



Pumpkin and Spice

Elaesa Jones

Fable, Kids, Magic

Once upon a time, there was a boy with orange hair named Pumpkin, and a girl with cinnamon brown hair named Spice. They were brother and sister, who lived in a village that rested near the edge of the forest.

It was on the thirteenth day of September, that their mother sent them out to pick catnip in the forest, “You may stay in the forest and fill your baskets with catnip, but you mustn’t stray from the path.” She said.

So Pumpkin and Spice spent the early afternoon in the forest, filling their baskets with catnip. In no time at all the two baskets were full, “Now that our baskets are full, we should go back home to mother.” Spice told her brother as she tucked a lock of her hair behind her ear.

Pumpkin walked with his sister back to the village, yet as they walked, they both swore that they could hear something.

It was a most delightful sound, like that of little golden bells ringing among the autumn leaves. The source of the beautiful sound was off the path. Pumpkin looked at Spice, and Spice looked at Pumpkin, “Let’s go see where that pretty sound is coming from.” Pumpkin said to his sister, and they went off the beaten path.

The sound of golden bells ringing slowly have way and blended into music, as Pumpkin and Spice wandered from the path. They were surrounded with autumn leaves, which seemed to dance in the crisp breeze. They were freshly painted in silky scarlet, yummy yellow, outstanding orange, and bashful brown. They circled the children like butterflies.

The music led Pumpkin and Spice to a glass table in the middle of a glen, which was decorated with a thick carpet of autumn leaves.

“Pumpkin, it’s so beautiful here,” Spice murmured in awe, “It’s like a page from a storybook.” Pumpkin added, nodding in agreement.

“Well I’m glad the two of you like it, I happen to think it needs a little something more.” A rather strange voice chimed in out of no where in particular, which caused the children to jump.

Pumpkin and Spice looked this way and that, and all of a sudden a most peculiar figure appeared in front of them.

He was as slender as a willow wand, with skin the color of cream, and golden hair that was tousled by the breeze. He wore an eccentric suit that appeared to be stitched up out of the colorful autumn leaves, but what struck the children most about this figure, were his eyes.

His eyes were as white as the moon, and at first Pumpkin and Spice thought he was blind, yet the way he looked at them gave them second thoughts about that. He was altogether quite peculiar indeed.

He tilted their chins up and looked them over with a nod of his head, “Yes~! Quite so indeed!” He said with a grin, “This little glen needs red butterflies to sparkle against the yellow leaves~!”

With a grand gesture, he spread his arms out, and little red butterflies seemed to burst out from his sleeves. The butterflies flew this way and that, definitely sparkling against the yellow leaves as the figure said.

Pumpkin and Spice applauded him for his magic trick, and were about to turn around and return to the path.

When all of a sudden, briar vines wrapped around their ankles, and held them both in their places.

“Ah, where do think you’re going?” The figure asked with a grin as he tilted his head to one side, “You can’t leave, I have to make this place comfortable for the two of you to stay forever~!”

At this Pumpkin and Spice looked at each other, and tried to get free from the briar vines, “We can’t stay here, our mother is expecting us to come home with our baskets of catnip!” Pumpkin protested as the briar vines scratched at his ankles.

“Oh, but you two can stay here, you listened to the Faerie song and went off the beaten path.” The figure replied with a dismissive wave of his slender hand, and the children realized that they had been tricked.

Spice and Pumpkin both struggled, and Spice realized that if she and her brother wanted to return home, they’d have to be clever and use their heads rather than their fists against this faerie.

“What about a game?” Spice suggested and she saw the faerie’s pale moon eyes shimmer at the word game, “Simply give us three chances to guess your name, and if we win, then you have to let us go.” Pumpkin nodded in agreement with her.

The faerie tapped his left foot as he thought the suggestion over, “Alright then, you’ll have three chances between you.” He replied with a bow, “If you win, I’ll let you go and give you three wishes between you. But if you fail, then you have to stay here, and any attempts to escape will put little children on the menu.” He added with a sinister tone, and his grin seemed to be a bit sharper than before.

Pumpkin and Spice both gulped at the thought of being good for a faerie, “That’s uh...fair enough...” Spice replied meekly as the faerie seemed to be sizing her up as a possible dessert.

The faerie chuckled as he bowed once more at the waist, “So ho! Go on and guess my name.” He replied as he crossed his arms and watched.

Pumpkin thought of all the names he had heard before, and Spice tried to recall the names of faeries that she had read in books, they had only three guesses so they had to make them count. “Is your name Mordecai?” Pumpkin asked with a hopeful gaze.

“That is not my name,” the faerie replied with a faint chuckle in his throat, he brushed his nails against his

coat, as he waited to see what their next guess would be. He was certain that they would fail.

Spice bit her lip, "Perhaps your name is Balthazar?" she asked as she tucked a lock of her hair behind her ear, hoping that she was right.

"That is not my name," the faerie replied with a smirk, as he ran a hand through his tousled locks, confident that he would win the game, and have two new friends trapped forever in this little glen he had made.

Pumpkin and up glanced at each other, only one chance left, and if they failed then they'd be trapped here forever. They stayed there silent, neither one wanting to say the wrong name. The faerie only hummed as he ran a hand through his tousled locks in a steady pace.

As the siblings stood there, a little brown leaf fluttered past them, 'His name is Petriar' it said in a faint crackling.

Pumpkin and Spice looked at each and smiled, "Is your name Petriar?" they asked together. Petriar tugged at his hair, and the briar vines disappeared from around the children's ankles.

"As promised, you have three wishes between you, what is it you want?" He asked in an almost bored tone, his grin was gone, and his mood had grown quite cloudy at losing the game.

Pumpkin and Spice thought carefully about what they wanted to wish for, since they did not want any of the wishes going to waste. Pumpkin wished that he and Spice could have a black kitten, Spice wished for a book of flowers and herbs that she had been wanting, and they both wished that they'd remember this moment forever. So they never made the same mistake again.

With their wishes granted, Pumpkin and Spice ran back home just as fast as they could. It was time for supper when they got home.

Moral: It is wise to listen and obey your parents, for they know more than you do. If Pumpkin and Spice had listened to their mother and stayed in the path, then they wouldn't have gotten caught by Petriar. Then they wouldn't to explain to their mother what kept them, and why both of their baskets were only half full with catnip.

Read more fairy tales on Fairytalez.com