



Fénya and Elynor

Sophia DeLuna

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By
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Fénya and Elynor
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Fénya and Elynor

It had been snowing all night, but now the sky was a deep blue, and the ice and snow were sparkling and glistening in the bright sunshine, while inside the old little wooden house the fire was crackling in the wood oven stove.

Elynor was sitting at the kitchen table reading a book, when her elfin friend, Fénya, spoke into the silence, "You should get out more."

"Hm?" hummed Elynor questioningly, looking at Fénya over the rim of her glasses.

"You should go out, it is such a beautiful day," said the elf.

"I am reading," stated Elynor, and turned her attention back to the book.

Fénya fluttered onto the book, and with one hand on her hip and the other pointing down on the pages, she said, "You have read this book three times already. It is time to go out and discover something new."

"Fénya, if you want to go out, please do so," said Elynor mildly annoyed.

"I was not talking about me. I was talking about you."

"I have no desire to go out, Fénya."

Sitting down on the book, Fénya looked up at Elynor and asked, "Don't you feel lonely?"

Raising an eyebrow, Elynor said, "It is hard to feel lonely when you are persistently reminded that you are not alone." Seeing the hurt look on the elf's face, Elynor sighed and relented, "I guess everyone feels lonely occasionally. Do you feel lonely now, Fénya?"

Shaking her head, Fénya said, "No. I just think you should go out more."

Elynor just rolled her eyes, and got up to put another log on the fire.

Ever since Fénya, the little elf, had become visible to Elynor, the fact that Elynor was living a rather solitary life had been nagging at Fénya. Actually, it had been nagging at her long before that ...

Together with her clan, Fénya had been living near the old oak beside the little creek that marked the border of Elynor's large back garden. Fénya's clan was overseeing the whole garden, caring for all the plants and trees and flowers.

When Elynor moved into the house and planted new rose bushes in the back garden, Fénya's clan had welcomed the new flowers with delight. Fénya, however, felt more drawn to the new owner, than to the flowers. She asked the members of her clan if they also thought that Elynor looked sad. They shook their heads at her, telling her that she should focus her attention on the flowers, not on the human. But for some reason, Fénya couldn't help watching Elynor. She even followed her into the house, which not one of her clan had ever entered before.

The Elders warned Fénya that if the human caught sight of her, Fénya would be cast out from the clan, and would be bound to stay with Elynor until the human died. And thus, they advised her that she had better care for the flowers, and leave it to a faerie to help the human. However, Fénya had not seen any faerie caring for Elynor yet, and she was certain that Elynor needed company. After all, how could one be happy without company? So, Fénya set herself the task of helping Elynor to find a partner.

Elynor had been living in the little flat above the book store since she had been an apprentice. Over the decades, Elynor had become rather close to the owner of the store,

Mayah, who treated her like a daughter. Mayah didn't have any living relatives, thus, when she died the previous spring, Elynor inherited everything, including the book store and the old house.

Spring went by, summer came and the book store was not going well. Elynor had not realised just how much the business had depended on Mayah.

Mayah had always chatted with the customers, and with her sociable and cheerful nature she had filled the store with life.

Elynor had not been particularly cheerful since Mayah's death, and she had never been very sociable. She was always polite to her customers, of course, and she knew the titles and authors of every book in the store, and she knew exactly where to find them. This extraordinary memory of hers was something Mayah had greatly admired.

One rainy midsummer day, Elynor had been sitting at her desk in the store, filling out a form to order books a customer had requested, when the door was opened, causing the wind chime at the entrance to tinkle.

Looking up from her task, Elynor noticed a middle-aged bespectacled man entering. He put his umbrella in the stand next to the door, and walked up to her desk.

"Good afternoon!" greeted Elynor. "What can I do for you?"

"I am searching for a guidebook about this city and the surrounding area," said the customer with a slightly foreign accent.

Smiling politely, Elynor pointed to the shelf next to the door and said, "On that shelf at the door, third row from the top."

"Thank you," said the customer. As he walked by one of shelves, a book suddenly fell to the floor. Startled, he looked down at the book, and crouching down to pick it up, he turned to Elynor and said, "I'm sorry. I don't know how this happened. I did not touch it." And as Elynor looked over the rim of her glasses with raised eyebrows, he asserted, "I really didn't."

Getting up, he looked at the title of the book – *How to compliment a woman* – Shaking his head, he looked for the place where the book had fallen from. Putting the book back in its place, he went over to the guidebooks.

Two days later, another book fell off a shelf, and yet another bespectacled middle-aged man reassured Elynor that he had not touched the book, and he carefully put – *Classical Love Poems* – back in its place.

When during the next week, three more books miraculously fell off shelves and were picked up by bespectacled middle-aged men who swore they had not touched the books, Elynor became truly annoyed. And as the latest bespectacled victim left the store, Elynor got up and locked the door. Letting her gaze wander over the shelves, she said angrily, "Whoever you are, stop harassing my customers and abusing my books!"

Suddenly, Elynor noticed out of the corner of her eye that a book right next to her was moving. With a quick motion, she grasped the book to pull it out and see who or what was pushing it. Instead, she dropped the book when she felt something else besides the book.

Blinking in astonishment, Elynor looked at a tiny winged female who was sitting on the floor next to the book, rubbing her legs and muttering something in a language Elynor didn't understand.

“Uh ... sorry, did I hurt you?” asked Elynor tentatively, and squatted down.

The creature uttered another string of strange words, which Elynor now thought, definitely sounded like cursing. Then the creature leaned back, and looking up at Elynor she said miffed, “I didn't know you could be *this* quick!”

Raising an eyebrow at the creature, Elynor said, “And I didn't know that faeries are in the habit of harassing people and abusing books.”

The creature jumped up in the air, and fluttering in front of Elynor's face, she gesticulated indignantly and said, “I am not a faerie, I am an elf! And I was not harassing anyone, I just wanted to help.”

“By pulling books off the shelves that the customers did not even want?”

“By pointing out to them what they might find helpful,” clarified the elf.

Casting a glance at the title of the book on the floor, Elynor asked, “How to overcome shyness? Why would I find this helpful ... um, what is your name? My name is Elynor, as you probably know already.”

“My name is Fénya. And I thought it might be helpful if you would overcome your shyness, since all these nice men seem to be unable to get my hints.”

Looking speechlessly at Fénya for a while, Elynor asked, “Did it never occur to you that I don't want a man?”

Fénya squinted at Elynor, then her eyes suddenly widened and she exclaimed, “Oh! My apologies! It had indeed not occurred to me. I am sincerely sorry!”

Regarding the elf searchingly, Elynor said, “Does this mean you will now stop abusing my books?”

Fénya put her hand on her heart and said, “No pulling off books anymore!”

“Good,” said Elynor and got up. Since it was closing time by now, she put the book back in its place, took the key from the door and went to the back-room to get her bag.

As she opened the back-door, Elynor noticed that Fénya had followed her, and she asked, “Are you not staying here?”

“No. I am going back with you, as always,” said Fénya.

Looking blankly at the elf, Elynor muttered, “As always.” And shaking her head, she stepped out and locked the door.

As Elynor opened the front door of the house and saw Fénya fluttering past her into the kitchen-living-room, Elynor paused before she followed the elf inside. Closing the door, she walked over to the kitchen table, put her bag on the chair and asked, “So, you belong to the house?”

“No,” said Fénya and sat down on the table. “I belong to you now.”

When Elynor saw the little elf sitting there with slumped shoulders and drooping wings, she sat down on the bench and asked gently, “Because I touched you?”

Shaking her head, Fénya sighed and said, “No, because you saw me.” And the elf explained to Elynor what the Elders had told her, ending with, “So, now I am an outcast elf, bound to stay with you until you die.”

Leaning back, Elynor regarded the elf thoughtfully, and then she asked, “What if I tell you that you are free to go?”

Shaking her head, Fénya said, “It won't help as it is a matter of elfin law.”

“But they have cast you out,” said Elynor.

“Yes, but I am still an elf,” explained Fénya. “And that is not going to change, even though I am living with a human now.”

Getting up to make herself a cup of tea, Elynor said, “How come that your elfin law doesn't care at all about what I want?” And while she prepared the tea, she continued, “I did not ask you to help me, you did that without my consent. I did not ask for being able to see you, it was an accident. And I did not agree to your living with me.”

The elf stayed silent while Elynor waited for the water to boil.

When Elynor had poured herself a cup of tea, she turned and asked, “Would you like a cup of tea?”

Fénya shrugged, and said listlessly, “I don't know. I have never drunk tea.”

“Well, would you like to try some, or would you rather have something else?” asked Elynor.

As the elf only shrugged, Elynor said, “Look, I didn't mean to be rude, Fénya. I just think that your elfin law isn't exactly the fairest. I mean, you would certainly prefer to go back to your clan rather than staying with me, wouldn't you?”

Again, Fénya shrugged, and said, “I knew the risk. But I couldn't bear seeing you sad.”

Elynor sighed. And pouring a cup of tea for Fénya, she took the cups to the table, sat down on the bench and said, “It was very kind of you to notice. However, I am not sad because I am alone, Fénya, I am sad because I am missing Mayah. And that is not something you can help with. I will get over it eventually, but it will take time. There is nothing you can do, really.” Taking a sip of her tea, Elynor added, “But since we can't change what has happened, I guess we will just have to make the best of it, hm?”

Smiling faintly, Fénya got up and walked over to the tea cup. Spying over the rim, dipping a finger into the warm liquid and licking it, she exclaimed, “Mmh, I like this,” and she cupped her hand and dipped it in the tea.

Looking thoughtfully at the elf, Elynor said, “We need to find something more suitable for you. Can't you at least get your things from your clan?”

“What things?”

“Well, like dishes for example,” said Elynor.

“We don't have dishes as you do,” said Fénya, “We drink the dew from the leaves, and the nectar from the plants, and in winter we gather snow. We eat berries and fruits and fungi and nuts. There is no need for dishes.”

“Hm, that reminds me I should eat something,” said Elynor and got up.

While she made herself a sandwich, she asked, “What about other possessions? Like clothes or books?”

Fénya fluttered onto the kitchen worktop and explained, “I don't have books. Only the clan in the city park, next to the library, has books. That's where I went to do human studies. And this is my only dress. When it is damaged, ... well, formerly one of the weavers of my clan would have made me a new one. I don't know what I will do now.”

Slicing an apple for Fénya and herself, Elynor asked, “What about the clan in the park? Couldn't they make you a dress? And couldn't you perhaps even join them?”

Shaking her head, Fénya explained, “No. I am an outcast now.”

“So, being an outcast means no elf in the world will talk to you anymore? Gosh, your law is cruel!” said Elynor, and took their plates to the table.

“It's not just that they won't talk to me anymore,” said Fénya and fluttered back to the table. “I won't be able to see them anymore. By becoming visible to you, they have become invisible to me. And this will remain so until you die. It may sound cruel, but our invisibility magic is the only means of protection we have when it comes to humans. Thus, when one of us becomes visible to a human, the Elders will know instantly, and they will immediately get together and cast the clan member out to protect the elfin folks.”

Elynor was speechless. *So, much for the ray of hope that I might be able to get her to join another clan of her kind*, thought Elynor, while she watched the elf eating a slice of the apple.

Later, Elynor asked, "Where do you normally sleep?"

"In winter in the old oak. The rest of the year, wherever I lie down, preferably on a patch of moss. I like it soft," said Fénya smiling.

"I see," said Elynor and proposed, "So, would you rather I let you out now?"

"No," said Fénya, "The cushion on the bench will do. I have slept there before."

"All right, have a good night then," said Elynor and headed for her bedroom."

"Good night," said Fénya, and fluttering onto the cushion, she curled up into a foetal position and closed her eyes.

The next morning, Fénya and Elynor had breakfast together, and after Fénya had promised, yet again, that she would not pull books off the shelves anymore, they both headed for the book store.

The day progressed rather quietly, with only a few customers actually buying anything. However, Fénya was concerned that Elynor was not talking to any of the customers aside from polite greeting and pointing them in the right direction. Thus, when an old lady entered the store in the early afternoon, whose appearance reminded Fénya of *Mayah*, Fénya decided to help Elynor to find a new partner.

Alas, Fénya's plan did not work as she had hoped, thus, ten minutes later Elynor shouted, "You just scared away one of my best customers! Why the hell did you do this?"

"She looks like *Mayah*, and I ..." started Fénya but was interrupted by Elynor saying angrily, "She does not even remotely resemble *Mayah*! But even if she did, what would her looking like *Mayah* have to do with this?"

Looking down with embarrassment, Fénya mumbled, "I thought you might like her."

"I do like her, Fénya. She is ... was one of my best customers."

"Then why did you not talk with her?" asked Fénya.

"Why would I talk with her?"

"Because she is a nice old lady," said the elf.

"Yes, she is a nice old lady, but we have nothing in common, Fénya."

"You both like books," argued Fénya.

"Fénya, she only buys books about knitting patterns, cookery and bakery recipes and the occasional cheap romance novel, unless she is buying something for one of her countless offspring. I don't read novels of that kind and I hate cooking, I have never baked anything in my life, and I wouldn't want to talk about knitting patterns if my life depended on it, and I'm not particularly fond of children either, unless they are sitting somewhere in a corner, reading a book *in silence!*"

"Gee, you are hard to please!" exclaimed Fénya.

"I am not asking to be pleased, Fénya, so stop trying."

"I just want to make you happy," said Fénya quietly.

"Stop scaring away my customers. That will make me very happy," said Elynor brusquely.

Crestfallen, Fénya fluttered over to the *Ficus benjamina* in the corner, sat down on a branch and hugged the stem.

Elynor was just about to apologise to the elf, when a customer entered, causing her to delay her intention.

As the customer left, having bought four books, Elynor was feeling much better, and turning to Fénya, she was about to speak when she saw the elf stroking the stem of the *Ficus*, and heard her gently talking in her elfin language. Regarding Fénya for a while, Elynor was

thinking, and when the elf stopped talking and cast a glance at Elynor, Elynor asked, “Would you like to have a Ficus benjamina in the house, too?”

Hesitantly, Fénya asked, “Can we take this one to the house?” And as Elynor looked at her questioningly, Fénya explained, “He is very sad here. The kitchen window in the house gets more light. He would be far happier there.”

“All right,” said Elynor, “We will take him with us when we go home.”

The following Saturday evening, Elynor was sitting at the kitchen table with a cup of tea, and watched Fénya, who was happily swaying on a branch of the Ficus, looking out the window. Taking another sip of the tea, Elynor said, “I have been thinking, Fénya. The place in the store where the Ficus stood looks depressingly empty now. And since tomorrow is Sunday, I was wondering if you would like to accompany me to the garden centre and help me pick another plant for the store, one that would like the place.”

Bouncing in the air, Fénya fluttered on the table, and exclaimed happily, “I would love to!”

The next morning, Fénya and Elynor were arguing in one of the aisles in the garden centre.

“Forget it, it is far too big.”

“But she likes me,” said Fénya, hugging the stem of the plant.

“Fénya, you are a garden elf, I am sure all plants like you.”

“No, cacti don't. They are very particular about whom they like,” explained Fénya seriously.

Rolling her eyes, Elynor said, “I am not searching for a cactus anyway, so just pick something a little smaller, will you?”

“But she would love the place,” protested Fénya.

“She' won't fit, 'she' is too big,” Elynor tried to make the elf see reason.

“She will fit if you move your desk,” countered Fénya.

“I am not going to move my desk!” stated Elynor a bit too loudly, causing several customers to look at her strangely. Blushing, Elynor muttered, “I'm just trying to convince myself that I shouldn't buy this plant.” And without another word to Fénya, she strode to the end of the aisle and turned to the left where there were no other customers to be seen, and exhausted, she sat down on a bench in the garden furniture section.

As Fénya fluttered onto the backrest, Elynor said quietly, “Going shopping with you is a real pain in the butt!”

After some further minor struggles, Elynor and Fénya finally left the garden centre with two new plants of a reasonable size for the store, and three small ones for the house. And while Fénya was humming contentedly, Elynor was looking forward to taking a nap.

The summer passed by without any major incidents. Fénya had successfully convinced Elynor to buy a few more plants for the store as well as for the house, she had even managed to get Elynor to rearrange the children's corner in the store to make room for the additional plants.

However, while Fénya was happily caring for the plants, Elynor was getting increasingly worried, as the book store was still not doing well. The sales were just enough to keep the

store going, however, to support herself and buy extravagances like the plants, Elynor had to delve into her savings. Taking into account that she wanted to keep the little fortune she had inherited from Mayah for her retirement, Elynor calculated that if sales didn't improve before next spring, she would have to sell the store and find herself job.

Fénya, who had no clue about finances, noticed with concern that Elynor's sadness did not cease with time, but instead seemed to get worse. And since Elynor was still living a very solitary life, Fénya once again decided it was high time for Elynor to find a partner. Thus, when a kind looking old lady entered the store and walked over to Elynor's favourite section, Fénya followed her, thinking about what she could do to help Elynor that would neither involve pulling off books, nor scaring away the lady.

As the lady left the store, Fénya fluttered onto the desk, and placed a bunch of keys in front of Elynor.

Surprised, Elynor asked, "Oh, where did you find these?"

"In the basket of the nice old lady who just left," said Fénya proudly.

"You stole them?" asked Elynor in disbelief.

"No. I borrowed them," explained Fénya. "Now, you can take them back to her. She will be so grateful that she will offer you a cup of tea." And she added with emphasis, "She likes the same books as you do."

Elynor growled angrily and said, "Fénya, I don't even know her name, I can't take them back to her. And how is she supposed to get into her home if she doesn't have her keys?"

"Oh," said Fénya, "I had not thought of that."

Heaving a frustrated sigh, Elynor said, "Well, hopefully she will return to ask if she lost them here. And as for you, mind your own business, and stop harassing my customers!"

Pouting, Fénya fluttered into the children's corner, and seated herself on a dangling tendril of the lately acquired Devil's Ivy.

The lady returned shortly after, and when Elynor handed her the key, the lady thanked her politely and left, causing Fénya to wonder, why Elynor was so stubbornly refusing to socialise. It could not be healthy. Fénya herself was missing her elfin friends a lot, but at least she had her floral friends to communicate, whereas, Elynor hardly ever talked with anyone. And Fénya could see that Elynor was getting increasingly sad. She often used to look at pictures of Mayah, especially after a quiet day at the store. She must have loved Mayah very much, thought Fénya, and suddenly she had an idea. Perhaps, she should help her find her a partner who was more different from Mayah, a female who wouldn't remind Elynor of Mayah at all, but who still shared something in common with Elynor.

However, Fénya realised that this was easier thought than accomplished, and thus autumn went by and winter came and Elynor was still alone. The store had been closed for a week's vacation, and for the first five days Elynor had not left the house, and she barely did anything other than reading this one book. She hadn't even wanted to welcome the new neighbour, who had moved in three days ago. And why didn't she want to go out on this beautiful day? Fénya just couldn't understand this human. And she spent the rest of the day watching Elynor from her favourite branch of the Ficus. And as Elynor went to bed, this time leaving the book on the table, Fénya waited till she was sure that Elynor was sleeping, then she switched the light back on and fluttered onto the table, determined to find out what the book was about.

Surprised, Fénya learned that the story was about the life of a young elf. And she was even more surprised when this elf was outcast. It filled her with sadness when she read how much the elf was suffering because she was missing her elfin friends and family. She was a very young elf who had not yet been away from her clan at all. And she had not taken a conscious risk, either, as she had been sleeping in a flower when the human gently brushed the petals,

and by that, caught sight of the elf. The human had lost her partner a short time ago. However, the focus of this book was on the suffering of the elf and on the grief that her capture was causing her family.

At the first light of dawn, Fénya gasped in alarm, and she read on as fast as she could to find out if the human would actually do what she had just written in a farewell note, and to Fénya's horror, she did. She killed herself to set the elf free, since she didn't want to live without her partner. Fénya didn't bother finishing the story. Instead she quickly fluttered into the storage room, as the window there was the only one Fénya could open on her own. Elynor always left the door to the storage room ajar, and she had removed the fly screen on this window, so that Fénya could leave the house if she wished, and Fénya had frequently used this way out in summer. Elynor had asked Fénya not to do it in winter, as it would cool the house down too much. But this was an emergency after all. So Fénya rushed around the house to spy through Elynor's bedroom window. She heaved a sigh of relief when she saw that Elynor was still moving. But there was an empty glass on the bedside table. Fénya needed to get help and quickly. Frantically, she thought how she could accomplish this, until she heard noises in the neighbour's garden.

Fénya flew as fast as her wings could manage, and when she reached the hedge between the two gardens, she saw a woman in pyjamas and bathrobe on the terrace, and a huge dog frolicking in the snow. Fénya's jaw dropped when she saw a female elf playing with the dog. Quickly, she pulled herself together, and yelling for help in elfin language, she fluttered toward the elf.

The elf, Zefíra, was just as surprised as Fénya, but Fénya swiftly explained the urgency, and Zefíra rushed to her human friend, Felicitás.

Fénya followed them into their house, where Felicitás quickly slipped into her winter boots and told Lady, the dog, to wait, before leaving through the front door and stomping through the snow to Elynor's house.

As Felicitás energetically rang the doorbell, Fénya whined, "She won't be able to answer. She won't ..." Fénya stopped as the door was opened, and a tousled looking Elynor squinted confused at Felicitás and croaked, "What's wrong?"

And while Fénya threw herself at Elynor, clinging to her robe, and cried, "You are alive! You are alive!" Felicitás cast a side-glance at Zefíra and said, "My apologies! *Someone* thought you needed help. Well, I'm glad you are all right. I am your new neighbour. My name is Felicitás."

"Uh ...," uttered Elynor, still confused, "I am Elynor. Does this mean you can see her?"

As Fénya and Felicitás started to explain at once, Elynor raised her hands and exclaimed, "Stop! I can only listen to one at a time. And it is freezing cold. Come in!" and she stepped aside.

"Uh, thank you," said Felicitás and entered.

And while Elynor got the stove running and prepared the tea, Felicitás explained what Zefíra had told her, and Fénya filled in the rest. Both humans now being aware of the respective other elf present, both elves became visible to them.

Sighing, Elynor shook her head, and brought the tea, including two of Fénya's doll's china cups to the table, and seating herself she said, "Fénya, you should have finished the book," and Elynor explained briefly that the elf in the book was shocked when she found the farewell note, and she consciously showed herself to the woman's mother. The woman was brought into the hospital. And while the doctors fought to rescue her, the partner of the woman appeared to her and told her that she wanted her to live and find herself another partner, with whom she could be happy.

"The woman was rescued, Fénya. She did not die. And at the very end she finds a new partner, and the elf stays with them, voluntarily." And gently she added, "It is very sweet of you, Fénya, that you were so worried about me. But I never intended to kill myself. I was and

still am sad, yes. But that's because the store isn't going well, and I will have to sell it in spring. However, I am sure that Mayah would want me to move on. And she was never my partner, Fénya. I don't know where you got this idea. She was almost 40 years older than I. She was my employer, my mentor and my best friend.” And turning to Felicitás, who had been oddly silent for a while, Elynor said, “I am sorry if this misunderstanding has caused you inconvenience, Felicitás.”

Shaking herself out of her thoughts, Felicitás said, “I don't quite know what to say. You know, my pseudonym is Zita Zephyr.”

Elynor asked in disbelief, “You wrote the book?”

Felicitás nodded.

“Is it ...,” Elynor hesitated.

“Yes, most of it is true, at least in a way. Though the very end has not happened, yet.”

“So, you are the elf from the story?” asked Fénya, amazed.

“Yes,” said Zefíra, “However, I never suffered. That is just what she thought.”

Felicitás nodded again, and she explained, “Yes. I had just lost my love in an accident. And I was certain that Zefíra and her family must be suffering terribly. And since I didn't see much sense in living anymore anyway, and I knew my death would set her free, I decided to put an end to both our anguish. That has been ten years ago, though. We are both fine now. And so is Lady, our dog, who is waiting for her breakfast,” explained Felicitás, and getting up she said, “I need to feed her. Would you like to come over in ... let's say an hour?”

Accompanying Felicitás to the door, Elynor said, “Sure, why not,” causing Fénya to utter a whoop of happy surprise.

Chuckling, Felicitás said, “Great! See you later then,” and she stepped out into the cold, and Fénya and Elynor watched the neighbour and the elf hurry home.

Fénya and Elynor learned that Felicitás liked the same books as Elynor, and Elynor was amazed to be able to talk with one of her favourite authors.

They also learned that Felicitás baked delicious cookies. And Zefíra told them that those cookies had been the reason for her discovery, as she had slipped off the rim of the bowl and fell into the cookie dough just as Felicitás had wanted to scoop the dough on the baking plate. At the time when Felicitás had written the book, Zefíra asked her to invent a different story, as she was too embarrassed to have her actual accident portrayed in a book for all to read.

They were having a lot of fun, telling each other of their struggles and misunderstandings, however, as they went for a walk and the elves were playing with Lady, the two humans started to talk about the more serious issues in their lives.

They all spent the day together, and as it was getting late, and the elves had fallen asleep cuddled together in Zefíra's hammock, Elynor excused herself that she was tired, and asked if Fénya may stay.

“Of course she may stay,” said Felicitás as she led Elynor to the door.

When Elynor was ready to leave, she turned to Felicitás to say goodbye, however as their eyes met, both stood there in silence for a while until Felicitás dared to close the distance between them, and kissed Elynor very gently on the lips.

And silently two elves were happily watching their humans taking the first step into a new life.

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Taxi - Timing (Book 4)

Taxi - Talk (Book 5)

Taxi - Tuxedo (Book 6)

Taxi - Tactics (Book 7)

Taxi - Trip (Book 8)

Fantasy short stories:

Footprints in the Sand

Desert Wind

Fénya and Elynor

A Matter of Faith

An Unusual Gift

Alternatives

The Fool

Other short stories:

Summer Holidays (young adults, short story)

A Christmas to Remember (short holiday story)

Fire and Ice (short love story)

Novels:

Hidden Secrets (science-fantasy novel)

Laments and Liaisons (romance-mystery novel)

Children's stories:

Once upon a Dragon (children's fantasy story)

The Witch and the Fiddler (fairy tale, short story)

The Little Owl (children's and language learners' short story / English)

Die Kleine Eule (children's and language learners' short story / German)

A kis bagoly (children's and language learners' short story / Hungarian)