

The Little Grail Queen— and the Light Beneath the Mist

By Deborah Whitney



Far beyond the rolling seas, hidden behind silver mist,
lay the Island of Light.

This was Avalon.

Faeries shimmered among the trees, their wings
catching the sunlight.

Sprites darted across the grass like tiny sparks.
And beneath the lakes, mermaids swam through quiet
waters that held the memories of the forest.

Avalon was a place where magic and kindness lived
together.





At the heart of Avalon lived a young girl named
Vivienne.

Some called her the Little Grail Queen.

Not because she ruled the island.

But because she listened to it.

She listened to the wind moving through the trees.

She listened to the rivers when they whispered over
stones.

And she listened when the creatures of Avalon needed
help.



Vivienne cared for the Island in quiet ways.
She helped lost faeries find their way home.
When the Giants knelt to rest, she reminded them
where the ground was strongest.

She comforted frightened forest creatures.
And when the trees seemed restless or the winds grew
uneasy, she would pause and listen until the island's
harmony returned.

The creatures of Avalon trusted her.
Because Vivienne listened with her whole heart.



Always by her side was her best friend Nim, a small green pixie with quick wings and bright, knowing eyes. Pixies noticed things early, and Nim had watched over the Island for a very long time.

“You’re very good at this,” Nim said one morning, watching Vivienne gently free a sprite tangled in a singing vine.

“Most people think magic needs controlling. You seem to know it just needs caring for.”

Vivienne smiled.

“It feels right,” she said.



Puck, the most mischievous of the faeries, hovered nervously near the trees. His wings flickered like silver leaves in the wind.

Lumi, the brightest of the sprites, dimmed her glow until she shone only like a tiny lantern.

Eli, the youngest of the elfin children, stopped his game and stared quietly toward the mist. Even the forest creatures grew still. Something had changed in Avalon.

It wasn't dark. It wasn't cold.

But the air felt different.

Quiet. Pale. As if the Island of Light had forgotten where its light was meant to shine.

Vivienne felt it too.

She knelt beside the grass and placed her hand gently on the earth.

“What is the forest trying to tell us?” she whispered.



Nim floated close beside her, his small wings humming softly.

“Maybe the island is waiting,” Nim said.

“Waiting for someone to listen.”

And Vivienne knew that was where they must begin.

Lumi, Eli, Puck and Nim looked at Vivienne.

Somewhere deeper in the forest, the Faery Queen listened, trusting Vivienne—to remember what to do.

Vivienne’s chest tightened.

“That mist looks like it’s playing hide-and-seek,”

Vivienne said, peeking toward it.

Nim nodded. “It’s really good at hiding things.

Especially the sky.”



Puck looked up, then back at the mist.

“That’s true,” he said. “When the sky hides, it feels like the world gets quieter.”

Eli, Puck and Lumi stopped walking. Lumi’s glow flickered. “My light won’t shine in a fog,” he said.

So Vivienne kept going.

She had never walked this far alone.

The path toward the mist was unfamiliar.

“I’m scared,” she said.

Nim floated closer.

“Don’t worry, on the Island of light you’re never alone,” he said gently.

“Hide-and-seek can feel wobbly while you’re waiting for the light.”



Vivienne took a breath. She still felt afraid.

And then she felt something deeper.

A quiet knowing, warm and steady. “The light’s not gone...,” Vivienne said. “It’s still there— just covered.”

She thought of her aunt, the Grail Queen, who had taught her that caring for the light was the greatest magic of all.

“They’re counting on me,” Vivienne whispered.

Nim nodded.

“They’re not asking you to be fearless,” he said.

“They’re trusting you to remember what the Island needs.”



Vivienne took a deep breath. Her heart beat fast.

But she stepped forward anyway.

The ground beneath her feet warmed.

Far away, a Giant straightened, feeling the Island steady again.

The lake rippled, and the mermaids' voices lifted, hopeful.

Nim's eyes widened. "Oh! That's a good sign," he said. "The Island only does that when someone's listening properly."

Vivienne took another step.

As she moved, the mist began to shift—not pushed, not forced—just gently parting, as if it recognized her.



Light streamed through the openings.
Puck and the Faeries peeked out, glowing brighter.
Lumi and the Sprites zipped happily through the
clearing air.
Eli and the elfin children laughed and followed close
behind.
The Giants resumed their slow, protective watch.
The mermaids sang again, their voices carrying
across the lake like welcome.



At the edge of the mist, Vivienne lifted her lantern.

“I’m here,” she said softly to the light.

“You don’t have to hide anymore.”

The mist thinned.

The light shone through—steady and warm—spreading
across the Isle like a memory returning.

The flowers lifted their heads and sang full and clear once
more.

The lake shimmered. The hills breathed.

Nim looped joyfully through the air and landed on
Vivienne’s shoulder.

“See?” he said, grinning.

“Turns out the light just needed someone brave enough to
care for it.”



Vivienne stood quietly, calm and certain inside.
She was still a little girl.

Mist would gather again someday.

But the Island of Light remembered something
important that night:

Courage is stepping forward when you cannot see
clearly.

Caring is helping others see the light that was always
there.

And because Vivienne chose to care for every living
thing,

the mist parted—
and the light shone on.

Join Vivienne and Nim
for Avalon's next adventure.

The Little
Grail
Queen

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