

Legend of the Pony's Tears

A Quality Serials Story

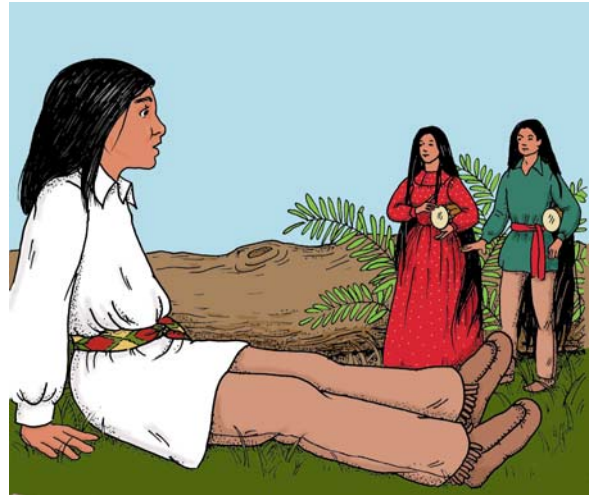
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Last Time: Little Wolf is a boy who lives in the mountains. He belongs to a great people. The boy lives alone with his mother since his father died. Little Wolf is grieving so much for his father that his mother is worried about him. Little Wolf goes far up into the mountains where he finds some comfort.



Chapter Two: The Little People

Once more Little Wolf rubbed his eyes, still not believing what he was seeing. There, before him, stood tiny people. The people were very handsome and well-formed. They had beautiful long hair that touched the ground. They looked exactly like his people except they stood only two feet tall!

Little Wolf knew who the small people were. The elders had told many tales about these tiny folk. They were called the Little People.

Little Wolf also remembered that there were rules about dealing with the Little People.

“Little People,” Little Wolf addressed the small folk with respect. “Please forgive me if I disturbed you. I did not mean to do so.”

The Little People just laughed and smiled. Their laughter sounded like the tinkling of bells. One of them spoke to Little Wolf.

“Boy, you did not disturb us,” the small man said. “We came to help you in your time of trouble.”

“That is true,” said a small beautiful woman. “We heard your grief and want to help you find joy again.”

“We know that you are a good boy,” said an older man. “We know that you respect all things. Therefore, we decided to show ourselves to you.”

The Little People began to sing and dance. They chanted in an ancient language that Little Wolf didn't understand. Their voices were more beautiful than a bird's call. Their tiny feet moved to the pleasing rhythm of their small drums.

Little Wolf had never seen such a sight. He just stared in awe. As he watched the Little People dance and sing, the boy felt his heart take wing. Little Wolf began to laugh with joy. He felt as though a stone had been lifted from his chest.

After the Little People finished their dance, they turned to Little Wolf.

“Take heed to what I say,” said the older man. “It is good to spend time in the mountains and to keep your own counsel. It is good to enjoy the animals and plants and all that the Creator has made. But you need to be with your family and your own people too.”

“That is true,” the other small man agreed. “You must not spend all your time away from your people.”

“Your mother is grieving too,” the tiny woman chided gently. “You must be a comfort to her, not a burden.”

Little Wolf knew the wisdom of the Little People’s words. He felt ashamed of his own selfishness. His own pain had made him blind to his mother’s grief and worry.

“Thank you, wise ones,” Little Wolf said with sincerity. “I will heed your words.”

“We will always be here if you really need us, young one,” said the beautiful little woman.

“But do not look for us,” warned the small man. “We will show ourselves to you only when we choose. We do not like to be disturbed.”

“I will do as you say,” Little Wolf agreed.

“And do not forget,” the old small man said. “Do not speak of us or tell anyone you saw us for at least seven years.”

“I promise,” Little Wolf assured them.

Then the Little People disappeared. There was no sign of them, but Little Wolf thought he could hear the faint beat of drums coming from some distant ridge far up the mountain.

Little Wolf hurried home. He ran with swift feet. He felt soft ferns and hard roots beneath him.

“Yah!” the boy yelled as he splashed through a small creek. Little Wolf ran through dense forests of green. Small sapling trees scratched his legs and arms, but not once did he slow his pace.

The boy made it back home before nightfall. He saw the soft round face of his mother peering out the window of their house. Little Wolf felt pain at the look of worry on her beautiful brow.

“Little Wolf, where have you been?” his mother asked. “What has kept you so long?”

Little Wolf knew he could not tell anyone about the Little People, not even his mother.

“I have been in the mountains,” the boy answered.

Little Wolf’s mother noticed the scratches on his arms and legs.

“Are you well?” she asked in alarm.

Little Wolf smelled the smell of good cooking. His stomach growled. “Yes, Mother, but I am hungry,” Little Wolf responded.

Little Wolf’s mother served the meal of deer meat, squash, and bean bread. After filling his stomach, Little Wolf’s eyes grew heavy.

“It is time for sleep,” his mother said.

Little Wolf snuggled under his warm blanket. In an instant he was fast asleep. His mother ruffled his dark hair. Little Wolf stirred, then laughed aloud in his sleep. His mother smiled a knowing smile.

Little Wolf was dreaming dreams of the Little People.

Next Time: Chapter Three: The Pony