

# A Magical Journey

Use Your Imagination Books

the Second book

## The Search Begins



"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
The Fifth Book	Back to Fairyland

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## *The Search Begins*

**D**own at the bottom of the garden, well hidden in the tall green grass, the fairies lived in tiny toadstool houses, well hidden in the tall green grass. They shared this part of the garden with many tiny creatures who lived happily inside the flower petals and underneath the leaves.

Today was a special day in Fairyland as Fairy Rose Light had called a meeting. Very soon the fairies began arriving in small groups. Some went and sat on tiny stones in the grass, and others sat inside the petals of the yellow buttercups.

Their pastel gossamer gowns rippled softly as the breeze gently teased them. Over their shoulders their hair hung like golden threads, and fell gently in curls between their wings. A melody of soft very excited voices mingled with the sounds of the busy garden. As Fairy Rose Light stood up, the chattering gradually stopped.

“Thank you for coming,” she said in a soft sweet voice. “I know you’re all wondering why I called this special meeting.”

The fairies smiled and nodded their heads.

“Well, as you know, yesterday we all saw a rainbow in the sky, and here in Fairyland that is most unusual because it hardly ever rains. And that always means something quite extraordinary is going to happen.”

A low murmur of excited voices filled the fairy glade.

“Today, I have something very special to tell you.” She paused for a few moments waiting for the fairies to settle down.

“This morning, I was sitting quietly waiting for the day to begin, when suddenly there was a flash of light, and Mother Nature stood right in front of me.”

All the fairies gasped with delight. They knew it was an honour to have Mother Nature actually appear and talk to you.

“She told me that several magic raindrops had already left the Golden City Behind the Sun. As soon as the rainbow appeared, they were put in a crystal carriage pulled by four golden butterflies. When everything was ready, they brought them down the rainbow to Fairyland. As the magic raindrops are very new and delicate, you must find them immediately and watch over them.”

All the fairies clapped their tiny hands and laughed and chatted with each other. This was their favourite job, and it didn't happen very often.

“Hush now!” she said, raising her arms to get their attention. “There is no time to waste, we must get started immediately.”

Another fairy sitting beside Fairy Rose Light stood up. Her long flowing gown shimmered with the light of all the colours around her. She stepped forward gracefully, and moved to one side of Fairy Rose Light.

“The Crystal Fairy is here to call out your name and to tell you where your magic raindrop is hidden. Please listen carefully, we don't want any mistakes.”

The Crystal Fairy checked off her list. One by one the names were called out, and each fairy was told where to find her magic raindrop. When she had finished reading the names, Fairy Rose Light stood up and stepped forward again.

“Thank you Crystal Fairy,” she said kindly. “Now, does everyone know where to find their magic raindrop?” The fairies nodded their heads and clapped their tiny hands. They were so excited they just couldn't wait to get started. In fact, some had already gone in search of their precious raindrop.

Fairy Rose Light looked over to where a smaller fairy sat cross-legged on the grass. She was dressed in blue from head to toe, and unlike the other fairies, her hair was silver like the light that danced from the full moon. It fell in long silky strands between her soft blue wings. A rose pink light twinkled over her heart. Her head drooped slightly, and her long silky eyelashes swept over her hazy blue eyes.

“Fairy Blue Light, are you sure you know where to go?” asked Fairy Rose Light gently. “I didn’t see you nod your head.”

“Er! . . . Yes! . . . Thank you Fairy Rose Light,” she stuttered, blushing a deep crimson red and lowering her head even more.

“Good! Then that is all for today. Off you all go and find your magic raindrops. And please remember, this must be kept a secret. Don’t tell anyone where you are going, or what you are doing.”

The fairies all flew off in different directions, and the fairy glade was left empty and silent. But, not everyone had gone to find their special raindrop. Huddled up against a wide blade of grass, Fairy Blue Light hoped that she couldn’t be seen. Her head rested wearily on her knees and her wings fell limply to the ground.

“I don’t want to find a magic raindrop,” she sobbed. “I don’t know why we have to do something we’re afraid of doing. I know everyone else thinks it’s fun. But I don’t!”

Fairy Blue Light picked up the edge of her gossamer gown and wiped away her tears. “But, even worse,” she sobbed, “I actually put my hands over my ears so I wouldn’t hear where I had to go. And then, I lied to Fairy Rose Light.”

Big tears rolled down her cheeks like a small waterfall. They kept falling drop by drop, and nothing would stop them.

“I can’t ask anyone to help me, because they’d think I was a silly cry-baby. I just don’t know what to do.”

She sobbed until there were no more tears left to fall. Her dress and wings were soaking wet, and she tried to crawl out of the deep puddle her tears had made around her.

“There must be someone who can help me. I used to have lots of friends. But now, who do I ask?” she whimpered.

She walked slowly over to the freshly cut lawn. The soft green carpet cooled her feet.

“Maybe, if I dance, I’ll feel better,” she whispered to herself.

Fairy Blue Light loved to dance. She would twist and twirl gracefully over the lawn. Sometimes she would waltz with the buttercups, and then fly from flower to flower, allowing the breeze to lift her up where her delicate wings couldn’t take her.

However, today she tried to tiptoe gracefully over the grass, and nothing happened. She felt heavy and listless.

She searched over the lawn for her friends the buttercups and daisies, but not one of them had missed being cut to shreds by the gobbling monster.

“Maybe I can still fly,” she said hopefully, as she tried to open her soggy wet wings.

“Oh! What has happened to me?” she cried again. “I can’t dance, and I can’t fly, and my friends aren’t here to help me any more. I don’t feel like a fairy now. And to make it even worse, somewhere out there in the garden, a magic raindrop is left all alone, just because I am scared.”

She collapsed to the ground. And again, she sobbed so hard that everyone in Fairyland heard a deep throbbing sound.

In fact, it was so loud, that even the Great Being of Light in the Golden City behind the Sun heard it too. He looked into his magic mirror, and to his utter amazement, he saw a tiny blue fairy lying face down on the ground, with a lake of salty tears forming around her.

“How can anyone in Fairyland be so sad?” he wondered. “I must find out what has happened.”

He placed the magic mirror back on the table, and called for the Pink Butterfly, who was known for solving problems. She fluttered over to him and landed on the edge of his sleeve.

“There is something very wrong in Fairyland,” he said to her, “and I must find out what it is.”

The Pink Butterfly looked very surprised. “This is most unusual,” she said. “When I lived in Fairyland, it was always a happy place.”

The Great Being of Light gently placed her on the back of his hand, and raised his arm until she was level with his troubled eyes.

“My magic mirror showed me a tiny blue fairy who is crying so hard that she cannot dance or fly. She is about to drown in her tears, and I want to know why,” he said sadly.

“Oh! That’s dreadful!” she gasped. “If there’s anything I can do to help you, I’ll get started straight away.”

The Great Being of Light smiled. “Thank you. I knew I could rely on you. I want her brought up to me as soon as possible. She must tell me what the problem is, and then I can help her.”

The Pink Butterfly quickly flew off his hand, as he walked across the room to the window. He leaned out and peered through the shimmering light right down to Fairyland.

“Pink Butterfly, can you find someone who will bring her up here to see me?” he asked. “I know it’s a long way, and a very dangerous journey, and being here can be dangerous too. But, I can see this fairy already sparkles with light, so even though she looks delicate, she should be quite safe.” After he finished speaking, great streams of pink and gold light flowed from his heart. The Pink Butterfly quickly flew over to the arm of his chair, and

waited for him to sit down.

“Let me think for a moment,” she said anxiously, as she crept back again on to the edge of his sleeve. She knew that he expected an answer straight away, so she’d have to think very fast.

The Pink Butterfly closed her tiny eyes tightly and began thinking. And the harder she thought the more her delicate little antennae trembled. The Great Being of Light noticed this and waited patiently for her answer. He knew it was very important for her to make the right decision, as this was the first time anything like this had ever happened in Fairyland.

After a few moments, she opened her eyes and nodded her head. “Yes, I do know someone,” she said excitedly. “We used to be friends before I left Fairyland forever.”

“Good!” he said. “What is her name? We must get in touch with her straight away.”

“It’s Beatrix the Butterfly. If I can persuade her to come, she would be just perfect. She’s spent most of her life making people happy, so she sparkles all over too.”

“That is good,” he replied. “But in return for helping us, and for taking on such a risk, we must give her something very special.”

He got up again, and paced up and down the room, and this time the Pink Butterfly flew along beside him. He stopped suddenly and turned to her.

“I have just the right answer Pink Butterfly,” he said happily. “You can tell her, that if she brings this tiny blue fairy up to me, I will give her the choice of staying here in the Golden City Behind the Sun, without having to wait until I call her.”

“Oh! How wonderful!” she said, as her wings fluttered with excitement. “I can’t wait to meet her again. I’ll get in touch with her straight away.”



“Wait! There is just one more thing,” he continued. “It’s much too far for a butterfly to travel all that distance, so we must find someone who can meet her half way.”

“That’s not going to be easy,” she replied doubtfully. “I don’t know anyone here who would be willing to take that type of risk, but I’ll ask around and try to find someone.”

“Thank you Pink Butterfly. I know you can do it. I have complete faith in your abilities. But, please remember, if there’s anything more you need, just come and ask me.”

The Great Being of Light disappeared suddenly in a flash of light, leaving long golden rays flowing out into the blue sky and all over Fairyland.

At the same time, down in Fairyland, Fairy Blue Light lifted her sad little head, and pushed her silver hair back from her face.

She noticed that the blue sky was filled with gold and pink rays that reached out as far as she could see. This was most unusual, and she wondered what was happening.

Of course, she wasn’t the only one who saw the golden rays. Everyone in Fairyland looked up and saw them too. And they all knew that something very unusual was happening in the Golden City Behind the Sun, and they too, wondered what it could possibly be.

## CHAPTER TWO

It was a gloriously sunny day and Beatrix the Butterfly was resting on an apple blossom petal on the highest branch of an apple tree in Mr. Pippin’s orchard. Across the garden, the *Annual Spring Squirrel Scamper* was in full swing in the knobby old oak trees. The happy sounds of young squirrels darting up and down the tree trunks and almost flying from limb to limb,

drifted through the air. The fragrance from the apple petals, and the warmth from the sun, made Beatrix feel drowsy.

Just as she was dozing off to sleep, some very strange thoughts came jumping into her head. She knew these thoughts weren't hers, because Mother Nature had taught her how to choose only the thoughts she wanted to think. But, they still kept coming, and coming.

"That's strange! Now I can hear someone calling my name."

She leaned over the edge of the petal and looked around. "Who is there?" she called. "I'm up here, at the top of the tree. Where are you?" She waited for a reply, but nothing came. So she fluttered off the petal and flew around a few times, and still seeing no one, she settled on a leaf much lower down.

"This is so annoying!" she said crossly. She fluttered her wings, and wriggled her body as she tried to get comfortable again. "Hopefully, now I won't be disturbed this time," she said, as she closed her eyes and settled down on the soft warm green leaf.

"Beatrix the Butterfly, can you hear me?" called the voice again.

Beatrix jumped up quickly, and clenched her fists. "Yes! I can! But I'm not going to listen to you because you're just a dream," she said angrily, and put her hands over her ears.

"Beatrix the Butterfly, it isn't a dream. I'm talking to you inside your head," said the mysterious voice. "And putting your hands over your ears isn't going to help. Please sit down again and close your eyes, keep them closed and listen to me."

"Who are you?" Beatrix asked anxiously. "And, I don't want to sit down. I'm all upset now, and I most certainly don't want to close my eyes. If my eyes are closed, how can I see you?"

Beatrix the Butterfly!" said the voice firmly. "I am your friend, the

Pink Butterfly, and I'm calling you from the Golden City Behind the Sun. It isn't your imagination. Please listen carefully to what I have to say. I need you to help me with a very special job."

Beatrix the Butterfly was shocked. She didn't know what to do. The voice sounded like her friend the Pink Butterfly, but she knew that was impossible. So she gave herself a little shake and settled down on the leaf and closed her eyes.

"I haven't forgotten that you were my very best friend in Fairyland," the voice continued. "And, just because you can't see me now, doesn't change anything. You are still my best friend."

Beatrix the Butterfly felt a tear trickle down her tiny cheek. Could this really be the Pink Butterfly? It was such a long time since she'd heard from her, but she still thought about her quite often.

The Pink Butterfly sensed that Beatrix now was starting to believe her. It had taken much longer than she expected, but she knew that Beatrix wanted only the truth.

"Beatrix," she called, "I have a special message for you. It's from someone very important."

Beatrix, still feeling a little uncertain, peeped out of one eye to see if someone was sitting on the leaf beside her, but there was no one there.

"How can I help you? And how can you talk to me inside my head?" she asked.

"Never mind about that now, there's something far more important for you to hear," she replied.

Beatrix trembled with excitement. How did the Pink Butterfly know that she was ready for something new? Just flying around from blossom to blossom, day after day, became rather boring.

Beatrix thought for a moment, then said, "Please tell me what this is

all about, and I'll try to believe you."

Beatrix the Butterfly closed her eyes. And this time she kept them closed as she listened to the voice inside her head.

"Beatrix, somewhere in Fairyland there is a very sad fairy. Her heart has broken in two. This has never happened before in Fairyland, and the Great Being of Light, in the Golden City Behind the Sun wants to meet her."

"I . . . I . . . don't know anything about her," she stuttered, "and anyway, how is she going to meet the Great Being of Light? I can't help you with something as important as that!"

The Pink Butterfly laughed because Beatrix sounded so serious. "Well, *I* think you can help me, and I don't know anyone else who would accept such a challenge. I know you are very reliable butterfly and won't give up, and that is very important."

Poor Beatrix was stunned. She rubbed her eyes and shook her head, and said, "Are you asking me to take the little sad fairy to the Golden City Behind the Sun?"

There was a long pause before Beatrix replied. "But, we couldn't go there," she said anxiously. "It wouldn't be safe. Only someone who has left Fairyland forever, and is now a sparkling light, can go there."

"Yes, that's true Beatrix. But, if you want to go, and really believe that you can, then you'll be protected all the way."

Beatrix didn't know what to say. She had wished for a challenge, but this was far more than she ever expected. "There must be some way out of this," she thought, and tried to find an excuse. "Well, to begin with, I don't know of any fairy who is sad, and I wouldn't even know where to begin looking for her. Fairyland is very large."

"Oh, that part's easy Beatrix. She lives at the bottom of Mr. Pippin's

garden where the grass grows straight and tall. But now she's lying down at the edge of the newly cut lawn, which is also crying as it still hurts from being cut too short. She is almost drowning in a lake of their tears."

"Oh my! That's terrible!" Beatrix exclaimed. "But, how will I know her? And what's her name? Maybe, she'll hear me if I call."

"Beatrix! Calm down," said the Pink Butterfly firmly. "I can help you with all you need to know. Her name is Fairy Blue Light. And, unlike the other fairies whose hair is gold, hers is silver. Her dress is the colour of bluebells, and right now, her wings are soaking wet and hanging heavily by her sides.

Beatrix let out a deep sigh and screwed up her little nose. This was all getting rather scary.

"Beatrix," said the Pink Butterfly, "please don't doubt yourself now. This is the time for you to be strong. I need your answer straight away. Will you please bring her up to us?"

There was a long pause while Beatrix struggled to find a strength deep inside herself.

"Well, if *you* think I can, then I *know* I can," she said, with a little more confidence.

"But! . . ." she started to say.

"No 'buts' please Beatrix. That just doesn't suit you," scolded the Pink Butterfly.

"Well, I think I'm sort of excited," she replied, "and I do love adventures, but there's a funny feeling inside my tummy."

"Oh, I know what that is Beatrix," replied the Pink Butterfly. "It's called fear. You've simply forgotten that fear is excitement turned inside out, and you're letting fear creep in."

"Oh, my goodness me! Am I?" she said. "Well, then I'm just not

going to let it in.”

“That’s good! Now, Beatrix, there’s no time to waste,” she said firmly. “Listen carefully to what I have to say. You’ll be quite safe and have nothing to be afraid of.”

“All right,” she replied. “I’ll try very hard. I’m ready now.”

Beatrix sat very still, except for her two tiny wriggling antennae. She needed them to help her to remember every word the Pink Butterfly was about to tell her.

Now that Beatrix had made up her mind to help, the Pink Butterfly knew that she must explain the directions very clearly. She wanted Beatrix, her dearest friend, and the little blue fairy, to travel in safety.

“First of all,” she began, “when you find Fairy Blue Light, take her to the meadow where the grass is long. Then, there are three things for you to remember. First, look for the old mushroom with three spots on its top. You’ll find him near the two red poppies who are very much in love. You can’t miss them as they’re always singing love songs to each other.”

“All right, Pink Butterfly. That’s easy to remember,” she laughed.

“Wait! That’s not all,” said the Pink Butterfly. “Near by the two red poppies is an extra fluffy white dandelion. When Mother Nature heard about this dangerous journey, she filled its fluff with golden magic dust.”

“But, there are lots and lots of dandelions,” said Beatrix anxiously. “How will we know which one it is?”

“Just do what you usually do when you want to know something? Look inside yourself and listen.”

“Oh, yes, of course!” she replied.

The Pink Butterfly paused briefly and then continued, “When you’ve found the dandelion, and you’re ready to leave for the Golden City Behind the Sun, reach down to the bottom of the stem and pick it very

carefully. Then, hold it high above the two of you. Take a deep breath and give it three good puffs. The golden dust will blow up in the air, and then fall down on you, and you'll both be invisible. The magic golden dust will protect you on your journey."

"Fluffy dandelion! Magic dust!" Beatrix laughed. "What is this all about?"

"Never mind what it's all about, just remember everything I've told you," said the Pink Butterfly firmly.

"I'm trying as hard as I can, but it's an awful lot to remember."

The Pink Butterfly felt uneasy. She wondered what would happen if Beatrix forgot anything. But, somehow she knew that everything would be all right.

"Pink Butterfly, you've forgotten the most important thing of all," said Beatrix anxiously. "I've no idea how to get to the Golden City Behind the Sun? Which way do I go?"

"That's easy Beatrix. Just look for the Little White Cloud. He'll be the only cloud in the sky, and I'll be with him, waiting to meet you."

Suddenly the voice inside Beatrix the Butterfly's head stopped. She opened her eyes and looked around.

"Goodness me!" she laughed. "What a wonderful dream! I knew the scent of the apple petals would make me dream. They always do."

She looked over and saw the highest branches of the oak trees swaying, as the squirrels tried hard to win the "*Annual Spring Squirrel Scamper*." She got up and stretched, and then decided to fly over to watch them. But she kept hearing the words inside her head. Somehow she knew it wasn't a dream, and that there was no time to waste. She had to find the little blue fairy. So, she lifted off the warm green leaf and headed over towards the newly cut lawn.

Today the garden seemed much larger, and the edge of the lawn was somewhere off in the distance. But she kept moving in a zigzag pattern so she wouldn't miss any part of it.

"I know I can find her! I know I can!" she kept repeating to herself.

Then, suddenly in the distance she saw the edge of the newly cut lawn. As she got closer to it, she saw a tiny fairy dressed in blue, lying in the middle of a large lake of tears. Beatrix the Butterfly fluttered over to her, and crouched down beside her. She gently stroked her silver hair.

Fairy Blue Light looked up and saw the most beautiful butterfly kneeling beside her.

"Who . . . who are you?" she asked between her deep sobs.

"I'm your friend, Beatrix the Butterfly. Someone told me about you being so sad, and I've come to help you."

"No one can help me," she sobbed again. "It's so terrible!"

"Hush! Nothing can be as bad as that. And there's always someone to help, even when you think there is no one. You're never alone."

Fairy Blue Light sniffed a couple of times, and thought about what the butterfly had just said.

Beatrix took hold of the sad little fairy's tiny hands. She looked into her red puffy eyes and said, "I've come to take you on an adventure. How would you like to go with me to the Golden City Behind the Sun? That would be fun, wouldn't it?" she said gently.

"An adventure? I'm too tired for an adventure."

"No wonder you're tired," she said. "With these wet wings you aren't going to fly anywhere." Beatrix stroked the wings gently and felt how wet and bedraggled they were.

"Anyway, I'm going to be the one who is flying, so you don't need to worry about that. Meanwhile, I'll ask my friends the dragonflies to clean



and repair your wings. They are very meticulous and do the best work in Fairyland.”

“Oh no! . . . If you take my wings, then I won’t be a fairy any more,” she cried, as she tried hard to open and close her wings.

“But Fairy Blue Light, they must be dried and repaired. You’ll just have to get used to being without them for a while. And, by the time they’re ready, you’ll feel a lot better too.”

Beatrix carefully removed the wings one by one, and laid them flat on the ground. As she stood up, she heard a soft swishing sound. Just coming into view was the most elegant dragonfly she had ever seen. Over his arms he carried several pairs of newly cleaned and repaired fairies’ wings. Underneath his dark green dress coat with tails, he wore a silvery green waistcoat that shimmered in the sunlight. It fitted his slim body perfectly; not a crease to be seen anywhere. His long thin legs were encased in black hose, which went all the way up to his waistcoat. A dark green silk top hat balanced precariously on the top of his narrow head.

“Excuse me! Excuse me sir!” Beatrix called, waving her arms frantically in the air, trying to get his attention.

“Good morning ma’am!” he said, as he landed gracefully beside her.

“Good morning sir!” she replied.

“Allow me to introduce myself,” he said, as he took her hand and bowed low. “I am Sir Ashford the Third of Dignified Dragonfly Dry Cleaning. How might I be of service to you?”

“Sir! This fairy’s wings need drying and repairing straight away. Can you take them with you now?”

“Well ma’am, as you can see, I am on my way to deliver these wings, and I don’t think I can carry any more. Just carrying these alone might crease my jacket, so you’ll have to wait until I come back this way again.”

“Sir!” said Beatrix impatiently. “We can’t wait until you get back, because we won’t be here. We have a long journey ahead of us, and we must get started right away.”

“Sir Ashford! Please take them right now,” begged Fairy Blue Light. “I will simply die if I don’t have them back soon.”

He looked at the sad little fairy, and saw her puffy eyes and red blotched face. He went over to her and looked at her wings.

“Oh my! They are rather wet. Did you fall in a puddle or something?” he asked. “Well, never mind. I’ll get them refurbished in no time, and deliver them to you promptly.”

He paused, and then leaned over to Fairy Blue Light and whispered, “If you wish, you can call me Ashford!”

He bent down and picked up the soggy wet wings, and placed them over one arm. And over his other arm, he draped the wings for delivery. He straightened his back, cocked his top hat politely to each of them, and his two-tiered powerful elegant wings, carried him quickly over the meadow and out of sight.

Beatrix the Butterfly turned to Fairy Blue Light and said, “Quick! Climb on my back and put your arms around my neck. You must trust me. And please don’t ask any questions.”

Fairy Blue Light felt lighter without her soggy wings, and she slowly got up from the ground. She crawled on to Beatrix the Butterfly’s back, and placed her tiny fragile arms around her neck. A soft warm current of air saw them wanting a ride. It came along and lifted them gently off the ground. And soon they were flying up into the clear blue sky.

“Did you say we’re going to the Golden City Behind the Sun?” asked Fairy Blue Light. “That’s an awfully long way to go.”

“Fairy Blue Light, I told you not to ask any questions. Please trust

me!” said Beatrix, as she began to glide over to the farthest corner of the meadow.

“However,” she continued, “you can help me by looking for an old mushroom with three spots on his back. He lives near the poppies who are always singing.”

“That’s funny,” laughed Fairy Blue Light. “I’ve never heard of Poppies singing.”

“And that’s not all,” said Beatrix, “we must also look for an extra fluffy white dandelion that would take three big puffs to blow its fluff away. So you see, I really need your help.”

Fairy Blue Light clung tightly to Beatrix’ neck as she stretched up and looked around. From there she could see all over the meadow. She kept looking for the three things Beatrix asked her to find, but couldn’t see them anywhere.

“Please don’t wriggle around so much,” said Beatrix the Butterfly. “I don’t want to lose you, and then have to search for you too. The grass below is very long and I’d have a job finding you.”

“Sorry Beatrix! I was trying to look for the fluffy dandelions. Yes, the grass is long, and I’ll never be able to see any mushrooms hiding in it.”

Beatrix thought for a moment, and then said, “I feel we should be over on the other side of the meadow. I’ll head over that way, and you can take a look over there.”

She quickly fluttered off in the other direction, and hoped the voice inside her head was right.

“Beatrix! Beatrix!” Fairy Blue Light said excitedly. “I think I can hear singing. And look!” she said, pointing to the grass below, “there’s the old mushroom with three spots on his back. I’ve never seen a mushroom that old,” she laughed.

“Don’t be so mean!” Beatrix scolded. “There’s nothing wrong with being old and shrivelled. Just think of the things he has seen and heard since he was a tiny mushroom.”

“Yes, that’s true,” she replied, but still thought he looked rather funny.

“Hang on!” said Beatrix. “I must go lower and turn around. We are much too high right now.

She made a quick turn to the left, and went into a gentle spiral, and then she cried excitedly, “There it is! I can see it too!”

She flew over to the mushroom, and fluttered around it several times, trying to figure out the best way to make an approach for a landing. The mushroom got closer and closer, and she managed to land right in the middle of the biggest spot on its back.

“Well! Here we are at last Fairy Blue Light. You are safe to climb off my back now.”

Fairy Blue Light carefully let go of Beatrix’ neck, and sat up straight. She pulled her silver hair back from her face, and smoothed her wrinkled gossamer gown. She looked over the meadow and up to the Golden City Behind the Sun.

“Was it only this morning I was home with all my friends?” she asked herself. “And now, here I am sitting on the back of a butterfly, who has landed on the top of a mushroom. And there’s a long journey ahead of me, which I can’t ask about. It’s just too much to believe,” she said all in one breath.

“Are you going to get off now Fairy Blue Light?” asked Beatrix impatiently.

“Yes, Beatrix! I’m coming down right now. Please keep still!”

## CHAPTER THREE

Fairy Blue Light slid down quickly between Beatrix' wings and landed rather heavily on the top of the old mushroom. She stretched her tired little body, and looked around. Being up this high was wonderful. She could see all over the meadow, and off into the distance.

Fairy Blue Light tried moving her wings but then remembered she had none. She felt lost without them, and waved her arms up and down hoping they would lift her up into the air. But of course, her arms didn't work like her wings, and could not lift her up. Fairy Blue Light felt sad again. She sat down, wrapped her arms around her legs, and put her forehead on her knees.

"Fairy Blue Light," said Beatrix the Butterfly firmly, "if you're coming with me to the Golden City Behind the Sun, you must stop feeling sorry for yourself. Don't you realize how lucky you are to have so many beautiful things in your world?"

Fairy Blue Light frowned as she raised her head and looked at Beatrix. She knew that only a true friend would tell her that, but right now she didn't feel good about anything.

Beatrix the Butterfly stretched her antennae and eased her wings into position as she got ready to fly over the meadow and continue her search.

She turned to Fairy Blue Light and said, "I want you to wait here while I go and look for the red poppies and the dandelion. And while I'm gone, I have something very important for you to do.

"Oh good!" said Fairy Blue Light eagerly. "I like having things to do. What is it Beatrix?"

"Well, *you* might not like it, but it could be fun, if you want it to be."

Beatrix smiled as she saw a look of disappointment on Fairy Blue Light's face.

“As soon as I leave, I want you to start thinking of only wonderful things. It's really quite easy. Just make up your mind and get started. It doesn't matter how bad things seem, there's always something good you never even thought of, hiding where you haven't looked.”

Beatrix the Butterfly opened her wings and lifted off of the old mushroom's back. Fairy Blue Light watched her as she flew across the meadow. Her soft delicate wings and elegant body, floated gracefully through the air.

“How beautiful she is,” she thought to herself, as she watched her fly close to the tips of the long green stems of grass. Fairy Blue Light stood up and stretched her beautiful legs, pointed her toes, and opened her arms to the sun.

“Yes, I'm very lucky to have such a wonderful friend,” she said, as she moved both her arms gracefully and pirouetted on tiptoe.

“Goodness me,” she laughed, as she suddenly stopped turning. “That is my first wonderful thought, and I'm sure there are lots more where that one came from. I can't wait for Beatrix to come back. I'm going to tell her how much fun I had thinking happy thoughts. And best of all, I chose them myself.”

Fairy Blue Light skipped over to the old mushroom's smallest spot, and knelt down right in the middle of it. The tiny bugs that usually landed there were annoyed, and had to go somewhere else.. Just as she began doing some happy thinking, she heard a very strange deep voice. Quickly she jumped up and looked around, but there was no one to be seen anywhere.

“I'm wanting to know why you're sitting on top of me, and chattering non-stop to yourself,” grumbled the mysterious voice.

Fairy Blue Light tiptoed quietly to the edge of the mushroom, and leaned over to see if someone was down on the ground below.

“Where are you, whoever you are?” she asked anxiously. “I can’t see you anywhere.”

“When *you* landed on *me*, I thought the sky had fallen,” the voice continued angrily, as the surface beneath her feet heaved up and down.

“Oh, Mr. Mushroom, it’s only you,” she giggled. “You startled me. I was just doing some wonderful thinking and . . .”

“*I* startled *you*? That is nothing compared to how much *you* startled *me*,” he said angrily. “And, come to think of it, what was wrong with your friend, and why was she so heavy? Generally, most butterflies are dainty, and never wake me up when they land on my back. But, with this butterfly, I thought the sky had *really* fallen on me.”

“I’m so sorry we disturbed you Mr. Mushroom,” she replied politely. “My friend was rather heavier than usual, because I was riding on her back, and it wasn’t easy to land lightly.”

Mr. Mushroom let out a deep sigh and crumpled in the middle. Fairy Blue Light thought she was going to fall off. So she quickly threw herself down on her stomach, dug her toes into his back, and clung to the edge of his top.

She waited very quietly for a few moments, but nothing more happened. Then, very carefully she sat up, hardly daring to breathe, just in case she disturbed him again.

Then suddenly, just when she thought it was safe to stand up, his whole top rippled from side to side, and again his deep voice rumbled from down below.

“Anyway,” he continued on, “before you *dropped* by, I was having my afternoon nap, just after the other afternoon nap that I had taken, and be-

fore the next afternoon nap that I have to take. In fact, I think I have about ten more afternoon naps to take. Oh, bother! Now you've made me lose count."

"Oh, I'm very sorry sir," she said, trying hard not to laugh, "but we were told to look for you. Did you know you're the only mushroom with three spots on your back? That is why we were told to land on you."

"Hmph!" he groaned, "a highly unlikely story!"

Fairy Blue Light wondered what she could say to make him feel better. Then she remembered what Beatrix the Butterfly had told her.

She decided to speak very slowly, hoping he would understand exactly what she was saying.

"Mr. Mushroom, did you know that you are very special? And did you know that . . . ?"

"No!" he interrupted. "I most certainly didn't know I was special, and I really don't care. You're saying that just to make me feel better about myself, and the truth is, I don't, and I don't want to. That is probably the reason why I have more spots on my back than any other mushroom. We're not supposed to have spots," he said glumly.

"Are you telling me that if you think bad thoughts about yourself, you will get spots on your back?" she laughed.

"Yes, that is exactly what I mean! And I don't think it's the slightest bit funny. My mother told me that, and her mother told her, and her mother's mother told her, and her mother's mother's mother told her. Oh bother! See what you've made me do. Now I have forgotten how many mother's mother's I should have!"

Fairy Blue Light gasped. She just couldn't believe that anyone would tell him something quite so ridiculous.

"Mr. Mushroom, I think you want me to feel sorry for you. And if I



do, that means I'm agreeing with you, and I don't agree with you at all."

Mr. Mushroom squirmed a bit, as he began to feel rather uncomfortable.

"Well, anyway, Mr. Mushroom," she continued. "We were told to look for your three beautiful spots. They are safe places for all the butterflies and fairies to land on. From up here we can look all over the meadow. So you see, your spots are very useful."

There was a long pause while Mr. Mushroom thought about what she'd said. Fairy Blue Light kept quiet too. She knew that he needed time to think about it.

"However," he said, as he tried to straighten himself up, "if that's the case, it's quite different."

"I wonder why my mother never told me that I was very special. Maybe she didn't know either. Then, if that's the way it is, I don't mind having spots, if they help you," he replied, now feeling a bit more important.

Fairy Blue Light didn't really understand what he meant, but she listened politely.

"Indeed, I will most certainly tell my children they're special," continued Mr. Mushroom more decisively. "I don't want them to be as unhappy as me. And come to think of it, I've been unhappy all my life. No wonder I look so wrinkled. Dear little fairy, I'm so glad you like my spots. Which one did you say you landed on? I must tell all my friends about it," he said, as excitedly as any mushroom could possibly be.

"We landed on the largest spot," she replied. "It's right in the middle of your back. We can see it easily from far up in the sky. The other two spots are quite a bit smaller, and are perfect for tiny bugs to land on."

"Now my dear," he said in his most fatherly voice, "I still don't understand why you were riding on the back of a butterfly? You said you were a fairy, so what happened to your wings? Did a spider get hold of you? They're

mean creatures and often catch fairies, as well as bugs, in their fancy webs.”

Fairy Blue Light thought for a moment. She didn’t really want to tell him the truth. She clasped her little hands together, dropped her head, and tried to curl up inside herself.

“No, that wasn’t the reason,” she said timidly. “I am far too embarrassed to tell you. But, all I can say, is that I was very upset about something.”

“Then, if that’s the case, you most certainly should tell me, and then you’ll feel much better,” he replied kindly. Mr. Mushroom liked the new warm feeling that was happening somewhere deep inside himself. A feeling that went right down to his roots, but he didn’t quite understand yet what it really meant.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Fairy Blue Light raised her head and sat up straight. She shifted over to one side and placed one hand on his back. She paused for a moment, wondering how much she should tell him.

“I’m still waiting!” he said impatiently. “Are you there, or have you slipped off my back?”

“Oh, yes Mr. Mushroom. I’m still here. I was just thinking.”

“Then, please get on with it!” he snapped. “We don’t have all day to waste. And I’m just about ready for my next nap.”

“Well actually, I was very upset about something and . . . ,” she gulped, “I cried so much my tears became a big puddle all around me. My wings got so wet and heavy that I couldn’t fly, and Beatrix the Butterfly found me.”

And then, without stopping to take another breath, she quickly said, “And when Sir Ashford the Third of Dignified Dragonfly Dry Cleaning

came by, he took them away to dry them out, and . . .,” she gasped, “and that’s the truth!”

Fairy Blue Light picked up the edge of her skirt and wiped her eyes.

“Cried! I didn’t think fairies cried,” he said, trying hard to understand what she was talking about.

“Never mind,” he said kindly. “Just slow down and tell me what happened next.”

“Well, sir,” she replied, “now I’m waiting here for Beatrix the Butterfly to come back, as she is going to take me to the Golden City Behind the Sun. She just flew over the meadow to visit some friends before we leave on our journey.”

“The Golden City Behind the Sun!” he said, repeating her words. “Nobody goes there! I thought you were going to tell me the truth. But, if that’s what you think is telling the truth, then I must still be a stupid old mushroom.”

“Oh, no, Mr. Mushroom! It is the truth. It is! You must believe me,” she implored, as she banged her fists angrily on his back.

Neither one said anything for a few moments. Then, he trembled a bit and said, “That’s too bad little fairy, about your wings I mean. I heard that dragonflies do the most wonderful work, so you’ll soon be flying again.”

“I do hope you’re right Mr. Mushroom. I don’t feel I’m me without them. And nobody understands how I feel except me,” she said, almost in a whisper.

“Yes, little fairy, that is true, because you are you, and only you know how you feel. But, I’ll never forget how you have really helped me to understand who I am, and you aren’t even a mushroom.”

Fairy Blue Light laughed out loud. “That’s true,” she replied. “I most

certainly could never be a mushroom. I need the freedom to fly whenever I want to. But, having no wings now, has helped me to understand how it feels when you can't fly away from dear Mother Earth."

If Mr. Mushroom could have nodded his head, he would have. But, instead he slowly tried to straighten up. Well, just a teeny bit.

"There," he said, "everything is all right now. Each one of us is doing what we're supposed to be doing. Even though I can't move from here, I can still dream. In my imagination I can travel anywhere I want to, and not have to move an inch. I like that!"

"Yes, Mr. Mushroom, you're right. We can imagine anything we want to. It's up to us to choose," she replied sensibly.

Neither one spoke as they thought about what they'd both just learned.

Then, Mr. Mushroom cleared his throat and said, "I've been thinking what you said about going to the Golden City Behind the Sun. At first I didn't believe you, and now I really do. We all need something to dream about. If my roots weren't fastened to the earth, I would go there with you."

"Oh, Mr. Mushroom, I would love that too. But you are important, and we need you here," she said kindly.

"Thank you little fairy. It is so nice to know that I can help you and all your friends."

The pauses between his words got farther and farther apart. Then, in his sleepy old voice he said, "Will you promise to come (yawn) . . . and visit (yawn) . . . me again . . . when . . ."

She heard a deep snore, and knew that his next nap was about to take place. She leaned over and gently kissed him on his back.

"Funny old Mr. Mushroom!" she said kindly. "At least, now he believes in himself. And I know that he'll never be so miserable again. He didn't

know the truth was inside all the time, and sadly, no one told him where to find it.”

Fairy Blue Light felt happy too, and settled herself down again as she waited for Beatrix the Butterfly to return.

From high up on Mr. Mushroom’s back she saw trees and flowers everywhere. And she began to notice, that the more she looked, something very unusual was happening. She blinked her eyes and looked again.

“That’s odd!” she said. “When I think only beautiful thoughts, everything seems to get brighter.”

She smiled and started to hum quietly to herself, so she wouldn’t disturb old sleepy Mr. Mushroom. He gave one more loud snore, trembled, crumpled a bit more, and then fell into a deep sleep.

Beatrix had been gone now for quite some time. Fairy Blue Light stood up and looked around. She wondered if she was on her way back. She jumped up and down a few times, trying to see farther across the meadow. But there was no sign of her yet. Then, feeling just a little bit afraid, she sat down again.

“I wonder if she’s forgotten all about me,” she whispered to herself. “She said she wouldn’t be very long, and I have no way of getting down from Mr. Mushroom’s back, and I can’t fly, and . . .”

“Stop fidgeting! Don’t you know I’m trying to sleep!” said Mr. Mushroom in his grumpiest voice.

Fairy Blue Light jumped up and ran quickly to the edge and leaned over.

“Oh, I’m so sorry Mr. Mushroom. I was really sure you were fast asleep. You haven’t moved for quite some time,” she replied defensively.

“I don’t usually move at all. It’s only since you landed on me, that I have ever really moved before. And now, all that moving around has completely

exhausted me!”

Fairy Blue Light felt upset because she’d tried so hard to keep quiet, and now she’d made him angry again.

“This time, I promise I’ll try to keep quiet. But I find it hard to sit still at any time.”

“Well, now here’s your chance to try,” he said abruptly.

“Oh, by the way, your friend just called to you from the other side of the meadow, but you were so busy dancing around on my back, and talking to yourself, that you didn’t hear her.”

“Oh! What did she say? Is she on her way back?” she asked anxiously.

“I haven’t the slightest idea. But, she said something about faith is having the patience to wait!”

Fairy Blue Light was surprised to hear that, and said, “I wonder what she means.”

“I don’t know, but if you ask me, I think she’s a very smart little butterfly. You’d better do what she tells you. Now, please let me go to sleep.”

Mr. Mushroom let out a deep sigh, and tried once again, to take his next afternoon nap.

Fairy Blue Light sat down again, and tried to keep quiet. But it wasn’t easy. Her feet just kept wanting to move. So she reached down and held them firmly with both hands.

The golden rays from the sun soon made her feel sleepy. She lay down on Mr. Mushroom’s warm back and curled up tightly. And, while still holding her feet, she also fell asleep.

Do you think that Beatrix the Butterfly has forgotten her?



## Question

Fairy Blue Light learned several important lessons in this story. Do you remember what they were?

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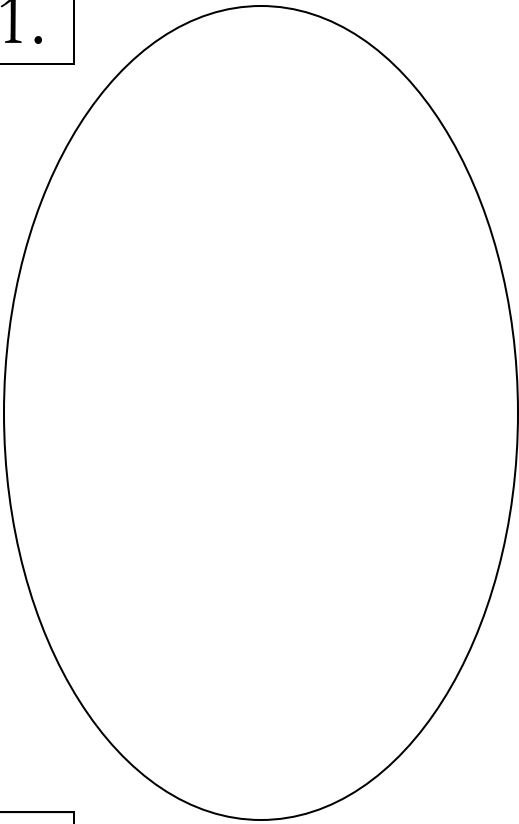
## Project

*On the next page are three shapes. – an oval, a heart, and a rectangle. Do you know which is which?*

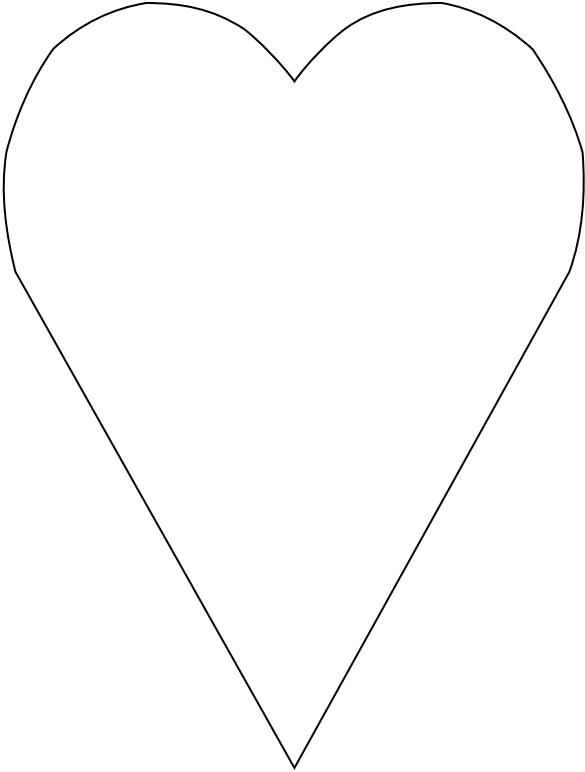
*Inside each of these shapes, draw one of the three important things that Beatrix the Butterfly and Fairy Blue Light had to look for, before beginning their journey.*



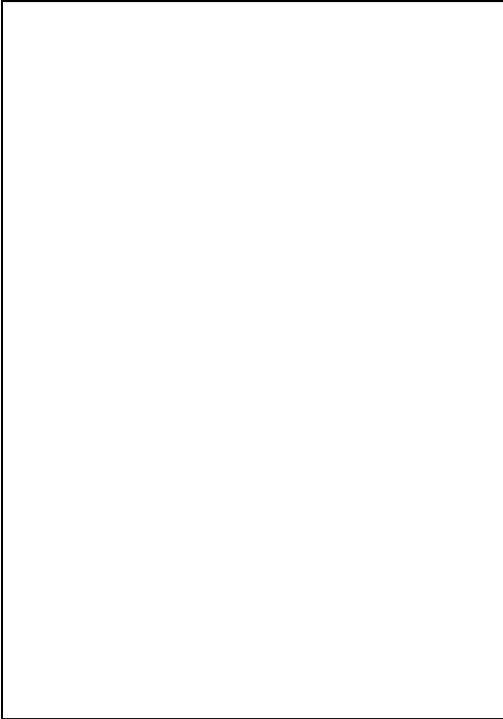
1.



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## All About the Third book

# A Ball of Golden Light

Almost everything is now ready for the exciting, but dangerous, journey to the Golden City Behind the Sun, except for one thing – how to protect them on the way.

Mother Nature comes to the rescue and goes to a mysterious shop in the trunk of an old oak tree that has a hand carved wooden sign swinging from a rusty old chain that says: *“All Things for Things You Didn’t Know You’d Need Shoppe”*, and purchases something magical that will keep both Beatrix the Butterfly and Fairy Blue Light safe on their magical journey.

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