

# *Magical Objects*



*Those pure of heart will  
find the way...*



*The Fairy Ship*



A long time ago, a craftsman was in love but his heart was broken. The object of his affections had died a sudden death, leaving him alone and disconsolate. He could clearly remember one night under the moon, they had sat together and watched the ocean. As the waves beat against the shore, he had told her a tale he had heard as a child. He had told her of a gleaming paddleboat, shimmering gold and festooned with lights. "It plays music," he had said, "It plays music, and if you are pure of heart you can climb aboard and magical and mysterious things can happen." She had just smiled that rare and shining smile of hers which never failed to delight him.

Now alone and grieving, the craftsman remembered being a child, sitting on his uncle's knee and hearing that very story. He had loved his uncle dearly as well, and his uncle was a man of magic. He lived in a cottage covered with different climbing roses, roses of many beautiful colours, pink and lilac striped roses, yellow and gold-veined roses, a rose of a thousand petals. These beautiful and rare rose varieties were the envy of his neighbours, but only the craftsman knew the origin of these gorgeous blooms. "I went

aboard that golden boat one night, I went aboard and the fairy queen gave me golden seeds” he had whispered as the young boy fell asleep.

A tear trickled down the craftsman’s cheek at this recollection. He had loved his uncle dearly and his uncle was no more. Staring out at the ocean, he decided to pay tribute to those who he had lost by building a miniature paddleboat. He would make a miniature paddleboat to ride the ocean waves and carry his dreams upon it. He toiled for years, and finally the vessel was complete. Winding up the mechanism, the boat chimed an enigmatic melody. His uncle had composed such a melody, claiming that it was music of the fairies.

Letting his tears freely flow, he wound up the little boat and it chimed the melody as a music box does. He released the miniature boat into the vast ocean. He too felt small and insignificant against a vast and uncaring world. He remembered a boating expedition with his love. Her wispy hair flew in the wind,

and she had never looked as beautiful to him as when she was so dishevelled.

Lost in recollections, he turned to walk away when he heard the loveliest rendition of his uncle's song. It sounded like fairy bells, like dew in the morning, like the feeling in the air when something beautiful has happened. He beheld a glowing golden paddle boat, majestic and festooned with a thousand shimmering lights. It smelt like chocolate, like spices, like roses.

Unable to believe his eyes, the craftsman stared speechless at this majestic vessel. Up close, it was completely encrusted with rubies, diamonds, and sapphires. A radiant lady with lilac skin and gossamer silver wings greeted him and invited him aboard. "I can see that you've suffered a lot" she said in a compassionate voice, "but you are pure of heart and have turned your pain into beauty. For that, I reward you this vessel. Though your heart aches, you can travel the seven seas, and may find solace in the beauty of the natural world."

Now an elderly man, the craftsman looks out to the ocean from his vessel of gold. He has been around the world and seen its manifold wonders. His life has been rich and meaningful but always accompanied by the pain of heart break. Listening to the fairy melody of the ship, he finally feels at peace and closes his eyes for the last time.



*Lady Arabella's Slippers*



In the Victorian age, Lady Arabella was eccentric in a way only wealth and beauty could afford. Even with her superior social status, many circles of polite society were closed to her, gossiped about her and scorned her. They expressed disgust at her predilection for weaving flowers and sea shells in her hair, and for the repulsive way she ripped apart the finest Parisian gowns and refashioned them to her liking. She walked mostly barefoot, comfortable without a restricting corset. “She might as well be naked!” they exclaimed. In addition to these aberrations, she showed no interest in courting any of her innumerable male admirers or attending society events.

One winter solstice in the full moon, Lady Arabella slipped away from a particularly tedious event she was obliged to attend. An elderly gentleman had delivered to her a soliloquy on the subject of his ingrown toenails. Unable to endure the monotony any longer, she found herself running through the woods, the moon rays caressing her skin.

It was a windy night, and there was a strange electricity in the air. The fir trees whispered



and hissed at each other, and the symphony of crickets was punctuated by the low hooting of an owl. In short, all was mysterious and subdued in a way only a moonlit forest could be. Then, the most astonishing and beautiful thing happened. A twinkling, golden light appeared in the forest clearing, then another, and another, until there were hundreds of twinkling golden lights. "Fireflies!" Lady Arabella gasped, but as soon as the gasp escaped her lips, the fireflies disappeared, and she beheld the loveliest markets she had ever seen.

The ground was covered in luminously glowing tulips. Fluttering silk flags in marbled tones of raspberry, saffron and lime danced between richly coloured pavilions tapestried with shimmering floral motifs. One store sold harlequin puppets with sapphires for eyes, another sold candles that burned with a rainbow flame, but what captured Lady Arabella's attention the most was the lilac skinned fairy with purple hair and silver eyes selling slippers. Her silver gossamer wings were as fine as a dragonfly's and as beautifully patterned as a white peacock's feathers. Lady

Arabella gingerly approached the fairy, who smiled encouragingly at her.

“Good evening my dear” she said in a melodic voice. “For you, the slippers are free”. Lady Arabella had never seen such exquisite shoes in her life. One was buttercup yellow, embroidered with dark blue passion flowers, another was lilac and covered in moonstone beads. Eventually she decided upon a burgundy pair, painted in iridescent blue with gold laces and a gold heel.

The first occasion Lady Arabella had to wear the slippers was at her 21<sup>st</sup> birthday ball, an assemblage of her few faithful friends. She had threaded blue and gold pearls and lilies through her tresses and attired herself in a gossamer sleeved burgundy gown. She slipped the burgundy, iridescent blue, and gold fairy slippers on her feet. As she made her entrance down the ballroom staircase, everyone stared at her in awe. Lady Arabella wondered why she was the cause of such astonishment. “Oh Bella!” her closest friend Lady Natasha exclaimed, “Your fairy wings are stunning! Where oh where did you buy them?” Lady

Arabella caught her reflection in one of the ballroom's numerous mirrored panels and she indeed had spectacular fairy wings growing from her back! Never had she seen such a rich blue. Even if she had, she couldn't have imagined the way the blue danced with the purple like the northern lights or shone like the stars.

Once the ball was finished, Lady Arabella had decided to go and thank that beautiful fairy who had given her such a precious gift. It was a cold, blustery winter night, and the snow clung to the fir trees. The forest was eerily quiet. Lady Arabella shivered in her silk ballgown, suddenly wishing that she was at home by the fireplace and not out here, where every tree looked the same and where every tree seemed to silently whisper threats to her. She suddenly realised that she was lost. She broke out in a cold sweat.

A single firefly appeared. Following its light, she came to the clearing where the fairy market once was. It was cold and barren, a circle of dirt and dust which had once been resplendent with glittering lights and

merriment. Lady Arabella began to walk away when a glimmer of silver caught her eye. It was a note written on shimmering silver paper. The note read:

*Dearest Lady Arabella,*

*I know your name as my sister Lila is a master of divination. She has forbade me from ever seeing you again. She says that you were the belle of the ball, and everyone will come searching for me for their own pair of wings. I'll just let you know that I watched over you as a child, watched over you all your life and I just want you to be safe and happy. Please think of me every night the moon is full, or in the shortest day in winter. I will be thinking of you, and sending you blessings in a way you'll never know*  
*Yours sincerely,*  
*The Fairy Queen.*

Even though it was the coldest, most dismal night of the year, Lady Arabella felt warm inside. What a beautiful gift to have the friendship of not just a fairy, but the fairy queen herself!

The years passed, in that time Lady Arabella found a partner who appreciated her eccentricities. There was joy and sorrow in equal measures as there was both death and new life. The one constant in Lady Arabella's existence was her evening escapades to the forest, where she left wreaths of roses, lilies, and jasmine for the fairy queen. In time, Lady Arabella would give her daughters the magic shoes, and they would join her in leaving their blessings.



*The author of this book is . . .*

*Elizabeth*

*Elizabeth shares her love of antiques from her grandfather, who never lost his childlike spirit. She fondly recalls being a child and him regaling her with fairy stories. His imagination, and appreciation of beauty inspired these stories, which come from the heart.*

