

THE LITTLE GRAIL QUEEN AND THE SPRITE WHO TRIED TO GLOW BRIGHTER

By Deborah Whitney





Vivienne and Nim had a very special friend.
His name was Lumi.
Lumi was a sprite—
a tiny one.
The kind you might miss
if you didn't look closely.



ling

But Lumi had a secret wish.
He wanted to shine brighter,
like the Lightlings—
the big Glowflies
who glowed like stars
and never seemed to dim.
Lumi tried to glow the same way.
But his light always flickered first.



One evening, the bigger Lightlings gathered in the clearing.

“Let’s see who can shine the longest,” one of them said.

Lumi’s glow jumped with excitement. Every evening, he had been practicing in secret. “This is my chance to shine,” he whispered.



The Lightlings began to shine.

Bright.

Brighter.

Brightest.

Lumi tried his very best.

He stretched his light as far as it could go.

And he didn't notice how tired it felt.



The night stretched on.

One by one, the Lightlings dimmed and drifted
away.

Lumi stayed. He could have stopped but he didn't.

He gathered every spark he had.

His glow grew bigger —

brighter —

taller than before.

For a moment, Lumi shone almost like the Lightlings.

And then —

his light flickered.

And went out.



That night, Nim and Vivienne waited at the edge
of the path.

But the glow never came.

The forest felt darker than usual.

“Lumi should be here,” Nim said, his voice tight.



“He might need us,” Vivienne said softly.
So Nim lifted his lantern,
and together they followed the path—
not away from the light,
but into the dark.



They found Lumi near the Rowan roots,
curled small and gray.
Vivienne knelt beside him.
“You grew so big,” she said softly,
“and it took all your light.”
Lumi’s voice was very small.
“I tried to shine like them,” he whispered.
“I didn’t want to be little anymore.”
Nim floated closer.
“You were never just little,” he said.



Vivienne knelt beside him.
“You don’t have to burn to belong,” she said.
“Light isn’t about how long you shine—
it’s about why.”
She held the lantern low, sharing its warmth.



Slowly, Lumi's glow returned.
His light folded gently back into him,
no longer stretching or reaching —
just resting where it belonged.
Not blazing. Not strained. Gentle. True.
When he floated beside Nim and Vivienne once
more,
the path glowed softly —
not brighter than before —
but exactly enough.
And that night, Avalon remembered:
No matter the size, every light knows the way home.

Join Vivienne and Nim
for Avalon's next adventure.

The Little
Grail
Queen

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