

## "The Faery Queen"

Malcolm, the storyteller, sat himself down atop Bredon Hill and reflected on the tales he had told over the years.

There was the defeat of the Roman army on this very spot, of course, and then the drunken monk of Skipton was another favourite, but the best of all involved the faery folk.

Soon he dozed off in the bright sunshine, only to be awoken by the sound of someone softly calling his name.

Opening his eyes, he saw a tall woman with long grey hair and slightly pointed ears, smiling benevolently at him.

He immediately recognised her, and bowing his head, said "Welcome, my lady Eleanor, queen of the Faeries."

"Why thankyou, Malcolm storyteller, for keeping my folk in the memory of your kind, through your tales" she replied.

They talked for a short while longer, then Malcolm felt himself dropping off to sleep again, and he dozed, watched over by the deer of the woods and the buzzard of the sky, circling high above.

Then, when the sun disappeared behind a cloud, Malcolm stirred, and thought he had been dreaming. But next to him was a small posy of woodland flowers, and he remembered why he had become a storyteller all those many years ago.

Written in celebration of the 70<sup>th</sup> birthday of Malcolm Speake, one of the Spidere's Web storytellers, and a mentor to me, as they all were.