

**Brian Wizard's**

*The Princess of Wildflowers*



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Two city-born sisters were shocked when their parents told them the family was moving from the manicured safety of the city to the wild unknown of the countryside. It was late autumn when they arrived at their new country residence.

One of the most pleasant features of their new home was a picture window that allowed them to look out over a long and wide-open field leading to a deep, dark forest at its other end. From inside the house, the sisters talked about how they would love to run through the field's tall grass. However, fear held them back. Their imaginations conjured up all sorts of scary creatures that might be lying in wait for them. Lions, tigers, and bears immediately came to mind, as well as snakes, bugs, and rodents that bite. Worse yet, there could be a hidden abyss they might fall into.

Those fears disappeared as winter laid down a thick layer of snow that covered the field's tall grass. As much as they wanted to run into the snow-covered field, fear of the cold, deep snow held them back.

"We could get stuck in it, and never get out," one sister warned.

"We would surely freeze to death," the other sister added.

"Have you ever heard of snow-worms?" the sister with the most imagination asked.

"No," the shyer sister responded.

"They are huge worms that slither underneath the surface of the snow. They could be out there. They can swallow people whole is what I've been told."

The warmth of spring melted the snow, and the tall grass visible in the autumn now lay crushed to the ground. Whatever hideous monsters dwelled within the domain of the field continued to stay hidden from sight, but that did not mean they were not there. Spring also brought new growth to the young sisters, and now they could think of no good reason not to venture into the field.

"I dare you to follow me into the field," the bolder sister challenged the other.

“I won’t follow you, but I will go hand-in-hand,” the shyer sister offered.

“Should we walk, or run?”

“I don’t know. Let’s ask Mom.”

“Mom,” they called in unison, as they ran to where their mother stood, ironing clothes.

“We want to go into the field, but don’t know if we should walk or run,” the bolder sister stated.

“You are not stepping one foot into that muddy field, young ladies,” their mother said firmly. “I just washed this floor from your father’s romping around in the mud. Find something else to do inside the house.”

The two young girls drew in deep breaths, followed by long sighs of relief, happy to heed their mother’s words.

Day after sunny spring day, the sisters watched the field dry out. They were amazed at the colorful transformation of the dead-looking field and its crushed, dry grass as it took on a rebirth of life.

Wildflowers of numerous kinds and colors rose from the mud and dry grass. Blue, yellow, purple, and pink wildflowers reached for the sky from their new bed of fresh, green grass.

The sisters could not stand it any longer. The sweet scent of the wildflowers wafted through the air, acting like unseen fingers beckoning the girls to run and play in their beauty. The pressure was too great, and they had to run into the field of wildflowers no matter what the cost.

“Should we ask Mom?” asked the shyer girl. Before her sister could answer the question, a knock on the front door distracted them. A deliveryman brought them a package. Inside the package, they found two sundresses brightly adorned with flowery prints. They immediately slipped into the sundresses, held hands, and danced in a circle of joy. They laughed and giggled excitedly at this obvious sign from a higher source commanding them to run into the field of wildflowers: now, wearing their colorful new sundresses, they would fit right in.

They burst through the back door hand-in-hand and ran down the steps and across the backyard without any hesitation, into the field of wildflowers. They ran full speed until they could run no more. They fell to their knees and rolled onto their backs, their new wildflower sundresses blending them into the field's floral potpourri. Their chests heaved as they filled their noses with the aroma of spring wildflowers.

Raised up on her elbow and looking down at her dress, one said to the other, "We are now wearing the entire field as sundresses."

"We have become the field," the other suggested.

The hum of bees, the chirping of birds and the slight whistle of wind that filled the air around them sang like music in their ears.

The sisters rested and relaxed, lost in the symphony of sounds and scented air, until they heard a soft voice ask, "Have I found the two loveliest wildflowers in my field?"

The sisters sat up with a start. To their surprise, they saw the wispy image of a mystical woman hovering in the air before them. Her hair was long, and she wore a crown of flowers around her head. A long cape draped over her shoulders, matching her equally long gown. Her image swayed in the breeze, yet never lost its continuity. Of all the imagined monsters and dangers lurking in the field, the girls had never imagined they would meet such a pleasant person as this.

"We are just two young sisters from the farmhouse on the far side of the field," the bolder sister explained.

"We mean you no harm," the shy one stated.

Strangely enough, neither girl felt afraid of the mystical woman. "Who are you?" one asked.

"I am the Princess of Wildflowers," the wisp of a woman proclaimed. "And I am sure you mean me no harm. You are just little girls," she added. "It has been a long time since I've seen such animated joy and happiness bounding through this field. I simply had to come and say hello."

"You don't mind that we came into the field?"

“Oh my, on the contrary,” the Princess replied. “I enjoy it. I hope you’ll come running through this field regularly.”

“Are there any monsters hiding in this field?” the shy girl asked.

“Ignorance and carelessness are the only monsters you’ll find in this field. You will have to bring them both with you. Otherwise, this field is a very safe place,” the Princess of the Wildflowers explained.

“Will you walk us home?” the bolder sister asked. “We’d love to hear more about you, and this field.”

“I would love to walk with you,” the Princess replied, extending her hands to rest on the shoulders of the happy young girls.

Even though they could not feel the touch of the Princess, they could feel the safety her presence provided. As they walked with the Princess, she advised them that the greatest fear in life is fear itself, and explained the difference between caution and fear of the unknown.

Caution comes from common sense, and when used well, it allows exploration and the discovery of new things.

Fear, on the other hand, comes from no sense at all. Fear can hold a person back from the thrill and success of exploration.

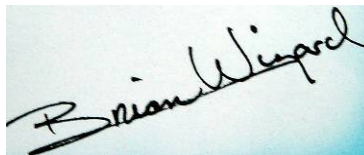
At the end of the field, where the backyard to the farmhouse began, the sisters bade farewell to the Princess of the Wildflowers.

“Can we come visit you again?” one asked.

“I hope to see you many more times, unafraid and full of joy,” the Princess replied, and then dissipated into thin air.

“Caution, not fear,” the bolder sister restated the lesson they had learned.

“Let’s go explore the forest next time,” the now less shy sister suggested.

A handwritten signature in black ink on a light blue background. The signature reads "Brian W. Sigurd" in a cursive script.