

# **Three Fairytales for Little Wonders**

*Isabel and The Pines of Amethyst Forest*  
*Dr. Org and the Bubble*  
*The Song of The Butterfly Princess*

Author

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## **Introduction**

Welcome to the land of tiny fairies, potions, scientists and butterfly princesses!

Travel to the biggest castle in all of the land with a tiny fairy to rescue the music, chase the bubble with the mad scientist, and brave the dark cave with the butterfly queen and Onyx.

Jump into magical lands with these three fairytales filled mystical royalty, fantasy forest creatures and mysterious ancient castles and caves.

## Fairytale #1: Isabel and The Pines of Amethyst Forest



As twilight grew near and the stars twinkled bright, Isabel sat quietly amongst the forest sounds. It was a calm day in The Pines of Amethyst Forest and all of her friends, the forest creatures, had wound down their busy day.

Fort, her very best friend, the tiny dwarf just two trees down, had just left after a day together playing with their friend, a group of sparkling bluebirds.

Isabel sat silent and slowly relaxed into her tree bed, fluffed her soft green leaves and laid her head back on the cotton-soft mossy pillow.

Today had been a day like no other. Miss May, the village musician had been kidnapped by the awful queen and taken to the castle miles out of town.

Now Miss May wasn't just any ordinary musician. She was the fine creator of the most beautiful instruments in all of the land. And why anyone would want to kidnap Miss May was beyond what Isabel could imagine.

Just as Isabel began to drift off to sleep, she remembered what her father had told her. Protect the music of the forest, Isabel. You are the keeper of your people and the forest believes in you.

Just the day before, the mean queen, Beuthalamue, had decided to silence the forest music forever!

While Isabel and Fort were playing at home, the town crier ran through all of the land.

“Miss May has been taken. Miss May has been taken. And, the music is gone!”

Isabel went from tree house to tree house calling out for Miss May.

Isabel and Fort planned their escape to the castle of the mean queen to save May. Once they left, Chorus, another forest musician, gave Isabel and Fort the sounds of the magical music to keep them safe. But, the magical musical sounds only lasted until the sun set with the last ray of orange shine. Isabel and Fort must leave quickly to save May and the people of The Pines of Amethyst.

As the sun reached high noon, Isabel and Fort were on their way. But, not only was the mean queen watching, her red tailed horses were surrounding the castle. As they began approaching the castle the mean queen shouted, "I will silence the creatures of the forest with my dark smoke and cover the entire land."

From far away, Isabel and Fort could hear the sweet sounds of music emanating from Miss May. They knew they could not stop. Isabel and Fort were frightened at first, but they both marched on toward the castle.

The mean queen shouted from far above, "You must leave at once. You are not welcome here!"

Isabel and Fort shuttered slightly but kept on their path to rescue Miss May.

The creatures of the forest were afraid for Isabel and Fort. They had never ventured out away from the forest. As they watched them leaving along the golden path to the castle, they were worried about the mean queen and her red-tailed horses.

No creature in The Pines of Amethyst had ever left their safe land within the trees. And, no creature had ever left to confront the mean queen. But, the land had been quiet and sad without Miss May's music. And, everyone knew that Miss May needed to be saved.

The Pines of Amethyst were built upon the beautiful music from Miss May. Her music made the pines glisten with silver, the sun glow with gold and put smiles on the faces of everyone.

But, that had not always been the case for the creatures of The Pines of Amethyst. Many years ago, the mean queen lived amongst the animals of Amethyst and wasn't quite so mean. As a little girl, she had been bullied by some of the other children at the village school. They threw pine cones and called her names. And, from that moment, the little girl became known as the mean girl throughout the land.

Isabel remembered when the queen had been bullied by her friends. She knew it was wrong but never said anything to stop them.

Years later, the queen moved to the dark castle and never returned to the forest. She changed her smile to a frown and cast the spell upon the creatures and The Pines of Amethyst. The queen's last and worst move was to take Miss May and end the music in all of the land.

Back on the pathway to the forest, Isabel and Fort were approaching the dark castle. They knew they must hurry, or the magical music that Chorus had bestowed on them would run out. The red-tailed horses banded together and stopped them from approaching the castle doors.

Fort was determined to make it inside the castle. But how? Isabel thought all hope was lost and a tear trickled down her face. She had promised to rescue the music and all would be lost if they had to retreat back to the forest.

Fort had an idea! He glanced at Isabel as she hung her face with tears. He then exclaimed, "Wait here Isabel. I have an idea!"

Isabel looked up perplexed. What could Fort be doing to make it through the band of horses?

She slowly sat in the grass as Fort ran toward the forest. He gave her a thumbs up to convince her that his plan would work.

As Fort made it back to the Forest, he ran to the baker's house. As he ran through the village, all of the creatures wondered what he was up to. He knocked quickly on the baker's wooden door. The door slowly opened and the baker poked his head out, yawning as if he had just woken from a nap.

Fort whispered in his ear, then the baker quickly shuffled him in through his door. A few hours went by and smoke billowed out of the baker's chimney. All of the forest wondered what in the world they could be doing.

The sweetest smell began emanating throughout the trees and all of the creatures sniffed and licked their lips curious to know where it was coming from.

Then the baker's door opened very slowly, and out came Fort pulling a small wooden cart on wheels. As he pulled the cart through the village, he tip toed and whispered to everyone watching. "Shhhhhhhh," he said. "Don't make a sound." Each creature knew that if they made any exclamations, the queen would hear and stop the mission.

The sun was slowly lowering down behind the trees. The night was upon the forest and Fort knew he must hurry to make it back to the castle in time before the magical music spell ended. He began to swiftly run with the cart behind him in Isabel's direction. Isabel sat patiently waiting on the hill by the castle as the red-tailed horses jeered and snuffed their noses at her.

Just as the sun lowered behind the hills, Isabel could see Fort running as fast as he could from the forest. Behind him jumped the wooden cart, up and down, as he hurried toward Isabel. As soon as he made his way to toward her, he opened the wooden cart and out poured pounds and pounds of crisp apples and warm apple pies.

The baker had baked every single apple in the forest and baked them into scrumptious apple pies. Now Isabel never doubted Fort for one bit, but she couldn't help but wonder what Fort had up his sleeve.

The sun had set the the magical music powers could no longer help them. Isabel could only think that all was lost!

Fort grabbed one of the apple pies and said, "Watch this Isabel!"

He slowly approached the band of horses. As the horses began to smell the yummy pies, they lowered their noses, relaxed their tails and began shuffling their hooves. Fort and the baker knew that horses loved apples. And, their hearty appetite would get the best of them, luring them away from the castle doors.

Isabel's eyes lit up with excitement!

Fort told Isabel his plan, and they both began to place the baked apples and apple pies all around the mean queen's castle. And, lo and behold, one by one, each red-tailed horse began putting one hoof in front of the other and disbanded from the castle walls.

Now, as each red-tailed horse made their way away from the castle doors, Isabel and Fort knew they must act quickly to save Miss May.

Once upon the castle door, Isabel and Fort used all of their strength to move it away and head straight up the castle stairs. The mean queen had hid Miss May in the darkest room atop the castle to mute any musical sounds.

The mean queen was too busy to even notice Isabel and Fort tip toeing up the stairs. Soon they found Miss May and made their way back down to the castle doors. They were just about the open the door when the huge iron gate abruptly dropped in front of them.



“STOP! You must stop right there, and return Miss May immediately!” cried the queen.

Isabel, Fort and Miss May stopped quickly in their tracks, staring through the bars of the iron gate.

Now, Isabel knew this could be the end of their journey. The queen had never wanted The Pines of Amethyst to glow with the sounds of music ever again. But, Isabel could not let the mean queen destroy the music of the forest anymore.

Isabel knew she had to do something, and fast!

Isabel slowly turned around with a calmness that only her father could have taught her. She lowered her voice and began to speak ever so softly to the queen. No one had ever approached the queen with such a subtle word or even tried speaking to her at all anymore.

With a glint in her eye and a sweetness in her voice, Isabel said to the queen, “I am so very sorry we were mean to you so very long ago. We never should have treated you that way. You have a kind heart and we want to be your friend.”

The mean queen did not know what to say. There was a silence that fell over the castle. The red-tailed horses looked up from their apples, and the forest creatures felt the silence saturate the trees.

As the mean queen looked upon Isabel, Fort and Miss May, she knew one thing. No one had ever cared. No one had ever cared to say they were sorry. She lowered down to the steps within the castle and a tear fell from her face.

Isabel took one step toward the queen and held out her hand. “We want to be your friend, and to listen to the music with us again,” she said.

Isabel reached her hand out further to the queen and closed her eyes expecting to be rejected.

Then Isabel felt the warmth of the queen’s hand in her palm and opened her eyes. The mean queen was glowing as bright as the sun and the magical music began flowing out of the castle walls.

The people of The Pines of Amethyst Forest cheered from across the land. And, Fort wiped a tear from Miss May’s face.

Isabel gleamed with pride. And The Pines of Amethyst Forest were filled with music forever!



## Fairytale #2: Dr. Org and the Bubble



Once upon a time, above all of the land, stood a large white castle amid the white, fluffy clouds and crystal blue skies in Grand Schall Bay. As the town below bustled with villagers and market men, Dr. Org, the tiny mad scientist sat on his stool, in his lab coat, in the castle making crazy potions.

Inside the castle was dark and quiet with not a soul around except the mad scientist's assistant, Ian. The castle sat tall, dark and gloomy even on the brightest of days down in the village.

The villagers down below didn't think much of the castle that loomed above them. They continued on their merry way with cheery faces and happy skips in their step as they worked.

But, far above them on a mountain sat a scientist who was working feverishly on his potions. Now, Org was not a mean scientist, but he certainly did not have any friends. Ian was his only friend. Ian stood by his side all day long, helping with potions and speaking quietly to the scientist.

The dark and gloomy nature of the castle was a sad sight to see. Many of the villagers tried not to stare up at the castle, as they felt it may ruin their days full of cheer and happiness. They felt if they ignored the scientist, that would keep them from losing the happiness in their little community.



One day, up in the dark and quiet castle, Dr. Org decided to begin mixing a new potion. The potion was dangerous and was made of chemicals that had never been mixed ever before. It bubbled, and bubbled and bubbled until the lab was filled with the biggest bubbles that the scientist and Ian had ever seen!

As Ian sat stood next to the scientist, he helped to mix the new and scary potion. His hands trembled at the sight and sound of the bubbles continuing to form.

Now Dr. Org grumbled to Ian, “No bubble is to leave this castle.” “We must make sure to keep them tightly trapped within the castle walls.” Ian agreed and swore to stay awake all night long, making sure each bubble was locked safely in the castle.

As the villagers below began winding down their day, the sun began to drop down behind their homes. They each went to their homes, wrapped in their night gowns and fell ever so softly to sleep in their warm beds. As the last rays of the sun lowered down below the land, the village lay quietly in their beds, snoring away.

Dr. Org had closed the lab for the evening, and put away his potions. But, Ian sat patiently at the castle doors making sure the bubbles were kept safe and sound as the scientist had ordered. As he sat on his wooden window sill at the castle doors, his head began to nod. He tried so hard to stay awake, but the dark of the night brought about a long snooze for Ian.

At the top of the castle, the huge bubbles were beginning to move toward a tiny window. They began pushing and pushing against the window. POP! One bubble had broken through the tiny window and soared high above the castle.

Ian’s muffled snoring was interrupted with the sound of the bubble swooshing outside his window. He awoke and jumped up ever so quickly, worried that he had let one bubble escape the castle walls.

As he ran down the stairs to try and stop the bubble from moving down the mountain, he was not fast enough to catch it floating quickly toward the village.

Just then, the sun began to rise over the tiny village. As the sun rose, the scientist had awoken too. Unbeknownst to him, the escaped bubble had made its way down the mountain just in time for the villagers to begin opening their shops.

Ian made it down the mountain in search of the runaway bubble, but was unsuccessful in his attempt to retrieve it. He hid silently behind one of the fruit carts in the middle of the village, panicking at the thought of upsetting the scientist. He knew how upset Dr. Org would be when he told him that one of the bubbles had made it out of the castle and down to the village.

Just as Ian let out a long, worried sigh, he eyed the bubble floating around a corner. The village baker, the candlestick maker and the town's mayor stood together laughing and talking about their plans for the day.

Suddenly, the baker noticed the bubble emerging from out of the corner alley.

He pointed feverishly, "Look! What is that?!" The whole town ran to see such an odd sight.

Who could've brought this large, unknown monstrosity to their land?!

Atop the mountain Dr. Org began to grumble, "Where is Ian, my most trusted assistant?"

Now, the scientist had not ventured from the castle for many years. He was too worried that the people may not accept him for the mad scientist that he had become. His looks had become disheveled. He wasn't so great to look at anymore. Or, so he thought. He couldn't make his way out of the castle, or so he thought.

"Where was Ian," he thought to himself. The bubbles were sure to escape from the castle and he could not wrangle them all by himself.

He walked quickly over to the high castle window and began calling out for Ian. "Ian, where have you gone? My most trusted servant. I need you to come back!" he exclaimed.

But the scientist received no response and shuffled hurriedly down the castle stairs. Meanwhile, Ian hid quietly in the town below. He was too scared to emerge from the alleyway for fear of the villagers.

Dr. Org knew there was only one way to find Ian. He must head into the town below.

After shedding his lab coat and covering himself in warm clothes and a scarf, the scientist decided unwillingly to venture down the mountain. As he approached the castle doors, he mumbled, "They will not like me. They will not like me." But, off he went, to seek out Ian, his most favored servant and friend.

As the scientist climbed down the mountain, he continued to call out for Ian. Unexpectedly, Ian could hear his name being called. He peered and squinted toward the top of the mountain, and lo and behold, there was the scientist descending down the rocks.

Ian crept through the alley toward the back of the village trying to make his way so that Dr. Org could see him. Once he found a safe place to hide, he called out, "I'm here my friend. I am down here!"

The scientist heard him and his eyes filled with excitement. Ian ventured up the mountain as the scientist slowly made his way down.

"Oh, Dr. Org, you vowed to never come down this mountain ever again!," exclaimed Ian.

The scientist grumbled, "Well, we mustn't let the bubbles get away!"

"One of the bubbles, sir. It escaped and has made its way into the town," explained Ian. "I am so very sorry, scientist. I did not mean to let it go."

The scientist was not mad at all. He knew they had to work together to find the bubble and bring it back to the castle.

They both agreed to stick together to bring the bubble back.

Meanwhile, in the village, all of the townspeople had discovered the bubble. They watched in awe as it hovered above the marketplace.

What were they to do? Was it safe? Children pointed toward the castle describing how the bubble had fallen from the scientist's quarters.

The villagers gasped in disbelief! If the bubble was indeed from the mad scientist, could they trust it? What was it made of? Would it hurt them? They began shuffling about, gathering their belongings and their children and hurrying to their homes.

Ian and the scientist arrived just in time. The scientist ran to the middle of the market and exclaimed, "STOP! It will not hurt you."

The people were afraid of the scientist. Years ago, he had threatened to create potions that would destroy the town forever. He had yelled at the children and done many things to frighten everyone in the village.

Just then, Dr. Org noticed the frightened faces throughout the town. He felt a sadness for the way he had treated them.

As he lowered his arms and softened his voice, he told the town, “The bubble is of no harm to you. It is safe. I would do nothing to hurt anyone of you here.” He continued, “I have not been nice, and I am sorry.” Ian stood quietly by his side.

The villagers stood silently. They had never heard an apology quite so sincere. A silence fell over the market. The scientist hung his head. He had tried and realized that he may never be able to become friends with them ever again.

Then, one of the smallest children in all of the village emerged from behind her father.

“I will be your friend,” she said.

Her eyes were bright and full of joy. The scientist looked up from his feet at the little girl. The townspeople gasped and took a step back.

The little girl walked slowly up to the scientist and put her hand in his. His eyes glistened with happy tears as he put his other hand on hers. The mad scientist had made his first real friend. And, all of the people clapped and cheered and hugged each other.

The town jumped for joy and celebrated!

But, wait! What were they to do with these bubbles? The bubble that had escaped was lingering in the corner.

The scientist explained to all of the people how he had created bubbles strong enough to fly upon. He picked up the little girl, his new best friend, and sat her upon the escaped bubble. And, up she went, as high as the castle tower. The whole town cheered once again. “Hooray for Dr. Org!”

And, from that day on, whenever the townspeople wanted to visit the scientist, they drifted right up to the castle doors on some of the largest bubbles in the land. They shared dinners and made the best of friends forever and ever.

As for Ian, well, Dr. Org made him his own special bubble. It was the fastest flying bubble in all of the land!

And, everyone lived bubbly ever after.

### Fairytale #3: The Song of the Butterfly Princess



Once upon a time, in a land colored with the brightest colors in all of the world, there lived a Butterfly queen named Hanna. She reigned among the land filled with beautiful orange trees, rolling green hills, giant pink flowers and creatures large and small. This land was no ordinary land. The queen's land was filled with beautiful music throughout the crisp blue air, filling the ears of all who listened.

The music that filled the air was sung by the birds, instruments played by the forest animals and the rhythm kept by the wind. No other land in all of the world could or would ever match the music that filled the air in The Sweet Land of Ballentine.

The butterfly queen herself was a beautiful creature. She was cloaked in butterflies to keep her warm. The most beautiful colors you have ever seen. Her hair glistened in the wind and draped ever so softly over her shoulders in the bright golden sunlight. When she sang with the birds, the land breathed in a sigh of relief as her voice calmed every creature around. The trees smiled. The birds fluttered. The air swung back and forth and the hills rolled slightly to the rhythm of her song. The land was alive with sound.

Far, far away there was a cave in the distance. And far, far away in that cave sat an very sad and mean troll named Mask, who had been left alone for thousands of years. He had sat quiet in his deep, dark hole in the side of the mountain miles away from the Land of Ballentine. The snow trampled his trail leading out from the cave and his fire was the only light in the cave.

The queen and the creatures of her land never dared to venture toward Mask's cave. Years ago the queen had met Mask along the trail to his cave and threatened her with the shake of his fist in the air.

“Stop the music. Stop the music queen. Or, I will silence the entire land with my powers!”

The queen had known Mask when they were children. They had been best friends in The Land of Ballentine. But, one day, Mask had been burned by one of the sun’s brightest rays and his face was never the same. Other children would call him ugly and would laugh and point at his face.

Mask had retreated to the cave and vowed to never leave again!

Hanna had never laughed at Mask. And, it broke her heart to see the other children make so much fun of Mask. But, she walked away and never saw Mask again until that day on the trail years later.

The princess knew she must save the music. And, she decided to make the journey to bringing Mask back home.

Hanna bundled up in her butterfly cloak and wrapped her hair in a silver handkerchief. She knew she could not complete the mission to bring Mask home all by herself. She silently tiptoed to the woodsman’s barn and met Onyx, the black horse with the black horn.

Onyx was the strongest horse in all of the land of Ballentine. He could move small mountains and carry heavy stones for the people whenever they needed his help. No other horse was as strong as Onyx.

Hanna whispered softly, “Onyx, come with me. We must leave now and return Mask to his home.”

Onyx didn’t even stutter. He quickly lifted his large head and shuffled her onto his back. “Let’s go,” he cried!

They whisked away from the village quickly. Not a person was in sight. The dark of the night covered them softly and the wind pushed them onward toward Mask’s cave.

Once they arrived, outside the cave sat a massive boulder, ten times the size of Onyx. Mask was inside. How could they ever move the boulder to meet Mask?

Onyx knew his powers were strong, but he didn’t know if he could move the boulder. Hanna whispered in his ear, “You can Onyx. I know you can.”

And, with the strength and encouragement of Hanna’s sweet words, Onyx huffed and puffed and, with his greatest might, pushed the boulder away from the cave’s entrance.

It was silent and dark. Not a sound could be heard. The drip, drip of the water falling from the cave’s ceiling gave Hanna and Onyx a frightened feeling. The chill in the air

forced them both to stay close to one another as they slowly walked toward the dark space in front of them.

“WHO ARE YOU? AND, WHY ARE YOU IN MY HOUSE?,” Mask cried.

Hanna realized at that moment that she had never practiced what to say to Mask. She couldn't think of the right words. And, then all of a sudden, out of nowhere, music began emanating from her heart. The sound was the most beautiful sound anyone had ever heard. It permeated the cave, covered the hills, and framed the mountaintops. Mask had never, himself, ever heard anything so lovely in all of his life.

Mask lifted his face and lowered his voice. He walked over to Hanna and Onyx. “Why do you care?” he asked in his softest voice.

Hanna replied, “We need you Mask. We don't care what you look like on the outside.”

“You are our friend,” she continued. “We want you to come home.”

Mask walked toward the cave entrance and peered out into the sunlight. Down below, he saw the village people waving and smiling and singing Hanna's song. He couldn't believe his eye or his ears.



He was loved again. And, no one, not even him, could take away the music that saved the man in the Mask and his friends in the Land of Ballentine.

Mask and Hanna jumped up on Onyx and rode back their friends in the village.

And, everyone in The Land of Ballentine lived happily every after.



## **Conclusion**

Where in the fantasy world did you go? Did Isabel, the tiny fairy, find blueberry strudel? Did Mr. Rogers, the scientist, cook up his sticky bubbles? Did you hear the beautiful music that Fancy, the butterfly queen, found? Enchanting lands, mystical forest animals and magical unicorns open up fantasy worlds of wonder in these three children's fairytales.

### **Fairytale #1 Isabel and The Pines of Amethyst Forest**

Isabel, the tiny fairy, and Fort, a tiny dwarf are best friends. They live among the forest animals in The Pines of Amethyst. Across the forest stands a huge castle bustling with townspeople led by the mean queen. Fort and Isabel, along with their friends of the forest, must travel to the castle to save Miss May, the best musician in the land.

### **Fairytale #2 Dr. Org and the Bubble**

Dr. Pop, the tiny scientist, and his assistant, Ian, are working on a new potion for bubbles in which to travel the world. Slade, the fire breathing lizard, will help Dr. Roger and Ian in the lab. But, they must fight off the porcupine family encroaching on their experiment and trying to pop the sticky bubbles.

### **Fairytale #3 The Song of the Butterfly Princess**

Hanna, the beautiful princess clothed in divine butterflies, travels miles and miles to a distant cave vowing to bring the music back to her people. During her travels, she takes Onyx, the black horse with the black horn. They become a team and bring all of the village friends back together with a majestic song.

## **Description**

Children will become entranced with the imaginary mystical characters, fantasy lands and royal adventures in these three fairytales. Fly with Hanna, experiment with Dr. Org and save Miss May's music with Isabel the tiny fairy!

Activate your child's mind with mythical creatures and faraway lands in three adventures sure to keep them reading through to the very end. Isabel, the tiny fairy, and her best friend must travel to the castle of Katamaru to save Miss May.

Hang out in the lab with Dr. Org and his assistant, Ian, while they make potions for their latest bubble travel experiment. But, watch out for the runaway!

Follow Hanna, the butterfly queen, and Onyx as they travel to the mysterious castle to share the magical song with an old friend.