

The Fey

Cover page: The cover of the book is an image of a large oak tree in the middle of a forest with a hand extended from a large hole in the trunk of the tree. Written in large cursive font in the center of the cover is the title "The Fey".

Once upon a time there was a little girl that lived in a cottage on the edge of a small town. When she was born, she was cursed by a witch and grew scales like a fish all over her body. Her parents, fearing for their daughter, kept her hidden in the dark of their home. Every day she heard the kids of the village playing in the nearby lake and longed to join them, but her parents only allowed her to swim at night when the rest of the village was asleep to keep her safe.

One night, while her parents were gone to go get food from the market, this little girl noticed some kids were still outside playing in the lake so she climbed out through her window and ran to go play with the them. Upon seeing the girl some of the children screamed and began to run away. Others just stopped and stared, pointing fingers at her scales and began mocking her.

Saddened by their mean words, she ran into the forest surrounding the town, tears staining the cobbled path as she went. Eventually she stopped under a large oak tree and clutched herself tightly to hide her scales. Then suddenly from behind her, the trunk of the tree began to open, and the girl became frightened at what monster would certainly be coming for her. Frozen in fear, she watched as a pale shape stepped out of the tree.

From behind the clouds one of Dunerias's twin moons emerged and revealed the shape to be a beautiful fey with long auburn hair. It sat down beside her and asked, "Why do you cry, sweet child, and hide your beautiful scales?"

"They are not beautiful!" The girl responded. "The other kids are scared of me and call me a monster because of them. I wish they would just go away."

The fey turned to face the child and placed their fingers under her chin. Lifting her eyes to meet theirs, the figure spoke softly, "Child, when I first approached you, you were scared of me. Why do you fear me no longer?"

This question puzzled the little girl, and she thought for a long time about what to say. Finally, she wiped the tears from her eyes and responded, "When I could actually see you, you didn't look so scary after all."

The fey smiled widely, pleased by her answer. "People are so often scared by the things they don't understand. They call them monsters. But when they stop and really look at something for what it is, they equally often find it to be truly beautiful." As the Fey finished saying this, the light of the moon spread to the little girl's form and her scales shone brightly with every color imaginable. The little girl stared down at herself in awe of what had become of her.

As she lifted her head again to thank the fey for what it had shown her, she noticed it was no longer there. The trunk of the tree was whole again as well, but in place of the opening where the fey had come from, there lay a single white petaled flower unlike any she had ever seen. The little girl picked the flower and began skipping her way back home, shining in the moonlight.