

A Child's Adventure in Faerie

For the Child within Us All



*By
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Return to Innocence

Most of us do not turn within to ask for answers until we are forced to do so by feelings of failure or experiences of fear and pain in our outer world. Our inner life may hold pain and sorrow, but it also holds joy and beauty. The child that is within us can feel pure emotions without the interactions of mental “shoulds” and “should nots”. These clear, honest emotions hold the truth of our early childhood and how those experiences shaped us into who we are today.

As children, we created a safe reality with our then-active imagination. In that world, we were important, powerful, beautiful, and/or smart. We were anyone and anything that we wished to be. In other words, as children the veil between the third and fourth dimensions was very thin, and we had access to the power of manifestation on the Astral Plan. The reality that we created was as real, if not more real, than the outside world in which we were young, powerless, naughty, and sometimes “not good enough.”

Locked within that safe world of our creation is the secret of the person that we really are, and the person we have allowed our adult selves to be “talked out of being.” Perhaps we can gain the respect, and love of our child self by entering their world of imagination. However, if we wish to re-enter that world, we must be willing to “become as little children”.

A Child's Adventure in Faerie

Dear Inner Child,

I want to hear your story. I am sorry that I have ignored you for the better part of my adult life. I know that you hold wonderful mysteries for me and have memories of the fourth dimension that I have forgotten—or repressed.

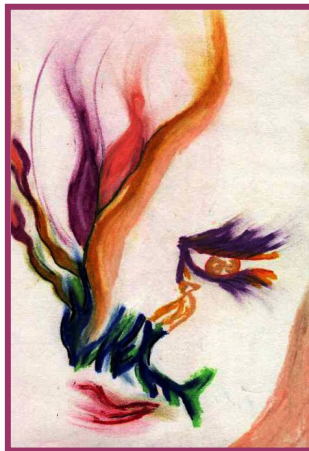
You see, Suzy, it hurt me too much to remember. I grew up. I got married, twice, and had two children of my own. I could no longer crawl into a “tree cave” and hide inside my mind.

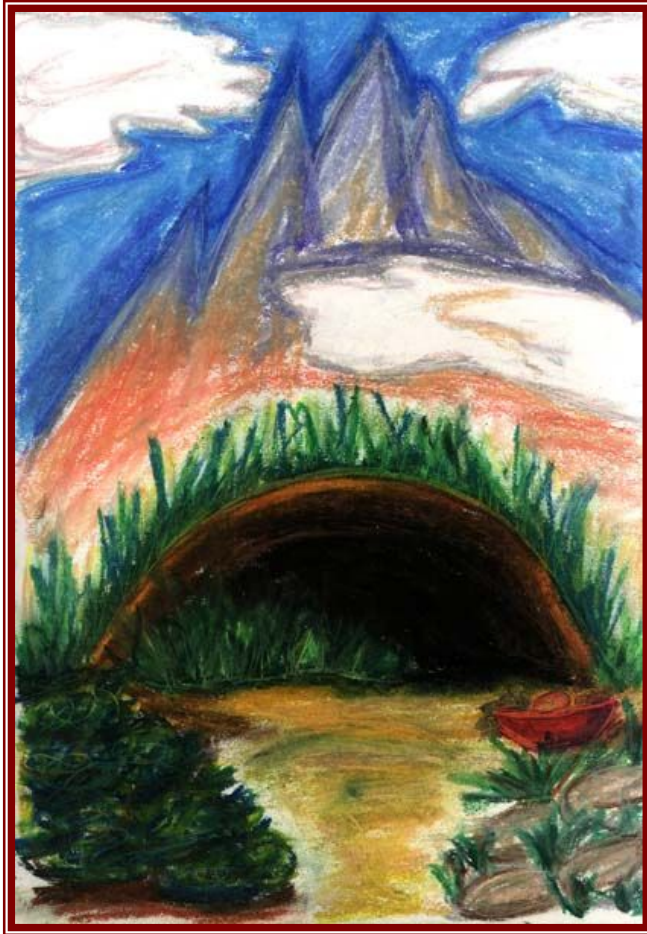
To tell you the truth, I got lost. Before I realized what had happened, I was grown up and Imagination had become Responsibility. So, I put you out of my mind, as though I were jealous of you or something. No, that is not the truth. As much as I cherish the memories that you hold for me, I am glad I am no longer a child

I am sorry that I have ignored you just like the people in your story. You have held a treasure for me for all these years and I have not once thanked you for that service.

*I want to thank you now and listen while you tell me your story.
Thank You Suzy,*

*Love
Your Adult Self*





“Where am I? Who was that voice?”

“It is me—your adult self.” I can see my inner child, but now she does not appear to be able to see me.

“I think someone is trying to talk to me,” she mutters to herself, “but the voice sounds far above me and I am in a deep, dark cave. Yes, as I look around, I see that I am in a cavern. I should be scared, but I’m not.

“I guess it’s because I am so happy to have someone say they want to really hear about me. I don’t know if I can trust the voice or not. Lots of times people say they want to talk to me. Then, when I tell them what I really want to say, they laugh and pat my head.

“Isn’t that cute. What an imagination,” they say.

“But it’s not my imagination. It’s my life—the way I see it. No adults see life the way I do. No one hears what I hear or even seems to know what I know. And, even when they do talk to me, the colors around their heads say one thing and their mouths say another. I still don’t know what to believe. I only know that if their colors match their words—they ARE telling the truth.

“Well, before I worry about who is trying to talk to me, I need to find out where I am. WHERE I am? It’s kind of dark, but light is coming from an opening just over there.

“Hey, what was that? Something passed right in front of the light. Why, it’s a person. Great! I think. I hope it’s not an adult. I’d better go over and see. Yes, there are other people here, but they aren’t paying any attention to me—as usual. Maybe I can get them to tell me where I am.

“Hello, my name is Suzy. Do any of you know where we are?”

No response.

They just continue to wander around the cave with empty looks on their faces. I wonder why they won't answer me. Oh, now I see. They are all adults.

"Hello. What are your names? Do you remember how we got here?"

Again, no response.

"Hey, why won't you answer me," asks Suzy.

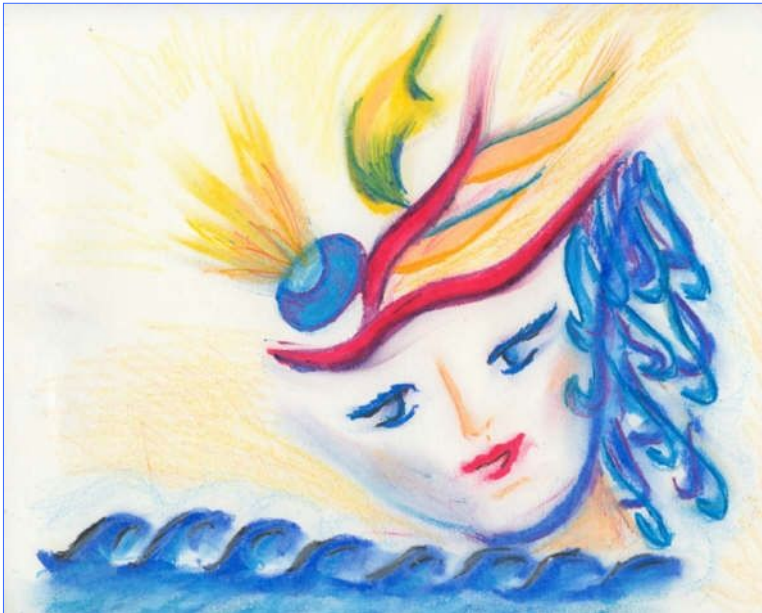
Still, no response.

"These people will never talk to me. I don't think they even know I'm here. I'm getting out of this creepy place."

I watch Suzy as she runs from the cave and up a small hill. What she sees then stops her in her tracks. Before her is a beautiful green valley with colors so bright that she almost has to shade her eyes. The trees are huge, the flowers are as big as she is and the sky is deep blue with fat, fluffy clouds lazily floating about.

Suzy excitedly runs down into the valley, forgetting about the unreal people and my own call to her. She does not have to walk far before she comes upon a waterfall. The water jumps merrily across rocks, reflecting every imaginable color. Flowers grow in profusion right up to the edge of the water, and hundreds of butterflies and insects visit their blooms.

Suzy's face lights up at the vision before her as she runs to investigate the waterfall. Being a child, she cannot resist putting her hand into the rippling water.



"Hello," says a voice that seems to come from inside the waterfall.

"Who said that?" asks Suzy, as she jumps back.

"I did," said the voice.

"I'm sorry, I don't see anyone. Is there a person in there? Please come out. I want to talk to you."

"Oh no, I couldn't do that. I am the water. In fact, I am the waterfall."

"This is very puzzling," says Suzy. "People here don't talk, but water does! I have never talked to a waterfall before. Ah, Miss. Waterfall, do you mind if I ask you how it feels to be a waterfall? I mean, a part of you is always coming and

another part of you is always going. Do you miss the part of you that travels down the river?"

"My, my," returns the waterfall, "I'm afraid I do not understand your question. I am water. I am the water before the waterfall and the water after the waterfall. I am the water that joins the ocean and the water that falls from the sky. I don't miss anything because I'm never separated from it."

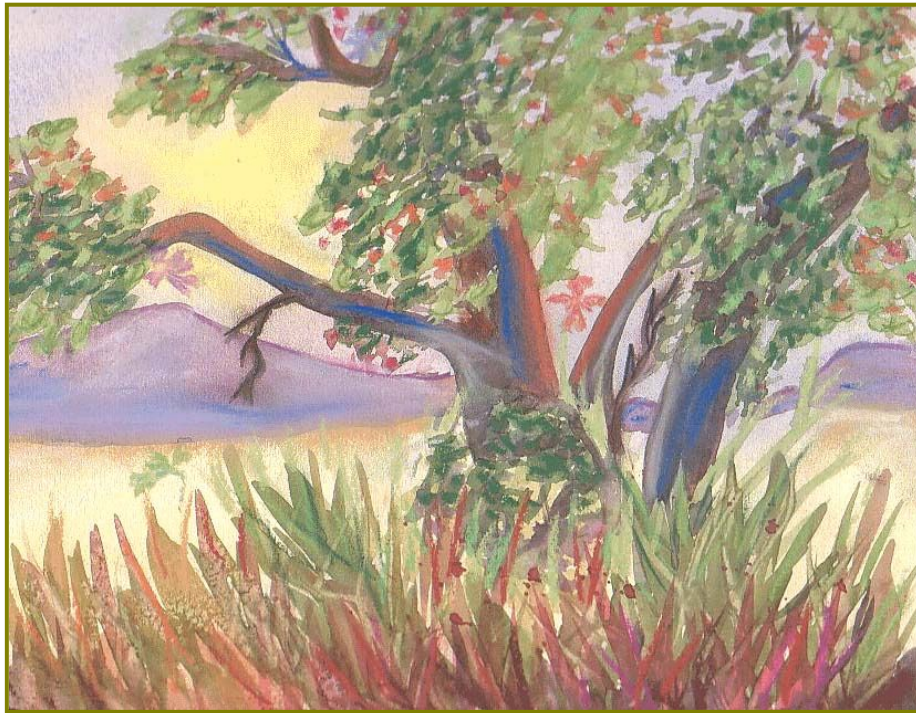
"Oh," says Suzy in a sad voice. "I'm separated from everyone. In fact, I don't even know where I am or how I got here. Can you tell me where this place is?"

"Why of course," the waterfall replied, "this is the water."

"No, I mean, where is this whole place, not just the water?"

"I'm sorry, I don't understand you again. I only know the water. Perhaps you could ask the tree. He seems to know a great deal."

"Thank you very much for your help—I guess," says Suzy as she walks away muttering. "Ask the tree? I guess the tree talks too. This place is weird. Well, maybe the tree can tell me where I am."



Suzy walks to the nearby tree that the waterfall must have been talking about. The tree is huge with a gnarly trunk and long branches that almost touch the ground. If she had been in a play-mood, like she was at Grandma's house, she would have climbed the tree. But now, she had serious business to attend to.

"Hello, Mr. Tree, can you tell me where I am?"

The tree does not respond and Suzy walks around it several times calling for its help. Finally, she decides to tap on it to get its attention.

TAP TAP TAP

“Hello—Hello in there. What kind of tree are you? Are you a talking tree?”

“I am a tree that does not like to be hammered on, thank you.”

“I'm sorry, but you wouldn't answer me.”

“Well, I didn't think you were talking to me. You see humans don't talk much here.”

“Yes, I've noticed. But, can you help me?”

“Well,” replies the tree, in a wise old voice. “They say that I know more around these parts than anything else does.”

“Good. Could you possibly tell me where I am?”

“Of course. You are here.”

“Wait, I'm afraid that does not give me much information. You see, I don't know where 'here' is.”

“Well,” replies the tree, rather impatiently, “here is where you are. I can't be clearer than that.”

“If I am 'here' now, then where was I when I was talking to the waterfall?”

“That is easy. Then you were 'there'.”

“Thank you anyway, Mr. Tree.”

Suzy walks away from the tree disappointed. How would she ever find out where she was? Even though water and trees talked here, they didn't seem to think like people think. She needed to find a talking person. Across a small sun filled meadow she sees a large rock with more of those empty-faced people standing by it.

“Hello, hello. Can you see me?” says Suzy as she runs towards them.

“Of course I can see you,” says a voice.

“Who said that? Oh, at last, a person I can relate to!”

“I am not a person. I am a rock.”

“Oh, no, more talking things, I wonder if the rock can me tell me where I am. Oh well, what could I lose? I might as well ask the familiar question.



"Mr. Rock, can you tell me where I am?"

"Please, I am Miss Rock. Can't you tell the difference?"

"I'm very sorry. Can you tell me where I am Miss Rock?"

"Of course," she replies. "Why, you are there."

"Yes, that is what the tree said. Maybe I should try a different question. Tell me, Miss Rock, why is it that none of the people here talk?"

"Why, you are talking, aren't you?"

"Of course, I am talking, but what about the others?"

"What others? Why, you are the first person I have seen in a long time."

"But what about the people right in front of you?" Suzy says impatiently, pointing to a small group gathered to the right of the rock, "Aren't they people?"

"Heavens no! They are thought forms. I wish the people who come here would take their thoughts with them when they leave, but they seldom do. I hope you will be neater. These thought forms are so useless. I'm sure if the people could have seen their thoughts, they would never have left them hanging around for others to see."

"They look just like people, but you are right, they are nothing to be proud of. They appear to have no life in them."

"No," answers the rock, "you see, they are without love and therefore, can have no life. They also have no souls so they have no way to gain the love that could free them."

"That is very sad. "Do you suppose I could help them?"

"I doubt it. They don't even know you exist, do they?"

"They certainly don't. Would the people know their thought form bodies if they came back here again?"

"Oh, those people will never come back here, you see, they hated it here. They didn't like a Nature that could talk to them. They needed to feel that they were the most powerful creatures and the only ones that had life and rights. I'm sure they are all back on Earth kicking rocks and chopping down trees. Luckily, we will not harm their thought forms like they harm us."

"Do you know how those people got here and how they left?" Suzy asks anxiously, thinking she may finally get some answers.

"I'm not sure. But they were all talking about something called a 'dream'."

"My. I wonder if I am asleep."

"No," says the rock, "you are different. I mean, I'm not sure what sleep is, but I know you are different than the rest. None of them ever talked to us. If we talked to them, they became very frightened and ran away. That is, of course, if they even heard us."

"Maybe that is why their thought forms look so sad."

"What is sad?" asks the rock.



"It is an emotion. Do rocks and trees and waterfalls have emotions?"

"I hope not," replies Miss Rock. "I would never want to look like they do when they have them."

"But there are good emotions, too. There is happiness and love. You were talking about love—that is an emotion."

"Not to us. Love to us is a way of being. We do not feel love. We ARE love."

"You know, I think you guys—I mean, things—are smarter than us. People seem to always want to *get* Love, but they seldom want to *be* Love. I think I like this place. I'm going to look around some more. Thank you very much, Miss Rock. You have been very helpful. I will see you later."

"I'll be right here," she replies.

Suzy leaves Miss Rock behind to begin her search for other forms of life.

"Wherever I am, this place is much nicer than my home. I would rather be with these 'things' than 'people' any day," she mutters to herself as she looks around in search of her next adventure.

Beside her is a long bush and something appears to be moving in it.



"I see something or someone moving in that bush. At last, maybe something can walk around with me and show me what's going on here."

"Hello, Hello," she calls to the bushes, "Do I see something moving? I know I look like a person, but I am very nice and am not frightened of you. Please come out and talk to me. I really need something to move around with me."

Nothing happens.

Either Suzy imagined she saw something, or it was hiding from her. Wait, there it is again. It's very small and seems to be flying.

"Please, come out in the open where I can see you. I promise I will be friendly. Please come out. I will wait right here and close my eyes. You call me when you want me to open them."

Suzy sits in a small ball on the ground and closes her eyes real tight. She can only wait and hope that the small flying thing will trust her enough to come out of its hiding place. Suzy sits as quietly as a mouse, waiting and hoping she can make a friend.

"Hello," she hears a tiny voice say. "You can open your eyes if you want."

Suzy gradually opens her eyes and is surprised to see a small multi-colored fairy flying just before her.

"Oh, hello," she says happily. "You are a fairy and you are multi-colored."

"Yes," says the fairy, in a singing voice. "My name is Lucille."

"My name is Suzy. I knew my imagination was right. I have always believed in fairies. When I played in Grandma's backyard, fairies were my best friends. They used to hide in flowers and I would try to find them. I didn't see them as much when I started to grow up, though. The adults told me there was no such thing. I think I started to believe the adults instead of myself. It made me very sad and lonely to be without fairies.

"It seemed that adults always did things to make me sad and lonely. Then I became an adult. That was the hardest thing I ever did. Being an adult is very, very difficult. I'm glad I came here, wherever it is, and became a child again. Now I can have fairy friends. I am so happy. I don't think I will ever leave here."

"Yes you will. You all leave sooner or later."

"Why?"

"Well, first, most people don't like this place, even the ones who come here as children start to grow up. Then they leave, too. They say that they will return to tell the world the truth. But I never see them again. So I don't know if they told the world the truth or if they forgot it as soon as they left Faerie Land.

"Oh well, you are here now. I'm sorry I hid from you. But, you see some people are very mean. One of them thought I was a bug and tried to hit me. I don't know why they would want to hit a bug. Most people are very hard to understand."

"I certainly agree with you on that," Suzy says. "Hey, did you say that we are in Faerie Land. Ha, I was right again. I knew there was a Faerie Land. It feels so wonderful to be a child again. I never want to grow up and leave. I don't care if the world hears the truth. They didn't listen to me as a child. Why would they listen to me as an adult?"

"Why don't we play? There aren't any flowers here for you to hide in, but maybe you know another game."

"I'm sorry," Lucille says, "but I can't play now. I was on my way to work when you saw me. I must hurry or I will be late."

"Work? I didn't know fairies worked."

"Of course, we have to teach the baby flowers to keep their form. It is very difficult for them at first. If they don't keep a perfect picture in their beings they will cease to be. It is our job to give them love. With our love they can better keep their form."



"Please, can I help? I have always loved flowers, especially baby ones."

"Well, you can try. But usually people are too selfish. They start thinking how they want the flowers to be instead of loving them for how they are."

"Oh, maybe I can watch you and learn the way to do it."

"OK, but we must hurry. They need me now. I can feel they are growing tired."

Suzy and Lucille take off over a hill together, with Lucille flying and Suzy running. Just over the top of the hill is a huge garden with every kind of flower spread out across the countryside like a living, growing carpet. The flowers are grouped in clusters of color with each group lovelier than the next.

The beauty is so complete that Suzy can hardly catch her breath. As she stands in utter silence and amazement at the top of the hill, she hears a sound like a chorus of people singing different tunes. Although each tune sounds different, they all seem to blend into one magnificent chorus.

"What is that beautiful singing?" she asks Lucille.

"That is the flowers talking."

Of course, if trees and rocks and waterfalls could talk, then why couldn't a flower?

"Hurry, we must go to the nursery."

Suzy follows Lucille on a path through the flowers.

"It would be quicker to fly over the tops of the flowers, but you can't fly yet and you would disturb the flowers in their beds," comments Lucille.

"What do you mean 'yet'? Do you mean I can learn to fly here?"

"Of course! I will teach you after work."

They follow a trail that leads over a small rise and into another valley that is a lush green with hints of color peaking out from their buds.

"This is the nursery," says Lucille proudly. "You can see that some of the babies are beginning to open."

"Lucille," Suzy asks, "I wonder if I could go talk to the grown flowers? I have always wanted to talk to a flower. And maybe if I did, I'd know better how to love them as babies."



"That sounds like a great idea. You can come back here when you are done. But remember, don't step in their beds. These flowers are different from the ones you know and the ground around them is very special. If it is disturbed by your weight, it could be harmful."

"I promise I will be very careful."

As Suzy returns to the flowerbeds, the first flowers she meets are the lilies.

"I think I will talk to the pink ones first," she says to herself.

"Hello, Mr. Lily, or are you a Miss?" she says remembering the rock.

"What, a talking person? Oh my! Hey guys, look at this, this

person talks. We thought people just wandered around with dead looking faces. We didn't know you could talk."

"Well, I guess I am one of the few here who do talk. Where I come from, however, flowers don't talk—at least to people. I always used to talk to the flowers in the yard, but I could never hear them talking back like you."

"You must come from a very unusual place. Here everything that has life can talk to everything else. That is, of course, except for most people. The people don't seem to even see us, much less talk to us," complains the lily.

"Yes, I know, they didn't talk to me either, but the waterfall, the tree, and the rock did. Then I met Lucille the fairy, and she brought me here."

"My, my! Well, how can I be of assistance to you, young talking person?"

"I want to help Lucille love the baby flowers, and I want to ask you how I should do it."

"Hmmm, there are no 'shoulds' in love. And nothing can tell you how to love. Love is there or it isn't. If there is doubt, then it isn't."

"But people often don't know if they love someone or something."

"I know," replies the lily. "That is exactly why people have a hard time loving the baby flowers to life. You see fairies know only love. They don't have to 'do' anything. They simply 'are'. In being themselves in their natural purity, they can form a model for the baby flowers to follow."

"I remember my fairy helper from long ago when I was a baby. She was as perfect as I could ever dream. Her color was an exact match for me and I could maintain it by seeing her. She was also very strong, like us lilies. She loved the early spring and was out and about long before most fairies, except for the narcissus and the daffodil fairies."

"That sounds wonderful," Suzy says. "I wish I could love like a fairy."

"You can! In fact, I feel you do. When I am near you, you feel warm like the sun. That is a very special feeling to be able to give."

"Why, thank you." Suzy says, feeling a little embarrassed. "I have really enjoyed talking to you. I think I will go over and talk to the roses."

"Great idea, you will enjoy them. Roses and people have always been very close."

Suzy continues on the path, but she is so intent on waving goodbye to the lilies that she almost bumps into a beautiful rose. The rose bush is very large and the flower is right at her eye level. Suzy stands in awe, looking directly into the rose's face.

"Excuse me for staring," she apologizes, "but you are the most beautiful rose I have ever seen."

"Why thank you," says the rose in a beautiful singing voice. This rose is definitely female.



"I feel like you could be my mother. I would love to curl up in your lap (if you have one), but the thorns would stick me. Tell me, Miss Rose, why does something as beautiful as a rose have such prickly stickers?"

"Because, my dear," the regal rose replies kindly, "beauty often needs protection."

"Protection from what?"

"Why, protection from destruction. You see, others want beauty and may harm what they fear they cannot have."

"But no one could harm you in this kind place," Suzy replies.

"That is true, my dear, but many of our brothers and sisters must live in the other world 'where people live. We hold our protection here to help them. You see we are a large family. What influences one of us influences all of us. A victory for one is a victory for all, and a challenge for one is a challenge for all."

"That is nice. I wish it were that way with people."

"But it is." sings the rose, "Unfortunately, most people don't know it. We try to show people that even though we are a separate and individual rose, we are linked together by the bush from which we draw nourishment and strength."

"If roses were never around people, would they drop their thorns?"

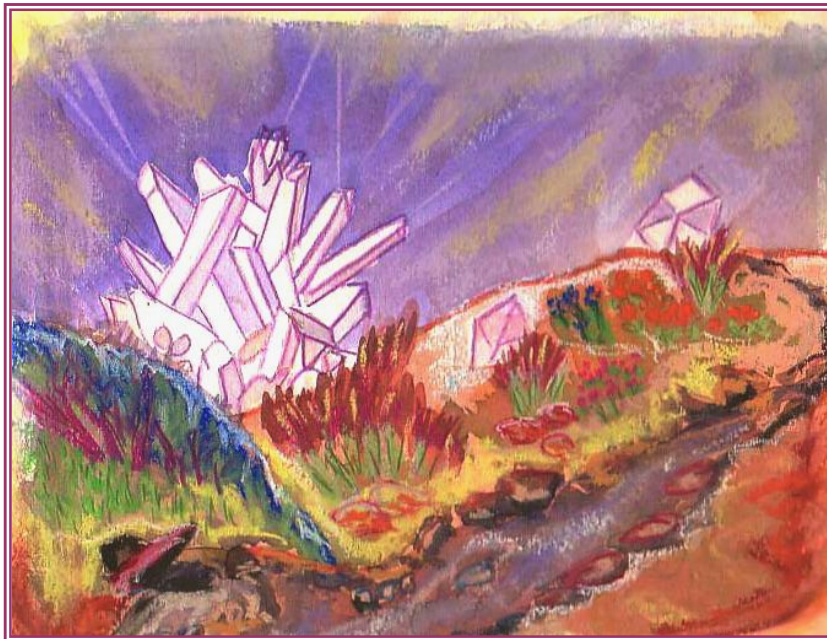
"My dear, we must always be around people. It is part of our reason for being. We can remind humans of the beauty of Nature. Someday, people will understand that it is better to find one's own beauty than to try to steal another's. Then perhaps we can drop the thorns," the rose replies sadly.

"You have reminded me about beauty and also about how mean people can be. That is why I want to stay here. The fairy said she would teach me to fly. Isn't that wonderful? Well, I had better get back to her. She is probably wondering why I have been gone so long. Goodbye, dear Rose. Thank you for your beauty," Suzy says as she turns to leave.

"And thank you for your admiration," replies the rose. Sometimes it gets lonely here without people to appreciate us. I am very happy you came by."

"I can't imagine anyone being lonely for people here. I am really enjoying the freedom of not having them around. However, there are a few people whom I would have liked to have brought here.

"I know they would love this place. We appreciate and love each other in the way Miss Rose described. I wish all people were like that. Then maybe all the beings of Nature would talk to us there like they do here," Suzy says, partially to herself, as she walks along the path.



Returning to her search for Lucille, Suzy then runs up the path. Before too long, she sees her Lucille helping a petunia grow. Happy to see her fairy friend again, she rushes to find out if Lucille is almost finished with work.

"I'm sure I have learned a lot about flowers," she says to herself. "I can't wait to tell Lucille. Lucille, Lucille, where are you?"

"I wonder where she went. I saw her just a minute ago by these petunias, but now I don't see her anywhere.

"Lucille, Lucille, where have you gone?"

"I hope I haven't lost her. I finally found a real friend and now I have lost her. Wait, there is something moving over in the daisy patch. I'll run over and see if it is she.

"Hello, Lucille? Is that you in there?"



"No, I'm not Lucille. My name is Jerome. Lucille was called on an emergency. Can I help you? My, you are a talking person aren't you? I don't see many around here these days."

"Yes, I am a real, talking person and I am very upset that Lucille left me stranded here. I thought she was my friend," says Suzy, almost crying.

"Don't cry, young person. I'm sure Lucille has not forgotten you. She will be right back. I will be glad to stay with you until she returns," he reassures in a comforting voice.

"I'm not going to cry," Suzy says indignantly. "It's just that this place is so confusing and I don't know how I got here."

"I can tell you that."

"You can? Oh, please do tell me, Jerome. That would help me so much."

"You came here," he says in a very calm voice, "because you were ready. Only people who are ready can come here."

"Ready for what?"

"You are ready to 'grow', as a flower or tree grows. You are ready to 'be' as steady as a rock and as light as a cloud. Children have that ability naturally, but usually lose it when they become older."

"Is that why I changed into a child when I came here?"

"Yes, that is often what happens. When people grow up again into an adult they return to Earth."

"Not me. I will stay here forever. Lucille is going to teach me to fly."

"You don't know how to fly yet? I forgot that people usually can't fly when they come here. Of course, you already can fly. It is only your doubts that hold you back. Just release your heart and then you will automatically fly," Jerome explains.

"I don't understand what you mean by releasing my heart. How can I do that?"



"You must love it free," he says, as if everyone knew what that meant.

"I'm sorry, but where I come from, people don't love things free. In fact, when they love something, they usually want to own it."

"Dear, dear, no wonder the people who come here are so unhappy. I am beginning to understand why you want to stay here."

"I am so sad. I so wanted to learn how to fly, but I really don't know how to love my heart free."

"Maybe you could start with something easier than your own heart. Let me think," he says while scratching his small chin. "What is there that is easy to love free?"

"I know," Suzy cries, "How about a butterfly. I think I could learn how

to love a butterfly free. I mean, no one could ever own a butterfly, and everyone loves their beauty and flight."

"Good idea. There are usually many Monarchs by the eucalyptus tree. Follow me."

"Wait, if we leave here, Lucille won't know where I am."

"No problem with that. We fairies can communicate at great distances. We just send messages over on a beam of love."

Jerome sits down and seems to be concentrating very hard. However, his face remains loving and peaceful.

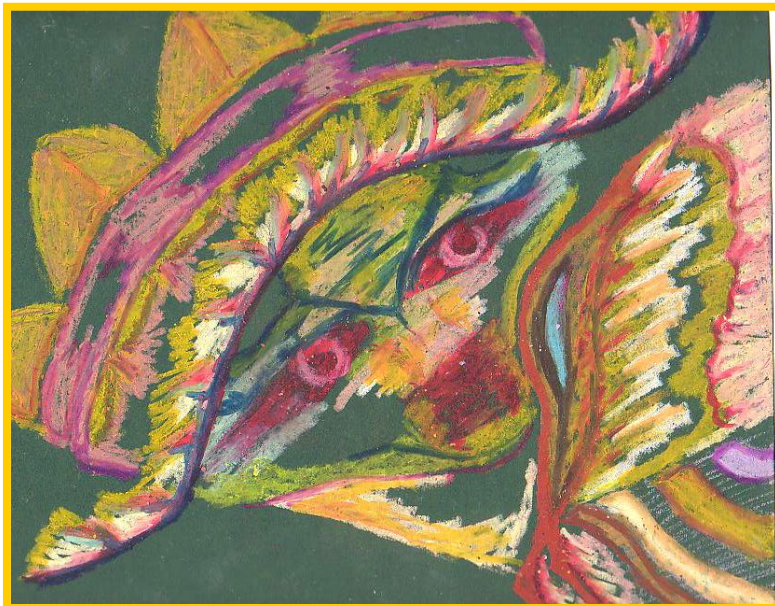
"It's done," he says. "Lucille is almost ready and will meet us there soon. She is very glad I am teaching you to fly."

Jerome and Suzy travel over more small hills; Suzy walking and Jerome flying. Soon they arrive at a grove of eucalyptus trees where thousands of beautiful Monarch butterflies are hanging from their leaves. However, one small butterfly is sitting on a blade of grass.

Jerome rushes over and holds it by one of its tiny legs. The butterfly struggles, but even though Jerome is not that much bigger than the butterfly, his hold keeps the butterfly prisoner.

"Please don't do that," Suzy calls. "The butterfly must have freedom so it can fly." Jerome lets go and the butterfly happily flies away.

"Very good. Now wasn't that easy?"



"But I didn't do anything. All I did was stand up for the butterfly's natural rights."

"That is all there is to it. Now let's try something a little more difficult."

Just as he says that, a small gnome with a sunny face comes walking by.

"Hello, Samuel," calls Jerome.

"Why, hello there, Jerome. What? Is that a real person child you have with you?"

"Yes. Her name is -- oh, my—I don't know your name."

"It is Suzy."

"Well then Suzy, meet Samuel."

"Hello Samuel. I am trying to learn how to love things free. I think I did it with a butterfly, but I don't understand how I did it."

"We gnomes are very good at that. In fact, I am on my way to free a small deer who is trapped in a ravine. We keep very busy with that business. Would you like to join me?"

"Oh, yes," Suzy exclaims "Jerome, can you tell Lucille what is happening?"

However, almost as soon as she utters the words, Lucille flies towards them.

"Hello, hello," she says happily. "What an adventurous day. Well, Suzy, I see you have made more friends. Where are we going now?"

"We are going to free a deer."

With that, they all take off across a field to a deep ravine. Sure enough, at the bottom of the ravine is a small, frightened baby deer.

"Oh my, he looks so scared. I am going down to be with him," says Suzy as she slides down the slope to the deer.

"Poor thing. You really do need love," she says as she pats the frightened deer on the head to comfort him. The deer looks up at Suzy with his big brown eyes and nudges her as if to say thank you. He even tries to stand but can't. Suzy sees that his leg is hurt.

"Poor deer," she says as she lovingly touches the deer's hurt leg.

To her great surprise, the leg suddenly becomes normal and the deer lunges up the steep slope to his waiting mother. Before she can understand what is happening, Suzy hears laughing and clapping from above. With a happy, beaming face and a fluttering heart she runs up the side of the ravine, amazed at how easily she can climb the steep grade.

"Very good," they all say in unison. "You are almost ready," says Jerome. "But first you need a break from all your lessons. Come; let us all go to the Pool of Kindness for a brief swim."

Merrily they all travel across a wide field, Suzy and Samuel walking, Lucille and Jerome flying. Suzy's feet are barely touching the ground and, even though she is running as fast as the wind, she shows no fatigue. Shortly, they arrive at a beautiful, crystal clear pond and stand around the edge of the pond to see their reflections.

"Look," cries Suzy excitedly, "Lucille's reflection has star beams coming from her feet, Jerome has small diamonds circling his head, and Samuel has little crosses of blue flowing from his hands."

"Look at your reflection Suzy," they all say in unison.



"Why, I look like an upside-down flower, and I have a strange light coming from my head. The light is bright yellow and glistens with every color of the rainbow, and more."

The light mesmerizes Suzy. As she stares into the light, it expands and the colors dance across the pool growing brighter and brighter as they meet with the rays of sunlight. Suzy experiments with sending the colors to different areas around the pool and to the many fish and plants inside the water. She watches as each fish and plant accepts the colors in a different way and gives a nod of thanks to her.

Suddenly Suzy thinks of the poor thought forms. She remembers how Miss Rock said they were lifeless and soulless because they had no love.

“Maybe I could give some of these colors to the thought forms,” Suzy thinks out loud. “They could really use it.”

Suzy is concentrating on how to give the thought forms colored light and doesn’t notice that her feet are rising above the ground

“Look, there is a thought form on the other side of the pool.”

The thought form casts a vague image into the pool when the sun shines through it. Instantly Suzy sends a ray of colored light into the reflection. The dim reflection grows clearer and clearer until it almost seems to have a color of its own.



“Oh, thank you so very much,” it says to Suzy, “I wondered if I would ever find anyone to love me free of that awful prison of emptiness. I am going to run and see if I can pass this on to some of the other lifeless ones.”

Suzy doesn’t realize that her feet are far above the ground until she hears the call from her friends.

“Hey Suzy,” they say together, “lets go flying.”

Suzy is so excited when she realizes that she is floating in the air that she almost falls into the pool. Instead, she goes flying.

Samuel cries, up from the ground, “Good work, young person. I will now leave you to your fairy friends. We

gnomes have no time to fly. Our work must be here on the ground and in the earth.”

They all wave goodbye to Samuel together. Lucille, Jerome, and Suzy take off, all flying. In the distance they see a group of thought forms with Suzy’s multi-colored friend in the middle sharing his light with the other thought forms.

As each new lifeless thought form responds to the multi-colored one, they begin to take on his multi-colored appearance. As Suzy’s friend gives away more and more of his light, he becomes more colorful himself. Suzy smiles as she swiftly flies over the group. Soon they are out of vision.

“I don’t think I have ever experienced anything as wonderful as flying in my entire life. To move in a straight line while bobbing up and down is delightful. It is

like swimming except that air is much lighter than water and I never have to hold my breath,” Suzy calls to her fairy friends.

They twitter in response and fly even faster, but Suzy has no problem keeping up. She experiments with different strokes to move through the air, flies high—then low, stops in mid-air and even does loop-ta-loops. Yes, flying is the most wonderful thing she has ever experienced.

Finally, even an excited child and two agile fairies need to rest and they look for a place to sit.

“Look,” says Suzy, “there is Mr. Tree. I talked to him earlier. He will be very happy to see that I can fly. Can we rest there?”

“Of course,” answer her fairy friends.

They all swoop down together to rest on a high branch.

“Well, talking person,” chuckles Mr. Tree. “I see that you can fly now.”



“Yes, I can fly anywhere I want to now, but I found that it is best of all to keep my mind clear as a rainbow and follow my heart.”

“You are a very smart young person,” replies the tree who knows everything.

“Love is the guiding force here in Faerie.”

“Why isn’t love the guiding force where I come from?” asks Suzy with a very sad face.

“Oh dear, it is,” interjects Lucille. “It’s just that the adults there have forgotten.”

“Well, I am NOT going back there to remind them.”

“You don’t have to go back Suzy. You are already there as an adult.”

“You mean that I am an adult too?”

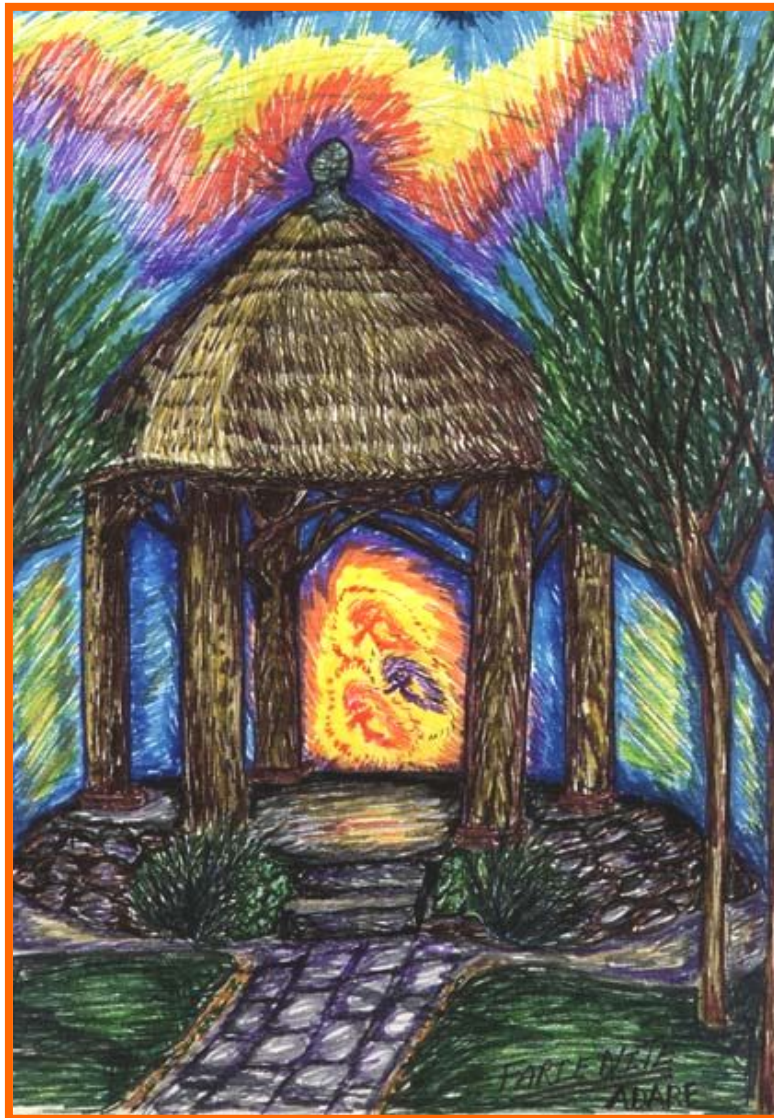
“Yes, and your adult is also a child. Now that you have learned to love yourself free, maybe you can help your adult do the same.”



“Yes, Suzy, please help me!”

*I call down into the dark cavern,
out through the opening, and into the
Light of Faerie.*

*“Help me to love myself free and to
remember what I have always
known—but forgot.”*



Faerie Night

In Faerie night the land is far.
The home of all is on a star.

The moon is bright, but gives no light
because it hides the Ones from sight.

To look upon a fairy's play
will mean you see not one more day.

Their secret is now kept within
a veil of darkness, oh so thin.

And, if you wish to pierce this veil,
on a moonbeam ever shall you sail.

The fairies guard this secret life
that can't withstand a world of strife.

But, in that realm my light does hide.
I keep it there deep down inside.

Dare I risk that others know
this light within, and let it show?

Show the fairies, show their play,
release my fear, and pave the way.

The way to know and see around
another world that does abound.

From the corner of a young child's eye,
It's always there ~ it's not a lie.

Could it be safe to say its real
and, if I do, will I break a seal?

A seal between the life that hides
and the life outside that rants and cries.

I can't hold back, not one more day,
for of this place I now must say,

***"I release all secrets and hold them bright
and show the world my Faerie Light."***

Further Adventures in Faerie

I call and call to my inner child, but I think she has abandoned me just as I abandoned her.

“Suzy, Suzy,” I call down into the cavern inside myself. “I so want to share your experience. In fact, I wish I too could go down into the cavern, out through the opening, and into the wonderful land of Faerie.”



“You can’t do that,” I finally hear Suzy’s response. “Adults can’t be here. This place is just for children.”

“That’s not fair,” I wine, sounding like a child myself.

“But it is fair,” replies Suzy. “Adults aren’t welcome here because they always want to change things. They want to dam up the waterfall, cut down the trees, and pick all the flowers. Everything here is supposed to stay the same for everyone to enjoy. Adults always want to ‘own’ things just for themselves.”

“Yes, Suzy, I can’t agree with that. But, I don’t want to own anything. In fact, I don’t even want to be there as an adult. Why have we adults forgotten the simple joys of childhood? Why can’t we just sit under a tree or watch a waterfall. We are always working and trying. I wish I could just play!” I say sadly as tears well up in my eyes.

Then I feel a small invisible hand on my shoulder. Suzy has come back up through the cavern to comfort me.

“Maybe it would be OK if you hid inside of me. I mean, Faerie is the land of imagination isn’t it. If you imagined that you were hiding inside of me, wouldn’t that be true then?”

“It is certainly worth a try,” I say, cheering up. “You have been hiding inside of me since I ‘grew up’. I don’t see why I couldn’t hide inside of you now. But, aren’t I too big?”

“Adults! You guys have lost all your imagination,” reprimands Suzy. “You can pretend that you are any size you want to. Just pretend that you are littler than me.”

“You are right. I forgot, but I haven’t ‘pretended’ since I was a child.”

“But, you are a child. You are me, right?”

“YES, I guess I am,” I say tentatively.

“Well then, just close your eyes and see my feet as your feet, my hands as your hands and my body as your body.”

Even though I am a bit embarrassed to be instructed by a child—my child—I do as I am told. I close my eyes and look down at my feet with my ‘imagination’. Sure enough, they are quite little and I have on Mary Jane patent leather shoes with white ruffled socks. My legs are short and I am wearing a blue dress with embroidery on the bodice. I reach up and find that my hair is in ringlets.

“Well, I guess I’m you now,” I say to my child—to my self.

“Good,” I hear her voice from inside me. “Let’s go back to Faerie. I want to fly.”

“Me too!!” I say with more joy than I can ever remember having.

“Hey, it worked!” says Suzy. “I’m back in Faerie. Somewhere inside of me I feel my adult self. I hope she stays hidden. I wouldn’t want to get thrown out of here because I brought an adult. Haw, that’s funny. I remember on Earth, there are lots of places where kids can’t go. I’m happy to be in a place where adults can’t go. No one here will try to tell me what to do either. I think I will fly some more.”

I, that is Suzy with the adult inside of here, fly and fly for a long time, but I am beginning to realize that it is not as much fun without my fairy friends. I wonder how they are doing. I miss them. It isn’t as much fun to learn to do something new if

there is no one to share it with. Oh well, I'll just let my mind be calm and I'll see where my heart takes me. The sun is very warm and the sky is as blue as my dress. Below me are flowing, green hills covered with trees and flowers. Sometimes, I see a small stream or tiny lake.

I hear a rumbling in my stomach. Hmm, I realize that I had not eaten since I first got here. I am afraid, though, to eat anything because everything is alive. On Earth, I could eat some fruits or vegetables, but what if I started to eat something and it talked to me? How can I eat something that talks? Since there aren't many real people here (in fact, I haven't seen even one), I can't ask them what people eat. Maybe if I could find something to drink. The waterfall did not seem too attached to her water.



Look, is that a rambling brook over there? I'll fly over there and see. I think how nice it would be to get a drink and, sure enough, I fly in that direction. I land beside the brook on cool grass. Oh, I can smell the clear water, the damp earth, and the many flowers growing around the brook.

"My, My, My," says the brook, in a very maternal voice (It must be Miss Brook). "A real live child-person, and one who has learned to fly. You must be very special."

"Oh, I don't know about that. I am feeling pretty ordinary now. In fact, I think I am hungry."

"You must be mistaken," Miss Brook laughs. "There is no hunger here. Perhaps you just need to fill your cup."

"But, I don't have a cup!"

"No, dear, I mean your *inner* cup, the place within you in which you hold the FLOW."

"I'm afraid I don't know what the FLOW is, but I'm sure I need some of it. I am beginning to feel very empty."



"Well, just look into me, dear child, and feel my life flowing into you. The cup is usually in your heart, but the FLOW will often come up from your feet or down from the top of your head. If you look very closely you may see it. It is brighter than the Sun and feels like small stars coming into your body."

"Yes," I say. "I think I feel it now. My, this is wonderful."

"You can look into your heart and see your cup. See the stars entering the cup and filling it until it begins to overflow. You will know you are filled. Then just say 'thank you' and it is done," instructs Miss Brook.

I imagine the FLOW and find that I am able to do everything that the brook said.

"That was wonderful," I say. "But now my heart feels very heavy. Why?"

"Sometimes with love comes sorrow," replies Miss Brook. "It is, of course, a different kind of sorrow. It is the sorrow of compassion. Once you become accustomed to carrying Unconditional Love in your heart, then compassion will not feel heavy.

"However, when you first begin receiving Unconditional Love from the FLOW, you may feel the suffering of all the worlds. That is the beginning of empathy. When you are able to release the sorrow of suffering, you will live in a state of Unconditional Love and Compassion."

"That sounds very nice," I say, "But how do I release the sorrow of suffering?"

"When you have released sorrow from your heart it will no longer serve as a magnet to attract more."

"But I can't release my sorrow. I wish I could, but it is like an anchor in my heart and I don't know how to free it."

I begin to cry, but Miss Brook's babbling sound feels like someone is holding me, and I soon feel comforted.

"My dear child-person, if you can go down into the sorrow of your heart, you can use my FLOW of Unconditional Love to release your anchor."

"But won't my heart flow away without its anchor?"

"Oh my dear, your heart cannot flow away from you. However, once the anchor in your heart is free, you are then cast adrift on the Sea of Life where only the Winds of Spirit can show you the way."

"Won't I get lost then?"

"You will get lost if you *don't* free yourself. You cannot chart your course unless you have a map. But it is not the kind of map you humans are used to. When you loosen the anchor of your heart, you will be led by the Compass of Truth."

It sounds very beautiful and I don't want Miss Brook to feel bad, but I'm afraid that I don't understand much of what she has said. Maybe if I sit real quiet beside her I may begin to understand the true meaning of her words.

I curl up in a ball at the edge of Miss Brook, but sitting by the brook makes me feel lonely. I don't know who or what I am missing, but I feel a tug on the anchor in my heart. As I feel this tug, a vague memory crosses my mind and touches my heart.



It is a memory of the Sparkly One that is sort of a part of me but isn't really me, except in my imagination. I remember how I called the Sparkly One to hug me and kiss me goodnight when I was on Earth. His or her face, would feel like a cloud when she would gently kiss me. The Sparkly One would also wake me up when I had bad dreams.

I wonder if that part of me is here. I think I will ask Miss Brook. But, first I think I need a drink. I mean, the FLOW was really nice, but now I really feel like I need to drink some water. Because I don't have an outside cup, I lean way over the brook so that I can hold some water in my hands. But, wait, something happens when I lean out over Miss Brook.

I don't feel like Suzy anymore. Thank heavens, I don't feel like the adult hiding inside of me either. I feel more like the Sparkly One. I fill my cupped hands with the clear, cool water of the brook. Then, I feel a need to wash my face with this water. When I do, my face feels like the Sparkly One's face.

I look around with my new face. When the water touches my nose, I realize that I can smell everything around me very strongly. I smell the brook, the damp ground, the small flowers and ferns, the breeze, and the flowers and trees. Wow, this is GREAT.

I lie down flat on the ground and suddenly I feel like I am a mouse. I roll around in the wet grass and smell the plants release their aroma as I squash them with my body. My mouse self digs down into the ground, and I feel each grain of dirt and small stone with my tiny paws.

Now I feel like an earthworm and I feel the comfort of the dirt along my body as I tunnel through the darkness. I wiggle back up to the grass and climb onto a blade of grass. Suddenly, I am a small grasshopper, and I feel the dew upon my hind legs as I jump through the morning grass.

Wow, I want to feel this water on my whole body. I take off my Mary Jane shoes, white socks, and blue dress and lay my body on the cool stones. I feel the water bubble over me like I am one of the stones beneath me. I look up into the bright blue sky and watch every individual ray of light from the Sun bounce off the earth. As the Sun's rays penetrate my body, I feel my body gradually lifting into the air.

But wait, it is not my body that is being lifted into the air. It is me, but without my body. At first I am scared, but then I remember how the waterfall was able to release her water as it moved on to its destination. Now, I too can release my body while I journey on to another place. I float higher and higher into the air. The sound of the brook becomes more and more distant and is now replaced by a sweet melody that seems to be coming from an invisible flute.



I am entering a very special place that feels like it is far away, but it is safe, and free. Oh my, now I don't have a body at all. I'm like the Sparkly One. The world around me wavers like the reflections on the Pool of Kindness. I see my body, now far below me. It looks dense and hard like the stones in the brook.

The form that I am in now is filled with sparking stars and

soft and fluffy like the clouds that are floating next to me. I look up and see the vague glimmer of another world, just beyond my vision. I really want to go there, but I know that my body in the brook calling me.

"I'm cold," it says. "Please take me out of the water." I don't like the thought of returning because I love it up here, but I know I must obey. I float back down to my body, but as I reach out to drag it onto the earth I find that my hands go right through it. This is frightening. How can I move my body if I can't grab on to it?

Again my body calls me, "You must enter me now."

I don't much like that idea. I like being in this cloud body, but my physical body is starting to turn blue. I guess I had better take care of it. I will probably want it again later. I lie down on my body and feel as though I am sinking into it. However, when I reach my arm towards the nearby grass I see that there are two arms, a dense one, and a light one. Now I am getting really scared. What if I can't get back into my body and I die? I really like Faerie, but I may want to go back to earth someday. I may even want to be an adult again.

"Listen to me," says the brook. "My sound will bring you back to this world."

I follow the brook's directions and my body begins to change. It feels heavier and I find that it is indeed very cold, but I still can't move it. I stare hard at my hand and see the struggle as the finer hand tries to control the coarser one. My light body gradually becomes denser, but it was not yet inside the body in the water. I am cold, very, very, cold. What can I do?



I know. I will call to the Sparkly One to wake me up inside my physical body.

"Help! Help!" I cry. Sure enough, just like always, I feel the Sparkly One gently pushing my cloud body into my physical body. The Sparkly One whispers into my heart. "Dear one, where your attention is, there you are also. Place your attention on the world that you are entering instead of the world that you have come from."

I feel my two bodies become one at last and I know that I must warm myself at once. I drag myself from the brook. I use my dress to dry me before I put it on. I also put on my shoes and socks and find a flat rock close by that is bathed in sunshine.

"My, that was an adventure you had," I hear Miss Brook saying. "I was becoming worried about your physical body. I am glad you were finally able to reclaim it. Tell me, how did you enjoy your trip into the higher dimensions of Spirit?"

"Is that what that was?" I say. "I didn't understand any of it and thought it was quite frightening. But I did like being my cloud body and feeling the Sparkly One again. I would like to do it again, but next time I want to know how to get back. Do you know why I had so much trouble?"

"Well," answers the brook, "part of the problem was that you didn't know the rules."

"What are the rules?" I anxiously ask.

"As you found out, my dear, the first rule is to put your body in a safe place."

"Yes, I did learn that. But now I am confused. How can I have two bodies?"

"Oh, my dear," says Miss Brook. "You actually have many bodies, just as a flower has many petals. Each petal can be separated from the flower, but it will not live very long on its own. Your Spirit body is like a flower and each petal is a different 'life'.

"Unlike the flower, you can separate from your spirit body and survive quite a while. However, eventually you will return to share your life adventures with the flower of your Spirit. You can also visit your Spirit Flower when you do what humans call 'sleep'."



"But how do I know how to return in my sleep, or when I die?"

"Although you were unable to see it, there is a fine cord that connects all of your bodies so that when you separate, you can again rejoin. If that cord were to break, then it would be like a petal separating and you would have a difficult time rejoining into the whole again."

"I see, I think I am beginning to understand. Is it another rule to be careful to not break the cord?"

"Oh yes, that is a very important rule. Another important rule is to know your Guides. They will help you to keep your attention on the Light."

"My guides? Do you mean like the Sparkly One?"

"That is very likely. However, I cannot be sure since I did not see your Sparkly One. There are many visions that come from the inside when you decide to see, but usually, only you can see or hear them."

"Do you suppose that my Guide could help me travel down the chain in my heart to release its anchor?"

"I don't know why not," answers Miss Brook. "But you must ask for yourself. First, please take another drink of my water. Your body needs some extra care now. Then perhaps you can find a friendly tree to sit under so you can talk to your inner Guide."

Again, I lean over Miss Brook and use my hands to hold some of its clear, fresh water. This time I decide to stay inside my body. Maybe after I have released my fear, I will float again and see what is in the higher dimensions of Spirit.

Umm, the water is the best taste I have ever had. In a very few swallows my thirst is completely gone and I am full of life and warm all over. Now I am ready to find that friendly tree.

"Goodbye, dear Miss Brook," I call, as I walk away. "Thank you."

"Goodbye, Love," Miss Brook answers. "Come back whenever you need to be replenished. I am always here."

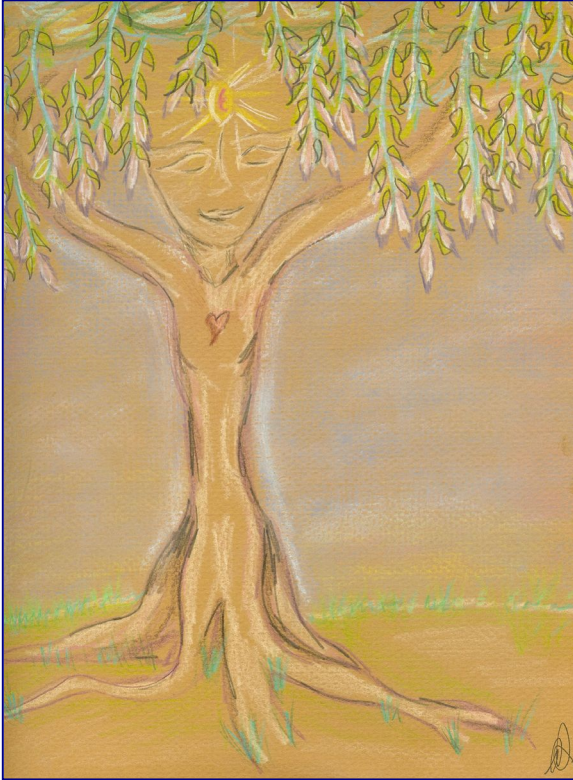
"I will, I will! I have learned very much from you and I promise I will soon return."

I walk away determined to find a way to remove the anchor from my heart. I see an especially nice tree just at the top of the hill. Perhaps it could help me. As I walk towards it, I can feel its glow. I can even see its kind face peering at me from behind its branches.

"Hello, Mr. Tree or are you a Miss?"

"Why, hello there dear flying human. I am known as Mrs. Tree. If you look around you will see my many children."

"How do you know I can fly? I walked over here."



"Dear Suzy, I know everything about you. You see, my birds tell me."

"Your birds?"

"Yes, there are many birds that live on me."

"Did your birds tell you what happened to me at the brook?"

"Yes dear, and I also know that you want to release the anchor in your heart."

"I definitely do. Can you help me?"

"Perhaps I can, but first I need to know what your anchor is hooked to?"

"I am not sure, but I know the anchor makes me feel heavy and sad. Maybe my anchor is hooked to sadness. Is

that possible?"

"Everything is possible. If your anchor is attached to an emotion, then you must go into that emotion in order to release it. You know anchors are used so that the boat does not get lost in the sea while the Captain rests. Do you attach yourself to sadness in-between your journeys?"

"I never thought about it, but I know I usually don't feel sad while I am journeying, but sometimes I begin to feel sad when I rest. I think though, that that is because I start thinking about my problems when I am not active."

"Tell me, young living one, are you on a journey now?"

"Oh yes, in fact this is one of my very best journeys ever."

"Do you feel sad now?" asks Mrs. Tree.

"No, but when I rested by the brook I felt sad."

"Well it appears to me," Mrs. Tree proudly proclaims, "that your anchor is hooked to sadness. Therefore, you must go into the feeling of that sadness so that you can heal it."

"But I don't want to go into my sadness because it hurts me too much," I say, fighting back my tears.



"Dear child, just as there is a part of you that is sad, there is also a part of you that is happy. There are many parts of you—and of me. I have many different limbs, branches, twigs, and leaves. Each of them is different. Some are young and healthy and some are old and ready to fall to the ground, but I love them all. You can learn to love all the parts of yourself, even your sad parts!"

"I don't know how I can love a part of me that hurts," I say, almost to myself.

"Often there is a portion of *me* that hurts," says the friendly tree, "and when this happens, I must travel through the core of my trunk and branches to find out what is wrong. Sometimes I find that that part of me is sick or injured and needs extra love and attention.

"Often that portion can be healed, but there are times when it needs to fall from me so that it can be reabsorbed into the soil around my roots. That part has then died, but it has contributed to the health of the entire tree by fertilizing the soil so that new parts can grow."

"I don't know if I really understand what you are trying to tell me, so maybe I should rest here underneath your branches and listen to your words again in my mind. Thank you for helping me."

"Certainly child, just relax in my shade and listen to the breeze as it moves through my leaves. That will help you feel at peace. You see, dear child, each leaf is separate from the next, yet it is connected to the Source. Each leaf is totally an individual, but at the same time a member of a greater whole.

"A single leaf would not provide much shade, but as a group they provide a beautiful, comforting shade. And, as you can see, no separate leaf is doing anything. It is just sharing itself with the others so that their joint contribution can be enjoyed."

I hear the Mrs. Tree's words from the corners of my mind because I feel myself quickly falling asleep. Gradually the shade becomes a warm blanket that covers and protects me. A warm breeze caresses every leaf and me at the same time. I am starting to float into my light body, but I am not afraid this time.

I know that the body under the tree will be safe. The rays of the Sun gather around me and begin to form into a glow. The glow becomes a luminescent figure with a vaguely human shape. I can see no face behind the shape's golden light,

but it feels like the Sparkly One. No, it feels like many Sparkly Ones, and the shapes change and move through my mind and into my heart.

Gradually, far away, or is it deep within, I hear their many voices all speaking as ONE,



"Welcome to the Inner Land of Blissful Joy and Radiant Splendor. We are your Guidance. Do you remember us, dear child? We held you when you were frightened, soothed you when you were sad, and listened to you when you were angry. We are of the ONE and we have loved and protected you forever and ever.

"You have been very brave, dear member of the ONE, and have learned many lessons. You have listened, helped and loved. Do not be concerned if you have not understood all that you have heard. The words will rest in your heart and mind like small seeds thrown upon fertile soil. The Truth has the tone of a pure bell and will return to your ears when you need to recall it. We are very proud of you!"

*“Remember us, Dear ONE.
Remember this place, and most of all,
always remember the child that you are
deep within your SELF.”*

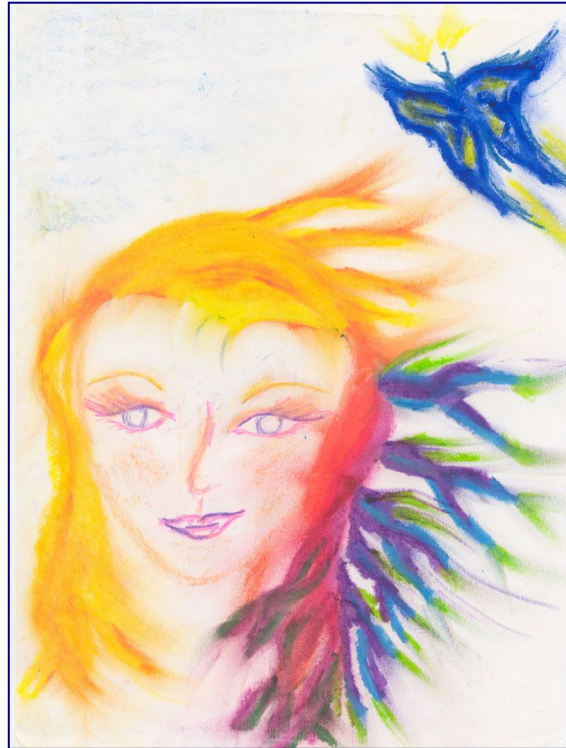


The child is asleep now. She sleeps safely beneath the tree somewhere between the lands of Faerie and Spirit. But, I am awake. I am awake to the child that lives within me and to the mysteries that she has remembered for me.

*Thank you dear child, I will stay awake to the truths that you have saved for me.
But, when I do sleep, I will visit YOU.*

*All My Love,
The Adult*

I Remember Faerie



I remember Faerie.
I remember that
the green is greener and
sparkles in the ever present daylight.

Beyond the world of time,
the sun can stay for hours or years
because time is a product of our minds.

In Faerie,
eNature is our Mother.

We protect and care for Her like
humans care for their infants.

We are proud when She gives
birth to a flower and
we mourn the bloom's
passage into seed.
Then, our hearts brighten again to see
the seed take hold and again
become a flower.

Beauty is our essence
and love is impersonal.
In Faerie, we do not love
as humans do.
Humans love in a holding way.

Many of us have chosen
to love humans because they can
return love with a dedication
which we can only feel for Nature.

However, our love is as constant
as the cycles of the Moon,
whereas humans can love dearly for a while
and then --
they don't.

In Faerie, we are one with each other
and with our Maker.

We realize that
although we may look different
we are like the fingers of a Divine Hand
which directs our every movement.

We never question this hand
nor could we imagine moving without it.

Our thoughts are colors
and our emotions are melodies.
We dance through our life
and warmly anticipate our
next step up the ladder of evolution.

The further up we move,
the more consciously
we interact with mankind.
But, they seldom know us.

In olden days,
shortly after the fall of Atlantis,
we interacted and played with humankind.

But now the veil is heavy indeed

and our lives are not interwoven.

After Atlantis there was a Borderland
where we had a strange mixture of
Faerie and Earth.

Members of our evolution
and of the human evolution
interbred and intermingled.

However, as the human kingdom
fell deeper and deeper into the physical,
our two worlds separated and
Borderland became—no more.

Only in certain sacred areas
is there even a memory of Borderland.
In these special areas,
if one is attuned,
the ethereal memory of the Earth
can transport a willing, open mind
into an intense experience of Faerie.

Through reliving their past on Faerie,
humans can begin to release
their illusion of time.

We await you here in Faerie.

Remember us.
Remember your selves.

You were with us when
you lived in Borderland
and experienced the
oneness of our Soul.

Your wings await you.

Come,
try them on!



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