

The Boy and The Forest

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The Boy and The Forest

by [BearAndHoney](#)

Summary

As the tale goes there is a boy who wants to be king adn loved. And as the tale goes there is a forest full of mysteries that one else has been brave enough to explore.

Notes

Huhu!

did I know what I was writing with this? No, absolutly not, but it turned out very nice I think :D

Day 3

Myths | Gods

- Bear

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

As the story goes, once was a boy who wanted to have the whole world. He wanted to have everything and be the king, but his family was bitterly poor. The boy who milked the sheeps of the shepherd and dreamed of a grand castle, the boy who helped the fisherman behead the fish and dreamed about how it would feel to have everything.

The Boy was loved in the town he lived in, always helping out and smiling with blacked teeth. Flaming Red hair that blew in the wind and mud stains always covering his clothes from whatever journey he had embarked on last.

The town he lived in was right next to a big forest. A dark forest of pine trees that swallowed you up if you went too deep. At the market square people would rumour about what may live in the forest. Fairies, ghouls, old gods and trolls.

As the time was for the season of never ending light the boy was bored. Nobody wanted to do anything with him and nobody had any work to do for him. So, he decided, today I will for look what lives in the forest. And the people will remember as the one who was brave enough to go into the woods.

And so he went, with nothing but the clothes he wore and the dream he had. The path was steep uphill, the valley the town was in making it hard to get out, but he pushed through sweat and tears and finally he stood on the edge of the forest.

“Hello? Is there anybody here?” he called out for something at first, but nothing responded back and so he took a deep breath and stepped between the tree lines.

Immediately the forest swallowed him. The boy didn't notice, far too fascinated by the new world around him, as the plants slither across the ground creating paths where there were none and obscuring those that were there before. He didn't notice the twigs and branches of the trees moving with more than the wind and blocking out the sunlight from the valley.

The boy pushed on and on, only stopping to pick a handful of berries when he got hungry. Time flies fast when you're having fun and the boy was feeling better than ever. He hummed a melody his mother had sung to him, popping one after another of the delicious blue berries into his mouth.

Eventually he came to rest atop a fallen tree that had begun to rot slowly. The softening wood gave slightly when he climbed over it, causing scratches that he barely noticed.

As he sat it was as though a mist lifted from his mind and he took in where he was. It was a little clearing, beautiful flowers blooming, nothing like he had ever seen before. The grass was lush and green, the pine trees around a soft bluish green.

Once again he called out: “Is there anyone in this forest?” and this time the forest answered back.

“How did you get here?” the forest asked.

“I walked where I wanted to go,” the boy answered, “I wanted to find who lives here, so I can become the greatest hero the town has ever seen.”

“So you want to be loved by everyone?” The forest asked the boy another question.

“I want to be loved by everyone and be a king and have everything that I could ever want” the boy admitted to the forest.

“Do you know the tale of the golden pinecone?”, the forest asked

“I don't know that tale, forest, do you want to tell me about it” the boy said.

“As the tale goes there was a curious wanderer much like you, but much older. He had seen so much of the world before. His whole life he has been searching for Something. And as it was while walking through a forest much like myself he found a pine tree. And he went to sleep under the

pinecone, searching for shelter from the burning of the sun.

The pinetree saw the wanderer sleeping beneath her, peaceful and not doing anything but sitting in the shade she had. And she called for the fairy that lived in the mushroom growing underneath, that she make one of her pinecones to pure gold. And the fairy came and turned one of the pinecones to gold and dropped it next to the wanderer.

When the wanderer woke up again he noticed the golden pinecone and he took it and held out and called for whoever brought him this gift to take it back, because he had no use for it. The fairy came out of her mushroom and told the wanderer that it was them who had done it, but that it was the pinetree who had asked for it.

And the wanderer turned to the pinetree and said "I am sorry, but I have no use for this golden pinecone, for I spent my life wandering and my bones are getting weary and worn. My time is coming to a close soon. I can feel it." The pine tree took the pine cone with one of her twigs and asked the wanderer what wish he held.

"I wish I was young again, so I can explore more of the world," said the wanderer.

"Put a hole through the bark covering me and drink the sap that will spill from within and you shall be young again". And as the wanderer took the liquid he obtained as the pine tree said, he felt himself grow younger, he felt his bones strong again and his body once again youthful.

"Thank you," he said to the pine tree. And he had tears in his eyes as he walked again. For he could explore so much more."

"I don't understand forest" the boy said, "why are you telling me this tale?"

"Don't you understand? Sometimes our greatest wishes come true, because we wait and stay humble to root and soul. When you wait, you will get what you want. But you may have to patient, little one" the forest answered.

"So if I wait, I will become king?", the boy asked.

And he could feel the forest smile around him as it said: "Just wait a little longer, little one. Just have patience and your dreams will become true"

"Thank you forest," the boy said, "do you have a name forest?"

"Call me Ash", the forest said, smiling still.

"That is a strange name", the boy declared, though he was smiling as well.

"Strange how familiar it is, isn't it?"

The boy said nothing, as he was no longer a boy, but a king.

"Almost like we knew each other in a different life," Ash whispered with the wind that blew the banner of the new king. King Reddoons was the name the people shouted.

"Maybe in the next one we can be closer again, Red."

Originally I wanted to put the story of Three Hazelnuts for Cinderella as the one the forest/ash tells red, but I decided against that, because writing my own was much more fun and I didn't have to awkwardly fit everything to fit.

Anyways, like I always say, leave a comment if you liked it or if you didn't. Reading comments makes me very happy :D

- Bear

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