

# The Little Grail Queen and The First Day in the School of Light

By Deborah Whitney





The morning mist stretched softly across the Isle of Light as Vivienne walked along the silver-stone path.

Lumi zipped beside her, glowing in small excited flickers.

Kaia of the Fire skipped ahead, sparks hopping playfully at her heels.

Nilo of the Water walked calmly, hands tucked into his pockets.

Eryn of the Air drifted just above the grasses.

Taro of the Earth stepped slow and steady.

And Eli, the Elphin boy, crunched along behind them, boots tapping the stones.

“Is today really the first day?” Eli asked.

Vivienne nodded.

“It is.”

The mist curled around them like it was listening.



“What do we learn at school?” Eli asked.

Vivienne thought for a moment.

“My Aunt says,” she began carefully,  
“we learn how to be who we already are.”

Kaia tilted her head.

“But don’t we already know?”

“Maybe,” Vivienne said.

“Or maybe we remember.”

Lumi glowed a little brighter.



The Light School stood beneath tall Rowan trees, their  
leaves whispering in the morning light.  
The building was small, with round windows and a door  
carved with vines and tiny stars.  
It did not look like a place for rules.  
It looked like a place for stories.  
Vivienne felt something steady in her chest as they  
approached.  
Not nerves.  
Something else.



Guardian Ella stood at the doorway.  
Her shawl was woven in threads of gold and earth.  
Her eyes were kind and bright, like someone who  
noticed small things.

“Welcome,” she said gently.  
She greeted each child by name.

“Kaia of Fire.”

“Nilo of Water.”

“Eryn of Air.”

“Taro of Earth.”

“Eli of Elfin.”

“Lumi of Sprite.”

And then she looked at Vivienne.

“Vivienne.” Vivienne felt seen.



Inside, the classroom was filled with children from  
across the Isle.

Elves with thoughtful eyes.

Fairies with dew-soft wings.

Sprites smaller than Lumi.

Trolls with careful hands.

Children of moss, stone, water, feather, and flame.

Some stood tall.

Some stood shy.

Some stood very still.

The room hummed with first-day energy.



Guardian Ella stepped to the center of the room. In her hands, she carried a small wooden heart carved from Rowan wood.

She placed it gently on a woven mat.

“This,” she said softly, “reminds us of something important.”

The room quieted.

“Every one of you has a gift growing inside.”

Kaia’s sparks flickered.

Nilo blinked.

Eryn drifted closer.

“Gifts,” Ella continued, “grow best when they are seen, and when they are shared kindly.”



Guardian Ella set a basket beside the wooden heart. Inside were feathers, stones, ribbons, bowls of water, small bells, chalk, and clay.

“When a seed grows,” she asked,  
“what does it need?”

“Light!” said Kaia.

“Water,” said Nilo.

“Air,” said Eryn.

“Time,” said Taro.

“Steady ground,” said Eli.

Guardian Ella nodded.

“So do your gifts.”



One by one, the children stepped forward.  
Kaia picked up a ribbon of warm gold thread.

“I burn bright,” she said.

Nilo touched a bowl of water.

“I feel things deeply.”

Eryn lifted a feather.

“My thoughts float.”

Taro pressed his hand into clay.

“I take time.”

Eli rang a small bell.

“My mountains echo.”

Each voice sounded different.

Each felt true.



Vivienne waited.  
The basket grew lighter.  
Her heart felt warm.  
Not hot like fire. Not cool like water.  
Steady.  
She placed her hand over it.  
The warmth pulsed softly.  
She reached into the basket and chose a small lantern  
carved from wood.  
“I like when people feel safe,” she said.  
The room grew quiet.  
Guardian Ella smiled.  
“That is a beautiful gift,” she said.  
Vivienne wasn’t sure why, but the warmth inside her  
glowed a little stronger.



A moss-child stepped forward slowly.

“I grow quietly,” he said.

A stone-child spoke next.

“I am strong even when I am silent.”

A fairy fluttered her wings.

“I shine softly.”

Guardian Ella looked around the circle.

“Some gifts are loud,” she said.

“Some are quiet.

Some are fast.

Some are patient.”

She lifted the wooden heart.

“All of them matter.”



The children sat together on the woven mat.  
No one tried to shine brighter than another.  
No one tried to be different than they were.

The room felt calm.

Balanced.

Vivienne felt that warmth again.

And for just a moment—  
she thought she felt something else.

Like the beginning of a whisper.

But it wasn't words.

Just... knowing.



When the bell rang, the children lined up to leave.

Water walked beside fire.

Air drifted near earth.

Light glowed steady and sure.

Lumi hovered close to Vivienne.

“Do you think our gifts will grow?” he asked.

Vivienne looked down at her hands.

“I think,” she said slowly,

“they already are.”

Above them, the Rowan leaves whispered.

And inside the Little Grail Queen,

something small and bright

was beginning to awaken.

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

The Little  
**Grail**  
Queen

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