

*After being separated for nearly a year, Mother reunites with her daughters and takes them on a holiday to the forest to meet the Forest Fairies. While Mother seeks a cure to her disorder with the fairy elders, her daughters take an adventure through the beautiful woodland, which leads them down a perilous path of danger.*

## **FAIRIES OF THE FOREST**

By J. P. Fisher

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# Fairies OF THE Forest



J.P. FISHER

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## Chapter 1: Máthair/Mother Returns

Flickering lights of red, yellow, and green gave the appearance of a broken traffic signal, as the three anxious fairies whizzed hastily around the back bedroom of the unique purple house. The red fairy peeked in on the four sisters who slept soundly, blanketed by the breath of a cool, gentle breeze that had generously strolled in on the warm, summer night. While the family slumbered, the fairies remained wide awake, busily preparing for the anticipated arrival. Something extraordinary was about to happen – something wonderful!

*“Ooh ferle! Sim da! Sim Máthair!”* Beryl shouted to the other fairies. The excited yellow fairy had been up for hours, trying to stay quiet and control her enthusiasm, while preparing a cherry punch for the celebration. Goosebumps tingled up the back of the golden fairy’s neck when she sensed the familiar woman approaching the house. It was Máthair! Máthair was near! Máthair was coming home!

*“Ooh swe ep zigel?”* asked Sphene. Sphene, the green fairy, was busy decorating the house by drawing words of welcome with her bright green light. She zestfully flew toward the ceiling, waving her arms above her head then writing *“WELCOME HOME”* and *“WE LOVE YOU”* plus *“HI MOTHER”* as she whistled an old fairy tune which she had learned when she was a young fairy child.

Spinel, the elder red fairy, responded to the younger fairy with her gentle smile and calming voice, *“Zez, Sphene.”* She tried to keep the restless fairies quiet so as not to awaken the sleeping family, but even the tranquil red fairy had a hard time remaining calm as she awaited the return of the one she regarded as their mother and leader.

Nearing the large gate, Mother walked through the season's thick fog and headed toward the violet house. Wearing a long purple cape, she paused and gazed at the peaceful home where her precious family slept. She raised her hand to her face and wiped away a tear as she tenderly peered at the cherished residence through her misty purple eyes. Rosie, the family pet, patiently stood next to her awaiting a cue to move forward while purring affectionately at the woman with the purple streak in her hair.

Mother reached down and caressed her loyal friend, smiling at the cat and gently patting her head. "Oh, Rosie," she said "it's good to be home again. I've missed them all so much." She paused for a moment then continued, "But I don't know how long I can stay with them. I wish you could help me through this, my dear friend, but I'm afraid you cannot. It's been a great comfort to come here each night knowing you would be waiting for me by the gate. Although I look different, you knew it was me all along, didn't you, girl? Thank you, my dear Rosie." The old cat blushed as she listened to Mother speak, then meowed dotingly whilst rubbing her furry body against Mother's leg.

How long had Mother been away from her family? Was it eight months, maybe a year? Time passed by slowly in a fairy's world. Fairy time did not run by the tick-tock of the clock or the rising and setting of the sun. A fairy's life is ever-present, busily filled with the daily tasks she so loves to do. With joyous pride, she cares for the surrounding plants, birds, and animals as if they were her offspring, tirelessly nurturing and pruning them with dedicated devotion. Living every moment in the present, the work of a fairy is of no burden to her, for it is what she was born to do. In a fairy's world, it is as if time stands still.

Aside from their regular duties, the River Fairies had been diligently working on finding a cure that would change Mother back to her human self. Each time a different potion was created, Mother eagerly drank the mixture, hoping it would bring about the change she so desperately longed for. As each process unfolded, her body size enlarged, almost

completely changing her back to her near-human form, except for the odd violet shade of her skin and eyes, and the large, burdensome fairy wings which protruded from her back. These remaining traits gave Mother the appearance of a fairy-human hybrid; an unnatural freak-like creature.

Sadly, with each newly-concocted elixir the fairies produced, the result was always the same – part fairy, part human. The frustration was beginning to wear on her, and Mother feared she would never be able to return to the family she so dearly loved as the woman she had been before.

Night after night, Mother appeared at the gate of her beloved home, watching over her family and hoping for the day she could return to them. But this night, as she looked toward the purple house and yearned for her loved ones, she decided she could wait no longer. She would come to them as she was, regardless of her oddities.

Mother tiptoed up the steps leading to the back door, then reached for the key which she knew would be hidden under a nearby rock. Quietly inserting the key into the keyhole, the door surprisingly slid open before she had even turned it. Mother gently pushed the door forward and peeked inside, unexpectedly greeted by four pairs of eyes, peering through the faces of three anxious fairies and one sleepy child, widely yawning as she stared into her mother's face.

"Mother? Is that really you? Have you come home to us or am I dreaming?" Marta mumbled groggily. Trembling, Mother knelt near her youngest daughter and hastily clutched the half-asleep child.

"Yes, my darling Marta, it's me. Oh, my sweet girl, I have missed you so much!" whispered Mother, sobbing uncontrollably while she wrapped her arms tightly around her bewildered daughter. Marta, who was wearing a worn, blue nightgown that had belonged to her mother, stretched her small arms around her mother's neck, thinking to herself that if she was dreaming, she did not want to wake up. But when Marta felt the large



wings bulging out from her mother's back, she loudly gasped and moved away from the woman she had longed to reconcile with.

"Mother, do you... do you have fairy wings?" Marta asked, alarmed by her mother's deformity.

Before Mother could respond, Father hurriedly came dashing down the hallway. He was awoken by the sound of Marta's voice and panicked that something was wrong. "Marta!" he cried out. "Are you all right?" For the past year, he had carried a heightened sense of concern for his children, which over-shadowed every aspect of his life like a looming storm cloud. As he looked up and saw the figure standing in the room with his child, his face turned white, as if he had seen a ghost.

"Judith? Judith!" Father shouted, grabbing his wife, then warmly embracing her. "Oh, my love, you've returned! You are home! I can't believe it! You are truly here! I knew you would come back to us!" Father joyously exclaimed, clutching his wife tightly in his strong, loving arms.

"Yes, Paul, it's me. I wanted to wait until morning, but I couldn't. I had to see you as soon as I could!" Mother replied, returning the affection. Hearing the commotion, the other girls awoke and quickly ran in to see what the ruckus was about.

"Mother! Mother! You are home! You've come back to us!" said the delighted daughters, squealing gleefully. Clenching their mother as if they would never let her go, the joyous family of six held onto one other for what seemed like hours. No words were necessary for this long-awaited reunion; their beloved mother had returned, and nothing could be more right in the world.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

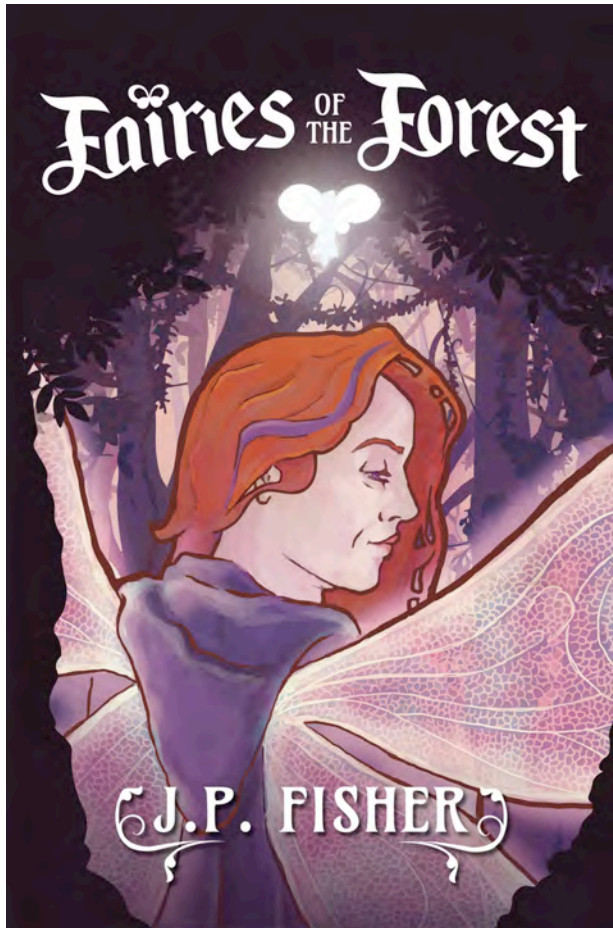


J.P. Fisher lives with her husband in Kentucky.

Her first book, *The River Fairies*,  
was published in 2019.

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