

The Forest Fairy

Story written by ***Teresa Sala Bernaus*** A fantasy set in an imaginary world, where spells and magical cures belong to the realm of storytelling.

The rooster’s crow woke Èvelin. She opened her huge black eyes and saw the first rays of sunlight streaming into her room. She looked out the window and saw the rooster crowing on the garden fence. On the other side, goats grazed freely. Her father was milking a goat, and her mother was feeding the chickens corn.

“Good morning!” she called from the window.

She went down to the stable and stroked two newborn kids, whom she affectionately called “Blanqueta” and “Pigada.” Her mother asked her to help collect the eggs. Èvelin held the wicker basket while her mother carefully picked the eggs the hens had laid and placed them inside, being careful not to break them. Èvelin saw a hen sit on some eggs.

“Mama, there are more eggs under this hen,” she alerted her mother.

“We’ll leave these to hatch,” her mother replied with a smile at Èvelin’s enthusiasm.

“Water the flowers in the garden while I boil the milk and prepare breakfast,” her mother told her, after taking the basket of eggs and heading towards the goats her husband had just milked to sell the milk to the villagers.

Èvelin hurried to grab the hose and water all the flowers in the garden: the roses, the daisies, the petunias, the tulips... She was careful not to wet the beehive, so as not to disturb the bees; she knew they were necessary because they collected nectar to make honey and helped pollinate the flowers, and if she wasn’t bothering them, it was best to observe them calmly and keep her distance.



When she got home, her mother had already prepared a glass of milk with honey and a slice of toast spread with jam, which they had made with peaches picked from the orchard.

After breakfast, Èvelin helped her mother wash the dishes and went to the bathroom where she washed and combed her hair. She took off her pajamas, dressed in shorts and a sweater, made her bed, and went out to play with her friends. In the village square, she met Iris and Ivan, and together they went

towards the mountain. When they were tired of running, they drank water from the spring that flowed among the rocks and lay down on the grass to watch the airplanes soaring through the blue sky.

“There’s a new airplane lately,” exclaimed Ivan.

“That’s right. This one is different; it flies lower and leaves more smoke than the others,” added Èvelin.

After a while, they got up to go back to the village and saw a black car heading towards Èvelin’s house. Two men dressed in black got out of the car and spoke to her parents. They didn’t think much of it and went back to the village, continuing their games.



The next day, Èvelin went into the kitchen for breakfast and saw that her mother, instead of boiling the milk as she did every day, took a plastic bottle from the refrigerator and poured the milk into a glass.

“Why did you put the milk in this bottle, Mom?” she asked, puzzled.

“The rulers of this kingdom have changed the rules, and now we have to deliver the milk to the merchants,” her mother replied. “We’ll have to find out why.”

“Why?” Èvelin asked, even more surprised.

“I don’t know. They say it’s so we don’t get sick from drinking unboiled milk,” her mother replied, shrugging.

Èvelin didn’t say anything, but she was still as surprised and puzzled as before.

During the holidays, Èvelin and her friends went to play in the mountains every day, from where they watched their parents working and tending the fields. One day, they saw the black car approaching the village again, and the men dressed in black got out and talked with their parents for a long time.

When they left, Èvelin and her friends went down to the fruit trees where their father worked to ask him what they had said.

“What did those men want?” they asked.

“The fruit trees have caught a disease, and they sold us products to cure them,” their father replied.

The children went to the village, and when they arrived at the square, they saw many adults talking.

“What’s going on?” Iris asked her mother.

“Those men sold us some seeds for the fields that grow faster and produce more fruit. Thanks to them, we’ll earn more money and become rich,” she replied enthusiastically.

Upon hearing this, Iris, Èvelin, and Ivan began jumping for joy.

“Rich, rich! We’ll be rich!” they shouted, raising their arms in the air and laughing heartily.

The weeks passed, and Èvelin and her friends had to return to school.

Èvelin had already finished all her homework before dinner. When she finished eating, she kissed her parents goodnight and went to her

room to read a bedtime story.

“Remember to brush your teeth well so you don’t get cavities,”

her mother warned her.

The next day, the teacher told them they were going on a field trip to collect cans and plastic containers. She explained that more and more plastic containers were being used and that many people were leaving them lying around in the countryside. The teacher gave each student a trash bag, and they went out to collect all the containers they could find.



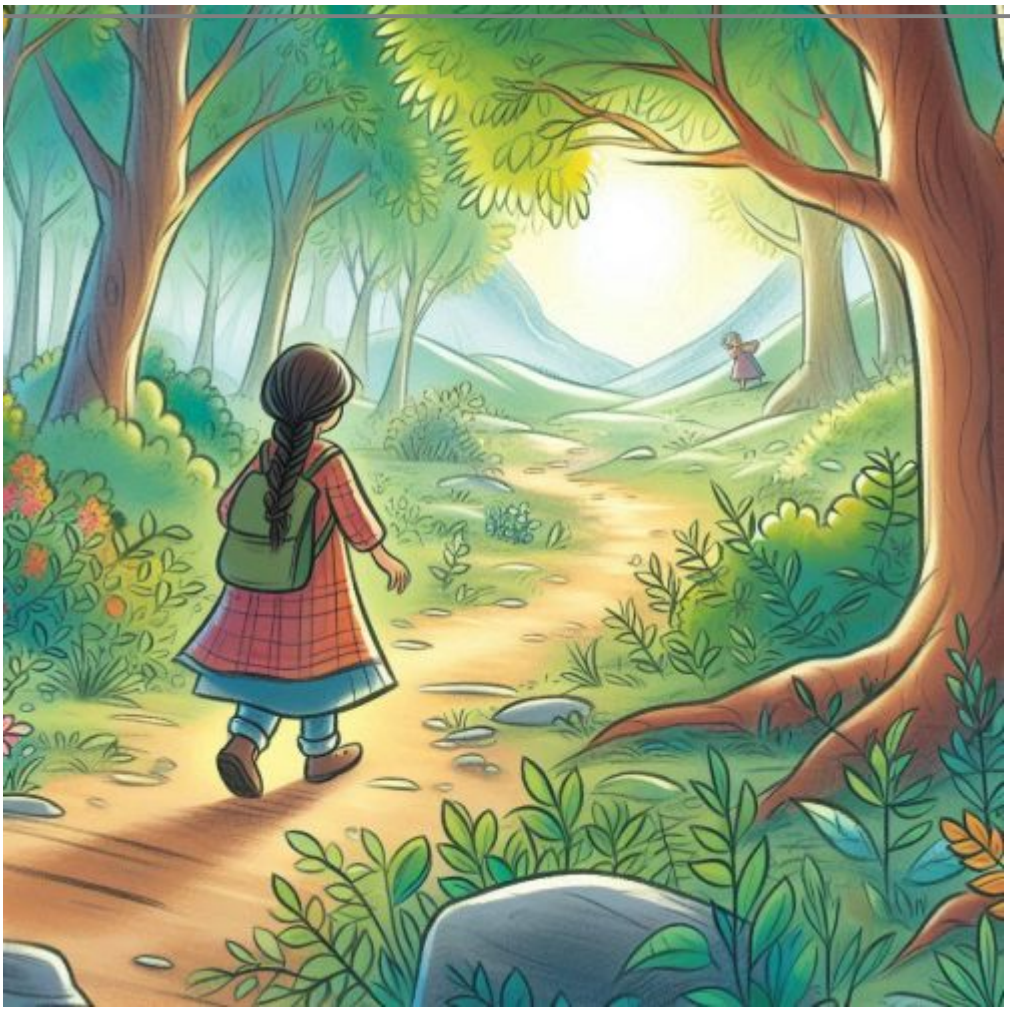
They were surprised to see the large amount of plastic that had been thrown along the path. They collected all the waste and put it in the trash bag. The teacher told them that it was very important to throw the plastic in a recycling bin.

“If this plastic reaches the river or the sea, it releases toxic substances that fish ingest and could make us sick if we eat contaminated fish.”

Èvelin listened to the teacher while sadly observing the riverbanks littered with plastic.

Christmas arrived, and with it, winter. Èvelin was excited because they were going to eat at her grandparents’ house. She woke up with a stomachache, but didn’t say anything for fear her mother would make her stay in bed. When she saw her grandparents, she gave them a big hug and sat next to them during lunch. The stomach pain kept getting worse, and finally, she had to tell her mother. They put her to bed, and when they saw she was getting worse, they took her to the doctor. He ran some tests and gave her some medicine.

When she returned to the village, she learned that other children were also sick: some had stomach aches like hers, others had trouble breathing, others had fevers… The doctors ran tests on them and gave them new medicines each time to cure them. The mothers didn’t understand what was happening to them; more and more children were getting sick.



Èvelin’s mother remembered a witch who lived in the forest. The villagers said she was evil, a very strange woman who practiced black magic. But Èvelin’s mother didn’t believe everything people said, and she hoped she could help the children, along with those who were already caring for them. She ventured into the woods, not quite remembering where the witch lived. She walked for hours and was afraid to spend the night alone in the forest. Night was falling when she saw a small white house. She hesitated for a moment before knocking. “What if the villagers are right and do something bad to me?” she thought with dread. But the image of her sick daughter immediately returned to her mind, and she knocked without thinking of anything else. A middle-aged woman opened the door, a smile on her lips. She invited her into her home, and before Èvelin’s mother

could explain the reason for her visit, the witch told her that she already knew she had come to ask for help for the village children. The witch explained that the men in black had forced her to live in the forest and had started speaking ill of her to the villagers.

“Why did they do that?” asked Èvelin’s mother, surprised.

“In this kingdom, the men in black have cast a spell that sickens the forest and its inhabitants. They want to sell fake solutions to enrich themselves. My grandmother taught me a different kind of magic: the magic of caring for the land and helping each other,” explained the fairy.

“Can you do anything to help us?” asked Èvelin’s mother.

“I’ll come to be with you tomorrow. The doctors will continue to care for your daughter. In this story, I can prepare a potion of dew and starlight and offer her a comforting spell. It’s magic from our story, not a remedy from the real world.”

Just as she promised, the next day the witch appeared at Èvelin’s house.

To keep her from being frightened, her mother told her that a fairy had come to visit and heal her. When Èvelin saw the fairy, she was amazed by her beauty and kindness. The fairy placed her hands on Èvelin’s head and cast a light spell, possible only in that fantasy world. Èvelin closed her eyes and felt a gentle tickling sensation on her head, which began to spread down her body, soothing the pain and leaving her fast asleep.



As she left the house, the fairy encountered the villagers, who shouted that they didn’t want her in the village. Èvelin’s mother defended her, saying that she had come to help her daughter.

“How do you know she wants to heal her?” “What if she casts a spell to make her even sicker?” the crowd shouted.

“Give her a chance. My daughter is very sick and needs everyone to take care of her,” the mother pleaded.

The villagers looked at each other and agreed to the request.

The fairy continued to visit Èvelin every day, and little by little, she improved until she was healthy again.

The villagers couldn’t believe what had happened. They apologized to the fairy and asked for her help for their children.

After a few months, all the children in the village were healthy, and word of what had happened spread to other villages, which then asked the fairy for help.

Before leaving, the fairy wanted to say goodbye to Èvelin and her mother.

“You were the only person who believed in me, and I want to show you all my secrets so you can help others,” the fairy told Èvelin’s mother and began to teach her all her wisdom.