



The Boy and the Fairy Ring

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Magic

Once there lived a little boy who very much enjoyed sneaking away into the wood by his house. His Mother always warned him to never go alone and never at night, or the Faeries may get him and take him away. The boy didn't pay much attention.

One day, the boy was wondering around the Wood, again ignoring his Mother's warning. He heard music in the distance. He remembered what his Mother had told him, but his curiosity was too great and he followed the sound. As he got closer he heard flutes, drums, singing and laughing. It sounded like a grand time. "Maybe they have cakes." Thought the boy, for he had been out all day and was starting to get hungry. Finally, he saw them. Little people of all sorts dancing in a circle. They had pipes and drums and lutes and bells. They threw dust about that glimmered in the light of the moon. Some rode upon Dragonflies and others were dancing with the flowers. Even the Blue Bells looked alive. The boy was so entranced he got closer. It was as if the little people were calling him to join. He found himself standing in the middle of the ring. All the little Faeries flew around him, offering cookies and cakes and wine. He took them all. Then in a moment, they were all gone. Even the boy.

When the boy didn't return home his mother went out looking for him. She searched the wood for hours until she came upon the place where the faerie ring had been. Now it was just a burnt looking patch. Nearby, she found her son's cloak. She knew right away what had happened. She went to town to the blacksmith and asked for a bag of Iron powder. That night, she went back into the wood, to the spot she had found her son's cloak. There she saw them, the little people, dancing in delight. But she did not see her son. She approached the ring

and spoke.

“You have my son. I want him returned.”

The Faerie folk continued to revel in the moonlight. Dancing and singing, drinking and laughing. The woman spoke again.

“You have my son. I want him returned.”

One little Faerie flew up and held out some food.

“Won’t you eat with us? The cakes are lovely.”

The woman refused and simply said, “You have my son. I want him returned.”

Another little faerie flew up and held out a golden goblet.

“Please, won’t you drink with us? The wine is the sweetest you’ve ever tasted.”

Again the woman refused and simply spoke, “You have my son. I want him returned.”

This time three little faeries flew up.

“Won’t you dance with us? The music is amazing. It will ease your pain.”

Again, the woman refused.

“You have my son. I want him returned.”

“He doesn’t want to leave,” the faeries replied, “he’s happy here eating our cake and drinking our wine.”

The woman started to cry and asked if she could at least see her son one last time. The faeries took pity and when the woman looked again, she saw her son. He was dancing with the little folk, laughing and having a joyous time. She ran to him and wrapped him up in her arms. She turned and revealed the little pouch she had received from the Blacksmith and reached inside, pulling out a bit of the powder. All the faeries cringed and cowered with fear. For faeries fear not much, more than Iron. She held out her hand, exposing a black pile in the middle of it, and blew. The little people screamed in pain and horror.

“Please, no more!” Cried the faeries. “Take your boy and leave. Just, please, NO MORE!”

In the next moment, the faeries were gone. The boy stood with his mother in the woods alone. The moonlight shone through the trees.

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