

Tales of the Stormthrower
Esmiralda: First Training

I

Looking down on the valley she hoped she had climbed towards the right one. Oh it was beautiful. With the little streams overrun by green and white, slowly drifting off in patches of red, pink, yellow and orange. Refreshing waterfalls, spreading their cool moist around, giving the bluish gray moss a chance to color the steep cliffs behind.

However she was send here to talk to, and possibly learn from the local fairies. She had done the amazing, to get a kiss from one at her inauguration and she hoped to see hundreds of them flying around here. Finally she got the courage to walk, almost crawl, down the steep winding path into the valley. Skidded over slippery flat rocks when she had cross the stream and again lost her nerve at an almost vertical drop of at least five meter. Looked for an alternative way down when a soft voice asked her if she wished she had wings. A fairy with long blond hair and clad in delicate red rose petals hovered next to her. Flew a few meters down the slope, came back up and took a handful of hair and tugged gently, showing her the small but unmoving white stones in the gravel, effectively making a stair she could descend.

Still being lead by her hair she was brought to a low bush. "Big folk should learn to enjoy the important time of day and rest when the sun is burning fairy wings".

Awoken by little tugs on her hair, she wanted to jump up and scream, but remembered the fairy and instead asked with whispered voice what hairstyle she was getting. After a lot of giggles she decided it was better to take a look herself, slowly got up and inspected her hair, which was nicely adorned with the tiniest of beads. Thanked the fairies and introduced herself as Esmiralda, student at the international school of high magic. Asked if they could point her to the court of the fairy queen as she was asked to appear in front of her today. A lot of giggles again and one of the fairies closed in, her yellow dress fluttering in the breeze. "Not simple to tell you little magician, as the whole valley is the court and only the nicest spot would be good enough for the queen to dance in the wind". "A fairy knows how to find this place by heart, but can you, little magician?"

She smiled looked around, closed her eyes and started to walk drawn by the beautiful patches of pink flowers. Everywhere the green and blond figures of little fairies darting around her, teasing her she still did not find the court, tugging her tiny braids to get her to go one way or the other. Playing along she let them move her all over the valley seeing all the beautiful spots, smelling the sharp fragrance of the yellow trumpet like flowers. Began to play with them using her long hair as merry-go-round and sat down in a sea of red, declaring this the most beautiful spot of today. Closed her eyes for a short time and was not surprised to see a beautiful fairy floating in front of her. The tiny white petals with golden edge her dress was made of, made like her body was ever whispering in the wind. She bowed for the queen, introducing herself and thanking her for her hospitality.

"Little magician you are more magician than you give yourself credit for. Not many would have the ease of mind to see the whole of the valley to determine which spot is most

beautiful, nor would have the touch to participate in play. Yet you still are seeking wisdom from the fluttering race”. Searching for words, she sat silently for a while, then began to tell of her day in the park, how special her teacher thought it was, while she was just helping and playing with the little folk. Thanked the queen for seeing potential in her and hoped she could find the things in her to improve as she had no clue what was making her special.

The queen beckoned her to follow. “We fluttering folk are known to play a lot. True off course, but we too need to work for a little while as our dresses are not as durable as those from you big folk. And as mostly instinct will tell you if a leave is young, but old enough to be used and a flower petal is not wilting, but still fulfilled its duty for the plant, you will have to help to get attuned to this kind of magic”.

“It is ours by heart. Instinctively utter spells in time of imminent danger. Letting your inner dreams power the magic of change and illusion. Making your advisory see you in places you are not.”

So she found herself lying in the grass giving the young ones a place to rest, learning about nature, collecting little leaves, shaving off fibers from flower stems braiding them with grass leaves into durable thread using nature, as nature had an abundance and feeling when nature was going to discard. Ever feeling more than looking, knowing the time of day by the way the sun was burning on her head. Slowly coming close to the experience after getting the kiss in the park. Slowly thinking like a fairy.

In the time when light was fading and the fairies were making their garment for the next day, she got small portions of training, learning to make her black hair sparkle like the moon. Making lines appear on her face, to suite the color of her dress and trap the light into weaves of air to adorn flower petals with golden streaks of the sun or the cool silver lining of the moon. Another evening sitting at the waterfall puddles, watching the water flow wave over wave, she learned to weave a little fire and ice through the air to keep the flow and seemingly let her white shirt move like a field of grass in the summer breeze or the lake water shifting in the pale moonlight.

In the late evening and early morning, when the little folk were still sleeping and she was not too affected by the grains of sand, slowly closing her eyes, she would weave webs to disguise herself. Letting her body bland in with the surrounding landscape, ever keeping the light flow through the web to show the changing world around her as she moved, until finally one of the red clad fairies came telling her a man was sitting on top of the valley wall, waiting for her as it was time to go to her strange stone desert she liked to call home.

The end