



The Boy and the Hawthorn

Tree

Zoe Walter

Magic

In a little village on the edge of a forest, there lived two children. A boy and a girl. One evening, the children went into the forest to gather wood for the fire.

“Stay here and gather these twigs for kindling.” The boy said to his sister. “I will go a bit further and gather larger branches.”

The girl did as she was told and her brother went off deeper into the forest. He had about filled his cart when he decided to sit and rest a while before heading back to meet up with his sister. He found himself taking shelter under a Hawthorn tree.

“Oh, how I am hungry!” The boy cried. He looked up and saw the juiciest bunch of Hawthorn berries he’d ever seen. He plucked them and ate them.

“Oh, how I am thirsty!” He moaned a moment later. He looked to his left and saw a leaf, cupped and filled with dew. He picked the leaf and drank from it. It was as sweet as wine.

“Oh, how tired I’ve become!” He said and he stretched out under the Hawthorn tree and fell asleep.

When the boy awoke, there was a little man in front of him.

“Who are you that sleeps at the foot of my home, who eats my berries and drinks my drink?”

The boy just stared, bewildered at what was happening.

The little man repeated, “Tell me who you are! You who sleeps at the foot of my house! Who eats my berries and drinks my drink!”

“I’m sorry sir,” The boy replied. “I meant no harm.”

“Well, harm you did. Mean it or not.”

The little man took his shilleleigh and pushed the boy into the Hawthorn tree. He fell backwards and disappeared.

At this time, the girl had become worried for her brother and came looking for him. She happened upon the little man and the Hawthorn tree just as her brother vanished.

“What have you done with my brother?” She exclaimed.

“He has eaten from my tree, he has sipped my wine and taken shelter under my branches. He’s mine now.”

The girl began to cry as the little man ran out of sight. A moment later there was a loud SNAP and a yell. She went to see and found the little man caught in a hunters trap.

“Help me! You must help me!” The man shouted.

“Give me my brother back!” She answered.

“Yes, yes, anything! Just help me loose!” The girl helped the little man out of his situation and with a wave of his shilleleigh he was gone.

A moment later, the boy appeared in front of the Hawthorn tree. The girl was so filled with joy and happiness at the sight of him that she wept. She wept so much her tears watered the trail back home and little yellow buttercups sprang up behind them.

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