

Tell Me of Fairies

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A conversation between a mother and her five year old daughter. Just an idea i got whilst listening to Cristofori's Dream by David Lanz.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Maelstrom/24883/Tell-Me-of-Fairies>

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1 - Untitled

The young child sat on the floor staring intently at the small fairy statue opposite her.

`` Mother?" she said softly.

`` Yes," came the smooth voice of the woman sitting upon the sofa beside the fairy.

`` Are fairy's real?"

The woman looked over to where her daughter sat on the wooden floor with kind eyes, thinking over the question.

`` They are as real as you desire them to be" she answered.

`` What do you mean?" the child asked, confusion visible on her pale, delicate features.

The woman stood from the sofa to crouch next to the girl. She let her eyes rest on the same fairy that her daughter could not look away from.

`` I mean exactly what I say," she said `` Fairies are as real as you want them to be"

The child still looked rather confused, causing her mother to sigh.

`` Come" said the mother, smiling `` Let us go for a walk."

So the young girl and her mother left the house to walk in the large garden. The young woman watched with a smile as her daughter ran ahead to the bank of a small stream that wound through the garden, and then dropped from view at the farthest edge down into a pool and continued its long journey as far as the eye could see. She walked to her daughter, who was now dipping her feet into the stream.

`` What did you want to say earlier Mommy?" the child asked as her mother approached, her dark eyes fixed on the waters surface.

Her mother stood behind her, also staring into the shallow depths of the water.

`` I was trying to say that if you think or want a fairy to be real then it is real. You should always keep you beliefs alive even if others don't agree."

The girl turned slightly to the side and looked up at her mother. The woman looked down into her child's eyes, a silent understanding forming between them. The small girl smiled slightly and nodded, watching as her mother walked to the far edge of the garden until she put on her shoes and followed.

“ Its so beautiful here” whispered the woman as her daughter trotted over.

The young girl jogged up to the edge of the slight hill to stand by her mother. She stepped closer to the edge and peered down to where the water from the garden fell into a pool some ten feet below. Her eyes followed the water to see it twist and meander into the distance.

“ Mommy, is this the edge of the world?”

Smiling, her mother looked at her, amazed by her daughter's constant thirst for answers to questions no one asks.

“ It is not the edge of *the* world, but it is the edge of yours”

“ I don't understand”

“ As you grow you will learn how large the world is, but until you are old enough your world is here where you will be safe” the woman gestured to the garden and the old mansion.

“ When am I able to leave?” asked the child.

Her mother stared at her still smiling her smile, so full of mystery before turning her head to look out over the land.

“ When you feel the time is right” she answered

They both stared out at the fields and forests for what felt like an eternity, each content as long as the other was there.

“ When I die,” the mother said after a time “ I wish to be buried here, on this very hill, so I may watch over this place forever.”

“ I hope it is a long time before I have to bury you Mommy”

“ As do I.”

The girl turned to face her mother, taking in her features, the way the breeze made her hair lift and flutter gently, the way the setting sun made her eyes glitter and the way those same eyes began to cloud over.

“ If you left me I would be all alone in our home” she paused “ I don't want to be alone Mommy.”

Her mother turned then and crouched, without needing to say a word she embraced her daughter. The child returned the embrace.

“ I love you Mommy,” she said smiling and closing her eyes.

“And I love you and I always will,” she pulled back, her hands still resting on her daughter's shoulders her eyes kind and clear.

The young woman stood up and glanced once again to the vast expanse of field and forest before turning and taking her daughter's hand. They began walking towards the house.

“Mother?”

“Yes.”

“ Can we look for fairies?”

“ Of course.”

The breeze gently played with the hair of the sixteen year old girl. The black, thorn less rose dropped silently to the raised ground beside her feet as her eyes moved over all the forest and field before her. A small smile graced her lips as the skyline became the colour of blood, and a solitary tear made its way down her cheek.

“I'm ready mother” she whispered as she touched the grey stone that stood beside her on that hill where the water fell...the stone on the edge of the world.

The End