

The Little Grail Queen— And The Promise Of The Land

By Deborah Whitney





Vivienne walked along the meadow's edge with her friends.

Nim floated beside her, glowing and spinning small circles in the air.

Kaia of the Fire skipped ahead in bright sparks.

Nilo of the Water walked quietly near the stream.

Eryn of the Air drifted like a soft breeze.

Taro of the Earth moved steady as stone.

And Eli, the young Elfin boy, followed thoughtfully behind.



Eli had heard many stories.
Nim had told him about the mist that once covered
the Land.
“It was this thick!” Nim said, stretching himself higher
and wobbling midair.
“And the Standing Stones hummed like this!” he added
dramatically.
He tried to hum.
It sounded more like a sneeze.



“And don’t forget the faeries who forgot to listen!”

Nim continued proudly.

“And the sprite who tried to burn brighter than the sun!”

Kaia added with a grin.

Eli shook his head slowly.

“In every story,” he said,

“Vivienne knew what to do.”



So finally, Eli asked,
“Why are you called the Little Grail Queen?”
The others grew quiet.
Even Nim stopped spinning.
Vivienne placed her hand over her heart.
“In my family,” Vivienne said softly,
“we are born to care for the Land.”
“The Grail made a promise long ago —
that someone would always help keep the world in
balance.” she said.
“Come and I will show you why.”
They walked together to the Rowan Circle.
Ancient stones stood tall around them like patient
guardians.



Beneath the roots of the great trees
was a quiet stone chamber.
Inside it rested the Grail Cup.
The Cup shimmered softly,
like sunlight dancing on water.
It was not loud.
It was not bright.
But it felt alive.
Nim floated closer — very carefully.



Her Aunt was there, ready to answer their questions.
My friends want to know why I am the little Grail
Queen,” Vivienne said.

“Long ago,” her Aunt said gently,
“our family made a promise to the Grail.”
“A promise to care for the Land
and protect every living thing that belongs to it.”
“The Grail reminds us when the world needs help.”



“In every generation,” her Aunt continued softly,
“one daughter is born to guard the Grail.”

“The Grail is not only a cup,” she said.

“It is a promise — a promise to care for the Land
and protect the balance of the world.”

She placed a gentle hand on Vivienne’s shoulder.

“Vivienne can feel when the Land is hurting,
and she helps bring the world back into harmony.”

Her Aunt looked at Vivienne’s friends and smiled.

“So now... it is Vivienne’s time.”

Vivienne felt her heart beat warm and steady.

For a moment, no one spoke.

Even the wind seemed to lean closer.



Then Nim tilted sideways in the air.

“So...” he said thoughtfully,

“just like I was born to eat snacks?”

Everyone blinked.

“And jam rolls,” he added proudly. “And anything shaped like a star.”

Kaia and Vivienne burst out laughing.

Her Aunt smiled.

“Not exactly like that, Nim.”

Nim puffed his cheeks and turned away with a tiny huff.

Just then, the wind moved through the stones.

This time it didn’t sound playful.



Vivienne rushed outside. The others followed.
She knelt beside the struggling flowers.
She closed her eyes.
She could feel the Land speaking.
The wind felt restless.
The earth felt dry.
Something in the world needed help.



Vivienne placed one hand over her heart —
and one hand on the earth.
Warm golden light flowed gently from her chest
into the soil below.
The wind softened.
The grasses lifted.
The flowers stood tall again.

““How did you know the flowers needed help?” Eli
whispered.
Vivienne smiled.
“The Land tells you... if you care enough to feel it.”



They went back inside the chamber,
the Grail Cup was shimmering warmly. Its light was no
longer flickering.

It glowed — steady and bright —
as if it were smiling.

A soft golden light poured over Vivienne
like sunlight after rain.

Her Aunt looked at her with quiet pride.

“That is why you are the Little Grail Queen.”

“You notice what others overlook.”

“You feel when the world is out of balance.”

“And you help bring harmony back.”



Vivienne stood tall and steady.
She wasn't the biggest.
She wasn't the loudest.
She wasn't the strongest.

But she cared for the Land.
And the Land cared for her.

And her friends loved her even more.
Not because she was the little Grail Queen,
but because she cared.
And anyone who listens with their whole heart
can help the world feel balanced again.

Join Vivienne and Nim
for Avalon's next adventure.

The Little Grail Queen

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