

3.65 Children's Stories: The Elf

An elf?

I see a very beautiful girl, slim
and light as a feather,

with long legs and fine features.

But not in her nightdress.

She wears a lovely dress, made of
the finest cloth.

And funny shoes with turned up toes.

She has long hair that flutters in even
the gentlest breeze.

A gentle breeze, not a gale.

She wears a garland of freshly-picked
flowers.

And she has super-long eyelashes.

And two pointed elfin ears.

And she has beautiful wings.

Not wings like that.

Elfin wings.

She has pouch hanging from her belt.

It is full of fairy dust.

She loves doing mischievous magic
tricks.

But she doesn't like tricks being
played on her. She is very touchy.

I see fairyland, the secret kingdom,
where flowers and animals can talk.

There is a toadstool cottage.

It's not for gnomes. No, it's her elfin house.

Outside there is a bench.

And also a swing.

And gardening tools, because she loves nature.

She looks after the animals and plants.

She sings and dances for them.

But she also likes to laze around.

She loves cakes and tarts and fruit.

She is so sweet and full of joy that she beams.

And in the evening,

when her work is done,

she gazes at the moon and stars

and then goes to her Elfin bed, tired but content.

Once upon a time, in a far off secret kingdom, there lived an elf.

And she lived happily ever after.