

# Flossie and the Snowdrop Fairy

The Winter woodland was incredibly beautiful as Flossie meandered her way through the tall, bare trees. Many of the animals were still enjoying their Winter slumber and the woodland was still and silent except for the occasional crack of twisted branches as Flossie crunched over the uneven earth.

Flossie had headed out early in search of the first snowdrops; it was their time. She searched all over, but couldn't even find a shoot of a snowdrop popping out of the hard soil. What seemed like hours passed and Flossie grew weary. Where were the snowdrops?

Growing sleepy, Flossie found a cosy spot underneath an ancient oak tree still smattered with a few dead leaves left over from their Autumn coat change. She would rest a while and continue searching thereafter. Soon she fell into a deep sleep. As her eyes opened she heard the faint sound of someone crying. She searched for where the weeping came from and spotted a tiny fairy dressed all in white. Her delicate hat made from a snowdrop drooped over her face; tears brushed down her soft pink cheeks.


Flossie asked the fairy why she was so sad. The Snowdrop Fairy explained how she'd lost her special bell to wake up the snowdrops. Flossie took out a hankie and passed it to the Snowdrop Fairy to dry her tears. She told her not to worry, together, they would find the bell to wake up all the snowdrop flowers.



Gently, Flossie scooped up the little Snowdrop Fairy and off they went in pursuit of the bell. Before long a cheeky little squirrel ran across their path. In his mouth hung the snowdrop bell. Flossie and the Snowdrop Fairy called after the squirrel to wait. He went to run off, but heard the pleading tone of the fairy and Flossie and stopped.

The two friends explained to the squirrel how important the bell was. The squirrel hadn't realised that without the bell none of the flowers would wake up. Quickly, he gave the bell back to the Snowdrop Fairy and with a swift sorry he was gone, dashing through the woods.

The Snowdrop Fairy turned to Flossie and handed her the delicate bell. She thanked her and said she could ring the bell to wake up the first snowdrops. Excitedly, Flossie lifted the bell high - ding-a-ling-a-ling!



Flossie woke up from her nap under the great oak tree to the distant sound of a bell ringing. What a dream she'd had. She rubbed her eyes and squinted at the woodland floor now dappled with winter sun rays. The once barren ground now burst forth with a sea of green and white. A blanket of snowdrops filled her view as far as she could see. The first snowdrops.

Each year Flossie returns to the woods in late Winter. Back to the ancient oak where she listens and waits for the ding-a-ling-a-ling of the snowdrop bell and the awakening of the first snowdrops. Sometimes she thinks she sees the flutter of green wings of the Snowdrop Fairy, had it really been a dream?