

Felindra's Fables

By Clare

NOTE: These stories are mentioned in my fic "Storm of Thundera"

Felor, Cattali And The Witch

There was once two young Leopard Thunderians called Felor and Cattali. They were brother and sister and they lived with their parents on Thundera. Near their house there was a dark forest and Felor and Cattali's parents always warned their children against going in there. They said that any children who ventured into this forest would never come out again.

But Felor and Cattali wanted to explore. So, when their parents weren't looking, they sneaked off to the forest and started walking among the trees. They walked, and walked, and walked. In the end, they walked so long that it was beginning to get dark. They knew then that they had to get home before their parents realised where they were.

"Come on," said Felor, who was much older than Cattali and should have known better than to take her into this forest. "Let's find the path." But the two children realised they had wandered too far into the forest and were now lost among the trees.

Little Cattali began to weep. "Oh, Felor!" she cried. "Whatever shall we do?" For it was getting dark and she had heard many terrible things about what lurked in this forest at night.

"Fear not, little sister!" said Felor. "We shall find a way out of here!" He took hold of Cattali's hand and they began to walk, hoping they would find the trail which led out of this dark and terrifying forest.

Cattali felt better knowing her brother was nearby. She did not doubt for one second that he would do what he had said and find the way out of this forest. But, before that could happen, the two children would face one more adventure.

As Felor and Cattali were walking along, they came to a clearing. And, in this clearing, there was a house. "Do you think anyone lives there?" asked Cattali.

"I don't know," replied Felor. "But, if anyone does, they might know the way out of here."

"Then let's go and knock on the door!" cried Cattali. And, before Felor could stop her, she ran up to the door and knocked. The door opened and an old Tiger woman with a kindly looking face appeared.

"Yes? What do you want?" she asked in a grumpy voice. But, on seeing Felor and Cattali, she smiled. "Children! How lovely to see you! I don't get many visitors this deep in the forest. Won't you come on in?"

Thinking this kindly old woman might be able to show them the way home, Felor and Cattali followed her without hesitation. But, as soon as the children were inside her house, the old woman cackled evilly. "Ha!" she cried triumphantly. "I'm a witch! I lie in wait for lost children and turn them into anything I like!" With that, she waved her walking stick and pointed it at Felor. There was a flash of light and Felor instantly vanished.

"Felor!" cried Cattali. "What have you done to him?!" she shouted at the witch.

"What I do to all brats who get lost in this forest - turned him into something," the witch replied.

Cattali's eyes filled with tears as she realised that this must be why her parents had always warned against going into this forest. But she stood her ground, staring at the witch to show she wasn't afraid. "Change him back!" she shouted.

But the witch shook her head. "Oh, I can't do that. But I will give you one chance to guess what I turned your brother into. Get it right and he'll be restored. Get it wrong and you'll be transformed as well."

Cattali paused to think. She knew she only had one chance to get this right. If she failed, if she guessed wrong, she would never see her parents again. She looked round the room, knowing that whatever Felor had been turned into must be something that hadn't been here a moment ago. But what could it be? What was in this room that hadn't been here when she and Felor first came in?

Then, it struck her. There was a chair over in the corner that she didn't remember seeing before. That must be what Felor had been turned into. "That chair," she said, pointing to it. "That chair is my brother."

The witch nodded and smiled. But, then, she laughed her evil laugh. "Hahaha! I lied to you! Did you really think I'd change your brother back just like that?! No, I mean for you to join him! You shall become the matching chair to that one!"

She raised her walking stick once more, but Cattali was too quick for her. Before the witch could cast her spell, Cattali dodged out of the way and grabbed a mirror from a nearby table. She held the mirror in front of her as the witch cast her spell and, as a result, the witch's magic was deflected right back at her. In the same instant, all the children she had transformed were restored to their true forms. A plate on the dresser became a little Lion girl, A mop turned back into a Lynx boy and many other Thunderian children were restored to their true forms. But, best of all, a chair which had stood in the corner moments before turned back into Felor.

"Felor!" Cattali cried, running over and hugging him.

Felor looked puzzled. "Cattali?" he asked. "What are we doing here? Who are all these other children?"

"It was a witch," Cattali explained. "She turned all of you into different things, but the spell's been broken now, so we can all go home."

And so, Felor, Cattali and all the other children began to look for a way out of the forest. It took a long time, but they eventually reached the place where Felor and Cattali had first entered the forest. "Look!" cried Cattali, pointing to the path ahead. "We're almost home, Felor!" And she and Felor, along with all their new friends, began to run down the path until they reached the house where Felor and Cattali lived.

"Mum! Dad!" Felor and Cattali called as they ran. "It's us! We're back!"

And their parents ran out of the house, delighted to see their children again. In fact, they were so delighted that they forgot to be angry with them for disobeying them and going into the forest. And, that night, Cattali told them all about the witch who turned children into objects and how she, Cattali had broken the spell. "I used a mirror to send her magic right back at her," she said, holding up another mirror to show what she had done.

Her mother smiled at her. "That was very clever. And now, maybe, children will be able to venture into that forest safely once more."

In time, all the children who had been freed from the witch's spell returned to their families, many of whom had given up hope of ever seeing them again. But what had happened to the witch?

Well, since she had been planning to turn Cattali into a chair, the deflected spell caused her to be turned into a chair instead. And they say that she remains a chair to this day.