

THE LITTLE GRAIL QUEEN AND THE ISLAND OF LIGHT

By Deborah Whitney





In Avalon—the Island of Light—was always awake.

Not loud.

Not busy.

Awake in the way a heart listens.

The stones remembered.

The trees whispered to one another.

The wind carried stories from place to place, careful
not to drop them.



That was because, in Avalon, there was the Grail.
A magical cup — not filled with gold or jewels,
but with understanding.
As long as the Grail was tended with kindness,
all the island stayed in harmony,
and the magic of Avalon grew bright.
It helped hearts feel steady.
It helped minds feel clear.
It helped quiet voices be heard.
And because of that, everyone knew that one day,
far in the future,
the magic would pass on.



And in the middle of it all lived a little girl named
Vivienne.

One day, she would be their Grail Queen.

But for now, she was learning.

Learning the paths and the stones.

Learning the whispers of the trees.

Learning the gentle ways of all who lived in the
Island of Light —

and learning, too, who she was becoming.

And that is why everyone called her
the Little Grail Queen.



Vivienne had bright eyes and a thoughtful way of
moving,
as if she knew the world was paying attention.
When she walked, the ground seemed to recognize her
steps.

When she paused, the air leaned in to listen.

Vivienne loved Avalon.

She loved the standing stones that warmed in the
sunlight. She loved the quiet paths that curved like
questions.

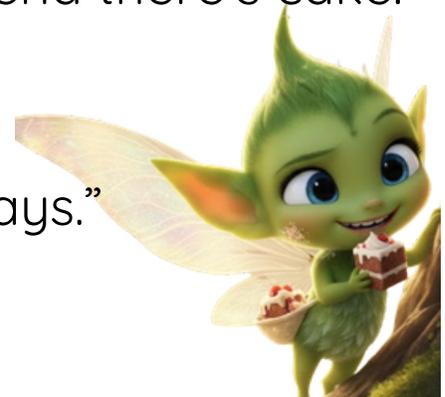
She loved how the world felt alive—but gentle—like it
trusted her.



By her side fluttered her best friend Nim.
Nim was a pixie with quick wings, clever thoughts,
and a very serious devotion to snacks.
He was brave in a hurry, loyal in a storm, and always
curious about what might happen next.

“Adventure!” Vivienne said.
Nim zipped closer. “Only if at the end there’s cake.
With sparkles.”

Vivienne smiled. “Always.”





They wandered through the forest as the day stretched awake. Leaves shifted softly above them. Flowers turned their faces.

Faeries peeked out from behind bark and shadow, pretending not to watch.

Everywhere Vivienne stepped, the forest shimmered—not loudly, but warmly. As if something deep and old was pleased she was there.



Beyond the trees, near the edge of the hills,
gentle giants moved in a slow circle of stone.
Their steps were careful. Their laughter was low
and kind.

Each time they danced, the ground grew
steadier.
Each time they paused, the world felt safe again.

Vivienne waved.
The giants waved back.



Suddenly, Vivienne stopped.

She felt it then — a warmth beneath her ribs. A steady glow, like a small sun learning how to shine. She placed her hand over her heart and listened.

The light answered.

It did not rush.

It did not demand.

It simply was.

When Vivienne smiled, the glow brightened. When she thought of helping others, it spread wider.

When she stood quietly, listening, it grew calm and strong.



Nim hovered close, eyes wide.
“That’s your magic,” he whispered.

Vivienne understood.
Magic was not something you took.
It was not something you wore.

Magic was something you had inside you.

It lived in kindness.
In courage.
In telling the truth and listening when the world
spoke back.



As the sun dipped low, Avalon glowed softly. The stones caught the light and held it. The forest hummed its evening song.

Vivienne and Nim walked home together, hand in wing.

Behind them, the island breathed easily.

And Avalon waited.

For the next adventure.

For the next moment of listening.

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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