinking about meeting my friend the Pink Butterfly, and in no time at all, you were there to help us.”

“Oh well! As there’s nothing else we can do right now, I might as well give it a try. Are you ready? Here goes! Hold on!”

Maestro Skylark flew very close to the cloud. He slowed down and began to hover. He took a deep breath and started to sing. His voice was so powerful it nearly shook them off his back.

“That’s good!” she said. “Now try to hover even closer, and please sing a little softer. I’m going to talk with the Little White Cloud.”

“I don’t know how to sing any softer!” he said haughtily.

“Then, just try!”

Beatrix the Butterfly leaned over towards the Little White Cloud and

whispered, "Little White Cloud, can you hear me?"

"Yes, of course I can. You don't need to whisper. I'm not asleep!"

"I didn't think you were," she replied sternly.

"I know you're going to tell me to keep still, but I can't seem to. The wind keeps blowing me around, and teasing me, and I get all out of shape."

"I think I can help," she replied softly. "We're going to play a game."

"Oh, good! I love playing games. I'm ready!" he said excitedly.

"All right! First of all, I want you to close your eyes. Then, squeeze yourself as hard as you can and listen to the skylark singing."

"Oh, that's easy," he said, as he closed his eyes and started to squeeze.

"Quick, Maestro Skylark. There's a safe spot to land on," she said, pointing to a firm patch of white cloud.

"Hold on, we're going down," she said excitedly to the Pink Butterfly and Fairy Blue Light.

Maestro Skylark hovered over the patch, wobbled a bit, and then slowly landed as gently as he could.

"Little White Cloud, you can open your eyes now. We're safely on board. Now, wasn't that fun?" she laughed.

"Fun! What fun? I'm still waiting to play the game. When do we start?" he said angrily.

"That was the game," she chuckled.

"Well, I didn't like it!" he said feeling very annoyed and trembling as he spoke. In fact, he was so upset he became very quiet and sulked. Then, after a few moments, he came up with a better idea and proudly announced,

“I want all of you to know, I’ve decided to become a Big White Cloud again.” But no one heard him. The Little White Cloud closed his eyes and imagined he was a big cloud. He didn’t need to worry any more as any minute now he would be pulled up to the Hall of the Silver Threads and be safely home again.

Now that his passengers were safely off his back, Maestro Skylark shook himself and strutted up and down trying to get his ruffled feathers back in place. The Pink Butterfly hugged her dearest friend Beatrix the Butterfly, and they laughed and chatted together.

Fairy Blue Light and Maestro Skylark now sat side by side. He felt rather uneasy, and turned to her and said, “Fairy Blue Light, I must leave immediately. I have a long journey down to Fairyland. I’m already late, and they will wonder where I am.”

Fairy Blue Light didn’t know what to say to him. She lowered her head, and looked up through her long eyelashes and whispered kindly, “Don’t you think you should rest before you continue your journey?”

“Oh no! I’m not tired. I’m just glad you’re all safely inside now. It was quite a journey, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, it was sir,” she whispered, as a veil of red swept over her pale cheeks.

Maestro Skylark knew she felt uncomfortable talking with him, and came up with an idea.

“Have you ever been deep inside a cloud?” he asked her.

“No, I haven’t,” she replied.

“Well, it’s quite an experience I can assure you,” he said peering directly at her.

“Oh really!” she said.

“I’ve got a good idea. While the two butterflies are talking, why don’t we go and look at the centre of this one,” he said kindly, as he stood up.

“Thank you sir! That would be very nice,” she said shyly.

They walked down a vapoury tunnel that was lit by sparkles of sunlight darting through the cloud. The end of the tunnel opened out into a large hall.

“This is the heart of the cloud,” he said, as he walked over to the centre, “and here is its silver lining.” He pointed to where it sparkled with streams of silver light.

“Maestro Skylark, it is so beautiful,” said Fairy Blue Light breathlessly. “I didn’t know that clouds sparkled on the inside.”

“Each cloud is different, and I hasten to add that this cloud is the most beautiful one I’ve ever seen on the inside.”

Fairy Blue Light went over to the silver lining and gently rubbed her hands over the surface. It felt smooth and moist.

“I wonder what stormy clouds look like on the inside,” said Fairy Blue Light giggling.

“Oh, I can assure you, they don’t have insides like this one,” he continued. “They’re so angry, they’re grey all the way through. They haven’t learned yet how to become beautiful.”

Fairy Blue Light wondered what he meant, but didn’t ask him. He was so clever and knew about everything.

“Come Fairy Blue Light, we must go back to the others. They will wonder where we are.”

So they turned and walked back through the tunnel, and found the two butterflies still chatting.

“Where did you go?” asked the Pink Butterfly, turning to them as they sat down.

“We went deep inside the cloud,” said Fairy Blue Light excitedly. “You cannot imagine how beautiful he is. And right in his middle is the most beautiful silver lining.”

Then all three of them started laughing and chatting again. Poor Maestro Skylark knew that if he didn’t interrupt them, he’d never start on his journey back to Fairyland.

“Ladies, please excuse me! I’m ready now to continue my journey. I have been here far too long,” he said as he strutted up and down, shaking his feet and ruffling his wings.

Beatrix the Butterfly left her two friends, and went over to Maestro Skylark. She paused for a moment, then said softly, “Maestro Skylark, I have decided to return to Fairyland, instead of going on to the Golden City Behind the Sun. Do you think I could go with you?”

“Why of course! I would love to have you travel with me Miss Beatrix,” he said, bowing low. “You’ve done enough flying for a while.”

“Oh, thank you, sir,” she said, as her tiny face went very red.

“I would be honored to have you as my passenger. Indeed, you are a very brave little butterfly.”

“Oh, thank you sir!” she replied again, and fluttered over to her friends.

“What’s wrong Beatrix?” asked Fairy Blue Light, seeing her sad little face.

“Oh Fairy Blue Light, I have something important to tell you,” she said in a quivering voice. “I’ve decided to return to Fairyland, and Maestro Skylark has offered to let me travel with him.” She threw her arms around them both, and they held tightly to each other.

“Dear Fairy Blue Light,” she said, giving her an extra hug, “I hope you find the answer to your question.”

“Oh!” sobbed Fairy Blue Light. “I hope so too. I want to be a real fairy again. I miss not having wings. Thank you dear Beatrix for helping me. I’ll really miss you.”

“I’ll miss you too. But, don’t forget, when you think about me, I’ll be right beside you,” she said as she fluttered up and settled on Maestro Skylark’s back.

“Are you comfortable Miss Beatrix?” he asked politely.

“Yes, thank you sir!” she replied.

“Fairy Blue Light, please don’t forget to come and see me when you return to Fairyland. I want to hear all about your adventures.”

“Yes, of course I shall,” she said, looking up at Beatrix through misty eyes.

Maestro Skylark flapped his strong wings, and took off into the clear blue sky. Then, he turned sharply and headed straight down towards Fairyland.

The Pink Butterfly and Fairy Blue Light stood and waved until they were out of sight. The Little White Cloud also watched them as they disappeared into the distance.

“Now can I go home?” he asked impatiently. “I can’t wait much longer.”

The Pink Butterfly walked over to the silver thread, and gave it three big tugs.

“Yes, you can. We’re on our way!” she said.

The Little White Cloud swayed gently back and forth, and felt himself being pulled slowly upwards.

“My! What an adventure. I can’t wait to tell my friends all about it,” he said, as the silver thread tugged on his tummy.

CHAPTER THREE

All was ready in the Hall of the Silver Threads. The heavy jewel studded doors were wide open, and everyone waited for his return.

“Pull him up slowly, and be careful when he gets to the doorway,” called out the Keeper of the Silver Threads. “He is much bigger now than when we lowered him. It is going to be far more difficult to get him back inside.”

“Do you need more help?” he asked, turning to the group of elves.

“Yes please,” replied one of them. “He is heavier this time and much harder to pull in.”

Another group of elves ran over and helped turn the handle. Everyone watched anxiously as the empty spool slowly filled up.

The Keeper of the Silver Threads leaned out of the doorway and called out, “Little White Cloud, you are to come straight through the open doorway, and it might be a good idea if you let out a deep puff of air!”

The Little White Cloud shook from one end to the other.

“Did I hear someone say that I had to become small again? That couldn’t possibly be right,” he said angrily.

So he just ignored it, and let them continue to pull him up. Just as he was beginning to enjoy the ride, he felt himself bump against something.

“Goodness me, what was that?” he wondered, as he opened his eyes wide and tried to see what was in the way.

“I told you to breathe out!” called the Keeper of the Silver Threads angrily. “Did you forget? We can’t get you through the doorway if you don’t get smaller.”

“I told you, I don’t want to be small again. I’m happy being big. I just won’t breathe out! You will have to pull much harder.”

Fairy Blue Light and the Pink Butterfly also felt the bump, and rushed over to the edge.

“Fairy Blue Light! We’ve arrived,” said the Pink Butterfly excitedly. “We must be inside the Hall of the Silver Threads.”

“Oh thank goodness!” she exclaimed. “But, why can’t we see anyone? I can hear people talking, but that is all. I wonder how we get out?”

They both sat quietly and listened. The voices grew louder, and the cloud grew bigger.

The Pink Butterfly guessed what was happening and said sternly, “Little White Cloud, what are you trying to do?”

“Nothing!” he replied. “They’re cross with me because I won’t breathe out. I don’t want to be small again.”

“But we can’t get off, and Fairy Blue Light won’t be able to go to the Golden City. I thought you were going to help us.”

“I don’t care. I’m not going to breathe out. I don’t want to look silly in front of my friends.”

“You don’t want to *look* silly,” repeated the Pink Butterfly. “But it’s far worse to act silly. No one wants to be friends with a silly cloud, so you won’t have friends anyway.”

“Being big makes me feel special. And, I have done something important. I’m proud of myself,” he boasted.

“You might *look* bigger on the outside, but you’re acting like a very small spoilt cloud. Have you forgotten that you’re hanging from a silver thread because you were too afraid to meet us on your own? If you won’t cooperate, I will tell them to cut the silver thread right now. Then you’ll be so unhappy, you’ll cry until you just disappear.”

The Pink Butterfly winked at Fairy Blue Light and they waited for him to reply. But the Little White Cloud was thinking, and he wasn’t going to rush that either.

“I hadn’t thought of it like that,” he said quietly to himself. “Yes, she’s right. I was scared to go out on my own.” The more he thought about it the more scared he became, and again a few tears started to trickle down. As he watched them fall, he saw the folk in Fairyland still looking up at him.

“Of course, now I remember, I felt good before, so why shouldn’t I feel good again. Everyone thinks I’m wonderful, and it doesn’t matter whether I’m big or small. So, I’d better do what they want.”

“All right Pink Butterfly, I’ve decided to become small again,” he said as he sighed deeply. “Oh my!” he said, as he sighed again, and found himself slipping easily through the doorway.

“Thank you Little White Cloud. We love you very much,” said Fairy Blue Light as she stepped off the cloud.

“Yes, we most certainly do,” said the Pink Butterfly nodding. “You were very brave. Now you’re safely home again, you can do whatever you wish.”

“Thank you,” he replied. “And yes, I do have a wish.”

“Oh, what is it?” she asked.

“Please tell the Keeper of the Silver Threads to . . . ” he hesitated.

“Yes, to do what Little White Cloud?”

“To . . . to cut the Silver Thread!” he said in barely more than a whisper. “I don’t care what size I am anymore. I just want to follow Maestro Skylark and Beatrix the Butterfly. Maybe I can help them. I’m far happier helping others than just thinking about myself.”

“Oh, I’m so proud of you,” she said. “I’ll go and tell him right now.”

She fluttered over to the Keeper of the Silver Threads and landed on his long silver beard. She reached up and whispered in his ear. He beckoned to a fairy dressed in silver who carried a large pair of silver scissors. Everyone stepped back. He gave her a signal and she opened the scissors wide, leaned over, and cut the silver threads in half.

The Little White Cloud slipped silently away into the clear blue sky. His smile was so bright it lit up the whole city. As he slipped farther and farther away, they saw him change from a soft white to a deep rose pink with silver streaks.

In the Golden City Behind the Sun, the Great Being of Light saw the soft pink rays reflecting on his city. He knew that another of his children had found the true meaning of love. He wondered who would be next.

CHAPTER FOUR

Fairy Blue Light looked around the Hall of the Silver Threads. It was warm and bright, and everyone was very busy.

“Welcome to the Golden City Behind the Sun,” said the Keeper of the Silver Threads, as he took Fairy Blue Light by the hand and led her into the centre of the room.

“Thank you sir,” she replied nervously. “Is it all right if I wait here for my friend, the Pink Butterfly, to return?”

“Of course! Just make yourself comfortable. I’m sure she won’t be long.”

As soon as he’d left her, a group of elves gathered around her and stared rather rudely. “She’s no fairy!” said one of the elves. “She has no wings.”

Fairy Blue Light looked at all the strange little faces staring at her, and felt very awkward. She stood up quickly and said angrily, “Yes, I am a fairy, but right now I don’t have any wings, and . . .” But, as she tried to explain, they all laughed and ran away.

“Oh, how I wish I were still in Fairyland,” she said sadly.

Suddenly, the Hall of the Silver Threads disappeared and she was standing at the bottom of a soft green grassy slope. In the distance on the top of the hill a castle sparkled like diamonds. Plumes of colored lights flowed from the top of tall columns that reached high into the sky.

“Oh my goodness where am I? I’ve never seen anything so beautiful, not even in Fairyland,” she gasped as she looked around.

The bright green grass felt like a soft carpet as she walked over it. All around her were flowers with faces that laughed and sang. Fluttering

among the flowers were butterflies with wings painted in soft colors, and studded with jewels. Colorful birds sang happily and a feeling of peace and love flowed everywhere.

“I wonder which way goes to the Golden City. There’s no sign post anywhere,” she said anxiously. “Oh, I wish I knew.” Even before she had finished speaking, a wide a purple pathway appeared right at her feet.

“Oh my goodness!” she said, as she jumped back. “Where did this come from? And where does it go?” She could see the purple pathway curved between some flowering bushes, but she couldn’t see any farther. She leaned forward to take a look, but she leaned just a little too far, and fell head first on to the pathway.

“Help! Let me off!” she cried, as the path started moving forward. Then it moved faster and faster. She tried to stand up, but fell back down again.

“Oh, dear,” she cried. “I don’t know which way it’s going. Maybe it’s the wrong way!” But the pathway kept moving steadily along.

“You look so funny, so very, very funny!” sang some squeaky voices.

Then some other strange voices laughed and asked, “Who are you? It’s quite obvious you’re not a fairy because you don’t have wings.”

Fairy Blue Light looked around and saw nothing but a dancing stream and soft swaying trees. She wondered where the voices came from.

“Well, whoever you are,” she said crossly, “I don’t look funny. My wings are being repaired, and I’m on my way to meet the Great Being of Light!”

“Oh, we didn’t know that. Sorry, we were just teasing you,” the voices giggled.

“That wasn’t nice of you,” she scolded. “But, maybe you can help me. Could you please tell me if I’m going the right way or the wrong way?”

“Depends what you mean. What is the wrong way? We’ve never heard of that. There is only one way to go, and that is the right way, so how could you possibly think you are going any other way?”

“Well, I just thought . . . !” she stammered.

“That’s your problem right there!” said a voice coming from somewhere. “You *‘thought!* Just let the path take you where you have to go.”

“Do you mean, I am going the right way?” she asked again.

But no reply came. As the purple path moved along it passed masses of brightly colored flowers singing like a choir. Tiny bugs, running all over the place, stopped for a moment, and waved to her. Azure blue birds flew along with her, and some even settled on the path and chirped happily as they rode along with her. She wished she knew what they were telling her. But somehow, even though she didn’t know why, she slowly began to feel much happier.

“What an incredible place this is,” she laughed, as the pathway wound its way between the trees. “I wonder how far it goes, and how will I know when to get off?”

As the purple path turned the corner, Fairy Blue Light gasped and put her hands up to her eyes. Up ahead in the distance she saw a dazzling white light and the path was moving directly towards it. Then suddenly it stopped, almost throwing her off. She scrambled to stand up, and when she looked up she found the dazzling light had turned into a beautiful

woman in a long flowing soft white dress.

“Welcome to the Golden City Behind the Sun, Fairy Blue Light,” she said, as she took her by the hand, and helped her off the pathway.

“My name is Ansela. I am your guide while you are visiting us. I hope you will enjoy being here in the Golden City Behind the Sun.”

Fairy Blue Light just stood and stared. She had never seen anyone so beautiful. A hazy white light glowed from around her body, like rays from the Moon. Her eyes were violet, and her skin radiant with light. Long flowing golden curls fell softly down her back.

“Oh! . . . er . . . Thank you,” she replied. “I’m sure I shall.”

“I’ve heard all about your journey from Fairyland,” said Ansela. “It really was quite an adventure.”

“Yes, it was,” replied Fairy Blue Light happily. “But, I’m glad it’s over now!”

“Oh, are you!” laughed Ansela. “Maybe, it’s only just beginning!”

“Oh, what do you mean?” asked Fairy Blue Light anxiously.

“Don’t look so worried. I have some exciting things to tell you.”

“Oh, really!” said Fairy Blue Light feeling puzzled.

“Yes! So why don’t we sit down here and talk for a while.”

Before she finished speaking, two ornate glass chairs appeared, and they both sat down.

Ansela waited for Fairy Blue Light to settle down, and then turned to her and said, “Fairy Blue Light, have you noticed that you are no longer a little shy frightened fairy?”

Fairy Blue Light looked very surprised and said, “Do you mean that I’m growing taller? If I am, my wings won’t fit me, and the dragonflies will

be angry with me.”

“No, not taller on the outside,” laughed Ansela. “I’m talking about the inside. That’s where it counts. I have a strong feeling that perhaps you won’t need wings any more.”

“But if I don’t have wings, I can’t fly anywhere. That would be awful, and I wouldn’t be a Fairy,” replied Fairy Blue Light sadly.

“I don’t have wings, but I can go anywhere. All I have to do is to think of where I want to go, and I am there.”

Fairy Blue Light thought for a moment and then said, “Oh, that’s what Mother Nature does, and once, it almost happened to me. It’s not quite the same, but when I first got here, I didn’t know which way to go, and a path suddenly appeared and brought me here.”

“Yes, that’s right Fairy Blue Light. Thoughts are like little bees buzzing around, all waiting for directions. But, if we don’t tell those thoughts what to do, they go anywhere they want to, and get us into a lot of trouble.”

“Really?” Fairy Blue Light giggled.

“Why don’t we walk for a while, and we can talk at the same time,” she said getting up as the chairs disappeared.

“Fairy Blue Light, it’s been a long time since you left Fairyland. Can you remember why you left?”

“Oh, yes,” she replied hastily. “I was given a job to do, and because I was afraid, I refused to listen.”

“Yes, that’s right,” replied Ansela taking her by the hand. “But, now you’re going to be helped.”

Fairy Blue Light frowned and said, “But, how can anyone help me

when I don't remember any more?"

"Well, to begin with, you have to find out why you were afraid," she replied. "That is what I am going to help you with. Before you meet the Great Being of Light, you must learn more about yourself. Then, and only then, can he help you."

"Ansela, how do you know so much about me?" asked Fairy Blue Light stopping and looking right up at her. "And how did you know I was coming to the Golden City Behind the Sun?"

"My goodness me, you do like asking questions," said Ansela laughing. "Well, it's very exciting, so do try and keep still for a moment, and I will tell you."

"All right, I promise I'll try," laughed Fairy Blue Light, as she made herself walk slowly beside Ansela.

"First, did you know that everyone has a special Fairy to look after them?" she asked.

"Oh yes, I have lots of friends at home and we always look after each other."

"No, I don't mean ones you can see," she replied.

"Then where are they if you can't see them?" asked Fairy Blue Light.

"Well, the most important thing is that you have to believe in us, and when you need help, we're right beside you."

"That must be a full time job," laughed Fairy Blue Light.

"Yes, that's true. But we only help when we're asked. Some of us are not very busy and that makes us sad."

"But I didn't know about you, until *you* came to *me*," said Fairy Blue Light.

“Yes, there are certain times when we have to let you know that we’re with you. When you were too afraid to tell anyone how you felt, I was the only one who knew.”

“Oh, Ansel! I’m so glad you did,” said Fairy Blue Light, as she turned around and gave her a big hug.

“I want you to remember what you just said Fairy Blue Light,” she replied firmly.

“Oh, I’ll never forget it, because it’s true.”

Fairy Blue Light now skipped along beside Ansel. Her dainty feet pointed gracefully as she twisted and twirled.

“Where are we going to Ansel?” asked Fairy Blue Light, as she pulled back her long silver hair and twisted it up on top. “The path winds round and round, and seems to go on forever.”

“Today, we’re going to meet someone who is going to tell you all about loving and caring.”

“Oh, I know all about that. I love all my friends very much,” said Fairy Blue Light.

“Yes, but that’s only a part of it. Did you know that you cannot really love another until you first love yourself?” asked Ansel.

Fairy Blue Light laughed. “That sounds silly! I don’t know what you mean. Is it a riddle? Riddles and I don’t get along together.”

“No, it’s not a riddle,” said Ansel. “How do you know what love is, if you don’t love yourself first?”

“I’ve never thought about that. It’s much easier to love someone else,” replied Fairy Blue Light.

She turned and looked directly at Ansel and said, “I still think

you're teasing me."

"Well, we'll soon find out. I can see you're ready to learn where love comes from," she replied.

"I know where it comes from. It comes from the heart," said Fairy Blue Light. "It couldn't come from your stomach! Can you imagine seeing a card on Valentine's Day with a stomach on it instead of a heart?" she giggled.

"No! I most certainly can't," replied Ansela laughing too. "But, you know that Valentine's day is very important to the fairies and elves."

"Yes, I know it is," replied Fairy Blue Light. "That's the day we remind the mortals to love each other. But I don't understand why we have to remind them of something so beautiful. Why don't they just love everyone all the time?"

"I agree too, but it all began sometime ago. Why don't you let me tell you all about it?"

"Oh, yes please," said Fairy Blue Light excitedly. Fairy Blue Light and Ansela sat down on a soft patch of green grass beside a bubbling stream that gurgled as it jumped over the rocks. The graceful sweeping foliage of the Weeping Willow trees blew gently back and forth above them.

From out of somewhere, tiny bugs, butterflies and bees, crept up to them and also waited eagerly for Ansela to begin her story. Everyone was hushed and waiting.

"Once upon a time," she began, "just before Valentine's Day, a very naughty elf whispered something very bad to a mortal boy. He told him to draw a picture of a red heart pierced in two by an arrow. The boy was so

proud of his picture that he persuaded all of his friends to buy one. From there, the idea grew and grew. This prank was so serious that the elf was banished from Fairyland forever.

“Oh, how terrible Ansel,!” said Fairy Blue Light sadly.

“But, wait that is not all. When he realized how serious it was, he offered to do the never ending job of repairing all the broken hearts from everywhere. He is having a very difficult time.”

“That is awful Ansel! He must be terribly sad. I really feel sorry for him.”

“No Fairy Blue Light. You mustn’t feel sorry for him, because that means you agree with him, and that is wrong.”

Fairy Blue Light nodded, and tried to grasp what she meant. It must be important if Ansel said it was.

“I think the time has come for you to meet him.”

As they stood up, the tiny creatures quickly disappeared, and they were left alone.

“Oh, who is he? And where does he live?” asked Fairy Blue Light excitedly. “I don’t see any houses around here.”

“His name is Helf, the Broken Heart Elf, and he doesn’t live near here. But there is an easy way to get to him. Just close your eyes, and imagine that he is telling you all about mending broken hearts.”

Fairy Blue Light looked startled. She was getting used to the flowers and trees talking to her, and seeing their extra bright colors, but this was just too much.

“How can I wish to go somewhere, if I’m not really sure I want to go there?” asked Fairy Blue Light. But, before she had time to reply, a

‘whoosh’ of warm air picked her up and carried her off.

“Ansela! Ansela! Help! Where am I going? Please come with me,” she cried. But Ansela didn’t reply. After a while of floating somewhere, she felt herself falling slowly downwards. The blanket of warm air landed her gently on a velvety pink rose petal.

“Where am I?” she asked, looking around. “And where is Helf?”

Ansela, and all her friends were now forgotten as the frightened little fairy curled up on the warm rose leaf, and melted into its softness. Just as she began to feel safe, along came another gust of wind and swept her off again. But, this time the wind was cold and clammy.

“Help! Help!” she cried again. “Where am I going? I don’t like this! Please put me down,” she begged.

But, this time she knew she was all alone. There was no way to turn back to that lovely warm spot on the rose leaf.

But Ansela was still there. She watched over Fairy Blue Light as she was swept away by the cold clammy wind. She wanted to help her, but knew that all she could do was to watch and wait. Fairy Blue Light had to go on alone. The only thing she could do was to whisper to her to let her know that she really wasn’t alone, even though it felt like it.

Now that Fairy Blue Light is so frightened, do you think she’ll remember Ansela is still looking after her?



Question

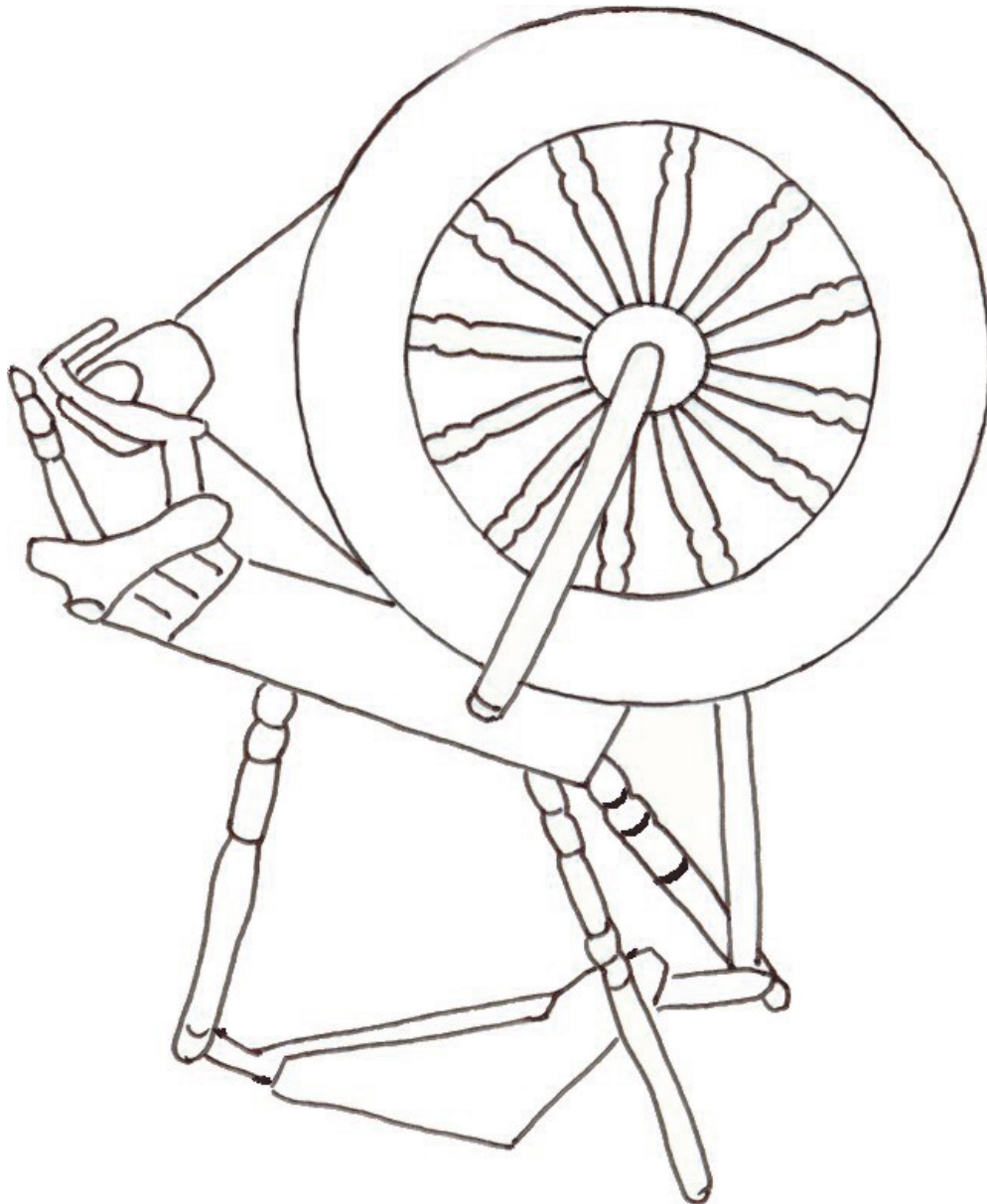
Sometimes it's hard to make a decision. What kind of decisions do you make every day?

Project

Take out your colored pencils or paints, and color the spinning wheel a dark brown.

Some parts of it can be light brown and a deep yellow. Make it look like wood.

Spinning Wheel



Colored by: _____

All About the Fifth book

Back to Fairyland

Fairyland still seems a long way off when Fairy Blue Light finds herself in the Hall of Broken Hearts. But, someone arrives who helps her find her way out of it, and takes her into the Golden City Behind the Sun.

The Great Being of Light tells her why she had to make this long, and sometimes frightening, adventure to see him. Happily she returns to Fairyland and meets all her friends again and the magical journey is over, at least for a time, until she goes on another one.

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