The faerie and all of her friends have been waking up the flowers one by one all spring long. There is a very special song they sing and, of course, the faerie dust they sprinkle upon the flowers to wake them from their long winter's slumber. What a wonderful way to enter into this land of spring. Imagine - to be greeted by a faerie who sings so softly and sweetly to just you and you alone.

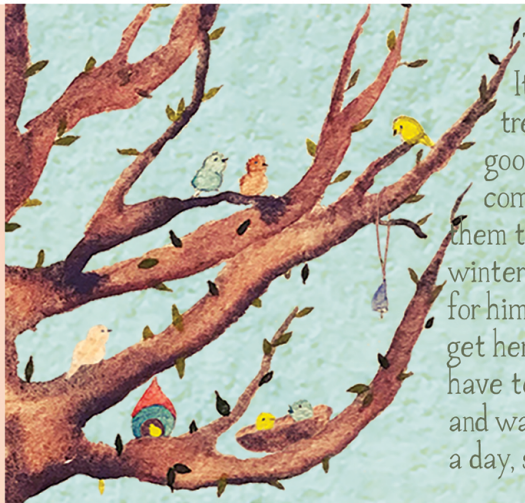
Each flower feels as if it is the most beautiful in all the land. The yellow daffodils glow with the light of the sun and the grape hyacinth have received their magnificant color purple from what can only be the rainbow herself...

The three have just set down to tea as the root's hum grows louder. She gets up to join in, as do the spiders. They can hear the worms answering from within the walls. Soon, the whole room resonates with song and for miles around Big Tree, plants, animals, gnomes and faeries alike know that the time to sing has come. Even the fish...

The faerie Zora waits for her friend Gemma this morning. As she flew to the tree she had witnessed something most incredible. Looking down as she flitted across the clearing to the tree she saw a red flash. "What could it be?" she wondered. She landed on the tall grasses and watched with keen eyes and finally saw another flicker of movement. "A fox!" she exclaimed. She followed him all the way to his den and peeked inside. What did she see but three kits playing and rolling all over one another. One of the young foxes saw Zora and couldn't believe his eyes. He ran toward her only to be caught up in the tumble of his brother and sister before he could reach her. She flitted away knowing she would visit the young fox again soon...

While many gnome families live deep within the mountains where they mine for gems and jewels, there are gnome homes almost everywhere. In attics or trees like our friends, in the steep bank down by the river, in clifftop caves, within the thorniest berry patches, in little villages hidden from the eyes of humans, and maybe even somewhere very near to you...

The faerie alights upon the toadstool, watching the last of the long line of gnomes go hand in hand through the blue door. Down, down the long curving staircase they go to the room in the roots underneath the tree. Here is where they gather. Here is where the singing begins. First, they take tea at the toadstool and after they listen carefully to the roots and then begin to sing a song of...



The birds take turns ringing the bell. It sounds clear and true throughout the tree and beyond. Their hope is that the good Mr. Snail will hear their ringing and come to visit. Mother has been telling them the story of the good Mr. Snail all winter long and they've waited until spring for him to appear. "He could take weeks to get here," she explained to them. You will have to use your patience. But they waited and watched and rang the bell several times a day, singing out "Mr. Snail!" nevertheless...