

# The Little Grail Queen and the Lake of Knowing

By: Deborah Whitney





Beyond the whispering trees,  
past silver reeds that swayed like secrets,  
there was a lake no map could hold.  
Some called it the Lake of Listening,  
because it listened to every heart that came near.  
But in Avalon, the elders knew its truest name.  
It was the Lake of Knowing.



The Lake of Knowing did not reflect faces.  
It reflected hearts.  
When hearts were open,  
the water shimmered like morning light.  
But when a heart carried something unspoken,  
the lake grew quiet...  
and waited.



The water of the lake was gentle and wise.  
It remembered old stories.  
It listened when words were hard to say.  
It comforted sadness.  
And sometimes...  
it showed dreams not yet lived.



Vivienne, the Little Grail Queen,  
came often to the lake.

She never rushed.

And whenever she arrived...the water glowed softly —  
as if the lake itself were smiling.

Beside her fluttered Nim, the smallest guardian of  
Avalon, whose bright wings were always curious about  
the world.

Nim noticed a small faerie named Puck, who often  
followed Vivienne through the forest.

Usually his wings sparkled like sunlit dew.

But lately, Puck had grown quiet.

Nim tilted his head.

Something in the forest was not quite right.



The mermaids sensed something too.  
They lived beneath the quiet waters of the lake,  
where light shimmered like silver ribbons and the  
currents carried ancient songs.  
But today the water felt heavy.

It was as if the lake itself had discovered a secret  
and a soft sadness drifted across its surface, settling  
gently near Vivienne.



The mermaids rose from the depths like moonlit waves  
and bowed to Vivienne.

Not because she would one day rule—  
but because she listened  
with her whole heart.

For a moment the lake was still.

“Water carries truth,” they sang.

“Water holds feelings gently.

And water reflects what a heart is holding.”



Then one of the mermaids whispered to Vivienne,  
“The lake is changing. Not from harm...  
but from a truth left unspoken.”

Vivienne looked around the quiet shore.  
“What could be making the waters sad?” she  
wondered.

Then Nim fluttered closer to the reeds.  
“Vivienne...” he whispered softly.

“I think Puck is hiding something.”

Near the reeds,  
Puck stood with his wings folded close,  
his head bowed low.

And Vivienne knew at once—  
Puck was carrying a sadness in his heart.



Puck looked down at the quiet water. For a long moment, he said nothing.

The lake shimmered softly beneath him, as if it were waiting.

Nim hovered beside him quietly.

“You can tell the truth,” Nim said gently.

“The lake listens... and so do we.”

Then Puck took a deep breath.

“I’m sorry,” he said softly—

“I have been hiding something,” Puck finally whispered.

“There is a sadness in my heart... and I was afraid to share it.”

Vivienne listened without speaking.

But the Lake of Knowing had already heard.



The water darkened for a moment, then rippled  
like a mirror of the heart.

Because when feelings are hidden too long,  
the forest can feel their weight.

Puck looked into the lake,  
the water reflected the truth he had been  
carrying all along.

Vivienne knelt beside the lake.

“The lake isn’t angry,” she said gently.

“It is asking for honesty.”

The forest leaned closer.

The mermaids listened.



Puck looked down at the quiet water.

“I started the commotion in the forest,” he admitted.

“The wind rose and the leaves flew everywhere...  
and in all the noise and confusion, the faeries forgot to  
listen.”

His wings trembled.

“I knew it was my fault. But I was afraid to tell anyone the  
truth.”

He looked at the scattered petals floating on the lake.

“I didn’t mean for the flowers to lose their petals...  
or for the leaves to be blown away.”

Puck took a deep breath.

“I’m sorry,” he said softly—  
to the forest,  
to the lake,  
and to himself.

“I want to make things right.”



The water stirred.  
The cloudiness faded.  
The light returned —soft at first, then brighter than  
before.

Vivienne wrapped her arms around Puck.

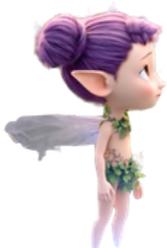
Nim fluttered close beside them.

The mermaids began to sing.

Puck's wings shimmered in the golden light.

And for the first time in many days,

Puck's smiled again.





Vivienne smiled at the shining lake.

“See?” she said softly.

“The lake listens.

And when we tell the truth...”

She looked at Puck, whose eyes now sparkled again.

“...the light finds its way home.”

The mermaids sang a gentle song.

“When truth is shared with love,” they sang,  
“the water heals, and the forest remembers.”

Nim fluttered happily.

“Does this mean,” he whispered hopefully,

“we can have sparkle cake now?”

Vivienne laughed.

The lake glowed  
like a living star.



“We all like a celebration,”  
laughed the mermaids.

The lake shimmered with laughter.  
And so the Lake of Listening remained—  
the ancient Lake of Knowing.

A mirror of the heart.  
A place of comfort and hope.  
Where sharing the truth,  
listening with love,  
and speaking from the heart  
can restore the light  
in us all.



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

The Little  
**Grail**  
Queen

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