

# A LITTLE GIRL'S MAGIC



A Childrens Tale Written By Mel C Anderson

May this book make your heart glow with magic.  
Remember to laugh hard, play often and jump in mud puddles.

Hug a tree

Blow bubbles

Taste the air

Spin in circles

Sing with the wind

See everything in amazement

Love everything

And

Dance with the faeries.

Once upon a time,  
There was a little girl who loved to dream.

She loved to run deep into the woods behind her house and play by herself, hiding behind the ferns down by the little babbling brook, or under the huge old pine trees in long deserted deer dens.

You see, she hid because she thought the only way to see the magic of the world was to hide like it did.  
Maybe then, it would come and find her.

She would nap in damp beds of bright green moss,  
right in the middle of a huge faerie ring on the forest  
floor.

She hoped that while she slept the forest magic would come  
and it would envelope her like the mists over the treetops  
at dawn.

Oh! The magic she would see in her sleep..  
Like the morning dew was really dust off of pixies feet,  
left by them running leaf to leaf while they rejoiced  
another glorious morning.

And the way the low forest breeze would rustle the leaves,  
Well it was really the little men who looked like sticks.

And the old trees that seemed to loom for miles and miles  
overhead...

All were people who got stuck in trees.  
They didn't seem to mind much though, as they were deemed  
the Guardians of Earth and Sky.

All the little animals right down to the smallest birds  
talked to one another in a secret magic language that she  
too could understand.

When she would wake to find herself all dirty and damp,  
She didn't care in the slightest that her woods were just  
the same. She just figured that while she was dreaming, she  
was really awake. But to keep the magic safe the woods put  
her back to sleep to make her think she was only dreaming.

Oh, her family knew about her always daydreaming about  
faeries and the like, and they teased her always about it.  
But listen she didn't because she knew deep in her heart,  
The magic was real.

One day though, the little girls' life changed.  
Her family was taking her away from her beloved woods. They  
were to move to the heart of the city.  
Her poor little heart crumbled.

"I'll never again talk to my Guardian Spirit Trees, or  
sleep on my soft green pillow bed made of moss. Never again  
get to dance in the big Faerie rings or play with the toads  
and deer. How am I ever going to truly find the forest magi  
if I leave now? How, oh how, am I ever going to dream  
again?" The little girl cried.

So the little girl ran faster and faster, as fast as she could, deeper and deeper into her enchanted woods.

Branches snagging her clothes and scratching her skin,  
Her tears coursing rivers down her dirty cheeks and chin.

Finally she ran until she could go no further. She found the biggest tree and wrapped her arms around it.

"Oh Great Guardian Spirit Tree," she cried, "How can I leave?"

Alas, came no reply.

The little girl melted to the soft forest floor.

"How can I leave your magic, my forest, my dreams here behind?"

And the little girl slowly drifted deep into sleep,  
On her bed made of moss, in the forest so deep.

Then in her dreams, the magic again reappeared.

The Faeries all lined up to kiss her cheeks,  
While the deer nuzzled her hair, and the birds sang her a  
song.

"Oh, little lost girl, please don't you cry.  
Oh, our little happy girl let not your smile die.  
Here in the arms of our friend you can see, the magic you  
search for, the enchantment you seek.  
Oh, our little dreaming girl, it is you who make it live,  
For in your heart and in your dreams is where we all  
exist."

Then her most favorite Guardian Spirit Tree bent down to  
her and spoke...

"My dear you see, the magic is very real. By knowing and  
trusting and protecting it, you only came to us in dreams.

That is how you, were protecting the magic of me.

You little child, may leave us behind, but dream you will,  
for the magic is all around you,  
And will stay with you still."

“Remember always this,  
Anywhere on Mother Earth you could go,  
It is there.

Protect it and love it and the magic will always be there.

Whenever you see a tree hug it, for it is a brother or sister to me. Miss not all the Faeries, for they have cousins in the city. And as for the animals, well the birds will watch over you still, for easier a bird than a tree to follow you well. As for the toads, well they kiss with wet lips, so if I were you I wouldn't miss that much either.”

"Oh, little precious one, we will all miss you terribly,  
but so in our dreams, you shall we see.

So good luck our little dreaming girl, it's time for you to  
go, but always remember the quickest way to us, is the  
Faerie ring closest to home."

Suddenly the little girl awoke to her name being called.  
"Come home! Come home! It's nearly time to go!" the voices  
cried.

So the little girl all tattered and worn, started back  
through her woods, back towards her home.

When she got there she saw the trucks all ready to go  
waiting for the little girl, only she was the hold up.

Through the dirt came a smile, through her tears a twinkle  
in her eyes.

When she got to the city, you wouldn't believe what she  
saw...

A big beautiful tree, taking up half the lawn!

Well she jumped from the car and ran at full speed, across the big yard and right at that tree.

With arms fully outstretched, she gave it a big hug.

Whispering softly, "I love you already, new Spirit Tree, I have dreams and tales of magic to share, that is if you please."

And the little girl grew up with her tree, spending hours and hours asleep with their dreams.

Eventually the little girl, not so little anymore,  
Had to move and leave her Spirit Tree once more.

But with magic in her heart, and a dream in her eyes,  
wherever a tree was she'd hug it.

For once a little girl made a promise to keep the magic  
alive,

And with Guardians watching,  
I'm sure going to try.

The End.



## About the book.

When I was a little girl I remember some of the happiest and most magical times for me was playing in the woods back behind my house or behind my grandparents house up in Alaska. I was about 10 years old when we moved back into the city and I lost the joy of my beloved woods, which is what inspired this short tale. I had a rough childhood growing up, and my imagination was all I really had to count on. As an adult once again when this book made it's appearance I was having a hard time and I needed something to really bring me joy again. I asked my Spirits to give me hope, and I picked up a pen and the first thing I thought of was my woods and the peace and strength I found in them. This story is based on my childhood experience in an imaginative childlike voice from my memories.

Growing up I found in myself the strength from the spirits around me.

I hope from this book young and old

Get a glimmer of

Fun

Hope

Laughter

And perhaps a spark of their own imagination.

Thank you, from the bottom of my heart for taking the time to enjoy my book, and please, please, help to protect the Earth and all the life on it.

This book is dedicated to my two nieces, Aarynn and Kaija and my Nephew Regan. I love you three with all of my heart.

Blessed Be.

## The Feather

A short poem for the book in progress  
'I Do Believe in Faeries'

Wholly Goodness!

She exclaimed as the breath escaped her gaping mouth  
I looked to the horizon trying to figure the amazement out  
When there I saw what a moment ago was not

A Glimmering castle  
Not on field or mount  
But floating above the  
Hills of green clover

This mirage of glass  
Porcelain and gold

I must be asleep  
For this is surely a dream  
It is impossible  
In all realistic means

But then as she grasped  
My shaking damp palm  
A small orb of light  
Brought a startling calm

Slowly so slowly  
I came to understand  
As the shimmering globe  
Brushed so lightly my hand

With this great new experience  
I could not contain  
The outburst of cheer  
From my heart to my brain  
As my gleeful childlike laughter  
Bubbled and spilled  
Uncontrollably from my face

My shocked companion  
Wiped joyful tears from her  
Eyes and her chin  
When we suddenly saw  
Not one light but ten!

As the red sky slowly  
Turned purple and blue  
A childhood dream  
Began to come true

But as the brightest light  
Flickered and faded  
It was then that I surely knew  
All the mystical stories  
Reality held true

As I dropped to my knees  
The little light settled  
Barely above the soft earth before me

Her gown delicately shimmering  
A glittery white  
As though weaved of a mornings  
Soft fallen dew

Her skin so pale  
So perfect  
As the freshest  
Young budding white rose

But her eyes  
So crystalline blue  
The color of a hidden  
Sapphire lagoon  
So clear  
So true

As though radiating the magic  
Of a Midsummer  
Moon

Framing her face the  
Soft glowing gold  
Trailing their tales  
In whispering waves

With wings so delicate  
A translucent soft yellow  
The color of a sunbeam  
Peering through a rainbow  
Kaleidoscope patterned  
Fluttering so quickly  
No movement at all  
Appeared

The tips of her pale bare toes  
Never once  
Alighted the earth  
As though the blades of grass  
Seemed to bow  
In the utmost respect  
Then with a soft gust of breeze  
All became silent  
Not song of a creek  
Nor chirp of a single cricket  
No chatter of a squirrel  
Nor hoot of an owl

All time seemed to stand still  
With anticipation  
Yet near apprehension  
As to what this small spirit  
May reveal

And as her cherub lips parted  
As though she was to speak  
No words heeded  
Instead the sound of a thousand  
Whispering winds  
Carrying the hushed murmurs  
Of a hundred Angels blessings  
Spilled forth from her mouth  
Enveloping the very essence of my soul

I sat there stunned  
As the whispers became words  
And I began to hear the language  
Of the Earth, of the Guardians  
The Enchanters  
The Ancients

Suddenly I felt washed over  
With the most overwhelming  
Sense of peace  
And it struck me  
I knew I was looking at the  
Face of love itself  
As if awakening with a start  
From a deep sleep  
My eyes were then open  
And I looked and I saw  
Hundreds of these beautiful little spirits  
All different shapes and sizes  
But radiating with the same  
Rainbow hazed glow

Stammering out the only word  
I could form  
"Hi"  
The beautiful Fae  
Stepped into my palm  
With the sound of a million  
Tinkerbells said "Hi"

And we all laughed together  
A new friendship I'd found

Then she looked into my heart  
And told me a tale  
Of a girl who was lost  
With only dreams for a trail  
Producing a feather  
Of the softest goose down

"This is for the stories  
you will tell  
of the love you have found,  
no longer lost  
the path shines a light  
towards a magical cause  
of scribed tales and dreams."

It was then that I knew  
My dreams had come true,  
And I vowed to the Fae  
Never to forget

Then as a mist  
Settled quietly down  
The little lights flickered and faded  
As my friend and I watched  
With tears in our eyes  
In the sweetest sort of melancholy  
We said our silent goodbyes  
As the castle dissolved  
Into the moon  
Enchanted night.

