

**Fairy Glade and other  
Enchanting Tales**

By

**Dawn Beaumont-Lane**

**First Edition**

**Dawn Beaumont-Lane © Copyright 2008**  
**All rights reserved:**  
**Edited by Shirley A. Roe**

**All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the copyrighter and/or author, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a newspaper, magazine, or journal.**

**ISBN: 978-1-906806-52-1**

**Published by RealTime Publishing**  
**Limerick, Ireland**

## **Dedication**

**This book of short stories is dedicated to my daughter Della, and my friend Shirley Roe, who encouraged me and made it possible for me to meet Janet Smith of the Writers' Village University. To my husband John Lane who convinced me to keep writing even though I was dyslexic.**

## **Introduction**

*Within these pages you will find stories written with love. Stories to pass from generation to generation. I hope that your children and your grandchildren receive as much joy hearing them, as I had writing them. After each story you will find the reason behind the story, I have included this information so that readers will know these stories come straight from the heart.*

***Enjoy!***

Author, Dawn Beaumont-Lane

## *THE FAIRY GLADE*



Once upon a time, there was a lovely village by the sea in the Highlands of Scotland. Findhorn was a beautiful little village, with white washed houses, bathed with bright sunshine. The sun shone brightly on this particular day, warming the golden sand under foot. Although Findhorn was a seaside village, it had a lot of woodlands. It is about the woodlands that we are going to hear. It is told the woodlands were magical and home to all the Fairy Kings and Queens of Scotland.

In the village of Findhorn lived a little girl named Della and her older brother Kevin. One day they saw the woodlands from the top of a hill and were anxious to explore, so they asked their Mummy if they could have a picnic to take with them.

“Yes”, said Mummy. She packed a lot of goodies and a bottle of juice in a basket, and then off they went with a promise to Mummy not to be later than 5-o-clock.

They went running so fast they were out of breath, over the sand dunes and fields until they came to the woodlands. Outside the woodlands the sun shone, but inside the woods was dark and chilly. The children were not frightened because this was their adventure. As they walked deep into the woods, they saw several furry rabbits, colorful flowers and birds. The birds were singing

beautifully, filling the moist forest air with cheery sounds. Here and there the sun managed to peek through the trees, brightening the path from above. Sunrays danced on the forest floor as the trees swayed in the breeze.

“Isn’t it beautiful in the woods?” Della said to her brother Kevin.

“Yes” Kevin replied in a manly reassuring voice. “You’re not scared are you Della?”

“No” said Della, “I’m not.” and with that on they went.

It must be getting near lunchtime, thought Kevin, who was always hungry. They walked along the culling path between the trees and bushes. At last they came to a clearing.

“Oh! Isn’t this beautiful?” said Della.

“Yes,” Kevin replied, the lovely scene before him took his breath away.

Once in the clearing, the brilliant sunshine made them feel warm again. There were sweet smelling flowers everywhere, colored polka dots of red, yellow and white, covered the ground and the grass was so lovely and green that it looked like a velvet carpet.

“Shall we sit down over there and eat our lunch?” said Kevin, who was very hungry by now.

“There’s a grassy hump over there, we could sit on it and have our lunch” said Della. Sweet biscuits and crunchy apples satisfied the two adventurers. After a while they had eaten everything their Mother had packed for them.

“That’s better,” said Kevin, rubbing his tummy and brushing crumbs from his shirt.

“I feel sleepy,” said Della.

“So do I” said Kevin. So they laid on the grass and soon fell asleep in the warm sun.

What the children did not know was that they were sleeping in the magical fairy glade. All the time they had been in the woods, the fairies and pixies had watched them. While the children were asleep, all the fairies and pixies had gathered around the little boy and girl. They were fascinated as the children were so much bigger than themselves. Then suddenly the children woke up! Kevin and Della sat up and rubbed their eyes, at that very moment all of the fairies and pixies scattered from sight. All except one fairy, a daring little soul, her name was Bluebell

“Hello!” she said to Kevin and Della, “Who are you and what are you doing here?”

“Oh” said the children together, “a fairy!” They were so surprised they just sat there with their mouths open. It was Della, who believed in fairies, who pulled herself together first. Kevin, thinking

that it wasn't manly for a boy to believe in fairies, was hesitant; although he had to admit he was talking to one.

“Hello!” said Della, “I am Della James and this is my brother, Kevin James.”

“Why are you here?” said the fairy again rather crossly, not liking to wait so long for an answer.

“We came to see the woodlands,” said Kevin, rather crossly himself.

“It's so beautiful here, there are so many beautiful flowers” said Della sweetly. She was sorry Kevin had been so rude to Bluebell. “We are very pleased to meet you, how do you?” said Della, putting out her hand like she had seen her Daddy do when meeting someone new. Frightened, the little fairy leaped back. “Oh!” said Della, “don't be frightened, we... **End of Sample**

