

Suzy Sparrow
by Gerald Saul, January 1994

Once there was a sparrow named Suzy, a very plain brown sparrow, who collected spoons. Now she did not collect expensive, or pretty, or big or small or even interesting spoons. Nor did she collect a lot of spoons, but it was a hobby none-the-less. It was quite apparent that she was a very dull bird, and this made her very sad.

One day a great wind came. All of the other animals and birds in the woods hid away, but Suzy. Suzy had been sitting on her perch looking at her dull reflection in an even duller spoon. This made her even more melancholy than usual, so it was not that she didn't hear or feel the dangerous wind coming, she just didn't care.

WHOOSH! The gust shook the branches and pulled off the leaves, making them dance like a thousand pyxie ballerinas on the forest floor. WHOOSH! The gust grabbed little Suzy Sparrow and carried her away, dull spoon and all.

Suzy was as frightened as a dull little sparrow, who's never really experienced anything more exciting than eating a particularly juicy bug, could be. The wind, which some thought later must have been a magic wind, carried Suzy many miles; out of the woods, across the large meadow, over the river and all the way to the Land of Blossoms.

When Suzy landed, she found herself in a field of flowers the colour of a rainbow. Red and blue and yellow and green mixed with purple and turquoise and burgundy and all tangled in with flowers of colours Suzy could not even name. Dew drops glistened on the pedals and seemed to sing with joy. If you took the happiest place Suzy could ever have imagined, this would have been way better. Suzy was, therefore, quite speechless when the Earl of Violets addressed her.

"Greetings wondrous stranger," said the Earl, "How may I serve your majesty?"

"Where am I? This is no part of the woods where I live." said Suzy, who did not know whether to be comforted or frightened by this acquaintance, nor was she given time to be, because quicker than she could chirp she was whisked off to see the King of the Blossoms.

Now the King was undoubtedly the most beautiful man ever seen in the world, but when plain little Suzy Sparrow entered with her dull old spoon, the King sprang up from his throne of carnations and dropped to a knee before the lost bird.

"Little princess, how may I serve thee?", the King queried.

Suzy rallied all her courage and looked up at the face before her and asked, "Why do you call me princess?"

"Certainly dear lady, you are unique in all this land, and in your hand you carry a sceptre as unique as yourself. Clearly you are royalty and worthy indeed of becoming my wife and ruling this land at my side. I love you madly."

Suzy looked at the spoon in her hand and back at the King's shining smile. "King of Blossoms, I am convinced that you believe that what you say is true. I could, with a simple 'yes', be happy and never have to return to my previous life, which was none too pleasing. However, by your own haste you have proven that you are full of conceit and you see only surfaces. Thank you for believing me unique, for, whether it is true or untrue, you have revealed to me that I am not necessarily as dull and uninteresting as I believed myself to be. I am far from home and stranger alone, but that does not mean I cannot make my own decisions. Goodbye beautiful King."

And so Suzy sparrow gave the King her spoon and flew off, away from the radiant Land of Blossoms to find out for herself whether she is a dazzling princess, or a dull little bird, or perhaps neither.

The King of Blossoms kept the spoon and often looked at himself in its tarnished surface. Eventually the colours of his pedals faded until he matched his dull reflection. After many years he met a flower who saw the beauty that had grown in his heart and they were married and lived happily ever after.

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