

**Tales from the Stormthrower**  
**Emily: The tale of Violet**

## I

It was sad. She had been employed for almost two years, selling plants and flowers to all who ventured into the shop, attracted by the gorgeous colors, lovely fragrances or just searching for a quick bouquet of flowers, buying off a bad mistake or forgotten promise. She had helped them all to their needs. The little old lady, just looking for someone to talk to. The young man never buying anything else, but the red flower in the corner and the girl buying flowers for her mother once a month. Would miss them all.

She had visited the big garden center and in time she would probably go and ask for an interview, but right now she looked upon them as the perpetrator, the sole reason the flower shop, that was her life, had to close its doors. The money on her bank account should last her for at least a long vacation, but waking up as early as ever did not get her in a festive mood, so for now, she was watching the moms and dads on child duty, run off their frustration after bringing them to school. Left the stupid bench, sitting so uncomfortable and followed the flow of traffic, searching for a conventional one. Hoping the city did not spend all their money on the arty décor of the park.

Something moved. She turned, her attention drawn by a very large bell flower swinging up and down, and the whole morning the wind had not even moved a single strain of her hair. She waited, curious what kind of insect had crawled into the flower. Nothing happened. The insect might got itself stuck. She picked up a small stick and walked over the grass towards the small circle of flowers. Bowed over the huge flower and carefully tapped on it. Still no more movement than the flower swinging wildly. She studied the flower, picked a spot and gave a harder tap on it. The “ouch” coming from the flower was unexpected and made her stumble backward.

Two human like eyes appeared at the opening of the flower, checking out what was going on. Then quick as lightning changed hideout, opting for the green bag overrun with beautiful red roses, she had dropped in the scare. Staring at her bag, in doubt what was in it, she considered her options. Not trusting her eyes she finally picked it up, to open it at home where she could utilize some towels as protection. Some items, fallen out after the drop, she put in her coat, not daring to put them back.

In her living room, she placed the bag on her table. Raced up the stairs to get some towels from the bedroom and was stopped in her tracks entering the living room again, seeing a tiny girl like figure standing next to the small arrangement of flowers decorating her table.

She had seen Peter Pan when she was young and the creature looked a bit like Tinker Bell, only having brown hair like her. Her little green dress, was getting old, already browning on the edges of the tiny leaves it was made of. She whispered an apology for hitting the creature, hackled out some words meaning she wanted to help an animal seemingly in dire need, but not sounding anywhere close to that. It turned with wide eyes and asked in sad singing tone, how it could happen she was able to see her. She stepped closer to hear the soft song of the tiny girl, who went on singing of the keepers of the flowers. Nice men and women giving love to them, but had looked straight through her like she was not there. Had flown at midday with the ladies and their kids, was called a pretty butterfly more than once, but did not dare to come out of hiding more often as the big birds were eying her up already.

The tiny girl stopped suddenly and asked if she may check the flowers for nectar, as her hideout was more than empty after so long a stay. She agreed, watching her fly across the room, hovering at several flowers getting a handful of nectar out of each. Remembered she might have something edible, searched and found an old jar of honey at the back of the cupboard.

No sooner had she opened it, spreading the smell, and the creature popped her head out of the greens she had found in the windowsill. Came fluttering over, carefully checking every angle of the jar and its surroundings. She whispered to the creature, "The humans took honey from the bees to eat it at their leisure, so they are not here to protect it." Then pushed the jar a little closer. Finally it swooped down, snatched a fistful of the semi liquid and darted across the room hiding again in the evergreen. She smiled, left the jar for her to eat when she was ready and started up her laptop to figure out what she was.

The noise of the computer starting up got the attention of her tiny guest and soon after, the fluttering of wings came closer. She sat down on the keyboard. Looking, than touching the screen feeling for the picture of the single big rose she had as a background. A sad, sad song emerged from the tiny girl, missing her home, her friends, her queen. Turned and asked if she could show Violet a picture of her home. She sighed, told her she had never seen anyone looking like her, did not know where she came from.

"But you have the greens Violet likes to sleep in. Then you must know where home is."

Letter by letter she typed in the name of the plant, careful not to hit little Violet when she needed a letter close to her, and did a search. Found the evergreen was originating from the south of her country, where the warm weather hung out all year. Got a hunch, and searched some more, finding all flowers belonging to that area. Running them by Violet. Finally getting a reaction, showing a big red Anise. Kick starting another song about the pleasures of home, so rudely interrupted by men throwing nets over them, putting them in glass jars, just to look at. They had put paper over her jar, with holes in it for her to breath. Holes she was making bigger in the dark hours, when the big men were sleeping. Making sure she did all of them, so it would not show. After a few days, the men put all jars in a bag and took them for a long trip.

Out of sight, sensing imminent doom she had clawed at one of the holes, until she was able to squeeze through. Hiding in the bag camouflaging herself the best she could, as the metal box outside did not provide much more to hideout in. Saw a big hand take all the jars out of the bag and heard the curses when she was not in hers. Managed to stay out of sight, clinging on for dear life, when the bag was overturned and shaken violently. Finally escaped, when the men went back to search the metal box, darting through a portal into a small area with dead plants and a big cat.

On and on she flew through the weirdly shaped stone hills, until her wings could go no more and she had to hideout in a sweet smelling tree, falling asleep lonely and starved. Waked up at the chatter of a small bird complaining she had stole his hideout. So she went on, looking for color in the dead hills, then she found the big green, managed to steal some food from the birds and the bees and met a big flower, willing to hide her from the world.

She promised to try and take Violet home, had her own metal box, but first needed to get food as it was a long way. Asked if Violet ate fruit besides nectar.

"Little orange round fruit is nice. Tangy flavor to open, but nice inside. Big round orange fruit better, but impossible to open. Stole a bite from a bird once. Mmmmm, Yummy."

With a big smile she took her leave, promising to come back. First rode to the garden center. Bought a big squared plastic container, lots of gardening earth and all the plants from down south she could find and fit into it. Not forgetting the greens Violet liked to sleep in. Bought the oranges, some bread, and a jar of strawberry jelly, her favorite, and went back home to show Violet her carriage.

Violet started off hanging out on the dashboard, looking at all the colored boxes passing by. Soon got bored of that and after the sun started heating the dashboard, thought

better of it. Falling asleep in between the greens. She rode long into the night and only after almost falling asleep behind the wheel, rolled up to a motel to book a room.

The next day late in the afternoon, they arrived at the beach, booking a hotel overlooking the sea, because of its beautiful sunny gardens, recognizing the plants from the search on her laptop. Went to talk with the owner bringing up the subject of his colored estate. No hanging leaves or flowers, no browning on the edges, however, keeping the plants with a full body and wondered if they just dug them up from the wild, as with the domesticated versions she could have never achieved such a feat. He just smiled and changed the subject to the reason of her stay. If she was planning to enjoy the amazing wildlife, then seeing her laptop gave some websites to check out.

All night she searched the web for suitable tracking routes, twisting through the dense forests and parks. Hoping for a miracle. Had shown Violet some of the landmarks, but little Violet was the youngest of her tribe, not yet allowed to wonder off the kingdom. Only allowed to do classes. Sang it with such a disgust she obviously was wholeheartedly jealous at her older friends. She had learned in class, though. Had used the time spend on the road, to create herself a colorful new dress. Predominately red, but with yellow sleeves and shoulders, set upon a base of green baby leafs, giving it strength. Explained little fairies like her where not allowed to wear color. Needed the green as their camouflage magic was still growing and they still needed to learn so much about the forest around them. Had only worn color once at the big feast. Then looked cheeky, asking if she minded her wearing color.

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Violet had decided the bag with the flowers on it had the best view at the forest around them, balancing herself in between the double zippers in the middle, sometimes fluttering along to feel and smell the big green, ever cautious at all other creatures. She wondered about the little birds flying along with them for a while, then turning and getting out of sight through the tangle of leaves as another had arrived. She had taken lots of detours, but still the birds kept to their dance.

The forest smelled lovely. Lots of trees, the occasional spot of grass and cliffs lining the path. Every narrow ridge on them occupied by climbers and flowers, like a stand watching over the trees. But no hill or depression overrun with flowers, being a possible home for her tiny friend. Time to find another way into the forest, but again just trees and in some small sunny spots a lonely patch of flowers, leaving Violet cowering in her bag. Torn between the happiness of recognizing the flowers and the sheer terror of the vicious bees guarding them.

The day ended as it started, traveling on the road. Going back to the hotel. Walking past the people adoring the sun in the gardens of the hotel, she was stopped by an old lady. Had heard she was interested in her part, giving the garden such a tranquil look. Led her past all the plants, naming all the flowers and boasting for each a beneficial quality. Even going so far as to tug her along, proudly showing her little nursery, with small plants making them grow strong for their great performance in the big garden.

Out of sight, seeing no one else, the lady picked up a map lying on one of the tables and put it in her bag, putting a finger on her lips. Making her promise to use it only when being alone. A debt paid to the little birds the old lady loved so much. A gift of finding a better place to see the native flowers and plants, growing in their own habitat. However they were not easy to find. Only after a long walk through the forest, hiding in the green, for all having no respect for the colors of life.

Puzzled she thanked the lady for the tour around her garden and acknowledged a knowing nod from the owner of the hotel as she passed the reception to walk to her room. The map boasted all favorite landmarks in the neighborhood, being a simple one, sold in every tourist shop on the boulevard. She compared it with one she had bought herself and found, after a long and hard search, five little dark green dots in between the huge light green patch,

indicating the forest they had just spend all day searching along the paths. Made to see, well, in retrospect, nothing. Hiding the real nature to live their life undisturbed by the ignorant.

She explained to Violet the meaning of the map, hoping to find her home in one of the tiny dark green spots. Violet better grasping the warning of the old lady, looked at her and asked whether she had a plan to get close to the spots, not willing to lead any more angry men to any of her friends. She sat down, now letting the words sink in to their full weight and asked after a long time if the birds scared little Violet.

“Big bird do, but the smaller ones eat only seeds and often we help them as they warn us. To dodge or evade those seeing us as a way to feed their little ones.” She nodded , and told Violet she was going to trust the small birds as the little fairy had done living among the trees. Getting a smile from her tiny friend.

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She parked the car early in the morning on a farmyard hugging the forest, explained she liked walking through the forest, but was often put off by the noise of talking tourists, scaring away the wildlife, before she had a chance to see them. Hoped by starting halfway she would get a better experience. Got the permission and squeezed through the low bushes at the point the pathways gave lookout over the farmlands, giving a last wave to the farmer working on his land.

With a very slow pace looking for all to be seen in the air, the birds searching for seeds, in the trees, the butterflies fluttering through the leaves, dancing around the abundant white flowers and on the ground the occasional mouse shooting through the grass. Scared away by her footsteps. She got more and more attuned to the movement of the little creatures of the forest, before she found a good way into the heart of the living nature. Stepping from root to root, careful not to leave a mark, she slowly let the green engulf her, looking for the sun to keep direction. Ducked and crawled underneath the long thorns guarding these low growing trees and only after a long time, a mile away from anywhere, dared to open the map, getting directions, hoping to come closer to one of the dark green spots.

Turning the map she looked in the direction of where one of the spots would lie. Moving that way she got in between trees drowning out the sunlight, making it gloomy, but easier going than the thorns. Spotted the same species of birds, shadowing them yesterday and checked their behavior. Following them whenever they were flying in the right heading, getting totally lost. Only able to see the time of day, when the sun managed to stick its rays through the gaps in the foliage and not even getting those when the thorns had managed to muscle themselves in. Had to crawl for a long time until dense bushes took over and she was able to stretch twisting and turning through them, tripping over something unexpected.

She stood dead quiet after hearing a short grunt, but got a hand over her mouth anyway. The whisper of the woman, clad in camouflage suite and with knife and rifle hanging from a leather belt around her waist, was clear, but she managed to shake her head. Finally being allowed to speak she told of the birds and the wise leading her path, into the ever changing forest. Needing to find what was coveted by evil.

The woman shook her head, could not think why someone would run the thorn trees just for the fun of being different. Needed her to sit down and stay put, until she had figured out how to get her back on to the main paths.

She sat down taking some of her rations and was perfectly happy to wait, not knowing the woman to be protecting or spying on the fluttering folk. More and more small birds landed close by, hopped around as if searching for something, then flew away again. She recognized them, but kept silent, hoping little Violet had been awake when she stumbled over the woman, and stayed out of sight too.

The evening came and having expected not coming back out of the forest for a while, she got the thick blanket out of her backpack and rolled herself in it. Closing her eyes shortly,

using her bag as a cushion against the hard trunk pushing marks into the back of her head, slowly sitting back making sure not to crush its delicate contents. Looked back in the world again, with the woman searching through her backpack. Glad she had Violet save behind her, she closed her eyes and waited until long after the backpack was placed back like nothing had happened.

Bright lights and loud racket of crushing dry twigs filled her senses and instinctively she crawled back into the dens bushes, hoping her blanket was green enough to shield her from the barging people. It was evidently enough for the woman to convince her not being an enemy. She walked up to her, laying a finger over her lips and shushed her asking to keep quiet and stay hidden if she valued her life. Then sneaked off into the dark making hardly any noise.

Gunshots into the air, by the sounds of the birds chattering, tore through the night, followed by racket racing back from where it came from. Cursing, not caring if any could hear them when they tripped or found themselves trashing through the thorns.

The long night ended with a ray of sun touching her face, introducing the day. She opened her eyes and saw the woman was back in her hideout. Took some rations from her bag and started breakfast, offering the woman a drink from the half empty bottle of water. After some consideration she accepted. Later, whispering softly, the woman acknowledged she could not be with the collectors, hunting the forest late last night, nor was she a member of the organization she was working for. Still she did not buy her story of barging through a forest, just for the hack of it. Though she had heard more strange explanations.

In the morning sunlight the birds had found them again and she asked if she could be excused to follow them. Telling she had used them to navigate the forest. The woman looked at them swooping down, hopping away from them then taking flight into the tangle of leaves and branches and finally agreed. Thinking it was better to help her than leaving her wandering on her own.

Staying close to the hopping birds they walked for a short time until she thought there was light radiating through a dense hedge. One of the birds hopped underneath it, so they too crawled through the bushes as the stems were way to close together to squeeze through and stopped in amazement when they popped their head out of the foliage.

Fairies, clad in all kind of vibrant colored dresses danced through the air. Visiting flower after flower spread all over the four hills in view. Singing and playing tumbling over each other when they met on the grass, spinning around in the sunlight if two passed high in the air. The four hills joined partly leaving a small depression in the middle, getting a lot of attention. She could not see the bottom, but judging the hair of the fairies flying away, it must contain some form of water.

Feeling something crawl through her hair snapped her out of her trance. A soft song in her ear told her this was not her home. She whispered, pushing her tiny friend to go and mingle with the fairies in front of them. Hoping they got word from her tribe. It took a lot of convincing, in the end slowly pushing her onto the hill out in the open.

The sad sight and sound of the tiny fairy, tears rolling down her cheeks, shoulders bent, clad in red and yellow, halted every movement on all hills. Fairies with white dresses shot through the air landing next to the tiny girl. Singing in soft voices, motherly sounding words. Later other tiny fairies, indeed all clad in green arrived, whisking Violet off over the hilltop.

The roots of the trees where really getting to her and slowly she pushed herself clear of the tall green bushes and sat down at the bottom of the hill, resting her back against the foliage. Looked at the woman in camouflage, seeing her still lying, mouth open, staring at the scene in front of her, involving Violet. She offered he more to drink from the now nearly empty bottle. Finally finding reason, the woman too crawled out in the open and accepted the

bottle, stammering words like tiny fairy and miracle. So she started telling the tale of Violet. Starting over every time when important fairies joined to hear it too.

The queen took over when she finished and with a sad singing voice told about the kingdom Violet was born in. The men had trampled the flowers and although only a few members were taken that meant that the kingdom was doomed, could not survive. Every day the queen would send small groups out in protection of some birds to find refuge in one of the kingdoms close by. Finally too leaving her ancestral home. Taking up tasks in other kingdoms teaching the little ones the art of camouflage. The return of the smallest of her lost friends would do her good.

She smiled as little Violet joined the group. A dress made of tiny green baby leaves around her fragile body. Violet fluttered up towards her and gave her a very long hug and a kiss, saying farewell. She thanked the queen for taking in the little rascal and promised to come back and visit, then said goodbye to Violet with a tear running down her face. Crawled backwards under the hedge, stopping to see her fairy friend fly away, turning and waving just before the hilltop concealed her from view.

Back at the beach she bought a tiny bathing suit and beach towel. No one would believe her if she came back without a tan. Besides she deserved it. Entered the hotel to change and found a pile of papers on her bed, reading: "Agreement for employment of miss Emily Dreamer".

The End