

The Tale of Fern Hut Cottage.

By Jessica Morgan

Part Two. (Part one may be found in the August issue of Cheers)

Before we continue with last time's story here's just a quick recap of what happened last time.

Granny Nymph or Gran didn't want the twins to go farming for enchanted mist with their Dad Furgle Nymph but then she figured that the more she tried to stop them the more they'd want to go. The reason she doesn't like the mist is because the twins' mum ran away with a butterfly farmer, the Flodwick Family tragedy, of course (they don't like to talk about it). Now let us continue the story!

It was twenty minutes after the twins and their Dad had left and Gran was already presuming the worst.

"What if they get lost?"

"Or fall over in the forbidden bog?"

"Or one of the glass jars falls out the wagon and makes a loud noise stunning them into running far away off the edge of a cliff!"

"Or even worse what if a glass jar slides out the wagon and rolls quickly down the hill to a twingat nest!"

"Ohhh there is no good way for this to turn out!"

Gran groaned letting a tear drop fall down her face.

Meanwhile the twins were having a great time, using their blackout goggles to navigate through the mist. They had to wait for the wind to come and then it would blow the mist in to their nets until then all they could do was to sit and wait.



The boys were protected from the damp by their large cagoules - one blue and one green. If you ask me they looked quite funny in their farming outfits but my opinion doesn't matter, back to the story.

Gran was nibbling her lip, so hard she thought it might come off! So she stopped biting and begun thinking what to cook for supper.

In the forest, the twins were thinking of their tummies too.

"Dad, when's the wind gonna come?" moaned Monty.

"Try meditating." Dad replied.

"FINE!" snapped Thomas and Monty.

The boys got down on the ground and crossed their legs. Suddenly they were abruptly awakened from their meditation by their Dad screaming

"WIND!" "LOOK BOYS, WIND, WIND, WIND!"

"Wow." said both the boys, almost speechless.

The twins both gasped as they admired the wonder of the wind, tiny minute gold particles fluttered everywhere as the whole family of Nymphs lifted their bamboo grass nets and tried to capture as much mist as they could.

All was peaceful until “AGGGHHH!!” “What was that!” questioned the twins
“Mum!” exclaimed Dad.

In a flash of light all three of them were galloping over fern, root and branch.

“GRAN!” yelled the twins.

“MUM!” shouted Dad.

“Shhh.” said Gran “The twingat only knows you’re here by sense of smell.”

She whispered “You’re ok because you have your anoraks on, so be quiet.”

“OHH RIGHT!”

“Shut up Monty.” whispered Thomas.

“Sorry.” replied Monty.

“Dad, what do we do?” stuttered Thomas.

“Boys I need you to reach for the saucepan which I attempted to make tomato ravioli in last night.”

“What good will that do?” said Monty.

“Just get it.”

Thomas reached for the pan almost stepping on the 6 foot tall brown haired, purple eyed, green tongued, sharp jawed beast. Eventually Thomas retrieved the pan and gave it to Dad.

“TAKE THIS, WEIRD EYED BEAST!”

Furgus rose with the saucepan high in the air and what was left of the failed tomato ravioli ended up all over the twingat seriously burning his eyes and forcing him to run away groaning.

“Well Dad I never thought I’d say this - your terrible cooking saved the day!” exclaimed Monty.

“Oh Furgus.” sobbed Gran.

“It’s ok Mum, I remembered that twingats are allergic to tomatoes, in fact I think you told me that Mum.”

“Well I’m definitely going fog hunting with you boys next time. I’m not safe on my own!”

“Alright Mum.”



That night Gran taught Dad how to make tomato ravioli properly and even the boys thought it was tasty and for security, Dad layered the roof tiles with tomato skin.

In the end they all lived happily ever after and lived out long joyful lives.

THE END