

The Sad Tale of Forget-Me-Not

from: Big-Stamp Two-Toes the Barefoot Giant
Edited chapter 23, the illustrations are not included

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(This story is told by Miranda the Water Pixie
when Pine Cone and Pepper Pot visit Pixie Island.)

“Once this flower was a fairy child,” said Miranda the Water Pixie, looking carefully at the forget-me-not with its sky blue petals and yellow sun in the center. “She lived with her angel parents beside a river, and the river flowed into a forest.

One day the fairy child went walking beside the river with her mother and father. The sun was shining, and they laughed and played as they strolled along. At last they came to the edge of the forest. The fairy child was curious and wanted to see what lay inside.

‘My child,’ said her father, ‘that is a place you cannot go. It is too dangerous.’

The fairy child did not listen. She ran into the forest – thinking to go only a little way – but, as soon as she entered, it grew dark and silent. She called out for her mother and father, but all that greeted her was silence. She was lost, and the more she tried to find her way out the darker the forest grew and the closer the trees.

The fairy child became afraid. Wrapping her cloak tightly around her she wandered deeper into the forest. But the further into the forest she went the smaller she grew. She shrank and shrank until she was no larger than a grain of sand.

At last she lay down upon the ground. She was tired and wanted to sleep. She curled up and closed her eyes. Her cloak, which had once been a vivid green, turned dark brown and wrapped itself tightly around her. It bound her up and became as hard and glossy as the coat that covers a seed.

Winter came and passed. In the springtime a goldfinch found the fairy seed. He picked it up in his beak and flew out of the forest. He went to the riverbank and dropped it in the grass. When the warm sun shone upon it the seed sent roots into the earth, and shoots and leaves into the air. At last it put forth a small, sky-blue flower with a golden yellow center – just like the sun in the sky.

The next day, the angel mother and father walked by. They were sad, and spoke about their daughter who had been lost in the forest. They sat down by the river’s edge to watch the water flowing past, and the mother’s eye fell on the flower growing in the grass.

‘Look,’ she said, ‘a pretty flower. A little sun in a blue sky. I’ve never seen one before. It makes my heart feel light and glad.’

She plucked the flower and pinned it to her dress over her heart.

‘I’m going to call this flower ‘Forget-me-not’,’ she said, ‘because it reminds me of my little child.’ Then she wept for a long time, sitting beside the river.”