



There once was a woman, a teacher I'm told,
who went out in search of a tree so very, very old.
And so begins the story of a woman, a tree, and a dream.

My name is Laura, welcome to my home.

I traveled around the world reading old books and meeting interesting people. It was during these travels I began to find a special people, a kind of in-between people who were gradually losing their homes as cities grew and woods disappeared. These in-between people go by many names, they have been called sprites or gnomes but you probably know them best as fairies.

One day I was walking near the school where I worked deep in thought about those who were beginning to disappear from our world. During this walk I passed a field and in it saw a magnificent tree with its arms spread all around. Suddenly, I knew that there I could create a new home for all of the in-between people who needed it.

I asked a man from the North Mountains to come and help me build this new home. His name was Bascom and he worked with stone and wood creating a place that could weather storms and shelter the magic I knew was gathering.

Beneath the limbs of the mighty oak I made a place for the fairies. I built my house nearby to guard the tree and its new guests and now spend my life bringing home the lost in-between people from around the world. I planted holly trees for the holly berry fairies, set stones for gnomes and planted flowers for all the beautiful sprites to play in. I knew we would need a guardian so I brought the largest, toughest bulldog from England to stand guard. His name was Kip and he taught his children the ways of the oak and the treasures it guards.

With Kip's help we created an animal hospital and spent time teaching others all the things we learned from the old books. Time passed and Kip and I grew older and older while the in-between people around my home stayed as young as the day I first met them. One day, not terribly long ago, Kip and I left on another journey to see if there were any more in-between people that needed a home.

While I am gone some of my students and friends promised to care for the oak and tell the story of how all of this came to be. It will be long journey, there are so many places to look for the lost in-between people and I don't move as fast as I did when I was young. Until I return, these new guardians will be there to introduce you to the little ones that hide amongst the leaves. They often leave small presents nestled in stones or limbs for children like you. If you have time, search for them and if you are lucky maybe you will hear their laughter or see them shyly smiling from behind a tree. But whether you see them or not, know that they are there, know that they welcome you and know that they love the home they share with you.

Laura