

Stories from the Well



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Introduction

The following stories were inspired by, or created spontaneously for, young children, as spoken stories illustrated by their imaginations.

Dedication

To the intelligences of the natural world who remain
hopeful that humans will connect, communicate,
create, and commune with them.

Stories

The Day Mrs. Weed Heard the Plants Talking

Three Golden Eggs

The Healing Hand

The Fox

The Well

Just a Dream

The Oak Trees

The Bridge of Flowers

Everywhere

The Universe

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The Day Mrs. Weed Heard the Plants Talking



The Day Mrs. Weed Heard the Plants Talking

There once lived a woman
who was very wise
her name was Mrs. Weed
and she loved to bake pies

She knew all about
plants and roots
as well as flowers
and all kinds of fruits

She knew how to make
a poultice for a bruise
and a tea out of leaves that
could help someone snooze

One day she went out
to take a short nap
on a bed she had made
out of leaves and sap

She climbed in a teepee
she had built near a knoll
with canvas and quilts
and a circle of poles

When she lay down
she heard far away
a voice that had
something to say

So she went outside
only no one was there
then she heard voices
filling the air

As she walked through the garden
she realized
she could hear the plants talking
it was quite a surprise

She heard them discussing
their many gifts
and all of the ways
that they could assist

They clearly described
how they could heal
all the ailments
humans feel

As she listened
they patiently explained
the many ways
they alleviated pain

They told her how
seedlings grew
and other secrets
that they knew

As she strolled
they then revealed
the many things
that they could feel

A gentle touch
the tone of words
the spirits of
the trees and birds

They were relieved
that now she knew
what was known
to just a few

At long last
she could hear
what they wished
to make clear

Their desire
was to give
of themselves
so others lived

And in return
what they asked
of others was
a simple task

To care for them
as a friend
and to know
love never ends

From then on
Mrs. Weed
listened to the
plants and seeds

With an open
grateful heart
now that she
felt a part

Of the world
where they dwelled
and the beauty
she beheld

Three Golden Eggs



Three Golden Eggs

There once was a giant
feared by all
who lived in a castle
behind a wall

The dreaded place
was high on a hill
where it stood
cold and still

Then one day
in the village below
three little boys
decided to go

Through the woods
and up the hill
right up to
the front doorsill

There they waited
frozen in fear
until the giant
suddenly appeared

He opened the door
and in they ran
down the hall
without a plan

He followed them
into a room
where they stood
to face their doom

For then and there
he loudly cried
he would eat them
all alive

He grabbed them up
one by one
and ate them all
till he was done

It is unlikely
you can guess
what it was that
happened next

He promptly laid
three golden eggs
which he placed
upon his legs

They cracked open and
from each one
the boys came out
a little stunned

Shortly after
they appeared
they realized
they had no fear

The fear they'd felt
was finally gone
and instead
they now felt strong

They told the giant
then and there
that from now on
things must be fair

They said they wanted
to be friends
and for the village
fear to end

They wanted to
live in peace
and the dread
to finally cease

The giant hearing
what they said
closed his eyes
and held his head

When he opened
up his eyes
he let out
a heavy sigh

And softly said
I do not want
to be the one
that always taunts

I do not want
to be the foe
or cause the village
any woe

There is enough
for all to eat
I have a storeroom
full of wheat

You are welcome
in my home
and otherwise
are free to roam

I want you all
to feel at ease
and to do
just as you please

The villagers
were overjoyed
and in honor
of the boys

They celebrated
large and small
with the giant
one and all

And so it ends
this short story
with a simple
allegory

When explored
the deepest fears
can transform
and disappear

The Healing Hand



The Healing Hand

One day Steve
went outside
to play with his
new friend Clyde

After snacking
they felt wired
so ran around
til they were tired

Clyde felt grumpy
then got mad
and hit poor Steve
who then felt sad

What Clyde felt
he did not know
would end up in
a sudden blow

Then he thought
what he would do
was try out something
that was new

He remembered
a few words
of a secret
he'd overheard

A hand that hit
could also heal
he wondered how
that would feel

So reaching out
to understand
he touched Steve softly
with his hand

Steve felt better
and he did too
they'd discovered
a secret clue

So then Steve
tried it out
They both found
without a doubt

that If they touched
in gentle ways
they felt a warmth
as they lay

their hands on someone
who was blue
or had a headache
cut or bruise

They saw light flowing
from their hands
dissolving pain
in healing bands

The person felt
the warm light too
So then they knew
what they would do

They'd show to those
afraid to deal
with all the things
that they might feel

How to touch
in healing ways
while they played
throughout the day

They found even when
they touched their socks
or plants and toys
or cups and rocks

The light that flowed
from their hands
made things glow
even jam

They could tell which
things they'd touched
because they were
now luminous

They discovered
hands could bring
happiness
to everything

The Fox



The Fox

There once were two children
who lived in a town
at the edge of the woods
that grew all around

Forbidden to enter
they stayed away
but then on one
fateful day

They could not resist
the urge to see
what was inside
the tree canopy

So off they went
to explore
and to see
what was in store

Tempted to know
what was forbidden
they were curious
what lay hidden

They wandered off
amongst the trees
wondering what
they would see

As it began
getting dim and dark
the whispering wind
sounded scary and stark

Then right before them
were two glowing eyes
that shone in the dark
like a winter moon rise

The two eyes glistened
with a frightful glare
it gave them both
a terrible scare

Especially when
as they backed away
the eyes followed them
They were afraid to stay

They turned around
and started to run
because by now
it was no longer fun

They ran and ran
all the way home
closed the door
at last alone

Finally safe they
vowed not to roam
out in the woods
all on their own

Tired and hungry
they fixed some food
and relaxed by the fire
in a much better mood

But still they wondered
about those eyes
who they belonged to
and what they disguised

So just to make sure
that no one was there
they looked out the window
and there was that stare

Instead of being scary
those two bright eyes
seen through the window
now looked alive

Sitting there
with gleaming red locks
and a long furry coat
was a beautiful fox

She seemed to have
something to say
so they opened the door
and without delay

She came right in
and sat by the fire
and began sharing
her deepest desires

She said in the woods
everything talked
the wind with the trees
the plants with the rocks

She spoke about how
all living things
were interconnected
in endless rings

She described the way
the world was aglow
with the spirit of life
in harmonious flow

Even though humans
forgot or refused
to listen to animals
and put them in zoos

It was not too late
they could still be friends
and communicate
and make amends

The boy and the girl
were so surprised
the things the fox said
were so gentle and wise

They realized now
they could talk to the fox
and the wind and trees
and the plants and rocks

As the fox spoke
their friendship grew
and before she finished
she thanked the two

When it was time
for her to leave
she went out the door
no longer bereaved

The boy and the girl
told their parents that night
how their adventures
had opened their sight

How they had learned
they were a part
of a web of life
that began in the heart

Their parents were
so amazed
it put them in
a kind of daze

They'd forgotten
playing among
all the animals
when they were young

They used to go
into the woods
and talk to them
during childhood

Even their grandparents
used to sing
to the animals
in the spring

The very next day
all of them went
into the woods
it was quite an event

Then throughout
the coming year
the whole town
overcame their fear

Everyone listened
to the foxes and doves
the frogs and the deer
and the sounds of love

The woods became
a sacred space
where all of life
had an honored place

The Well



The Well

In a vast desert
there once was a well
and this is the story
of what befell

Two villagers
a son and a daughter
and what happened the day
they went to get water

They left arm in arm
early one morning
to cross the sands with
one simple warning

Not to sit in the heat
of the noonday sun
and if they got lost
not to panic and run

They started out slowly
but as they walked
the glare of the sun
felt increasingly hot

Then in the distance
through the shimmering heat
that blurred the horizon
and burned their feet

They saw what looked
like a touch of green
Amidst the dunes
it seemed like a dream

If only a mirage
it was so inviting
they felt enchanted
by the sighting

As they drew closer
it seemed so real
even though doubtful
they began to feel

It might just be
a real oasis
with water and trees
in this farthest of places

Instead of disappearing
in the heat of illusion
the images were
not a delusion

There before them
was a desert garden
laden with promise
and celestial pardon

They stood surrounded
by grasses and palms
a soft cool breeze
and a peaceful calm

Walking around
they found an old well
looking inside
they fell under a spell

For at the bottom
was a beautiful light
that glowed like the moon
on a clear desert night

It was so bright
that as they gazed
it put them in
a wondrous daze

Then with a whooosh
they merged with the light
and in that moment
it all felt right

They found themselves
suddenly hurled
through a tunnel
to a strange new world

The next thing they knew
whatever they thought
appeared before them
least they forgot

Like being asleep
and being awake
what they imagined
their mind would make

What they thought
would just appear
even something
that they feared

Things they felt
deep down inside
they no longer
tried to hide

Every thought
from the past
rushed right by
in a flash

They could change
any feeling
just by thinking
about healing

What they needed
to forgive
did not have
to be relived

They could simply
make amends
by letting go
it would end

Then they found
all their thoughts
turned into luminous
dancing dots

They felt like they
were in a bubble
where no one ever
got in trouble

Then the bubble
suddenly popped
and all the motion
came to a stop

Now they were
in a vast clear space
without any words
or even a place

Thoughts and feelings
even names
no longer existed
everything changed

Here was only
numinous peace
an eternal stillness
that never ceased

The only thing left
was pure presence
beyond emptiness
and essence

Then suddenly
they began to fall
into the tunnel
that started it all

There they were
back at the edge
of the infinite well
making a pledge

To not reveal
what happened that day
or try to explain
the mysterious way

Their pouches were
now full of water
or how they knew
they would not falter

Or how their pockets
were full of dates
and how they knew
their endless fate

Back they walked
across the dunes
under the light
of the desert moon

Two villagers
who found a well
and fell under
its secret spell

How do I know
about the well?
I promised
I would never tell

Just a Dream



Just a Dream

Once upon a time
a husband and wife
lived a proper
practical life

They wanted a child
but year after year
they waited and waited
not one appeared

After twelve years
the wife had a daughter
and they were happy
time had brought her

They did not know
the girl was given
the gift of dreaming
and inner vision

One day she dreamt
the garden plants
circled round her
in a dance

Joined by birds
animals and trees
they spoke to her
even the bees

She heard their voices
inside her head
while she was still
lying in bed

What they were saying
was so divine
it soothed her spirit
and eased her mind

When she awoke
she ran to her mother
to share what happened
with another

Her mother said
I know what it seems
but it was only
just a dream

The girl still heard
the trees and plants
and always joined
their celestial dance

One day she had
a curious dream
that she was living
near a stream

In a country
with high mountains
in a house
with a fountain

There she was
a very old man
wizened and wise
carrying a fan

She dreamt of a galaxy
far away
there she could travel
light years in a day

In that future
the planets had hues
of reds and greens
and iridescent blues

Throughout the night
she was living
in times and places
where she was given

Something familiar
from each time
that seemed like a clue
or perhaps a sign

That these lives
were all connected
as if they had
been selected

Each time she awoke
she ran to her mother
who sighed and said
that she loved her

And that it was
not what it seemed
it was only
just a dream

Even so
the girl still knew
that all those lives
existed too

All at once
in space and time
connected by
an infinite line

One day the girl
became very ill
and as time passed
there were no pills

Or treatments that
would lower her fever
and make her illness
finally leave her

Day after day
she grew weaker
her prospects seemingly
getting bleaker

When the doctors
had no cure
her parents looked
to be assured

for a healer
who would know
what to do
and where to go

The girl just thought
she must be dreaming
since all her thoughts
were wild and streaming

Then one night
a woman hovered
dressed in light
above her covers

Luminous and
gently glowing
she smiled with
a radiant knowing

Just before
she disappeared
she told the girl
not to fear

The very next day
she recovered
but then when she
told her mother

Her mother said
I know what it seems
but it was only
just a dream

After that
she did not share
her wondrous life
she did not dare

She knew her mother
could not see
the subtle world
that set her free

She knew there was
no one to blame
for what they saw
was not the same

She could still
feel the light
of her visions
in the night

And the loving
angelic guidance
in the peaceful
quiet silence

Sometimes when
she had a dream
shortly after
the same theme

Would repeat
in waking life
just as if
she'd seen it twice

Once she dreamt
that a letter
arrived by mail
for the better

In the morning
her mother received
a letter just
as she'd perceived

It came from her
mother's friend
who wrote that she
wanted to spend

The day together
as they'd not seen
one another since
they were teens

A few days later
she came to visit
and when she arrived
she was simply exquisite

She came wearing
a rainbow dress
and when she smiled
it was like a caress

With the fragrance
of rose perfume
she seemed to brighten
every room

Her mother cooked
a vegetable stew
and they talked
till one or two

After her mother
made some tea
the woman asked
if she was free

To take a stroll
in the garden
And as they walked
she asked her pardon

For asking questions
just a few
that she knew
the answers to

Could she hear
the garden plants?
Did she join
their celestial dance?

She continued
as if she'd heard
her reply
without a word

Have you seen
your other lives
knowing that
you never die?

Then she said
The Lady of Light
visits you
during the night

What could she say
the woman knew
everything that
she'd been through

She was surprised
how did she know
this radiant woman
all aglow

The woman looked
into her eyes
and with a voice
humble and wise

Told her to
remember how
there exists
an eternal now

She said to treasure
the gift of vision
to use it wisely
and ignore derision

To be of service
and to find
the knowing of
a calm clear mind

And to share
as she grew
all the things
she knew were true

With that the woman
turned away
and when she left
at the end of the day

The girl realized
the true meaning
of why she was
not just dreaming

It had to do
with being aware
and knowing that
she really cared

That night the things
the woman said
echoed silently
in her head

And at dawn
when she awoke
she thought about
the words she spoke

Everyone creates
everyone dreams
everything is
more than it seems

The Oak Trees



The Oak Trees

In a forest
on a ridge
two majestic
oak trees lived

There they stood
side by side
looking very
dignified

One day a girl
on a walk
following a
soaring hawk

Came upon
the two oak trees
and felt their noble
graceful ease

She saw the power
of their presence
and their humble
luminescence

In the summer
and in autumn
she would come
to visit often

There she'd lean
against the trees
and be filled
with their ease

Then one day
what she saw
left her in
a state of awe

The nature spirits
of the two
clearly came
into view

One had a white
flowing beard
and came slowly
very near

He was wearing
velvet blue
that had a stately
regal hue

Around his neck
was a pendant
that had a pearl
white resplendence

He had a strong
and wise reserve
and did not smile
or say a word

The other spirit
wore a gown
and a delicate
golden crown

She had a lovely
joyful face
that was kind
and full of grace

The two decided
to appear
to express
what they feared

With their presence
they transferred
what they wanted
to be heard

They were concerned
about the state
of the forest
and its fate

They knew for trees
to be protected
people had to
feel connected

They wished that those
who had forgotten
would commune
with them more often

They hoped children
round the world
would let their minds
and hearts unfurl

So that once again
they'd see
the nature spirits
of the trees

And choose a path
that led to peace
so life's miracles
increased

Living life
at a pace
full of gratitude
and grace

When the girl went
home that night
in the quiet
evening light

She wrote down
what she saw
moved by the power
of it all

In the hope that
some would see
the sacred beauty
of the trees

The Bridge of Flowers



The Bridge of Flowers

For Eddie

There once was a boy
who lived in a house
near a field or
thereabouts

He liked to climb
all kinds of trees
which he did
with nimble ease

Then he'd look
for hidden treasure
using maps with steps
to measure

One day walking
among the trees
he saw something
in the leaves

There it was
in a glance
appearing just
as if by chance

So he stopped
to discover
what it was that
gently hovered

There before him
was a sprite
wings aglow
like fire light

He could tell
the graceful fairy
was quite hesitant
and wary

He also saw
several gnomes
who protected
gems and stones

Up till then
he was not sure
if this other
world occurred

Since it really
did exist
now he wanted
to assist

He knelt down
on one knee
so that he could
clearly see

And cautiously
began to coax
hoping that
they'd all approach

So that they
could then converse
about their worlds
and universe

Inquisitive they
gathered round
waiting til
he made a sound

He said he wanted
to create
something that
would then relate

Their two worlds
to one another
so that they
could then recover

The connection
that they'd lost
when their worlds
no longer crossed

So he made
a bridge of flowers
that would then
have the power

To reconnect
the different ways
that they went
about their days

And to make
a lasting bond
so that they could
both respond

To the subtle
world between
everything
that was seen

Just like day
flowed into night
he wanted them
to reunite

He knew that what
the spirits did
enabled him
to fully live

Gnomes and sylphs
gently cared
for the earth
and the air

Salamanders
for the fire
and the nymphs
for water gyres

And so it was
that the boy
and the spirits
linked in joy

To celebrate
the time they spent
in mutual thanks
and merriment

Then the gnomes
and the sprites
turned into
bright shining lights

They circled
swiftly overhead
and as they did
they softly said

We promise we
will come again
to spend more time
as your friend

We will visit
in your dreams
before departing
on moonbeams

As he wandered
home that night
he thought about
the spirit lights

The stewards of
the natural world
that tended life
as it unfurled

And how across
the bridge of flowers
they danced into
the twilight hours

Everywhere



Everywhere

There once was a void
too dark to shine
made of light
before there was time

This brilliant darkness
of eternal light
like an infinite sea
on the blackest night

Existed before
gravity and space
a primordial source
of etheric grace

In this nothing
both empty and full
creative potential
exerted a pull

A spark appeared
that shone everywhere
revealing what
was always there

An endless circle
split in two
giving birth
to every hue

In this mirror
of creation
was reflected
life's formations

Suns and moons
sky and stars
time and space
galaxies and Mars

Volcanos and oceans
whales and shells
coral and dolphins
and trillions of cells

Rocks and mountains
clear blue lakes
rivers and streams
and white snowflakes

Roses and trees
rainbows and seeds
crickets and frogs
and honeybees

Snakes and tigers
and koala bears
apples and peaches
and prickly pears

Wind and water
clouds and kites
life was made
of living light

Woven with
golden threads
nature was
a sacred web

Shimmering here
sparkling there
everything
was aware

The Universe



The Universe

Once upon a time
lived a king and a queen
who had a discussion
about the supreme

Be it life or the universe
they could not agree
to settle their dispute
they sent out a decree

For the wisest of those
who lived in the land
to appear before them
and take a stand

Delegates arrived
ready to report
on life and the universe
and things of that sort

The mathematician said
with a sense of wonder
the universe is
an expression of number

The physicist declared
it is a unified field
founded on forces
to be revealed

The biologist believed
there was a solution
the universe he said
is part of evolution

The chemist stated
reaction to attraction
the universe is
elemental interaction

The psychologist pointed out
in the mirror of the mind
are the psyche, the soul
and the self combined

The humanist said
the universe is written
in the language of the heart
for those who will listen

The philosopher mused
the fabric of creation
is woven from
the threads of causation

The historian related
the book of time
is a universal chronicle
of the divine

The scribe stated
the letters of learning
are a living process
worth discerning

To the artist the universe
was a work of art
a creative expression
of the heart

To the poet it was
metaphor and imagination
a garden of light
filled with revelation

The metaphysicist said
everything seen
is consciousness
and pure being

The shaman chanted
in the heartbeat of the drum
everything is spirit
the worlds are one

The musician sang
the universe is sound
vibrating to the beat
of the profound

The orator stated
silence speaks
to all of those
who no longer seek

With that the king
and the queen
summoned the court Fool
to share what he'd seen

The Fool said
All is One
the universe is love
eternally begun

As his words
filled the air
the king and queen
became aware

That now at last
they agreed
and peacefully
could proceed

All delegates
who took a stand
were thanked and told
they could disband

When they'd left
the king and queen
realized
they felt serene

And lovingly
they embraced
and one and all
lived in grace

Illustrations

Cover

Photo by Alamy

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/earth/earthnews/9176247/Count-me-out-of-the-drought-I-have-a-well.html>

The Day Mrs. Weed Heard the Plants Talking

<http://www.belladonnakillz.com>

The Healing Hand

<http://sinfulstilettos.wordpress.com/2012/06/07/wave-goodbye-to-dry>

The Fox

Red Fox

<http://www.frmheadtotoe.com/2012/10/fox-halloween-tutorial.html>

The Well

WikiMedia Commons

Desert Oasis

<http://www.environmentalgraffiti.com/featured/desert-oasis/2257?image=10>

Just a Dream

zutaradragon

Fanpop rainbow stuff

<http://www.fanpop.com/clubs/rainbows/images/17658973/title/rainbow-stuff-photo>

The Oak Trees

Photo by Author

The Bridge of Flowers

Field of sunny flowers on cloudy day in Loire, France

Bert Lubbers

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/bertl/1151840575>

Everywhere

Astronomy Picture of the Day

March 23, 2010

[http://apod.nasa.gov/apod/fap/image/1003/
m81m82_orazi.jpg](http://apod.nasa.gov/apod/fap/image/1003/m81m82_orazi.jpg)

The Universe

Astronomy Picture of the Day

April 13, 2012

[http://zuserver2.star.ucl.ac.uk/~apod/apod/im-
age/1204/antares_eder_960.jpg](http://zuserver2.star.ucl.ac.uk/~apod/apod/image/1204/antares_eder_960.jpg)

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