

The Bow Queen

A children's story by Kimberly S. Brown and Allen P. Kershaw

In the springtime with the first flowers' blooms, the fairies are born. As the petals open, the fairies stretch their tiny wings in the fresh, soft breeze and fly away in the sunshine.

But one fairy's flower did not open just right, and her wings couldn't catch the breeze.

As all her fairy friends danced on the warm winds, she sat on her flower and cried.

"What's wrong, my child?" asked a gentle voice that stilled the breeze.

"Who are you?" asked the fairy in a small, frightened voice.

"I am Mother Nature, mother of all things on this Earth."

The little fairy started crying again.

"Please tell me why you are crying," Mother Nature asked again softly.

"Because all the other fairies were born with the springtime breeze and flew off in the warm wind to make dewdrops and paint rainbows and tickle the noses of little children so they smile as they sleep. And I can't do any of those things because my winds won't let me fly."

With that the little fairy began to cry again.

Mother Nature plucked a piece of cloud to wipe the little fairy's tears away.

"Hush now, my little one," said Mother Nature. "You were not born to make dewdrops or paint rainbows or even tickle children's noses. You are a very special; fairy."

"How can I be special when I can't even fly like a fairy?" asked the little fairy as she tried her hardest to flap her wings and ride the breeze.

Mother Nature smiled very tenderly at the special fairy.

"I cannot tell you how you are special," Mother Nature explained. "You have a special talent among all the fairies, but you must discover it within you."