

The Rosy Princess and the Yellow Elf

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There was once a yellow elf. He was yellow all over himself—even his nose—even his name! He whizzed here, he whizzed there, he whizzed everywhere. When you saw him he looked like a splash of sunlight: ‘Splash!’ he went on bright yellow buttercups; ‘Splash!’ in the center of dancing daisies; ‘Splash!’ all over yellow roses—but if you looked into the buttercups or daisies he’d already be gone. Then you’d wonder why those flowers had looked so, so shiny.

“Yellow! Yellow!” called his mother late one day. “O, Yellow, where are you?”

His mother was a soft, gentle yellow, all of her—all except her shining blue eyes.

“Where is that boy?” muttered his mother. “He’d better come home. He’s always whizzing about.”

Finally Yellow turned up, shining as brightly as can be.

“There you are,” said his mother. “I have a letter from the King of Red and his Queen of Light. Their daughter, the Rosy Princess, is vanishing from the sky. You have to rescue her.”

Yellow flew up into the sky. High in the sky he flew, higher and higher, until there, where the sun had gone down, he saw the last of the Rosy Princess dying away into the darkness.

“Rosy Princess! Rosy Princess!” cried Yellow, but it was much too late—night was falling and only the silvery sickle moon and stars were listening. Yellow flew over the earth and into the darkness. Deep into the darkness Yellow flew. Soon he was alone. The moon was gone. The stars were gone. All around him the ocean of darkness deepened and grew, and the darker it grew the smaller Yellow became until he was nothing but a spark of light no larger than a grain of sand.

“I’d better not blink,” thought Yellow. “If I close my eyes, even for an instant, I might vanish altogether,” and he stretched out his tiny hands to feel his way forward.

That's when Yellow found the Rosy Princess. He couldn't see her, she was completely invisible, but he felt her warmth glowing in the darkness. He felt it on his hands, he felt it on his face. He reached out and took her warm hand in his. She was very still and he knew at once that she was sleeping deeply.

"Come, my Rosy Princess," said Yellow. "Come with me and waken."

Yellow led her towards the morning sky. He lifted her up and as they rose the darkness slowly fell away. All around the darkness turned to darkest blue and the tired moon went to bed in the far, far western sky. Higher and higher they climbed, the Rosy Princess glowing ever stronger, the sunny Yellow growing ever brighter until they caught the sun's rays and over the earth they soared.

"She's back! She's back! Our Rosy Princess is back!" cried the King of Red and his Queen of Light, as the morning sky filled with glowing.

Yellow the Elf and the Rosy Princess were married, of course, under a rainbow arch, of course. They had lots of lovely children, of course, all of them orange, of course, of course, and they lived happily for ever after, of course, of course, of course.