

The Forest Princess

I held tight to the rock, not wanting to risk losing it when I had come so close. It was all that I had to bargain with. Even then, the old woman warned, it might not be enough.

“The flower elves are not always kind and can be rather smug. Do not lose the rock, for it proves your identity,” she said right before abandoning me at the forest entrance.

I was terrified to be alone in the forest. They said it was enchanted, locked with a dark magic that was meant to keep strangers out. I was not a stranger. Hadn't I been born here? Yet the forest was strange to me. My mother would die if I didn't get a healing flower, and I was the only one who could convince the queen to listen.

I had taken only a few steps when I was stopped by an army of giant ants.

“We do the bidding of the Elfin Queen and she demands to know why you have come,” said one with a spear attached to its side.

“Tell the queen her granddaughter has returned.” I bowed my head as the old lady had instructed and held out the rock that proved my ancestry.

The army bowed in unison. The princess was home.