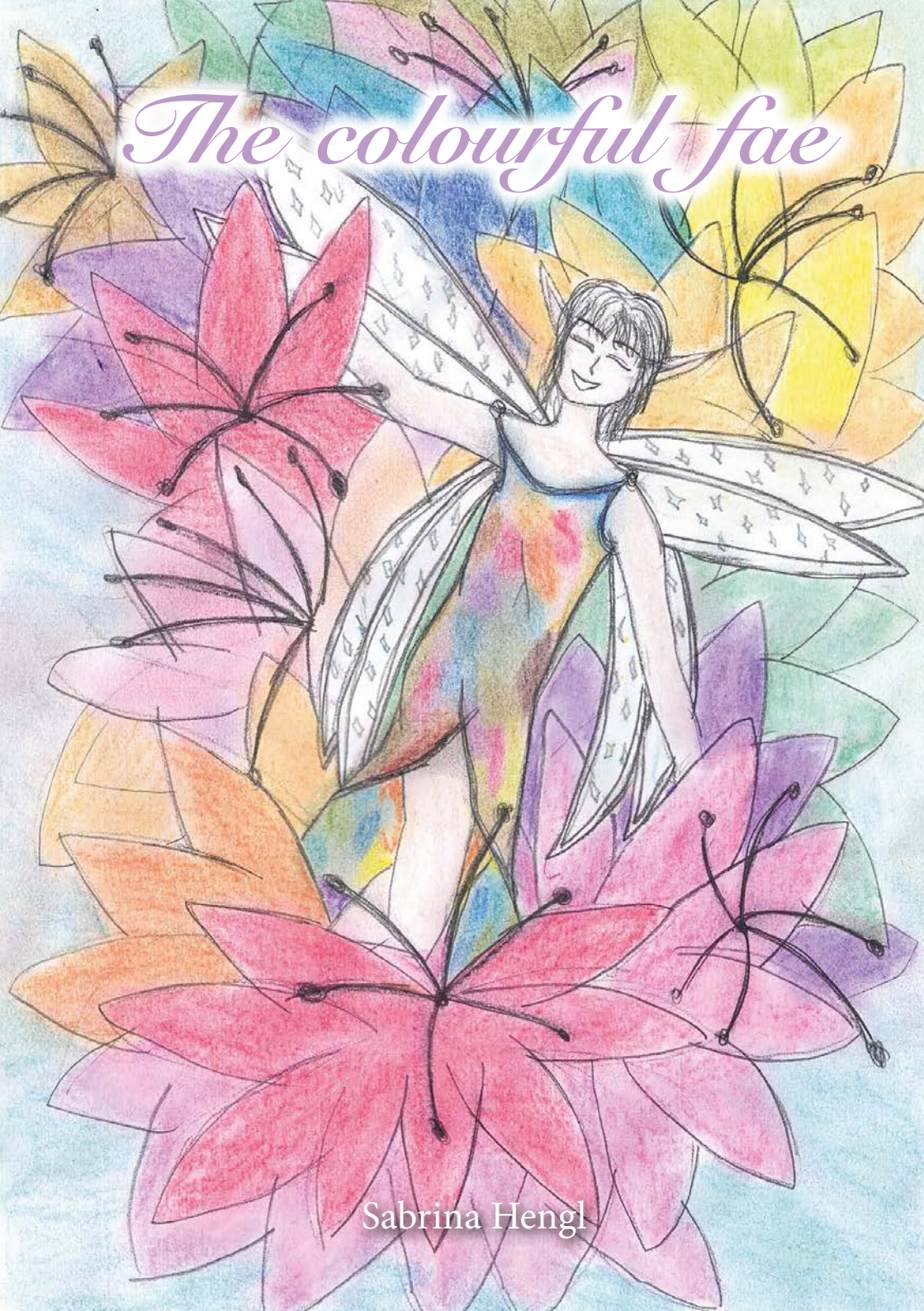


# *The colourful fae*



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***“Life itself is the most wonderful fairy tale.”***

*~ Hans Christian Andersen ~*

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## Prologue – Journey’s beginning

In a forest, hidden from the rest of the world, lived a clan of fairies. Their settlement, filled with lush green trees, seemingly endless meadows and a myriad of flowers, has existed for many years and most of them lived happily there, not caring much about the world outside their home.

But one day, when a batch of pure white lilies started to bloom, a little fairy was born from those very lilies. Its wings glittered with the light of the sun and the stars alike, and its skin and dress were pure white, just like the flowers from which it was born. The little fairy, just like its family and friends, lived in the settlement for many, many years – playing hide-and-seek in the forest, dancing in the wind that blew through the grass, or sleeping in the various flowers that bloomed in its home.

But sometimes the little fairy could be seen staring off into the distance, looking up into the sky far, far beyond the settlement where it grew up, and being oh so very curious. What could be waiting out there? Would it be any different from where it grew up? The more the young fairy thought about it, the more its curiosity grew. Until one day, the fairy went to its mother and asked to leave its home.

The fairy’s mother, surprised and worried, hesitated. After all, not many fairies ever left the home they grew up in and the little fairy, despite already being 100 years old, was still considered a child when it came to the lifespan of fairies. But seeing the burning excitement and the determination brimming in the young fairy’s eyes, the mother knew any sort of resistance would be futile. After all, aside from being carefree and playful, fairies were also inherently stubborn once they had set their mind on something.

And so it was, just a few days later, that the little fairy packed its belongings, hugged its mother one more time before saying goodbye and finally went on its first big journey. As it flew off into the distance, its fluttering wings shining in the light of the morning sun, the fairy’s



mother waved her child goodbye, tears brimming in her eyes as she made a wish. A wish that, no matter how long it might take, her child would return one day, safe and sound, still as carefree and happy as it always has been.



# The return

And just like that, many years went by. How many years exactly, no one could say. After all, the passage of time was insignificant to fairies, considering how long their lives could be. But as the seasons passed – with the little sprouts of spring turning into fully blooming flowers in the summer, only for the leaves of the forest to turn orange, before ultimately withering and snow covering the fairy settlement in a thick layer of white in the coming winter, over and over again – the little fairy’s mother thought about her child every day. Were they alright? What did they see and encounter on their journey? When would they return? Or would they return at all?

So after the days turned into weeks, the months into decades and ultimately into centuries, during which the little fairy’s mother continued her life among her clan, just like she always had, she turned her gaze towards the faraway horizon as she spoke her daily prayer for the safety of her beloved child. And when she looked back up, she saw familiar-looking



A young little fairy, curious about the world beyond the forest it calls its home, sets out on a journey to travel and see the world. And when the fairy returns, many years later, its once pure white dress is covered in all the different colours and memories it has made along the way.

A small, fairytale-like story about traveling the world and finding out more about yourself.