

Willow's Wings

Once upon a time...

In a hidden glen nestled deep within the heart of Scotland, lived a spirited fairy named Willow. She was no ordinary fairy; she possessed an iridescent set of wings that shone like a kaleidoscope in the sunlight. Yet, Willow had always harboured a secret, one that weighed heavy on her heart.

In the realm of fairies, beauty was prized above all else. Each fairy boasted wings of beautiful colours; blue, purple, pink, silver. They paraded their beauty with great pomp at the end of each day at dusk. Willow's wings were different in a way she feared others would mock. She felt embarrassed that her wings were larger, with markings that resembled intricate patterns of mosaic, while the other fairies' wings were symmetrical, one colour and dainty, Willow's seemed wild and untamed.

Every day, Willow watched her fellow fairies flutter about, their laughter tinkling like music in the air. She longed to join their merry dances, but the fear of being judged held her back. She spent most of her time hidden in her cozy house in a tree, away from the prying eyes of the world.

One day, as the sun dipped below the horizon and the fairies settled down, Willow flew to the forrest settling by a gentle brook, her reflection staring back at her. "Why couldn't I be like them?" she whispered, tears shimmering in her eyes. Just then, a soothing voice drifted through the air, carrying with it a delicate fragrance of blooming flowers. "Dear Willow, the beauty of the heart often shines brighter than that of our exterior form."



Startled, Willow looked around and saw Evelyn, the wise elder fairy, hovering nearby. With a kind smile, Evelyn continued, "Your wings tell a story of strength, resilience, and individuality. Embrace your uniqueness, for it is a gift that only you possess."

Willow hesitated, her heart fluttering like a hummingbird's wings. Evelyn's words sank deep into her soul, and she decided to take a chance. The next morning, with newfound determination, Willow emerged from her hiding spot and joined the other fairies in their dance.

At first, whispers and curious glances followed her, but Willow persevered. With each graceful twirl, she felt a surge of confidence that she had never experienced before. As the days turned into weeks, something magical began to happen. The other fairies started noticing the enchanting beauty of Willow's wings, how they caught the sunlight and created dazzling patterns of light and shadows.

Soon, they realised that Willow's wings being unique made her more beautiful and was celebrated each night as dusk. Her wings told a story, a story of embracing one's true self, no matter how different.

Another miracle happened from Willow's confidence in herself. The fairies' of the glen began to change their attitude towards beauty. They began to see that beauty wasn't confined to convention but could be found in every curve, colour, and quirk.

As the seasons changed, so did the hearts of the fairies. Their dances became a celebration of individuality, and Willow's wings became a symbol of courage and self-love. Evelyn's wisdom had illuminated the hearts of the fairies, teaching them that accepting oneself was the truest form of magic.

And so, the glen in the heart of Scotland became a place where every fairy felt valued and cherished. Willow's story spread throughout the realm, inspiring fairies young and old to love themselves for who they were.

Willow's wings when used with confidence reflected her inner beauty and strength... A beautiful sight.

She soared through the skies, her wings shimmered with a radiant light, reminding everyone of the true magic that is within embracing who you are.

Written by Gillian Beattie

