

Legend of the Forget-Me-Not

Far, far, away, in a land where it was always summer, there lived a beautiful flower fairy. She spent her days dancing and singing in the forests and fields, and wherever she stepped, flowers sprung up in her wake. One day, the great Ice Dragon of the North flew overhead in his cloud of thunder, and heard her singing. Enchanted by the sound, the Great Wyrn landed before her and commanded her to return with him to his icy palace, to sing for him, and for him alone, forever. She declined, for she was a flower fairy who could not live in the frozen North where there was nothing but ice and snow, and because she was in love with a shepherd boy who tended his family's flocks in the meadows where she danced and sang. Filled with rage, the Great Wyrn seized her in his talons and carried her away by force. With one snap of his cruel jaws, he bit off her silvery wings, so that she could not fly away, and fastened her to his throne with a long chain so that she could never escape.

Without the flower fairy, the sunny summer kingdom soon withered away. The poor shepherd boy, inconsolable over the loss of his beloved fairy, resolved to rescue her. He donned his grandfather's old armor, and sharpened the ancient sword that hung over the mantelpiece, and set off in pursuit of the dragon who had stolen his love.

After a long journey, he at last arrived at the gloomy castle of the Great Wyrn. He fought bravely for his love, and although he was wounded himself, he finally slew the evil beast with a thrust to the heart. With mighty blows of his sword, he cut the frozen chain that bound his love. Gathering up her shivering form in his arms, he wrapped her in his own tunic, and slipped his own sturdy boots onto her tiny frozen feet. He carried her all the way back to the summer kingdom, over mountains and rivers, leaving behind him bloody footprints in the snow from his bare feet. When he staggered with his precious burden into his own little meadow, where she would be able to be healed by the warm sun, he fell to his knees. He had saved his beloved fairy, but cost was dear. As she grew stronger, he grew weaker, until at last, she had recovered, and he was dying. As she cradled him in her arms, weeping, he looked up into her glistening eyes and smiled a sad little smile. "Forget me not, my love, and it is enough for me."

Those were his last words. She buried him in the meadow under a mound of flowers. To this day, as she walks through the woods and meadows, tears for her lost love will still fall to the ground, and wherever they do, a little blue flower springs up, the same blue as was in the eyes of the poor shepherd boy who gave his life to save hers.

We call these flowers forget-me-nots.