



Chapter 3

An Angel Watches Too

Far above both Earth and Yule, beyond where any mortals rule and beyond where words can tell, it is there the Angels dwell.

The Angels love to do good deeds, and often work by spreading seeds of kindness, love and charity; they work through children frequently.

The children have a favorite one; she brings them special joy and fun. She listens for their every breath; she calls herself Elisabeth.

Elisabeth had heard the tears of little ones with giant fears that magic had all gone away; for magic is a part of play of every child in every land—without it kids can't understand the world that Human grown-ups see; it makes no sense; it cannot be.





No one knows why up is up, or why a dog remains a pup
for just a tiny, little while, or why an inch is not a mile.
Or lots and lots of other things, from water wings and water springs
to jumbo shrimp and extra small—it mostly makes no sense at all!

But magic makes some sense, you see—you can see magic if you're three
or four or five years old or more, or even if you're ninety-four!

Magic wands can make things right; magic rings make giants light
and dragons fly and songbirds sing. Magic lives in everything.

At least it did until the Elves left the Humans to themselves.
Then children saw the magic fade, and so they prayed and prayed and prayed.
They prayed in lots of different ways, in different tongues on different days.



But all those prayers were filled with love, and soared into the sky above
where they were heard, each quiet breath, by their good friend, Elisabeth.

And what they prayed was that there'd be some magic left that they could see.

Now all this made the Angel think: might there not be a way to link
the magic of the land of Yule with Humans, even though the rule
the Humans made about such fun had made old magic come undone.

And then her wings flap-flapped with glee; she had a plan, as you will see.

