



with Jill Haywood

chirp - xiular
perhaps - potser
choose - escollir
gemstone - pedra preciosa
dipped - submergit



Avui a l'Story Time escoltem mes de les aventuras de la fada Jazandra i el seu nou company de viatjes.

The Fairy with no name

For several years Jazandra had walked through the fields and forests alone but this morning she had met a a frog with a beautiful voice. She had kissed his head and he had turned into a fairy. Jazandra had asked him if he would like to travel with her and he had agreed.

They spent the warm sunny afternoon walking through the old oak forest under the trees. The two fairies held hands as they walked. They sang more songs together. All the animals in the woods paused to listen to their beautiful voices. The birds stopped their chirping to listen to the two fairies as they walked and sang. They were singing an old Irish song about morning sun and April rains when suddenly Jazandra stopped and turned to her companion. She pulled him over to a fallen log and they both sat. She took his hands and looked into his green eyes.

"I don't know your name!" she declared.

The winged man smiled into her deep blue eyes. "Are names important?" he asked. "I had no name when I spent two years as a frog. It was an easy life but I am incredibly happy that you rescued me and made me a fairy again. I have no

memory of my name from before. I am a different person now so perhaps my old name would not fit me, even if I could remember it.”

“Names are important,” declared Jazandra. “I love my name. It is part of me. It is special. You need to have a name. A name that makes you happy.”

Her companion thought for a while. “You can choose my name,” he said softly.

“Me!” exclaimed the amazed fairy. “I can’t do that. It’s too important. It’s very personal. You should do it.”

The green eyed man shook his head. “I will have no name until you choose one for me. Let’s continue our journey.”

He stood and held his hand out to Jazandra to help her up. The fairy smiled at him and they set off again, holding hands and singing songs as they walked under the trees. The two fairies helped where they could as they walked. They picked up a baby bird which had fallen from its nest and was crying on the forest floor. Jazandra’s companion picked up the bird gently in his hands and put it back in the nest with the rest of its family. The mother bird sang them a song of gratitude.

They came across a squirrel with a huge nut. The poor animal was trying very hard to open the nut but it could not. Jazandra took a stone and hit the nut once. It opened! The squirrel was very happy and immediately sat down to eat the tasty nut.

They continued walking. “I need a name. I need a name for this wonderful fairy. I wonder what he would like. Peter? Anthony? Neil? No, they don’t sound right for him. Mark? Harry? Vincent? Clive? Duncan? Jazandra ran through lists of names in her head as they walked. Nothing she thought of seemed right for her companion.

Suddenly she had an idea. His eyes were green like the gemstone Jade. She could change the word a little and make it Jadon. Every time she said his name it would make her think of the green of his eyes and also the green of the forests as they walked, the green plants and green leaves of the trees.

Jazandra led her companion to a tree with large leaves. There was rainwater on the leaves. She dipped her finger into the water and drew a circle on her companion’s forehead.

“I name you Jadon,” she said quietly.

Jadon smiled widely. “It’s perfect,” he replied.

*Us dic un secret. En Jadon sí que s’en recordava del seu nom, pero no l’hi agradava.
Aquest era una oportunitat per tindre un de nou, i per cert, molt bonic!*