

# MAGICAL DELIGHTS

**Klara Markova**

"DING DONG"

"Yes,... I am coming.." I cried out eagerly towards the door... and I was running..

"The postman... it must be the postman".. I was singing to myself while jumping over three baskets with apples..

Full of impatient expectations and apple smell I threw myself towards the door which I literally yanked open..

Although the postman was already used to my floods of joy every time when he brought a packet, he jerked wildly anyway..

"This time it is something really special.. it's from London!" he was announcing to me as soon as he saw me..

"I know.." I peeped dreamily and, clutching the strangely wrapped packet to myself, I floated to the fireplace among the baskets with apples..

"NO NO this is not the right place for such a delicate thing as unwrapping THIS packet.." I mumbled to myself..

Before I finished my thought about where and how the secret will be revealed, I already was on the path leading to an old oak which grows at the end of our garden and off I went through a rusty gate in the direction of the forest. Clutching the packet to my heart holily, radiant expression on my face and walking decisively, this all was expanding my aura extensively..

Aureately radiant I ran past a feeder and laughed at a hare who only raised his long eared head in astonishment.

"ATTENTION so you don't put the forest on fire, Klára! You are shining so radiantly that it is visible from afar.." a strict male voice stopped me, but in a playful manner this time..

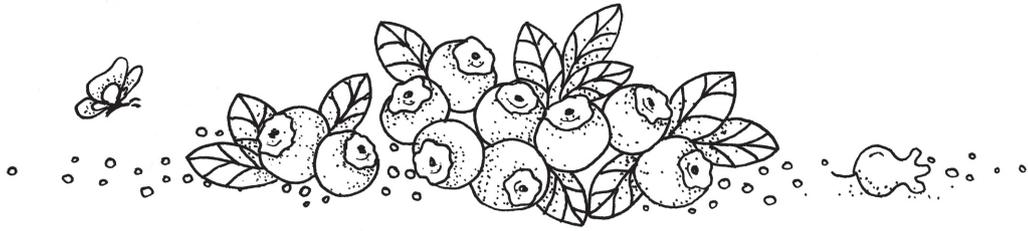
"Oh.. I haven't noticed you.." I laughed tinklingly, waved at him and continued my way..

Our gamekeeper Aleš only smiled widely and waved at me too...

"And here I am" suddenly I had a very strong feeling that I am just at the right place.. around me were stones covered with thick moss and protruding oak roots.. "... it's a really special place.." came to my mind.. "... I don't know it here yet.."

The packet started to feel warm in my hands.. perhaps I was only excited about all this forest beauty..

Moss.. fern, birds singing happily and into this forest symphony the oaks started to sing in a rustling voice.. and as if I...



"No, that is not possible.." but yes I heard quiet tinkling sounds... ".. what could it be?" I started to listen carefully and unconsciously left my mouth open.

I shivered... the packet shivered after me.. at least that how it seemed to me. Do you know this wonderfully mysterious feeling when so many strange special things happen at once.. Yes?! so that's exactly how I felt at that moment.. simply MAGICALLY..

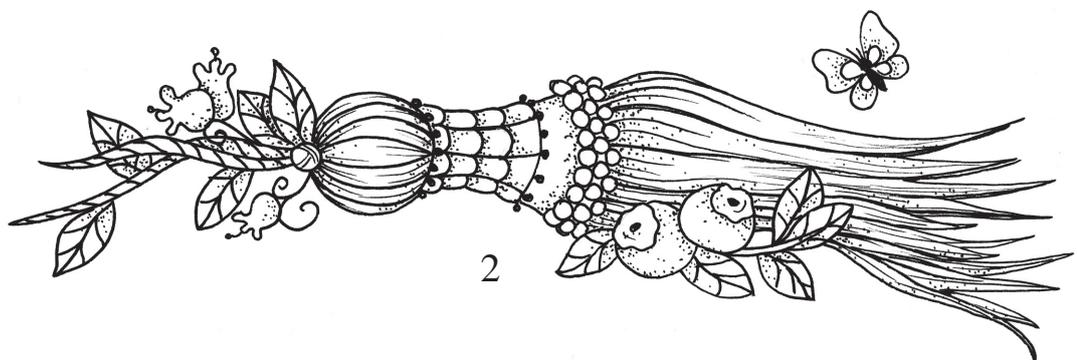
I sat under the tallest and biggest oak the roots of which made something like an armchair with armrests.. soft piece of comfort in the middle of the forest.. for a while I had to look, enchanted, at a bit crumpled pink violet paper with a neatly handwritten address of the sender: The Bluebell Antique House, Squirrel Street 78A, London.....

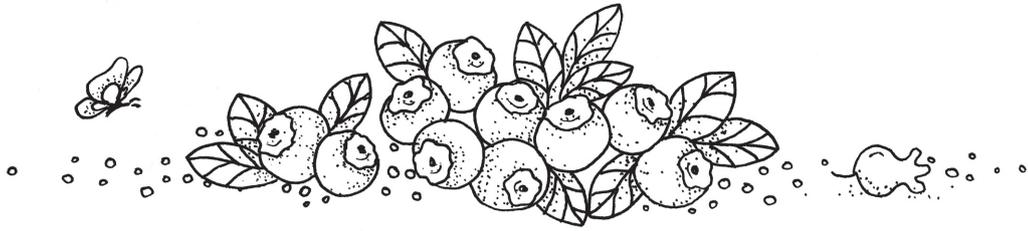
My address was also written in old fashioned antique handwriting. Somebody took the time to express the importance of this packet.

As soon as I slightly touched the cord, it started to untie itself.. it was slipping through my fingers and at this moment I stopped breathing.. I wanted to remove the paper from the box, but it slipped through my hands as a piece of silk and glided towards the ground graciously.. the paper box, which looked very old, hid my magical treasure.. when I lifted the lid of the box I felt dizzy.. wide satin ribbon was wrapped around the "body" of my so much expected.. diary... sketchbook, if you like..

This all started more than a month ago, when I went to visit my friend in London and on one of my nice night walks I just got lost.. there is nothing strange about it, because I get lost absolutely everywhere.. I start dreaming and that's it.. during all these years I learned myself not to panic desperately, but then I didn't panic at all and I just went on and on as if something was attracting me mysteriously.. suddenly I saw an old battered sign with the name Squirrel Street on it, which attracted my attention.. I continued walking along Squirrel Street and the street was getting narrower and narrower until it was so narrow that it was barely enough for one person to get through and then it suddenly got wider and created something like a tiny round square from which no another street led. I was standing in front of a shop window made from old and a little bit distorted glass panes separated with wooden dark green laths.. the first thing I started to realise after my strange experience was the left corner of the shop window with many books and one unusual copy in faded dark red velvet.. in fact the colour is more like darker rosewood, in fact, even today, I can't describe the colour exactly, the dusty little sign next to it read: "An old diary, just for..." in my broken English I repeatedly translated these few words and was thinking why the description is not complete, what do these three dots at the end mean?!.. nevertheless at that time already I knew that I had to have it.. I didn't care about anything else than about this piece of velvet which enveloped the cover of the mysterious book. I didn't care at all if my friends find me, the only thing I wanted at that moment was that mysterious thing which was attracting me so strongly.

As in a dream I touched the door handle of the shop, then held it tightly and after some





moments of trying hard the door handle went finally loose, as nobody went through for a long time, I thought to myself.

A screechy sound accompanied by clanging sound of the doorbell hung above the door led me back into the reality for a moment..

I was inside... but there was nobody there...

"Erm... EEEERRRRRRMMMM...!" I said a little bit more resolutely and to make sure I also coughed..

From the cloud of dust a creature like straight out of fairy tale peeped at me.. "Elf! ...and a bit overgrown" I thought to myself and immediately I felt ashamed, what if he heard my thoughts..

"YES???!!" I heard...

"Erm.." I peeped and in my not very good English I tried to explain what I wanted... when he was still only looking at me with a strange smile on his face, I felt sorry that I didn't speak English well and I started to explain my wish vigorously.. I am happy I didn't see myself explaining, my passionate gestures must have looked really funny" Oh, what to do.. the end justifies the means.." and so I continued talking mostly with the help of my hands..

"Hmmm..." this was the whole answer of the unusual shop assistant who looked like he had slept a hundred years perhaps before the first customer came..and it was me...

"Why can't I have something normal?!" I complained in Czech..

Surprisingly a clear answer followed...

"YES!!!" ...." It is not possible!"

Clear but absolutely unacceptable answer for me who was longing for the velvet thing..

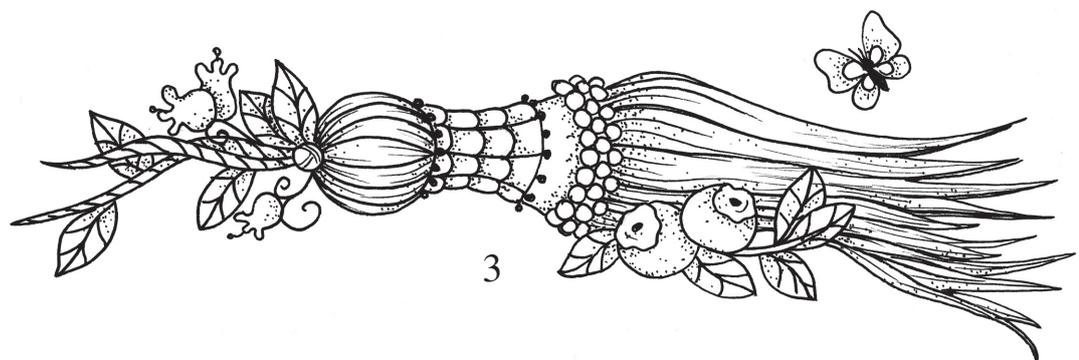
" No no no.. absolutely NO!"

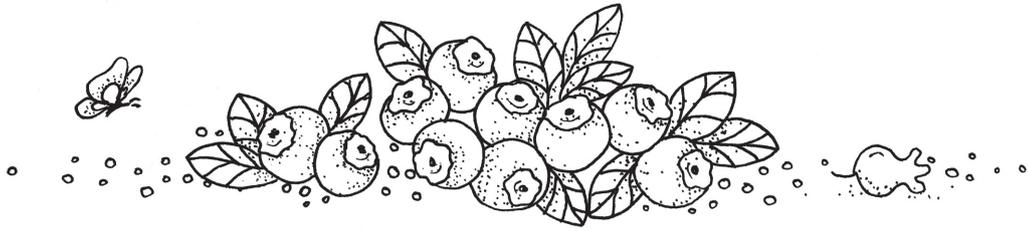
However, the strict look of the strange "shop assistant" persuaded me that it would be better to do everything his way... he pointed his bony finger at a piece of paper on the counter and said: "Address, please.."

So I wrote down my address for him and left the shop peacefully... until this day I don't know how I managed to leave so calmly with only him saying that the owner of the beautiful book would contact me and let me know if I could have the book or I couldn't.. I usually don't give up without fighting, but that time I had a feeling that everything was right.. for some things it is necessary to wait..

I returned back into reality only when I saw my friends, they laughed and didn't make it a big thing that I got lost... or didn't I?! ... was it one of my dreams again! I was confused... at dinner I asked about Squirrel Street and The Bluebell Antique House shop, but nobody ever heard of anything like this...

... so now I am sitting here in the moss and in my hands I am holding my piece of a dream... I am opening the velvet cover carefully and guess what... a small piece of paper with a hand written text and the same handwriting in which the address on the packet was written fell out.





"... hmhmhmmmmmm..mmmmmm (first the polite address, then the introduction and then the important thing..) as I have already told you on the phone, I agree this copy belonged to you. It is not possible to buy, it has to find its real owner on its own.."

Yes, yes, yes, exactly this I heard when some time ago somebody called me.. strange voice... strange English accent.. my imperfect English in addition.. I thought that I misunderstood, but when I am reading it here, I understood correctly...

I can't describe my ambivalent feelings which were gripping me at that moment, does it belong to me or no?! However, the magic of the velvet sketchbook was so powerful that after a while I only wanted to draw the first line into it.. with whatever... simply just begin... in whatever way...

Thoughtlessly, I reached next to me and felt a small piece of straight wood in the moss...

IT WAS A PENCIL and sharpened!

I couldn't believe my eyes... in fact I didn't try to believe my eyes... the graphite pencil was sliding on the paper of the colour of cream and I saw many stories which started to live their own lives..

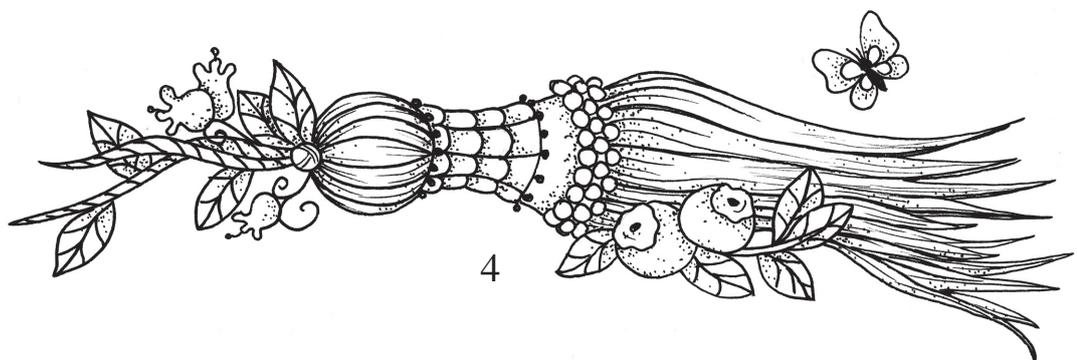
A kind feeling full of tender overwhelmed my whole soul, it was spreading everywhere around me.. the moss started to bloom and the tinkling jingling music got louder.. it was a moment of the dream fulfilled which you will never forget, never ever.

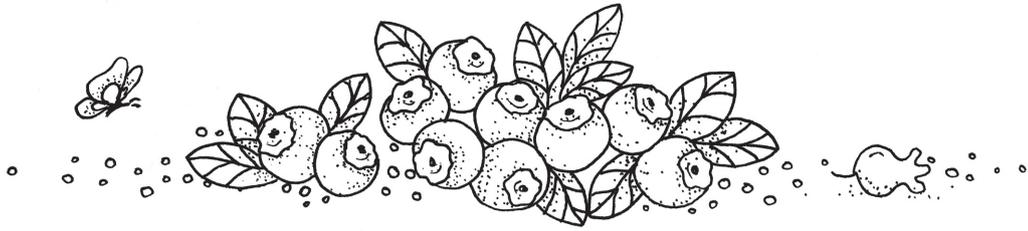
I knew that my entire life was just going to change that right now and here something must happen, something not possible to understand rationally, something only your heart can feel ...

Completely immersed in drawing pictures full of love I started to smile at the whole world .. the smile spread from my face into my whole body and my soul was indescribably happy ... just connected with some mysterious magic..

As I was sitting in the moss armchair, drawing and listening to forest music together with a special tinkling jingling melody, I realised that I actually was a bit hungry.. well, it might have been my stomach singing and mingling with the beautiful music..

"It's a pity that I didn't take at least an apple with.." I thought to myself and suddenly I could smell strong fruit scent exactly the same I could smell in my whole house thanks to the apples from our small orchard. When we were buying our house, we were said that the orchard was not fruitful for many years and that it would be good to cut the trees, when remembering this situation, I still feel the pain which struck me when I imagined cutting of these very old apple trees. "There will not be any cutting of the trees, if they don't want to bear fruit, so be it .." I said clearly. I used to sit among the apple trees almost every day and drew my new silver jewellery designs and also talked to the trees.. In less than a year the apple trees were laden with blossoms.. perhaps every apple tree blossom brought an apple, the boughs were sagging under the heaviness of the red treasures.. since then every year during a few months every room in our house is full of sweet apple scent..





"Hmmm.... it seems that I can smell apples really everywhere.." I smiled and wanted to stop drawing for a while and just enjoy my existence and LOOK! Next to me I could feel a big round ... APPLE!!!

"How did it get here?!" I must have said aloud... as the answer came immediately.... from the moss!

"Well, who asks too much.... you know it, don't you?!" I could hear a tinkling voice...but there was nobody around...

"It must be from hunger.." I peeped carefully..

"Yeah, "probably" from hunger! It's clear that it is from hunger! And what about blueberries, will you have some?! I must admit that the apple is really heavy, you know.. and I wouldn't like to run for another... and what more, I had to talk the fox over to carry it for me for quite some way.. which I probably won't manage anymore because she went to have a gugelhupf ..blueberry!"

The little voice sounded convincingly and so real that for a moment I doubted if it really was just a dream or was it "reality"?!

"It's a nonsense, again, I hear what does not exist...haha..ha.." I laughed, a bit inappropriately maybe..but in fact I wasn't a hundred percent sure that it was a dream... I was waiting...but I didn't have to wait for long...

"OH sure! Iiiii am just a dreaaaaaam.... I didn't bother at all with an apple on the fox through a half of the forest so you weren't hungry.. the apple grew on the oak and fell down just when you were here...hey, what's that? I would really like to know... it's shining brightly and it attracts us.. what is it?! I have never seen anything like that... so?!" I could hear a decisive voice from the moss...

"I really don't know what this game is about, but when you are asking me and giving me presents... a present, better to say..apple... so you at least could show yourself to me, so I don't feel like I am dreaming or even going crazy.." I said to the moss..

"So close your eyes!" I could hear from the moss again..

"When I close them, I won't see anything.." I objected.. and I also wasn't sure what was going to happen. I hate situations like.. Close your eyes and cup your hands together..several times already I then have found in them what I would never want to find in my hands..

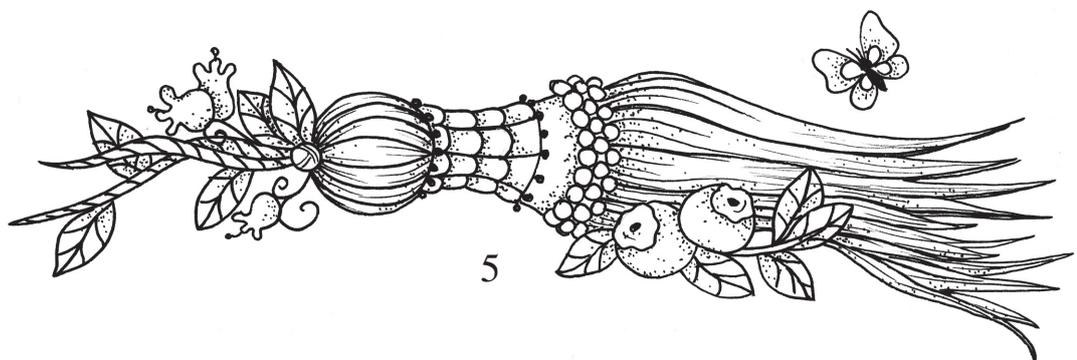
"I hate spiders! I am afraid of them!" I blurted into the quiet..

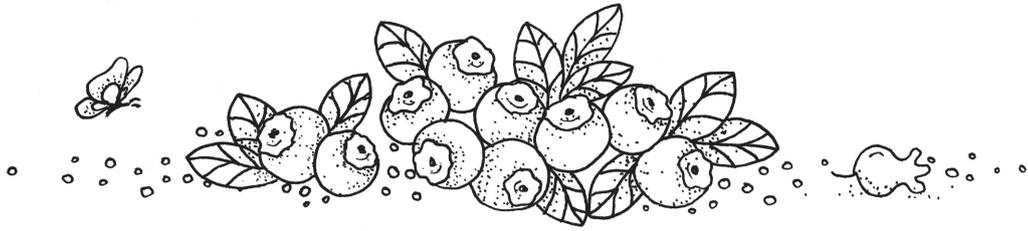
"NOW, you really have gone too far... I am not a spider!" yelled the little voice next to me and I didn't even have time to hiccup..

"Oh my god, so you are real!" with my eyes wide open I watched a little figure wearing a little pointy hat and something like striped red and blue dress and small brown shoes ..

"Actually I like spiders... at least some of them.." I peeped and didn't know why, actually..

"And here we go! They told me in no case to show myself to you.. and in fact I don't know why, you smell nicely.. after violets.. and you are shining..and your hair is full of daisies and spruce twigs..I like it very much.." the small unbelievably sweet figure blushed and looked down..





"Yes... daisies.. I like daisies... twigs too... spruce twigs too...they smell nicely... WHAT do I have in my hair?" I touched my head... and really .. I took a few twigs off my head.. the others together with the daisies were entangled in my long hair and I couldn't remove them .. I simply couldn't disentangle it..I didn't mind..but what is the main thing.. I didn't have an idea how they got there..

" It was meadow fairies,..you know?!" the little voice peeped again..

"Ahhh so.. now I understand.. so there is more ..of you here..??"

"WELL, sure.. I don't understand, why you are surprised, you have just drawn us.. into this.. well into this beautifully smelling and shining thing... I thought that you had known for a long time about us when..." he jerked a little bit while saying that.. " Or you don't know about us? And why then... why are you drawing us? There!" he pointed his finger at the velvet sketchbook..

" I.. I .. sorry, but I don't know myself what I drew, actually.. it was so beautiful and alluring and the pencil itself led my hand.. " only then I started to go through my drawings.. they were bits of different places.. different situations and different beings...

" And look.. the fox is also there... but she is standing at the mushroom and waiting..."

" For a gugelhupf... blueberry... I told you.." peeped the little voice in front of me..

" Are you.. erm... are you an elf?!" I asked a little bit embarrassedly..

" Yeah, sure... that's how they would call me in your world.. it is a word which comes from a long long time ago when we all used to live together.." he explained me his face serious..

" Would you like some apple? " I passed him the bitten into, juicy and beautifully smelling apple..

" No!" was the clear answer..

"Sorry.." I peeped..

" Well.. actually, I would like to have some, but while I am eating, won't you catch me?!" asked the little one carefully..

" Why should I do that?" I raised my eyebrows questioningly..

" They said you would catch me and I never would be allowed to go back home.." and this time he raised his eyebrows questioningly..

My eyes teared up.. (I am extremely sensitive, as my smith man often says, I can't bear any hurting, limiting and suffering.. in that moment I would have liked to dissolve in the air..)

" No, I would never!!! Hurt you!"

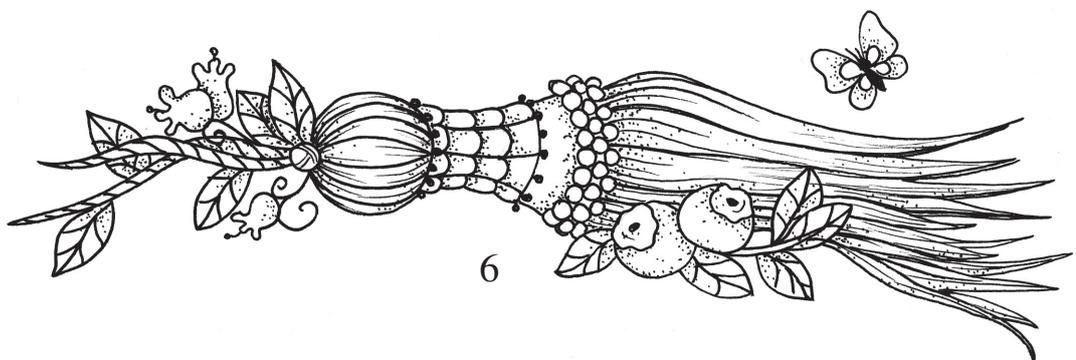
" I trust you.. so, will you give me a bite?" peeped the elf, obviously taken by surprise by my over sincere reaction..

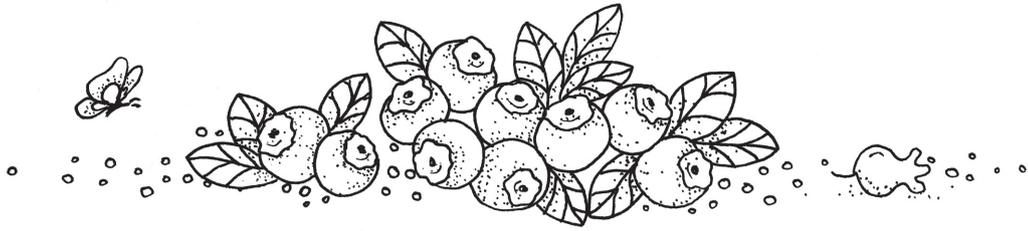
I carefully reached the hand with the apple to the little elf..

Even more carefully, he touched my thumb clutching the apple..

" You are nicely warm.." and he snuggled up to my palm.. " And you smell... like a forest... like us.."

I'll probably never manage to describe that beautiful feeling when an elf touched me for the first time..





The touch was as if I happened to be in another world at once... I started to see things I would have had hardly noticed before..

Suddenly the whole surrounding filled up with tiny curious faces and the tinkling music got a lot louder...

I saw elves playing the double bass.. violin.. flute, bells.. little harps..

I saw elves with little carts with blueberries in them, baskets with raspberries.. but I also saw fairies ... with flowers and wild strawberries.. the fairies gentle as breeze, but also very bright and shining richly..

In front of my eyes mushrooms heads literally sprang from the moss..

Speechless and astonished by this beauty I was only able to instinctively reach my hands towards the "Little Ones" and wait what was going to happen..

One after another they approached my palms a touched my skin very shortly.. at this moment the story of each touch ran in front of my eyes..

I saw a fox really enjoying a small blueberry gugelhupf cooling down on a window sill of a pidi house.. forgotten blueberry cake around which elves held a small celebration.. simply an elf-like picnic, from behind the mushrooms a sweet face of a plumpy elf peeped out at me.. I saw poppy blossoms in which small rabbits sleep, fawns with a lot of bluebells on their little antlers, an owl taking care of her children as if they were the most precious treasures in the world.. little houses.. butterflies, moths, pupas, caterpillars with little wings, an elf flying on a dragonfly.. and again little houses. This time with lights in their windows, then my nose was struck with a strong scent of pomegranates and before I knew a gorgeous rainbow coloured hummingbird with a little key in his beak flew past my face..

I didn't have an idea that cats when you are not watching them love to rest in cornflower blossoms where they let lull themselves by petals moving in the wind while they purr loudly..

I couldn't stop wondering..in fact I didn't want to.. I love a childish naive view of the world.. because that's my real Me..

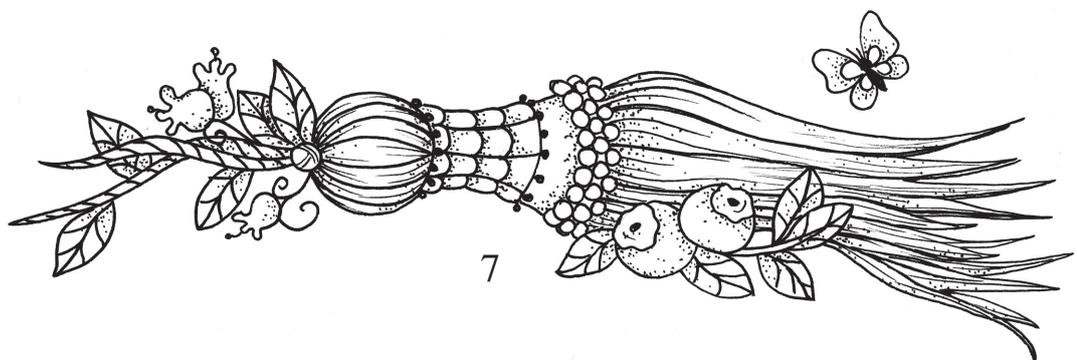
I put my apple aside into the moss and reached both my hands towards the Little Ones.. at this moment what I longed for the most was to give them all my soul.

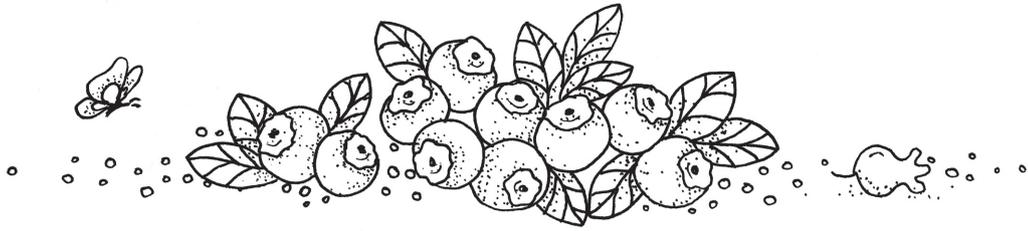
Both the elves and fairies approached my palms and they all put their hands on mine at the same time.. a very strong stream of pure energy went up my spine and the only thing I remember was a strong flash of light and aureate scintillation.

I couldn't even shout out, I lost my voice at this moment..

When I got conscious again, they stood above me and stroked my hair..YES, above me! I was as tall as the little elves and fairies which I could hide in my hands before..

At first I thought I wouldn't be able to move at all, everything was so different, so new..my body I couldn't feel at all, as if it was just lightness and pure existence..





I stood up and it felt as if I was flying in the air, my steps had never been lighter, actually, I doubted that I was touching the ground..

Astonished I turned to the elf who brought the apple to me and he only winked at me naughtily and said: " And that ´ s far from being all, grasp my hand!"

He didn´ t wait for my reaction and grasped my hand firmly and AAAAH.....

"GOD ! I am FLYIIING ..." I wanted to shout, but I didn´ t have to open my mouth at all, yet the exclamation resonated everywhere around..

The other fairies and elves on the ground applauded and in a while they were following us.. we flew past the oak leaves up.. so that I felt a bit dizzy... normally I hate heights.. just to make sure I wanted to hold the elf more tightly, but I found out that I was not holding him at all..

I AM FLYING ON MY OWN!!!

I don´ t know how but I simply flew.. so lightly.. my every wilder move was accompanied by aureate sparks.. It is so beautiful!

I wanted to fly forever and never come back on the ground..

Everything is different in the air... the smells too... the air smelled after indefinite freedom ..

Suddenly I felt a slight pressure on my hand and my elf pointed to the ground..

"God.. it´ s such a height.." I shouted out taken by surprise..

I saw the trees as only little tiny green tufts far away beneath me..

We turned sharply and flew down headfirst... although I felt a strong stream of air, I didn´ t have any difficulty breathing.. I breathed completely freely... I even felt as if my hair wasn´ t messing up but was tangling in a tighter braid..

The tree boughs beneath us started to make way for us on their own and led us safely to the ground. ..

I don´ t know how far we were everything was so new and different..

The trees around a small forest glade were probably oaks, very old oaks.. beneath everything sparkled, the moss was covered with round sparkling beads..

I stood on the ground, no, that´ s not the right expression, I could run on the tips of grass straws, I was so light, I simply could do what I wanted...

The whole surrounding was so magical... when I recovered from so many impressions and calmed down a little bit, the brightly shining "tufts" around me started to emanate light on their own and the light got so strong that I had to squint my eyes, from the moss little delightful houses started to emerge, one after another..

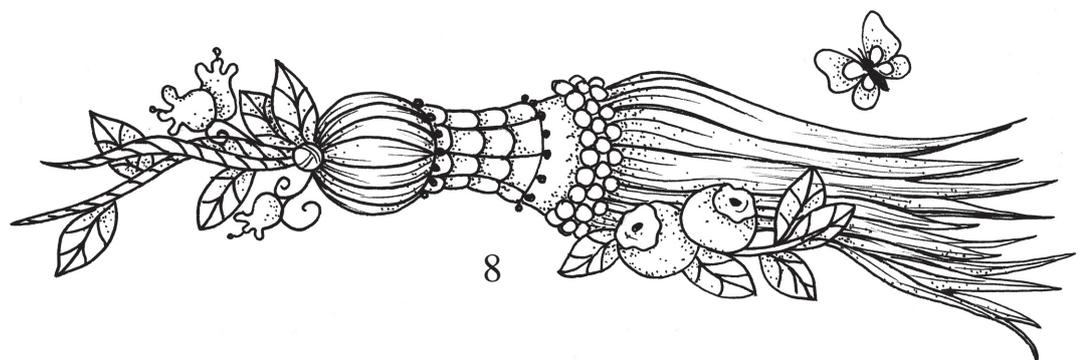
Together with my friends I stood in the middle of a small glowing village ..

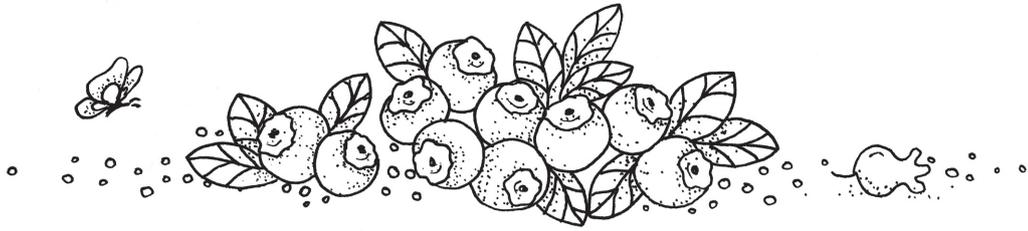
Before I managed to say something and close my partly open mouth, my companions bowed their heads and some of them even knelt on one knee..

Opposite to me a figure came out of the light supported by a long knotty stick.

"Bow to him.." in my head I heard fairies insisting on me..

I didn´ t have time to react when I got another instruction: " Come near.. yes, here, to me.."





the voice sounded seriously and I didn't think for a moment anyway that I wouldn't be obedient..

I heard strong rustling behind me... " This is a big honour.. big.... really big... we are glad to be with you... big... honour... yes..yes... it is!"

I made a few steps ahead and bowed my head, better to say, I wanted to keep my head bowed, but my inborn curiosity was so strong that I had to lift my face and look straight into the eyes of the stranger who all the elves and fairies here respected so much...

"God they are... so beautiful... deep... endless... " with my eyes I was immersing into a space full of rainbow coloured nebulas.. I didn't want to stop looking.. only when I felt a strong grip on my arm I came back to reality for a moment..

"Did you like what you saw?!" the stranger asked me..

"YES, a lot.." I peeped dazedly..

"That's good... once you will understand what you have seen today..when the right time comes..you will understand everything.. and this is my present for you.." he turned towards the little houses and continued.."Come and get to know our real living.. it's only up to you what you will do with it next!" and he disappeared in the flood of light.. However, before it he put into my hands my velvet diary with the pencil and something more... a piece of a smooth light pink rose quartz in the shape of a drop and his last words I heard were..

"..only love, this is what really matters, remember it.."

At this moment I didn't understand why he was saying it to me, but I didn't have time at all to think about the deep meaning of his message..

"This is a big honour.." peeped my elf next to my ear "..he is the oldest of us.. he says that he remembers the planet Earth when it wasn't the Earth at all yet, but it was a mere thought.." and while saying that, he bowed a little bit..

I was clutching my sketchbook, pencil and also rose quartz.. about which nobody except for me knew..

After a while the whole surrounding was filled with festive joyfulness.. the elves and fairies flew around, threw around sparkling pieces of something magical and laughed ..

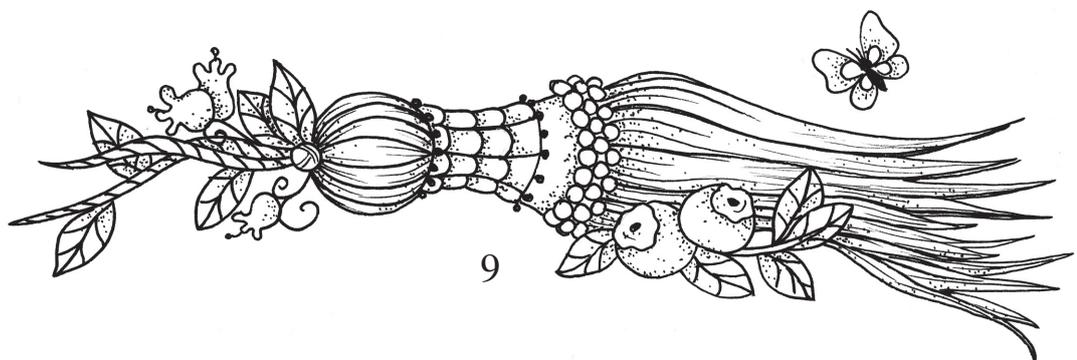
They took my hands and showed me their little houses..

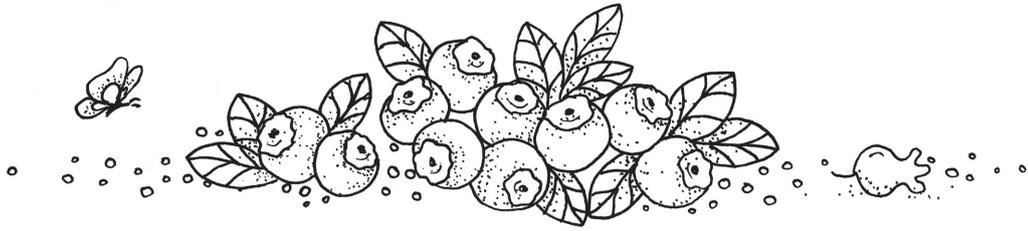
Among the camomile stood a little house from which a beautifully sweetly alluring smell wafted... on the stove stood a big pot with bubbling marmalade.. I would probably expect to see a fairy cooking, but from the camomile a freckled elf peeped at me and gave me a jar with a little spoon..

"Aaaah... it was so good.." pleasant sweetness stayed on my tongue for a long time after..

I would never believe that it is possible to make the whole pot of marmalade from one strawberry..

My lips still sweet I came to a huge oak, I was attracted by the door which led straight inside the tree..





I gently knocked the door.. after a while a huge "he mouse" opened the door.. I moved back from his pointy little muzzle, but my elf pushed me inside laughing..

"Don´ t be afraid.." he said..

"Sure I am not afraid of .. big, I would say huge mouse.. " I peeped embarrassedly..

"It´ s a shrew... but a mouse we are also going to visit... she is drying mushrooms right now and I think she went to pick raspberries before.." he said joyfully..

"Aha... went to pick raspberries... hmm a mouse, what else..." I said with understanding and clutched the diary to my chest and went down the wooden stairs somewhere into the underground among the roots of the huge oak..

Warm light lit through all my fears of the deep unknown inside the tree.

The room at the end of the stairs was nicely lit by a lantern and full of jars with pickled mushrooms, marmalade and fruits.. in the middle was a little bed, just fit for a shrew..

The next little house we visited together was suspended high on the bush full of bluebell blossoms.. we went through a toadstool tower and by climbing a rope ladder we got into a sweet little house..

"Ladybirds live here.." the elf said and the size of the house really indicated that creatures smaller than us live in it..

There was a small table with small chairs, tiny beds one above another... each bed for one small ladybird or two even smaller ladybirds..

"I didn´ t know that ladybirds have their own houses.." I looked questioningly at my guide..

"You don´ t know many things yet..." he stroked my hair with an understanding smile on his face...

On the way back we didn´ t use the rope ladder, we flew..

"And now I am going to show you something special.." he said, took my hand and led me to a big moss turf where under the grass straws there was hidden a wooden door again leading somewhere underground.

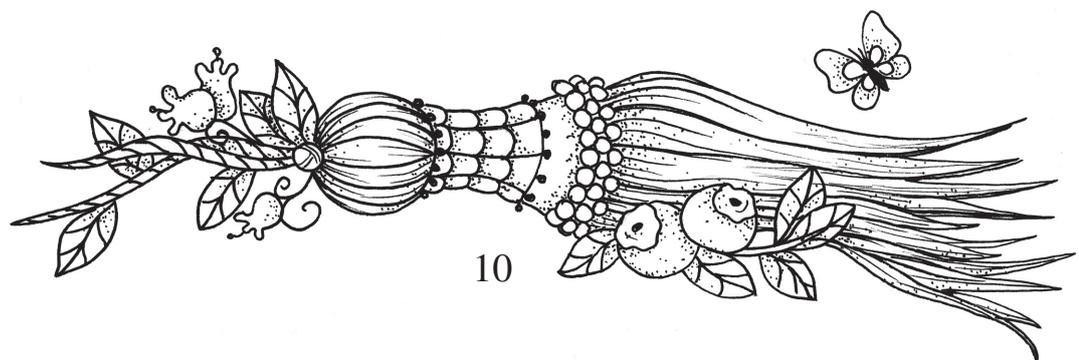
He didn´ t knock, he just went in and I followed..

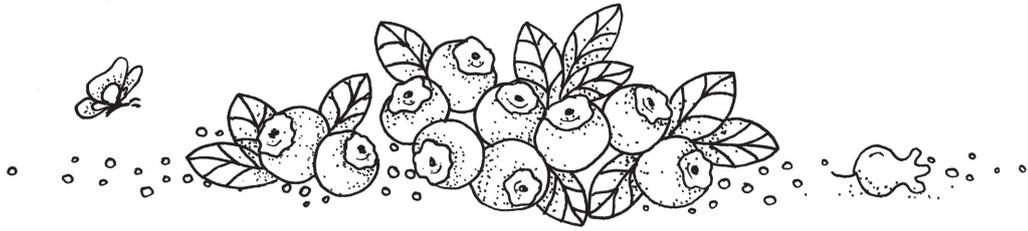
We went through an earthen tunnel into a room with a candle providing a dim light, where there were a lot of shelves full of different jars and lids to dry hanging herbs and nuts..

The elf pointed at a small bat hanging on a bough shelf.." That is why the light is dim here.. he likes quiet and the dark..."

"... and BLUEBERRIES!" I blurted out and pointed my finger at a blueberry the sleeping little bat was holding in his little paws..

"Well... it´ s not so simple with his love for blueberries, but now there is no time to explain it to you.. it´ s a long story.. I´ ll tell you it later, before going to bed, perhaps..." the elf said calmly and quietly to me and smiled..





We went out of the underground larder ..  
Fíííí Fíííííí....  
The elf on the dragonfly flew past...  
He just waved at us and Fíííííííí.... was gone...

"Come to us.. come... you haven't visited us yet and you will really like it there... yes, you will... do you like bluebells? And we have new beds.... with canopies, you know?!" a lot of gentle fairy voices was chirping at my head...  
They were flying around me like tender lights carrying light violet scent with...

"Bluebells? And new beds? I have to see it...." I said with unmasked enthusiasm..

The fairies each on one side took my hands and immediately I found myself in a round dwelling swinging mildly in the wind... I was inside of a bluebell!

The calming bluish light penetrated to us through the blossom wall.. the bed with a flower pattern blanket and canopies stood in a corner..it was a real fairy beauty..

They stood me in front of the mirror and I couldn't recognise myself.. very fine alabaster skin with very light pink on my cheeks made my hole face shine.. my eyes were greener than ever before and my hair.. it was gently flying around my head on its own and was completely covered with petite florets.. I simply was really shining...

Before I could breathe a sigh of admiration over this change I was already out and holding hands with my guide we continued flying..

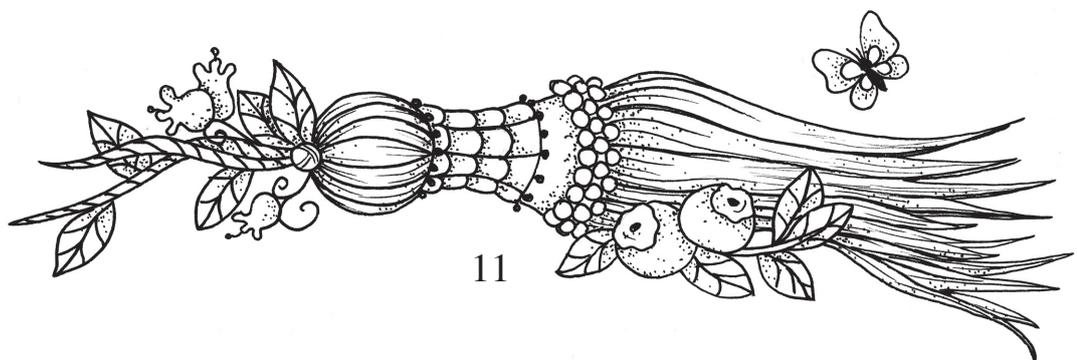
It was getting dark, I love sunsets and I have seen a lot of them, but this one was really exceptional... so intensive colours... and so many of them...AAAAH.... one hundred fifty different shades of colouring pencils wouldn't be enough me to be able to draw all these colours of this magical fairy sunset.. I smiled imagining this.. colouring pencils... mmmmmmm...I didn't have an idea then that...

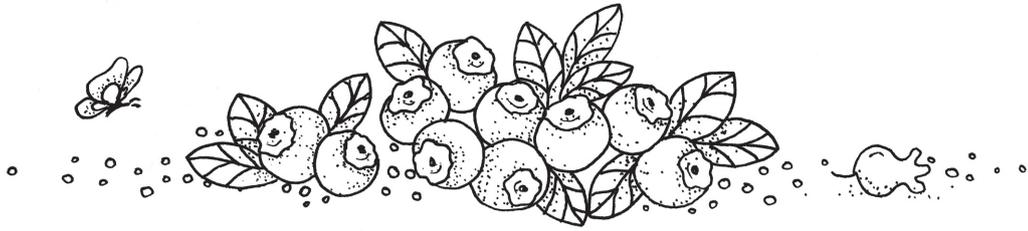
It seemed that my guide could read all my thoughts, he looked at me naughtily and I could feel that I was thinking about something important...but, what did he actually want to tell me?!..... I didn't finish my thoughts.. I spotted lights at the roots of a big tree, looked down abruptly and if it wasn't for my guide I would have probably crashed into a thick bough...

"Well, I am not used to flying so often.. only exceptionally.." I thought to myself and laughed..

From the trunk of a big tree little mushrooms grew... little mushrooms... "NO! They are little houses and there is light in the windows.." I shouted into the elf's laugher...

"It's so beautiful to watch how excited you are... we have made the right choice..." he said to me and looked deep into my eyes and a bit farther as if he was talking directly to my soul... which was not onlymine anymore... it was also theirs...





We continued flying.. we flew past a fawn whose antlers were replaced by a crown from twigs and bluebells which were replacing precious stones... sitting on a tree bough we saw a mouse carefully guarding her big raspberry which she then stored among her winter supplies of dried mushrooms..

"And now..PSSSSST... look, owl mum is still sleeping and is protecting her children with her big wings so nobody interrupts their sweet sleep.. they get up later, after getting dark.." my nice elf explained me quietly..

And really, on a mighty bough a huge owl was sitting, the owl mum, and she was carefully holding her two children under her huge wings and on her neck she had..

"..she has a KEY..on her neck!" I blurted...

"PSSSSST... we all here have our own keys... look... " and he showed me an elf wearing a striped hat flying past who was carrying a basket full of raspberries and he had... a big key on his head!

He pointed his finger at his mouth me not to ask anymore now and wait for the right time when he explains me everything... but not now...

He overtook me a little bit and turned sharply to the right, I followed him as if an invisible stream of air pulled me.

My heart almost stopped for a while.. in front of us a big valley full of wild rose bushes was spreading...and the scent... it was such a strong experience that I had to squint my eyes not to fall from the sky..

The elf gently took my hand again and pointed his finger at a strange construction directly in front of us.. it was a CHATEAU! Or, a castle, if you like..

Exactly in the middle of the wild rose valley among many blossoms of wild roses stood a castle with tall towers and smaller spires, ramparts, bridges leading from one to another, and windows... some of them lit some of them dark..

And before I managed to look at everything in detail we were again on our heavenly way to some place else... I looked behind and saw only mist of rose scent hovering over the magical valley...

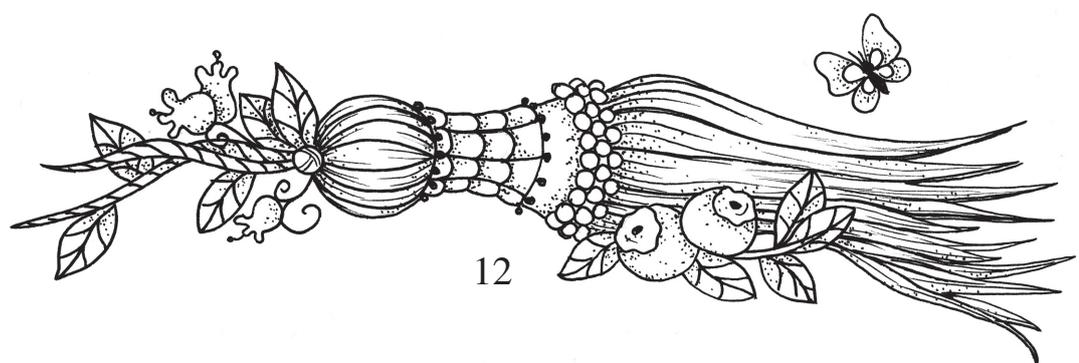
"We are going to be there soon.." said the elf to me naughtily...

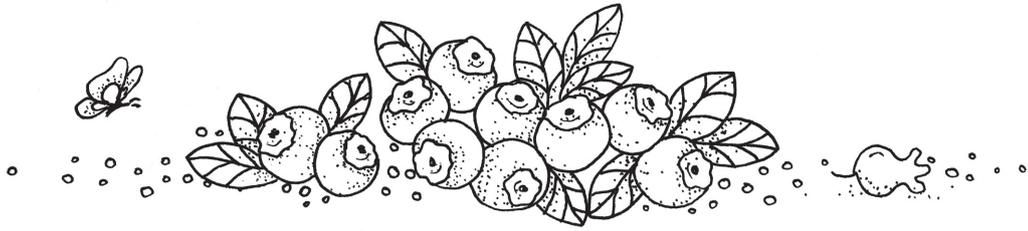
"Where?! Aren´ t we still at the same place?!" I didn´ t understand..

He only laughed loudly and speeded up so much that I only realised the lights flickering colourfully past me and I was really happy that he was holding my hand tightly..

The sun disappeared behind the hill almost completely now and the last shining beams penetrated from behind the trees on the horizon.

We slowed down.. and I heard familiar tinkling music as when I was sitting under the oak and was holding my magical diary on my heart firmly..





We flew down gracefully and landed gently on the soft moss..  
The sound of a flute together with jingling tones cut sharply and clearly through the air around us.. then double bass, harp, and violin joined in..  
In a moment other fairies and elves gathered around..  
"Finally you are here... so now we can really start.." they talked over each other joyfully..  
"To start?! ..and with what?" I peeped, but only quietly, not to offend them..  
"With celebrating.. today is an important day and soon you will understand why.." I heard from the crowd..

"EHM EHM... So ... today's celebration will be held for our new... well new...well...allied soul.. (yes, thank you- thanked for help the elf with the tallest hat who stood on the shell of a big snail and spoke to the crowd in front of him)" while saying that he pointed at me with a twig with silver bluebells on it and I soared into the air and floating through it I landed on the shell next the speaking elf..He gave me the twig and looked at me questioningly...

God, I am not a speaker and I really am quite shy, but when I saw so many keen faces, I put myself together quickly, lifted the twig with silver bluebells above my head and with a firm voice I continued.. " So be it the MAGICAL DELIGHTS penetrate all space and every living creature.. be it they spread love accompanying them.. always, everywhere and forever.. the celebration may start!" but they weren't my words, I don't know at all what I was saying, it was the silver bluebell twig, it made my mouth say everything itself ... and when I think about it... I would never say it better!

The celebration was in full swing and there was no sign of ending it.. sweet delightful smell was everywhere around and joy together with laughter completed the lovable night musical harmony..

My heart filled with endless joy from the mere fact of existence..

This all I wanted to say to my nice guide, but when he looked at me with his deep eyes again, I understood that he knew it all and I didn't need to say anything..

He stroked my face and gestured me to follow him, on the ground this time.. yet my steps were so light that it wasn't a normal gait I floated above the ground.. I literally danced on the tips of the grass straws..

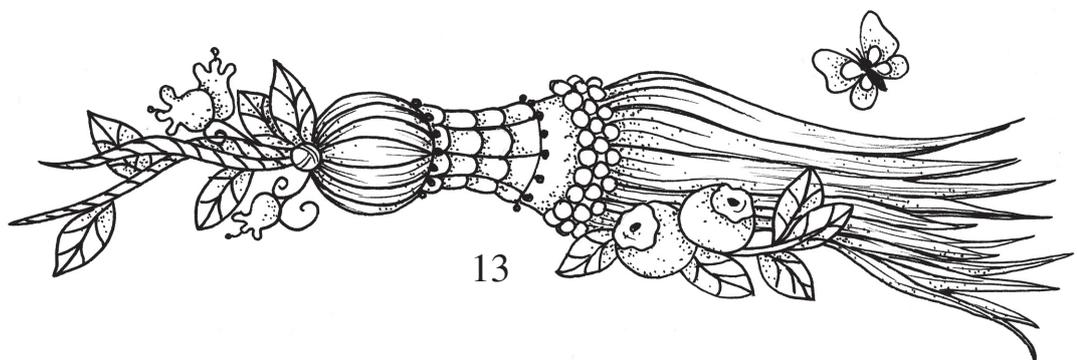
After a while I heard a fluttering sound of many pairs of wings and I was right..

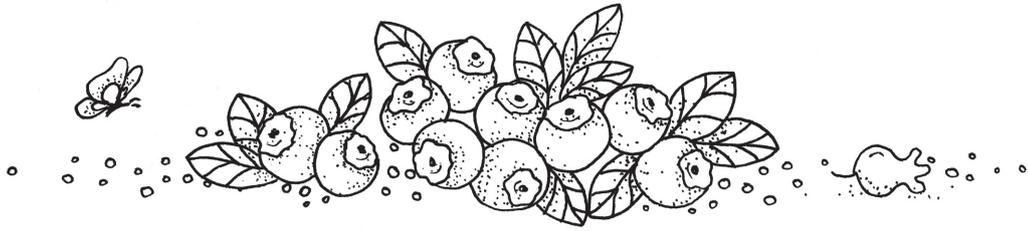
The whole surrounding was flooded by tiny butterfly elves who were flying around a huge and lovely decorated lantern which hung from a pomegranate tree.. the tree was laden with pomegranate apples of dark red colour and the smell was beautiful....

"Would you like to fly on a hummingbird?" my elf asked me with a curious look on his face.

" On a hummingbird? But it is so fragile and tiny..." I objected immediately.

" Well, I don't know how much fragile I seem to you now, but it will be my honour!" said a deep voice behind me..





I turned abruptly and almost fell down on the moss, but because I didn't stand on the ground, I just swung like on a pillow and kept my dignity..

A huge HUMMINGBIRD stood behind me!

The connection of huge and hummingbird doesn't fit together much, but this hummingbird wasn't just an ordinary hummingbird and I wasn't.... let's say, I also was different..

The hummingbird in front of me had rainbow coloured feathers which reflected perhaps all the colours in the world and outside the world..and he had a shining crown on his head..

He bowed his head and whoosh, I was sitting comfortably in his silky feathers..

"Are you ready?" he asked me, but before I could answer he was in the air and flew up to the stars with me..

The feelings I experienced that night cannot be described in mere words and if I could do it, I would like to weave their essence into my story..so let your soul, please, resonate with my soul and I will be able to continue my story..

We flew through a deep night and touched the stars, then the beautiful hummingbird gently landed on a place where grew a lot of strongly smelling flowers and among them sparkled and jingled bells, little bells, jingle bells, tassels and keys! Yes, among the stems of tall flowers keys of different shapes and sizes hung on chains, cords and beads..

"You wanted to know the secret of our keys.." the crown hummingbird asked me with straight and smiling look in his eyes..

"Yes, for sure... I would really like to.." I only managed to peep quietly.

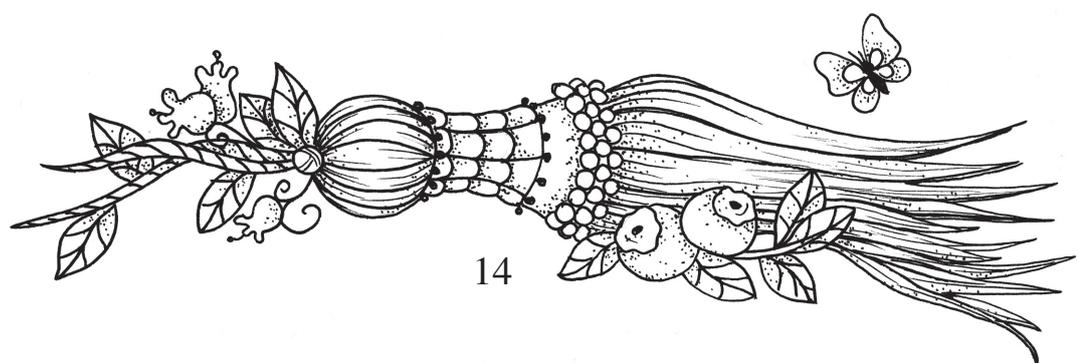
"So.. each of these keys belongs to the heart of one of us.. so go and touch some.." he urged me.

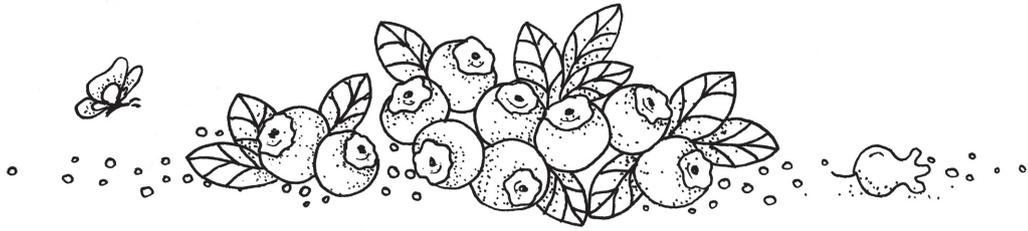
"And am I allowed?" I objected gently..

"It wouldn't let you if it didn't want to... so go and try.." he pushed me gently towards the keys..

My feelings were fighting inside me... I really really wanted it, but at the same time I was a little bit scared, what if all the keys refuse me.. but who doesn't try anything won't find out if it's possible or not.. and with this thought I proudly approached one of the keys and when I reached my hand to touch it, something told me ... not this one... choose another... and as if in a dream I went a long way almost to the middle of a strange meadow, there I saw two keys which attracted me strongly.. with no fear I reached both my hands at once and touched them at once.. strong light lit the whole space around me, but the light was coming out straight from my soul, not from the keys..as if I didn't have a body at all, not even the light one, but as if I was just a part of shining sparkles.. I spotted a strange picture... a picture of two beings and a falling star.. then I returned back..from where I don't know, but it was more than beautiful..

With a silky feather of the colour of the rainbow I was again at a joyful celebration next to my elf guide..





"It is the time to rest.." he told me soothingly and I just nodded even if I wasn't tired at all.. He took my hand and we soared in the air, but we only flew a short distance.. we landed on the shell of a big snail who patiently bore our touch and sitting down on him.. I noticed that I have the silver twig with bluebells in my hand again and I tinkled gently with them... and at this moment a brightly shining star flew in the sky...

"Look!" I shouted out. My elf just smiled slightly..

"So here you are going to sleep today, you need a bit of a rest, a long and demanding journey is ahead of you tomorrow.. do you like blueberry dumplings?" he sat me down at the table in his little house with a flaring fireplace nicely heating it and he passed a plate with a blueberry dumpling straight in front of me.. it smelled great..

Then he put me to the bed full of pillows and flower smell.. above the bed hung butterfly pupas that hummed a sweet melody quietly..

And now it is the right time to tell you the story about the bat and his blueberry.. and he started:

"On one sunny day our blueberry fox went past the third oak and in the moss spotted something shining, she immediately decided to explore the strange thing. When she came nearer, she saw a small speckled egg in the moss, she took it into her muzzle carefully and brought it to us. I know what you want to say, but realise that she is a blueberry fox, so that is why she didn't eat the egg and in our case you also never know what is going to hatch from the eggs ..so you can't simply eat it carelessly! You might notice that next to the bat a big shining egg in a thyme bed lies in a basket in the larder. The bat is waiting until it hatches, and he has the blueberry ready in case the little one from the egg is hungry. As soon as it hatches, he will give it the blueberry and will fly to tell us the news we to welcome it appropriately.. and that's the whole story about the bat for now..now we all are only waiting patiently....and waiting.... and waiting..." and while saying the last waiting the elf fell asleep on my blanket ..

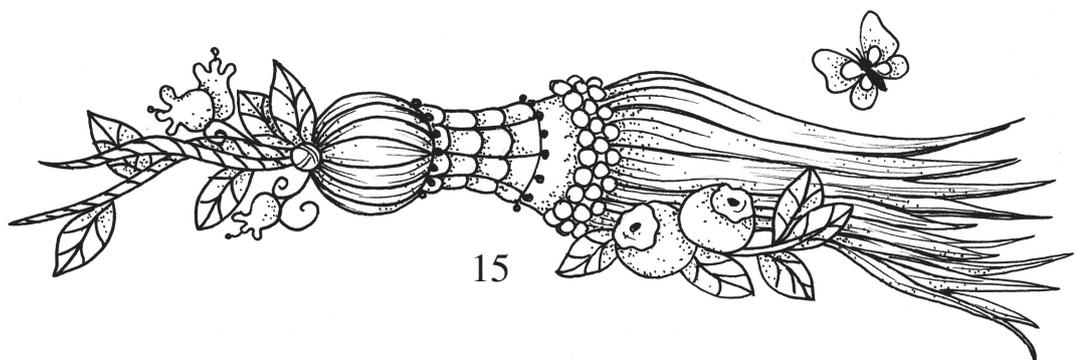
I stroked his face and he smiled a little bit in his sleep..

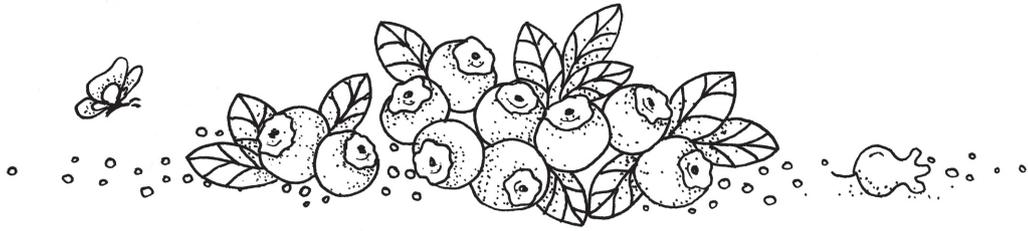
For a while I was listening to a sweet melody the butterfly pupas hung over the bed sang to me and then... then I also fell asleep...

I woke up early in the morning..I was lying under a big oak on the moss.. the sun rays tickled my face and my whole being flooded the feeling of unspeakable bliss.. my soul sang to me and the heart played its pulsing melody strongly than ever before.. but only until the moment I realised I was "big" again..

Next to me on a plate from tiny blossoms lied a blueberry cake and the well now and then sent a wave past me to offer me its clear water to drink..

But my mind was still some place else..





"This must be the dream.." I told myself.. "..what was the dream about and how it comes I am here again?".. all around me was so much dew that I would have to been wet from top to bottom if I had really fallen asleep here..

The thoughts ran through my head unbelievably fast..

"But the dream...I was ... somewhere else... with somebody else... with many others...and the blueberry cake here? And my diary... and the apple...yes, that´s how it all started... and my elf! WELL, YES! My elf! I didn´t even have time to ask his name..." I thought dreamily and wistfully..

I stood up slowly and shuffled following my nose... I don´t even know where I am?! It was the first time in the forest I felt sad.

SSHHSSTT SSSSVIST....snap! A twig snapped nearby and I spotted a glimpse of ginger fur...

"FOX!" I shouted.. This must be the blueberry cake fox...

" Hey! Blueberry fox! Wait" but she only turned her head and continued running and she might smile?!

Well.... I am following her.. I might be able to come back to the magical world...at least for a while..

I don´t know how quickly it is possible to run through the whole forest, but I was at its edge in a while, better to say, at the familiar feeder where I met the hare yesterday..

The fox stopped there and tilted her head..

I reached my head with the rest of the cake I didn´t finish and she approached me very slowly and took the cake from me carefully.. then she slightly touched my hand and ran away..

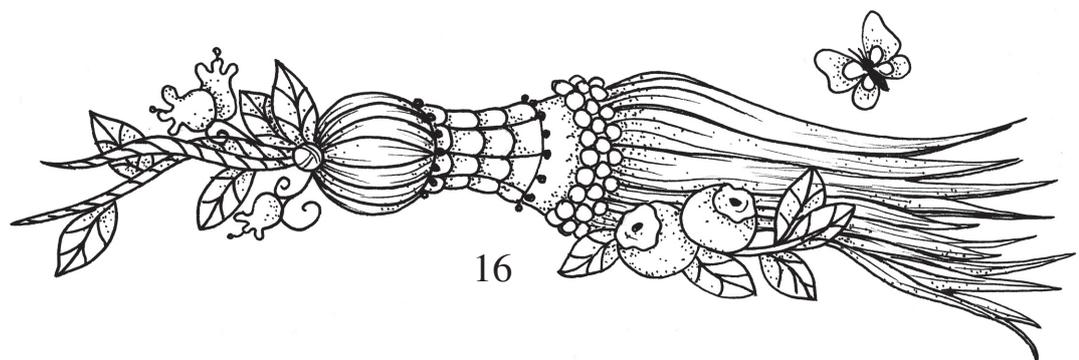
" My blueberry fox..actually, not only her, there were more things that have changed my life in a few hours.." I was thinking aloud.. and before I reached our rusty gate at the back of the garden things were clear to me..

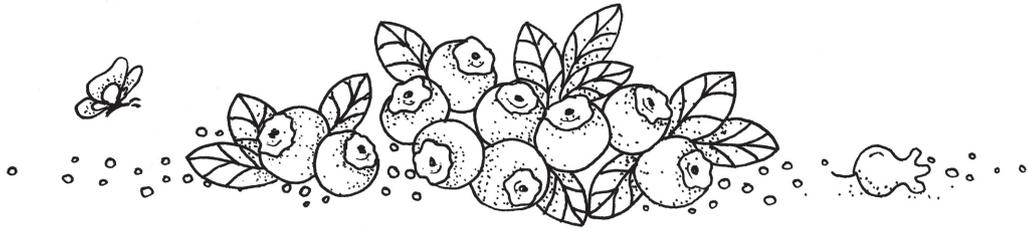
"I KNOW... I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO!" I was shouting and before I managed to rush inside through the main door, my smith man appeared in it accompanied by loud barking of our dog, Atos, and frantic run of our three tom cats..

"Do you understand! I KNOW it already!" with a shining expression on my face and laughing singingly I was swallowing my own words..

" Darling?! How was your aunt´s visit? Is everything ehm... ok? Didn´t something bad happen to you there?" my smith man asked me carefully.

"At my aunt???! Yes, at my aunt... sure... and why are you asking me?!" I doubted a bit that he was ok..





" You left a message for me on the verandah that you were going to visit your aunt and would return tomorrow... don´ t you remember?" he asked even more carefully..

" Sure I remember it, how could I forget my message, isn´ t it true?! And please, do you still have the message?" now I was speaking a bit more carefully..

"Here!" and he took out a small crumpled pink piece of paper from his pocket..

" I had to go to visit my aunt, I´ ll be back tomorrow. On the table you have a bowl with blueberry cakes, bye..K. " I read slowly..

"By the way, they were delicious.." he responded to my confused expression on my face when I was reading "my own" message which – just between us- I had never written..

" Yes, ... the blueberry ones are the best..." it was from love, you know.. " And are there any left?!" I said hopefully.

"No, there aren´ t any left, one Atos stole and one the tom cats.. Do you know that they are crazy for blueberries?!" he told me wonderingly..

" And why wouldn´ t they, when foxes can like blueberry cakes, why not our dog and tom cats?!" I answered at once and without thinking..

"Foxes? I think, darling, that you should have some rest... to have a proper sleep.. and not to think about anything serious anymore..you must be tired when you took the train and didn´ t go by car.." a questioning look again, I never go by train, I love driving and my car too..

I wanted to object first that I was not tired but then I pretended to yawn and nodded my head.. Atos snarled in disagreement as if he knew I was lying..

PSSSt..I hissed at him..

"I am going to the town, will you want something?" my smith man asked me while leaving..

"Sure..buy some blueberries in the market, a lot of them, please, I am going to make the blueberry cakes again when you liked them so much.." I said sweetly.. " And I also need to talk to the fox.." I thought to myself conspiratorially..

"Did you say something?" he called at me from the distance already..

" No, no.. nothing...just really a lot of blueberries, please.." this was the last I was able to call at him.

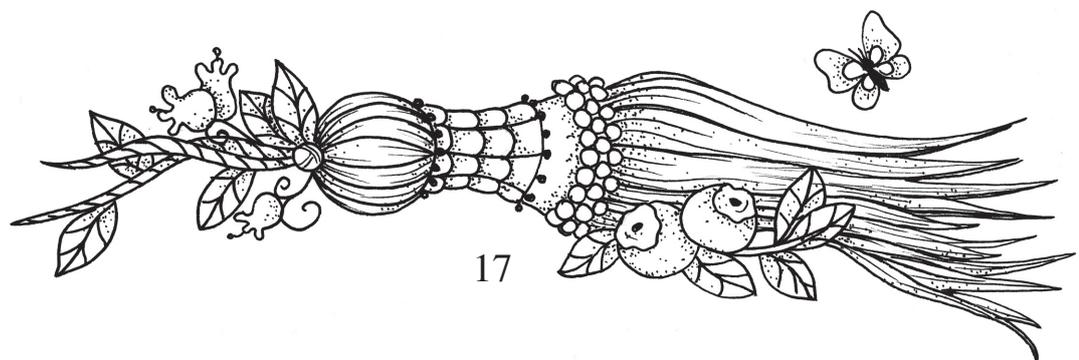
Then I ran inside to take out my new, magical sketchbook and look at it properly one more time..

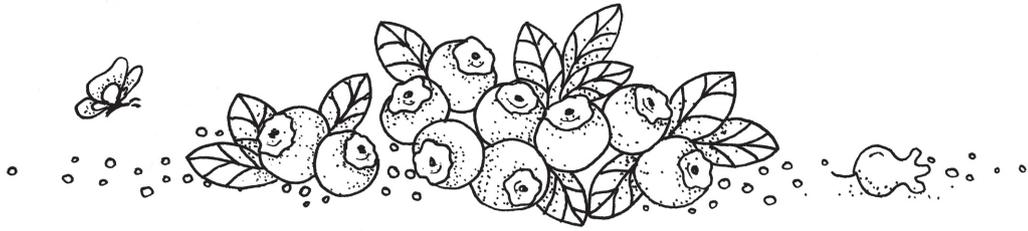
Carefully I put the lovely diary in a velvet cover on the table and right next to it, breathless, I put the piece of smooth droplet shaped rose quartz, rainbow feather and silver twig with bluebells..

This all took me a while before I was able to breathe out .." So this ALL has really happened.. I have been there and the place is really real.. "

The realisation that this all is true and I really experienced it was so strong that for a while I thought I would faint.

"And what about now? How, what about now?!" I asked myself and answered at the same time..





"But I KNOW exactly what to do! I know what I should do.. and I promise I will do it! " the silver bluebells on the table tinkled into my words.

Since that moment I didn't move from my sketchbook and pencil..

My smith man tiptoed around me and even to my attacks of laughter he didn't react in surprise.. he has known me for a really long time and he knows that when I am immersed in my soul, I just behave strangely.. at these moment I only live for my work.. and this with my whole being and something more in addition to it.. :o)

I drew the pictures one after another, the inspiration didn't leave me, in fact, it couldn't leave me.. that all were my memories of lovely moments ... THERE...

When I was nearing to the end and the file with the drawings was almost full, I realised that this in fact is just a beginning of a technically very demanding journey of the production of a real colouring book..

But what started magically, must end magically..

I was sitting on the verandah that evening and went through my finished work... it was a late night already when the candle light flickered..

I stroked the velvet cover of my sketchbook and smiled into the dark..suddenly I felt that strangely familiar whiff of flower smell.. all my senses sharpened at once and the deeply familiar inner feeling spread in all over my body in expectation of something special..

Something in the dark flew in front of me.. I only caught a glimpse of a rainbow coloured flash...

"The hummingbird! It was my crown hummingbird.... for sure!" I wanted to cry out and call my smith man but something inside me didn't allow me that..

My breathing fast and loud heart beating would betray myself everywhere, perhaps... I thought to myself.. I can't stay calm when...

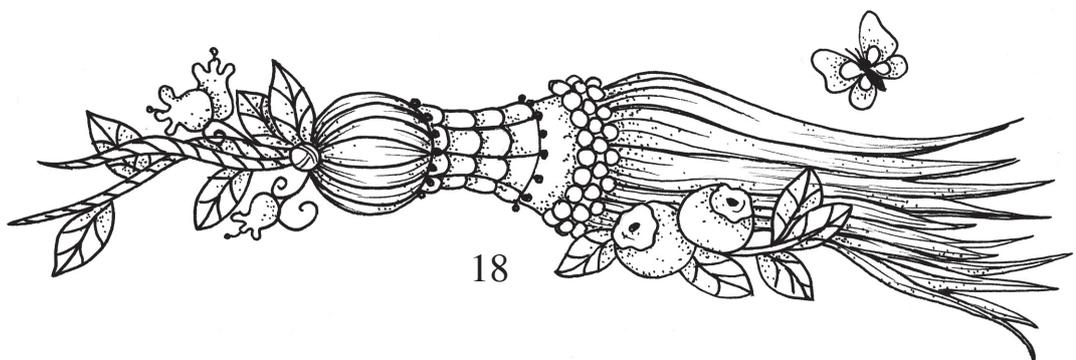
"Mmm... your heart is really beating like a hammer.. it's true..but I have gotten used to it.." said a voice quietly from the dark..

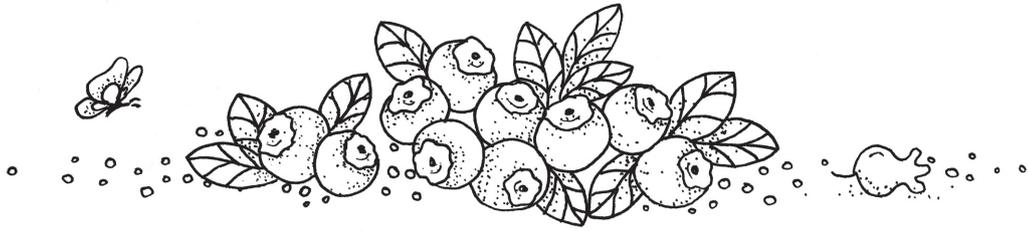
"MY.. You are my... actually, why you have never said your name to me? I don't know what I can call you..." I was begging into the dark and with my eyes I tried to find out from where the familiar voice is coming..

" We aren't allowed to say that.. nobody is allowed to know our names.. it would be dangerous for us, you know?!" And he laughed loudly straight into my ear..

" But you want to tell me, don't you!" I wasn't giving up and continued teasing him..

" Well, maybe... I might want to tell you, but.. we musn't ..hmmm what shall I do about that!" now he was trying my patience...





"Then I will ask the highest, the eldest...!" I pretended to be serious..

"Hey, look.. you don't joke about these things...in no way it is a topic to joke about... I have come to help you and you are trying me so much! As if it hasn't been enough that I had to travel on the hummingbird again... the fox would bring me in the morning, she is supposed to go for blueberry cakes here?! Do you have some...?!" he said curiously...

"Do you mean if I am happy that you are here...?" I was teasing him..but only a little bit and that's possible to forgive, isn't it..

"Sure I have a cake for you, I always have it for you.." and I lifted a piece of a linen napkin covering a small plate on the table.

"Yummy..." the elf was smacking under the napkin...and I could finally see him again..

"And I was given something for you, it's over there, at the rose bush, yeah... the small box with a ribbon.." the elf told me and pointed into the dark..

"What is it?" I fetched the box questioningly and put it on the table...

"Well, a box.." the elf started to laugh..

"Sure, I see, but what's in it?!" I said impatiently, because now he was teasing me for a change..

"You are supposed to open it when I am gone, it should help you to all... mmm... something all, but I forgot what all.. so if you want to chat with me leave it closed.." he said more than naughtily and irritated my curiosity a lot.

After his words I quickly pulled my fidgety fingers away far from the box..just to make sure... they sometimes do what they want and what if they pulled the ribbon and it would untie ...

"I can hear you!" he cried at me from under the napkin his mouth dirty from blueberries..

"I haven't said anything.." I defended myself..

"But you thought and that's enough!" he insisted..

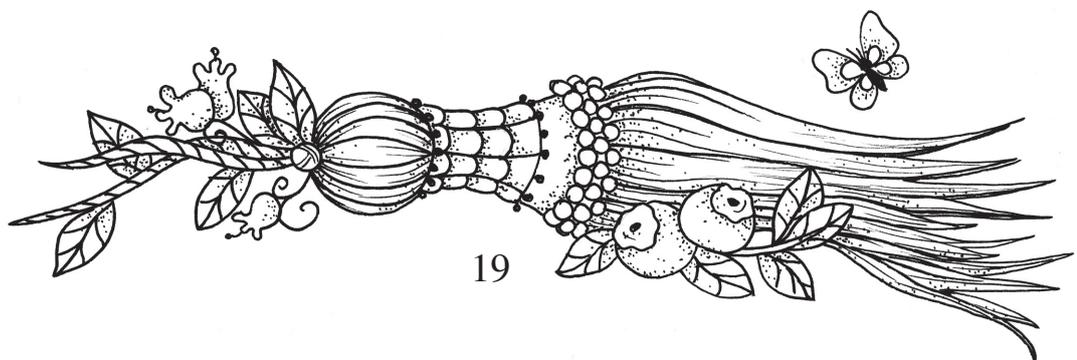
Then we talked long into the night and laughed.. he liked the pictures very much, was very happy and me with him..

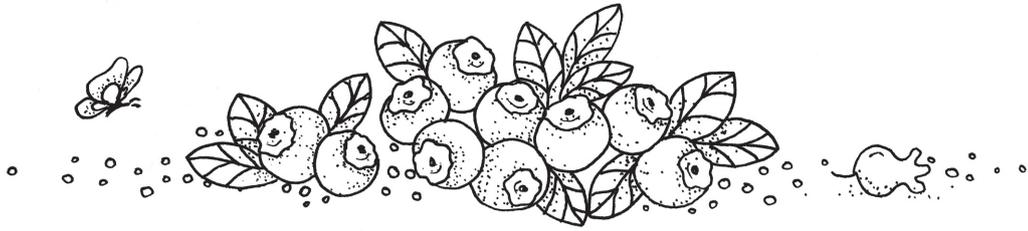
A blissful feeling spread all around as a little cloud of pink mist .. the flowers started to open their buds even if it still was a night and their scent was unbelievably strong and beautiful..

"It's time... I have to go.." he calmly said to me..

"And... will I see you again?" I lifted my eyes and said imploringly..

"You will see me every time when you look into your book.. After all, I am also in the picture there.. and all of us and our whole world – many of your people will also see, the people who believe in love and goodness and can see unbelievable treasures in small things.. those who live without hatred and don't hurt just for their own, stupid pleasure .. Our gift is for ALL good people with an open heart and pure soul.." he said so seriously that I couldn't speak at all..





"Crouch down a little bit, please.." he whispered mysteriously.. I bowed my head and he jumped on my shoulder..." ..yes and my name is....." he whispered quietly...

"So Vince.... " I wanted to blurt out, but laughing he interrupted me... "psssssst...." he kissed me on the cheek and I heard the wings rustling... the hummingbird came for my Vince.... psssst, don´ t betray my name...

In the morning my smith man found me sleeping on the verandah with my head on the table.. And saying..."We will really burn out one day!" he blew off the candle in the lantern...

"Look, what the hummingbird brought me at night.." I pointed at the small box with a ribbon .. Still u n t i e d !

"Sure.. hummingbird... after all, it´ s normal that in our home hummingbirds bring presents.." while saying those soothing words, he stroked my hair a smiled nicely..

"So open it.. I am curious what the hummingbird brought.. and I have already taken the cake for foxes to the fence...you were sleeping.." he said tenderly..

Do you know what was in the box?

Nooo?!

So I won´ t torch you anymore... besides many flowers a small pink perfume bottle with butterfly wings and smelling so magically delightfully that just by opening it the scent flooded the whole surrounding with the feeling that everything is just as it should be... lied on a piece of moss..

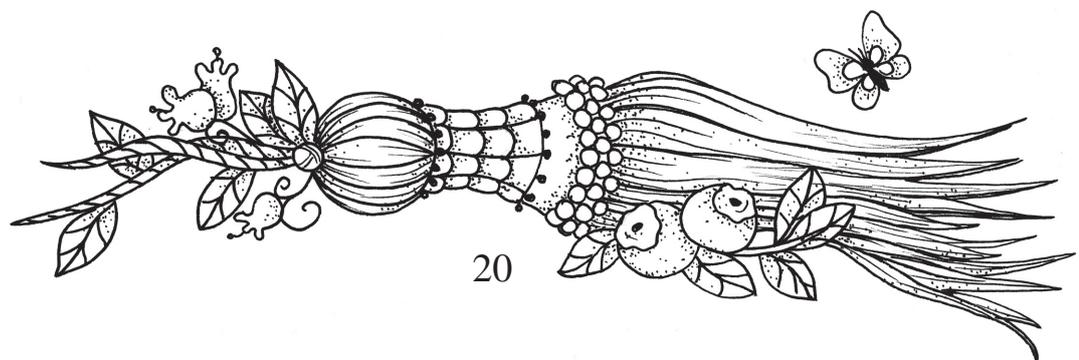
..next to the beautiful perfume bottle lied a small paper scroll..it was a letter, a letter for me, from... from the highest, it means the eldest of all elves.. it was a special recipe for just the right paper supposed to be used for the colouring book, with a message... pass it to Hanka, please, she will know what to do with it..

"Hmmm... a strange message, when I don´ t know any Hanka who should have something in common with my paper.." I thought to myself but soon everything cleared out and I met Hanka and she really knew what to do with the scroll... and that is why the paper in my colouring book is so perfect and is so soft to touch.. it simply is from the elves alone..

I can´ t describe how happy I was when we picked up our book in the print house..

I felt really proud of me as well as the people who helped me with the book...

And so I would like to THANK YOU ALL from heart of my heart that my book is .... simply MAGICALLY DELIGHTFUL...



And finally, a short resume.. while drawing my colouring book, Magical Delights, three packets of graphite pencils were married with the paper, two erasers and about a half packet of drawing paper were used, two bulbs went off, many litres of coffee and hot chocolate were drunk, about a kilo maybe more of toffees were eaten- and last but not least I must mention blueberries, of course, I made the cakes during the nights, so the foxes could come for them in the mornings.. and the number of both the cakes and the foxes was countless.. only to the gamekeeper it seemed strange.. he had never had so many foxes in his area.. laughing I had to tell him that they are blueberry foxes and when the cakes run out he probably won´ t see them anymore..

I don´ t even want to know what he thought of me at that moment, but he has never refused a blueberry cake.. ..actually, I think, the more he ate them, the more he believed in blueberry foxes.. and that´ s really good..

So, thank you, dear Aleš, that you ignored the countless packs of foxes walking around our fence, especially in the morning.. and I promise I won´ t stop making blueberry cakes....

.... because.... that was just the beginning...the realm of elves is so lovely that it deserves its story to continue..

....with another magical part of delights..

Already now I am looking forward and stroking the velvet cover of my sketchbook: " .. and dear Vincen.....pssst, I think, the time is right now... "

" Yes, it is!" somebody whispered into my ear...

