

# THE LITTLE GRAIL QUEEN AND THE RIVER THAT REMEMBERS

By Deborah Whitney





In Avalon, the river was always moving.  
Not rushing.  
Not stopping.  
Moving in the way a breath knows  
when to come  
and when to go.  
The river carried reflections.  
The sky.  
The trees.  
It carried the quiet thoughts  
of anyone who stood near long enough  
to listen.



The river remembered.

Vivienne loved the river.

She loved the way it sparkled in the sun.  
She loved the way it sang softly over stones.  
She loved how it never stayed the same —  
and was always itself.



By her side fluttered her best friend, Nim.

Nim loved the river too —  
mostly because it sparkled.

“Adventure!” Vivienne said one morning.

Nim zipped ahead.

“I’ll race the ripples!”



“Nim—” Vivienne began.  
But Nim was already laughing,  
already spinning, already too close.  
The river shifted.

Not angrily.  
Not suddenly.  
Just enough.

Nim slipped.



The current caught him —  
not rough,  
but firm.

Nim tumbled once...  
then twice...

“Vivienne!” he called.  
Vivienne didn’t shout.  
She didn’t panic.



She stepped to the water's edge  
and listened.

The river was not dangerous.

It was busy.

It was carrying many things at once.

She felt her light stir —  
steady and warm —  
the same feeling she had  
when she paid attention,  
when she cared.

And then she remembered.



She remembered a smaller Vivienne.  
Bare feet in the shallows.  
Cold water around her ankles.  
She remembered how afraid she had been.  
And she remembered Nim beside her then.  
“Float,” he had said.  
“Don’t fight the water.”  
“Let it hold you.”  
Vivienne smiled.



She knelt and placed her hand in the river.

“I’m here,” she said softly.

The water slowed.

Not because it was told to —  
but because it recognized her.

“Nim,” Vivienne said, calm and clear,  
“float.”



Nim took a breath.  
He spread his wings.  
He stopped spinning.  
He trusted the water.  
The river eased.  
Vivienne reached in  
and lifted him gently back to shore.



Nim landed with a splash  
and a shiver.  
Then he laughed.  
“I meant to do that,” he said.  
Vivienne laughed too.



They sat together,  
feet in the water,  
watching the river move on.  
“You remembered,” Nim said quietly.  
Vivienne nodded.  
“You taught me.”  
Nim smiled — very proud.  
The river shimmered,  
as if pleased.  
And Avalon flowed on,  
holding every story it was given.

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

The Little  
**Grail**  
Queen

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