



# Celya The Littlest Fairy

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# Celya, The Littlest Fairy

Once upon a time, in the heart of the enchanted forest, there lived a tiny fairy named Celya. Celya was the smallest fairy in all of Dubshire, the Irish Kingdom of Fairyland, hidden far away, deep in the big woods...





There she lived with her mother, father, and her brother, Cockle, who was just two and a half years older than her and of normal size. Like her parents, Cockle had no idea why Celya was born so small.

When she was just a baby, Celya was absolutely adorable. Everyone who saw her would "ooh" and "ahh" over her. However, as she grew older, she seemed to get less and less attention. It seemed as

though all the other fairies were getting used to her tiny size, and she was becoming just another little fairy—yes, another very, very tiny little fairy. Because of this, none of the other fairy children would ever pick Celya as a teammate in any of their games. After all, the only thing smaller than Celya was her wings. In fact, they were so small she couldn't fly more than a few yards at a time, making it impossible to keep up with all the other children.



Celya soon found herself alone more and more. Not even her brother Cockle would play with her anymore; he and his friends were always out and about with no time for his little sister. This was all becoming too much for Celya...





She took comfort in reading the stories of "*Sophia the Golden Fairy Princess*," which many fairies claimed were based on true events. These were stories her mother would tell her while visiting Lookout Mountain, the supposed home of Princess Sophia herself. It was said she was a friend to all of the animals and was the most beautiful fairy ever.

Though Celya never saw Sophia or the palace, she always believed it was there, hidden and protected by all of nature's splendor. At night, when Celya drifted to sleep, she dreamed that Princess Sophia would choose her for an adventure, not just for a game. However, during the day, life remained the same, and she accepted loneliness as a part of her life. As tears flowed down her face like a river, she grew tired of being lonely. Celya approached her mother and said, "If no one



plays with me, I don't know what I'll do. Even playing with a human would be better than this."

"No, Celya!" her mother snapped. "Don't you ever say such a thing."

She quickly picked up her daughter and sat her in a chair. Looking straight into her big brown eyes, her mother said, "You must promise me never to think of speaking to a human. You don't know anything about them or the terrible things they could do to you."

Celya swallowed the large lump in her throat and promised her mother. Then she sadly asked, "Will I be this small forever?"

Her mother chuckled and said, "No, darling, you'll grow, but all in time. Though it may be hard to imagine, we were all small once." Seeing the sadness in Celya's eyes, she drew her in for a warm embrace and said, "Big or small, your momma will always love you." After dusting off Celya's wings, she said, "Now run along and play."

"Oh, Celya," she shouted, making sure Celya heard, "remember what you promised me!" Her mother smiled as Celya's tiny voice came back on the breeze, saying, "I will."

Relief washed over Celya as her mother's words lifted her spirit, promising a future beyond her small size. With renewed hope, she set off for Lookout Mountain, her sanctuary. She





would lose herself in the beauty of it all. Near the top of the mountain sat a huge boulder that overlooked the entire valley.

There she could see where the emerald grass met the endless sky and the waterfall flowed like liquid moonlight. One would expect fairies to dance in such a place, but most fairies preferred the safety of Dubshire and the comfort of their surroundings. Still, Celya felt a spark of wonder, a belief that this place held secrets waiting to be discovered. Here she felt that the stories of Princess Sophia could very well be true.

As Celya made her way to the top of Lookout Mountain, she noticed the air was still. Not a single leaf rustled. When she



arrived, an unsettling silence replaced the mountain's usual symphony of chirping birds and buzzing insects. A chill ran down her spine. The silence was broken by a shriek of terrible pain coming from a nearby cave.

Celya froze. Every instinct told her to run, but her heart urged her to help. She took a deep breath and called out, "Who's in there?"

"Who wants to know?" a weary voice replied.

"My name is Celya. I heard your scream, and I want to help."

A low groan answered her. "To be honest, I'm sure I could use some."

"May I come in?" she asked cautiously, her tiny body trembling.

"Sure, unless you're a mountain lion or a coyote," the voice rasped, a hint of desperation in its tone.

"No, I'm a fairy!" Celya replied, a nervous laugh escaping her.

"Well, Celya," the voice said, "in that case, come on in."

Celya followed his voice into the cave. Her heart pounded as she laid eyes on the majestic bird, an eagle with a wingspan that dwarfed her. A dark, ugly stain marked his side.



Seeing her fear, the eagle spoke softly. "I'm Sir Eric. Don't be afraid. I'm just a little... grounded."

"What happened?" Celya asked, her voice barely a whisper.

"I was soaring when I heard a loud noise, a shot. Then, a burning pain ripped through my side. I guess he got me good. I tried to ride the wind to safety, but this was as far as I got." His voice was weakening. "I've lost a lot of blood. The wound is infected.

I don't think I'm going to make it." A tear rolled down his cheek. "Will you promise me something, Celya?" Celya felt her own tears welling up. "Promise you what?" "To bury me deep in a nice place."

"No!" Celya shouted. "I won't! I'm not going to bury you anywhere because you're not going to die. You stay here! I'm going for medical supplies, you hear me? I'm coming right back. Don't you go anywhere!" With a faint chuckle, Sir Eric whispered, "Yeah, as if I could."







Celya ran, flew, and jumped as fast as she could all the way home. She grabbed a tiny backpack and filled it with medicinal herbs and salves. As she raced back up the mountain, she saw them: fresh tracks of a mountain lion leading directly into the cave. Celya screamed, "Sir Eric!" but no answer. She hollered his name once more, but again, no answer.



Hearing a loud scream, she wasn't sure if it was the wailing of a mountain lion or the cry of an eagle. Despite being struck with fear, she knew that if Sir Eric was still alive, he was in danger, so Celya went in...

