



# *The Little Girl and The King of the Clouds*

Vivian Li

Magic

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There was once a little girl who lived in the sky with her father and mother. At the time, the sky was co-ruled by the King of the Clouds and the Lord of the Wind. The King of the Clouds was benevolent and allowed all boys and girls to visit and explore his palace, as long as they didn't venture into one room in particular: The Room of Golden Suns. He also forbade them to touch the doorknobs of the room, for it was easy to become confused by all its twists and turns.

One day, while she was playing in the palace, the little girl passed by the forbidden room and found it unlocked. She knew the rules but wondered if one little glance could hurt anyone. She touched the doorknob, and was momentarily blinded by a blast of white light.

She opened her eyes to a harsh and unfamiliar environment. There were huge blocks of black, white, and purple material speeding on long, grey roads. Most alarming of all was the separation between the skies and the ground.

She glanced up, hoping to find where her home was, but the pink and soft mushroom clouds covered up every sign.

She started walking towards the horizon, hoping to find a bridge between the sky and the earth. On the way, she met a little boy, who looked at her strangely when she asked him about it; he told her there wasn't one.

"Let's try," she insisted.

So the little boy and the little girl set out and tried to find the bridge between the worlds for themselves. On the way, they met a pigeon, who knew how to communicate with the little girl.

“I can fly and I haven’t seen the end. What are you going to do?” the pigeon snapped, flying away.

The little girl refused to give up. She picked up a large object and threw it as hard as she could. But the little boy told her it didn’t reach the clouds.

“Are you sure you belong there?” he asked.

Now the little girl was depressed and anxious. She missed her home and wanted to be back with her family.

Just then, the little girl felt something odd happening to her body; it seemed to be talking without a voice.

“You’re hungry,” the little boy told her. “I don’t have money, but maybe we can find something to eat.”

Now, the Lord of the Wind discovered that the door of the Room of Golden Suns was slightly ajar, and decided to investigate. As he flew into the world, he sent many helpers to scout the landscape and report back to him.

Before long, he found the little girl and the boy snuggled against a large oak tree.

“Elise,” he called to the little girl. “Are you ready to come home now?”

Elise struggled out of sleep, and instantly felt ashamed when she saw who it was. But she was more concerned about going home and so she asked:

“Can you take me back?”

“Certainly,” the Lord of the Wind replied. “But first tell me what you’ve learned from your adventure.”

“Don’t touch what doesn’t belong to you...”

“But the King invites children to play in his palace every day,”

“Don’t... don’t be too curious?”

“If the King abhorred curiosity, he wouldn’t link the two worlds.”

“Then... what is it?”

“In the middle of your journey, did you give up and forget about home?”

“That’s right,” Elise murmured. “I never forgot about home.”

“I can only find people who never forget their goals. I can’t find people who don’t remember themselves.” The Lord of the Wind paused and looked at the little boy. “Would you like to come back with us?”

Elise glanced at the little boy, who’d woken up during the conversation. He nodded, and the Lord of the Wind held them both close to his chest, then flew into the clouds.

Elise related her tale to the King, who was mildly amused, and granted her full access to the other world for as

long as he ruled. Elise's family adopted the little boy and for the rest of their days, they lived blissfully and peacefully.

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