

# Unremembered Loss

*For all the news and information from the world of Rathrae, and for the story Unremembered Loss.*

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In keeping with my trend to doing something completely different each month - here is a story about a fairy. In the novel *Unremembered Loss*, fairies only make one appearance. In that scene they teach Annay about the power of enjoying the moment and the power of fellowship. This fairy story is from a different project. I'm thinking about creating an iPad / iPhone application focused on fairies. In the "game" reading stories about fairies will be one of the key elements. Hopefully the reading of the story will be enjoyable, but the true point of reading them will be to gather the clues needed to attract fairies in the game. Here is the first of the stories. After you read it, please take a few moments to send me an e-mail with answer to the questions at the end. Sign up to make sure you get the next copy of the news letter. [www.douglasclarke.com/lists/?p=subscribe](http://www.douglasclarke.com/lists/?p=subscribe)

## A New Home a fairy's story

Crash!

The silence of the day was broken and Kellen woke with a start. He jumped from his bed made from leaves and grasses and ran outside. The sun was just going down - the shadows long upon the ground. Looking around for the source of the commotion, an intruder soon made itself known as a giant foot made another crashing sound.

Without a second to spare, Kellen ran to the safety of a nearby rock, as a human's foot came crashing down on Kellen's house. Kellen remained hidden in the shadow of the rock as the human boy ran away into the woods, leaving in his tracks a deep foot print where Kellen's house had moments ago been.

"Never build a house in the open," he could hear his mother's voice saying, but his mother was nowhere around.

After a few minutes of digging through the remains of his house, Kellen found his clothes. He pulled on the green trousers and then the lighter green shirt with its eight small white buttons. He smiled as he thought about how proud his mother would be that he had saved his clothes. "It is our clothes that lets other know who we are. It is our white buttons, made from seashells, that is our family mark. We are White Button Fairies and are proud of this fact. Mark my words, less you ever forget, that the mushrooms were named after us, not the other way around.

Satisfied that his shirt was straight and tucked in, Kellen started on a journey to find a new home. As the sun was setting, he came to a small pond. Leaves covered the ground and the grass waved in the gentle breeze. He found a rock to act as shelter and sat down beside it.

He looked out over the pond as the last of the sunlight reflected off it - content. However, as the stars started to come out his mother's soft voice spoke again in his mind. "Too wet. Too wet. Never make a home by a pond. You'll wake up and find you're too wet."

Kellen sighed. His mother was right about building out in the open. She was probably right about building near the pond. Without another thought, he got up and walked away from the pond.

The stars filled the sky by the time he found another likely place to build a house. The small gully was not out in the open - if the boy returned he would jump right over. It was also quite dry - at least when it wasn't raining. The wind blew strong down the gully and took away the heat of the fading day. There were also nuts stuck between some of the rocks that he could eat.

Kellen sat down and almost at once he heard his mother's voice. "Too Windy. Too Windy. Never make you home where the wind is strong on a calm day. Can you imagine how strong it will be on a windy one?"

Kellen didn't even sigh, he just got up and started walking again. Too Windy. Too Wet. Too Open. What else had his mother said? Too Rocky. Too sandy. Kellen didn't even bother stopping at the places like that.

While the sky put on a show of shooting stars, he came to an old oak tree. In amongst the tree's roots were sheltered places - not too open. The tree was on the top of a small hill so all the water ran away - not too wet. The leaves rustled in the breeze, but on the ground the air was still - not too windy. No big rocks and no sand.

Smiling, Kellen sat down and his mother voice didn't come to him - he had found his new home. Then he heard it - the sound of a human coming. He jumped to his feet and ran. He didn't have to have his mother's voice tell him he didn't want to have his house near a human.

He watched from beneath a small shrub as a young woman approached the tree. She held in one hand a candle, which cast its flickering light on the ground, in the other she held some nuts, which she placed between the roots of the trees. As she rose to her feet, her dress of brown and yellow swung around her legs and looked like leaves caught in the wind.

Kellen watched all of this, his mouth slightly open. He had never seen a little girl before and her beauty overwhelmed him. He thought to go to her, to tell her how beautiful she was, but his fear was greater. Then the little girl knelt again and placed something else between the roots of the tree. Kellen strained to see what it was, but it was hidden from sight.

When the girl was gone, he carefully left his hiding place and went to the roots of the tree. He picked up a pine nut and ate it as he looked for what the girl had hidden. He climbed over a root and saw it. Shining in the moon light, reflecting its radiance, was a silver bracelet.

"Not all humans are bad, but pick wisely." is what his mother had always said. "Pick wisely you say?" he said quietly to himself. "Is one that brings food and leaves silver bracelet a bad one?"

Kellen decided to put his fear aside and accept the gift of the young girl. He collected some leaves and grass, and made himself a new bed. It had been a long night so he curled up in his new bed with the bracelet circling him - protecting him - and dreamed of the little girl.

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## Questions

Did you like the story?

What would you do to attract a White Button Fairy to your garden?

What grade level would this story appeal to?