

The Woman Who Fell To Earth From A Star

by Lizzie Staples

She fell to earth with a thud. Up until now that fateful day in spring when the earth had been infused with blossom and bird song, her spirit had been free to fly the cosmos and all she had known was infinity.

Amya could smell the earthiness of the wood, one that she had remembered from lives past. She could hear the familiar sound of wind rustling leaves, making them show sides to themselves not normally seen until the wind played hide and seek. The moss she had landed on was soft and spread itself in between her tiny toes. She became aware of a large brown nose gently nudging her and whispering in her ear. The eyes were large brown pools of gentleness, the deer beckoned her to climb onto its back. No language was needed, Amya was used to telepathy.

The deer weaved its way through the dell, its dainty hoofs crossing paths with oak and ash until they came to a clearing where the fairies lived amongst the bluebells. Exhausted Amya whispered into the deer's ear and slid down its face landing near a gnome mound.

Quickly the fairies gathered around and made a dress for Amya out of silky crow feathers, her bodice was made from Lilly of the valley with a single skeleton of a leaf that secured her bodice in place. Acorn leaves were used to make a little coat that Amya could slip on and off if the wind should play hide and seek again with three snail buttons as fastenings.

The fairies made her a bridle made out of honeysuckle vine so that she could fly once more with a little saddle made of birch bark with a girth of plated grass fastened to the Robins breast. She placed the little acorn cap on her head to stop her hair from getting tangled in the branches as she flew around the surrounding fields full of cowslips and violets that she now had to call home.

The fairies were always busy this time of year, making sure the woodland kept its magic for the many children who visited the famous enchanted bluebell wood known as Dingly Dell at the bottom of the downs. Paths had to swept, the Robins had to have enough food so that their sweet song could be heard right across the dell. The wood nymph sat on a log with a large pheasant feather glistening in the early morning dew rising out of his pointed fern cap as he serenaded the woodland dwellers with his flute into life. The gnomes gathered sheep's wool caught in the wire fencing and carried it in woven twig baskets to Amya's new home, which was in a wise old oak tree that had twisted gnarled branches like the lungs of a whale.

Night fall would once more arrive and Amya would stand under the canopy of stars waiting with capped hands to catch the fleeting streams of light that shot across the sky. Time had not existed and all her knowledge gained over many life times had been recorded on the original star she came from.

As much as she loved her moonbeam swims, she longed to return to her home and she was now known as the woman who fell to earth from a star.