

# The Little Grail Queen: And The Faeries Who Forgot to Listen

By Deborah Whitney





In Avalon, the forest never slept.

It breathed.

Roots whispered beneath the soil. Leaves hummed secrets to the wind. Stones remembered footsteps from long ago and waited patiently for new ones. Every creature—small or tall, winged or rooted—belonged to the great listening of the Island.

And in the very heart of it all lived a girl named Vivienne.



Vivienne loved adventures. She loved the way sunlight skipped across the standing stones, the way water laughed as it ran over rocks, and the way the forest seemed to lean a little closer when she walked by—as if it were glad to see her.

By her side fluttered Nim.

Nim was a pixie with bright eyes, quick wings, and a very serious interest in snacks. He was brave (most of the time), funny (all of the time), and loyal without question. Even when he was afraid, he stayed.

Especially then.



One bright morning, Vivienne and Nim followed a winding path into the deeper forest, where the air sparkled and the trees grew tall and twisty like they were dancing.

That's when they heard it.

ZING!

WHOOSH!

TWIRL!

Faeries. Lots of them.

They zipped through the air, laughing and spinning, tugging ribbons of light from flowers, tangling vines into knots, and racing so fast that leaves flew everywhere.



“Oh no,” Nim muttered, hovering closer to Vivienne. “This looks like very enthusiastic faerie behavior.”

Vivienne watched carefully. The faeries weren’t mean. They weren’t trying to hurt anything. But the forest around them looked... overwhelmed.

A young tree leaned crookedly. Flowers drooped. The wind stuttered instead of singing.

The faeries had forgotten something important.

They had forgotten to listen.



“Why is the forest so quiet?” Vivienne whispered.  
Nim squinted. “Because no one’s letting it talk.”

One faerie zipped past, trailing sparkles. Another somersaulted through a beam of sunlight. They laughed and laughed—until suddenly—

CRACK.

A stone shifted. A root snapped.  
The laughter stopped.

The faeries hovered, unsure. The forest sighed—a deep, tired sound.



Vivienne stepped forward.  
She didn't shout. She didn't scold. She didn't tell anyone what  
to do.

She placed her hands over her heart.

The light there answered.

Softly at first—like a candle learning how to glow—then  
warmer, brighter. A ribbon of gentle golden light flowed from  
Vivienne and touched the ground beneath her feet.

The forest responded.

Leaves lifted. Roots settled. The air grew calm again.

Vivienne looked up at the faeries.

“Did you hear that?” she asked kindly.

The faeries tilted their heads.



“Hear... what?” one asked.

“The forest,” Vivienne said. “It’s always speaking.  
But you have to slow down to hear it.”

Nim nodded very seriously. “Also... it gets cranky when ignored.  
Trust me.”

The faeries blinked. They hovered closer. They listened.  
And for the first time, they heard it too.

The hum beneath the soil.

The breath in the bark.

The steady heartbeat of Avalon.

“Oh,” one faerie whispered.

Another lowered her wings. “We didn’t mean to forget.”  
Vivienne smiled. “It’s okay. Everyone forgets sometimes.”



She knelt and pressed her palm to the earth again. This time, the light spread wider—not brighter, but calmer. The forest didn't sparkle wildly. It settled. It smiled.

The faeries followed her lead.

They untangled the vines.

They smoothed the leaves.

They danced more slowly—carefully—listening as they moved.

Soon the forest was singing again.

Nim let out a relieved sigh. “Well. That could’ve gone... much worse.”

Vivienne laughed.

As the sun dipped low, Avalon glowed softly.

The standing stones caught the last golden light and held it like a promise.



The faeries gathered, quieter now, wiser.

“Thank you,” they said.

Vivienne shook her head. “You did it yourselves. You just remembered.”

Hand in hand—Vivienne and Nim walked home along the glowing path.

Behind them, the forest breathed easily.

Avalon waited.

For the next adventure.

And for every kind heart yet to arrive.

**Join Vivienne and Nim**  
*for Avalon's next adventure.*

The Little  
**Grail**  
Queen

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