



Pooka's Page for Grown-ups

Grimalkin has his own blog now - ***The Diary of a Familiar-in-Training.***

Each entry is told in his own voice and based on his real-life adventures with a tongue-in-cheek humor that is more likely to appeal to adults or older children. Please stop by for a visit, leave a comment and, if it tickles your funny bone, click on "Follow" and tell others about it.



<http://grimalkinsdiary.blogspot.com/>

And Speaking of Kitties: Rayne Storm had a tough time completing her project for this issue. The weather simply would not cooperate so she could take the photos to go with it. Apparently she wasn't the only one frustrated by the weather. She sent this in an e-mail:



Our sweet little familiar has a thing for our rocks ... he even shares his favorite beanie-baby cat with them. It's been so rainy and cold that we haven't taken the rocks out to the garden yet. Every morning I get up and there he is in the kitchen rolling around and rubbing himself on all the rocks. He has one in particular that he curls up with his arm around and lays on.

Have a delightful Beltane!



Some Other Names: May Day, Roodemas, Walpurgis (Germany), Cetshamain (Ireland),
Cyntefin (Wales), Cala Me' (Cornwall) and Kala-Hanv (Brittany)

This is when the Goddess and the God get married and all of Nature celebrates with them. The ancient Celts divided the year into two parts – Winter, the colder, dark part that began at Samhain, and Summer, the lighter, warmer part, which officially started at Beltane. It is celebrated with maypoles, picnics, courtship, flower gathering, bonfires, processions and games. We also use this time to bless our animals and gardens. Beltane is one of the times of the year that fairies, elves and pixies especially love to play and you're much more likely to see one!



Pooka's Page for Grownups

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The Pooka Pages Magazine (unless otherwise noted) is written & illustrated by Lora Craig-Gaddis

Pooka's Sandbox is published 8 times a year. To get the current issue or to sign up for our mailing list, go to: www.pookapages.com
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The Storybook Chair



Baskets for Beltane

Pooka rolled and rolled, back and forth, crushing the tender young catnip leaves with his body and releasing their intoxicating scent. He purred loudly and, if you must know, drooled slightly. He didn't even care that his normally clean, black fur was now covered with garden dirt. His catnip was growing, right where it did every year. Life was good!

He staggered to his feet and a growling in his tummy sent him to the open kitchen window of Elsie's cottage. He leaped to the sill almost misjudging the distance and tumbling backwards into the bushes.

Elsie was busy at the little scrubbed wooden table weaving honeysuckle vines into a basket. She glanced up as her cat thudded to the floor.

"I'm hungry!" said Pooka.

"Into the catnip again?" she asked.

The cat gave her a loopy grin.

Elsie laughed and shook her head. "There's some stew in your bowl."

"Yes!" Pooka cheered. He headed for the bowl next to the stove, and then paused. "What are you doing?"

"Making a basket," Elsie said.

"Why?" asked Pooka. "Don't we have enough baskets?"

"This one's for Nathan and his Grandmother. It's a May Basket."

"A May Basket?"

"Mmm-hmm," Elsie nodded. Her deft fingers wove the tendrils of the vines. "In the old days, people gave them to each other as presents on Beltane."

"Just the baskets?" asked Pooka.

"No silly!" laughed Elsie. "After you make the basket, you fill it with flowers and goodies!"

"I want a May Basket!" cried Pooka, envisioning fish and catnip in his.

Elsie just laughed. "Well, tomorrow is May Morning so who knows? Maybe you'll get one too!"

The next morning, just before dawn, the little witch kissed her cat awake. He was curled up in a tight ball on the patchwork quilt of her bed. He batted her face away with his paw. "Too early!" he growled.

Elsie chuckled. "May Morning!" she sang. "Rise and shine!"

Pooka's head popped up. He was suddenly awake. "Happy Beltane!" he said.

Elsie hugged him. "Happy Beltane. Now, come on – we have errands to run before the ritual begins!"

The cat scampered down the stairs and into the kitchen ahead of his witch. On the table were several honeysuckle woven baskets and he just KNEW that one was for HIM!

He leaped onto the table and poked his whiskers into each basket until he found it. Sure enough - catnip and valerian flowers, fish, and thick, sweet cream as well! Pooka felt he'd died and gone to Summerland. Overcome with happiness, he rubbed his little black body against Elsie. His tail slapped her nose, but he didn't notice and she didn't care.

"Happy May Day!" Elsie grinned and kissed him.

Together, in the early hour, they delivered baskets to their special friends. Nathan and his grandmother found theirs filled with flowers, little cakes and herbal tea bags. For Edgar, the crow, there was shiny tinsel and baubles intermingled with peanuts and dried fruit. And the little basket for Thistle, the fairy, held Sweet Woodruff wine in tiny bottles, candied violets and rose pastilles.

Afterward, they all headed for the sacred hill and danced around the pole erected there in ages past. They picnicked and sang and played games. The sun's face shone over the green hills and everyone knew that the warm and growing half of the year had begun!





Children Dancing Around the Maypole

A vintage picture from the 1930's for you to color

THE LITTLE KITCHEN WITCH



Moon Cloud Cookies

These cookies are truly magical. Delicately crispy at first and then melt in your mouth like a soft cloud. But the magic doesn't stop there! Make them on the evening of the first night of the full moon and leave them until the following morning. Then, on the 2nd night, enjoy them after your ritual. Pure enchantment!

- 2 egg whites
- 3/4 cup white sugar
- 1/4 tsp vanilla extract
- 1/4 tsp almond extract
- 1/8 tsp salt

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C).

On the first night of the full moon, beat egg whites, salt and extracts with an electric mixer until soft peaks form. Gradually add sugar and beat until stiff peaks form. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a cookie sheet that's been lined with either parchment or a brown paper bag cut to fit. Put cookies into the preheated oven and turn off the oven, keeping the door shut until morning...and NO PEEKING!



Pooka's Lesson

Nowadays, most people divide the year into 4 parts: Spring, Summer, Fall & Winter. But, the ancient Celts divided the year into only two parts, the light half and the dark half...sort of like Day time and Night time.

The light half was when the sun shone and the green

things grew and the earth was warm. People spent a lot of time outside working and playing. They called this time "Summer" and Beltane marked its beginning.

The dark half, which they called Winter, began at Samhain. This was when it grew colder and darker outside. The earth slept and people spent more time indoors cuddled next to the hearth.

Both Beltane, which marked the beginning of Summer, and Samhain, which marked the start of Winter, were considered magical "Between Times". Like when you're walking through your front door, there's a moment when you have one foot inside the house and one foot outside. So which are you? In or Out? The answer is: you're Between!

At both of the year's "Between" moments, the veil that separates our world from the world of Spirits is very thin. In fact, they sort of overlap and merge together a little bit.

That's why, on Samhain, the beginning of the dark part of the year, ghosts are seen more often and its easier to visit with loved ones who've died.

And, at Beltane, the beginning of the light part of the year, you're more likely to catch a glimpse of the pixies and fairies who've come out to play

Can you think of other "Between Moments" during the year or even the day?

Herb Room Helpers

Grimalkin rose from the low stone wall that bordered Elsie's garden. He stretched, first, one hind leg straight behind him and then the other.

"I'm bored!" the kitten complained. "Where are Elsie and Aunt Tilly?"

Pooka peeked one eye open. "I think they're in the herb room," he said.

Grimalkin's gray ears perked forward. "They're doing magic? Without US?"

Pooka yawned. "They're making incense or something. Tonight's the full moon."

Grimalkin sat upright and alert now. "We should be in there helping!" he scolded. "Isn't that part of a familiar's duties?"

Pooka yawned again and stretched the full length of his body along the sun-drenched wall. "I suppose ...but so are naps. They can probably manage this one without us."

The kitten was indignant. "I don't THINK so! Big brother, you're supposed to be teaching me my job as a familiar-in-Training. I think you are setting a very bad example."

Pooka blinked at Grimalkin. The younger cat glared back.

"Oh, alright," sighed Pooka.

They leaped down from the wall and trotted toward the double door of the herb room that opened onto the garden.

"Here's the sandalwood," Elsie was saying as the cats entered.

Aunt Tilly added a small scoop to the bowl in front of her and inhaled deeply. "Sandalwood and cedar...one of my favorite combinations! How about a little lavender to heighten the psychic senses?"

"Oh yes!" agreed Elsie pulling a jar of tiny purple buds down from the shelf. She dumped a bit into her mortar and began to grind them up.

The cats leaped onto the wooden table to supervise their witches' activities. Pooka sat and curled his tail around his body, assuming an expression of serious concentration. The kitten mirrored his posture.

"What else do we need?" murmured Aunt Tilly thoughtfully as she scanned the shelves lined with gleaming jars.

Elsie suggested, "A touch of eucalyptus?"

Aunt Tilly nodded and moved to the cabinet that held Elsie's oils. "Here we go," she said and added a measured number of drops to the mixture.

In the distance, they heard a rapping at the door. Elsie wiped her hands on her apron and headed toward the front of the house. "That's probably Farmer Gellis's wife needing more comfrey ointment for her children's skinned knees."

Aunt Tilly followed, chuckling. "I'll put on a pot of tea. That woman does like a bit of gossip with her ointment!"

The two cats looked at each other. "They didn't get a chance to finish the incense!" exclaimed Grimalkin. "We can do it for them!"

That sounded like fun to Pooka. He rose gracefully on his hind legs and batted at a bundle of herbs dangling from the ceiling rafters over the table. "How 'bout some of this stuff?" he said.

Tiny white flowers with their feathery foliage came crashing down and landed on Grimalkin's head. The kitten shook his ears and sniffed the fragments of leaves scattered on the table. "Okay!" he said. The cats used their paws to sweep the herb into the bowl.

Pooka scanned the ceiling beams again. "Those purple flowers look pretty," he said.

"The sky is purple sometimes. Let's add it," agreed Grimalkin. So they did.

"I like red," said Grimalkin as he spotted a cluster of chili peppers. "Let's use some of those."

Pooka leaped up and knocked the chili peppers down. This too was added to their mixture.

Grimalkin little white chest puffed out proudly. "Won't our witches be pleased?"

Pooka purred his agreement. "You might even earn your first pentacle!"

Their mission accomplished, the cats jumped down and scampered off to play in the garden.

Later that evening, they dutifully presented themselves as Elsie and Aunt Tilly cast a circle beneath the full moon. Elsie added their incense to the charcoal burning in the brazier. Aunt Tilly raised her athame, looked skyward and intoned, "Lady of Night, of mist and moonlight..." and then she coughed.

Elsie sniffed the air, then wrinkled her nose and waved her hand in front of her face. "Pheoo!" she exclaimed.

Aunt Tilly took a breath intending to continue the invocation but, instead, erupted in a fit of sneezing. "What the blazes?" she exploded. Disregarding all circle protocol, Elsie and her aunt both fled the area holding their noses.

"That's not the incense we made!" Elsie declared as she wiped the tears streaming down her cheeks and the snot dripping from her nose. "What happened to it?"

"ummm... We might have helped... just a little?" admitted Pooka nervously. Grimalkin vanished under a bush.

"What in the gods' names did you add?" coughed Aunt Tilly.

"Only herbs that looked pretty!" Pooka assured them.

Elsie, hands on her hips, fixed the cat with a stern look. "Pooks, just because an herb looks pretty doesn't mean it will work as an incense!"

Pooka gazed up at her with sad eyes. "We were only trying to help," he told her.

Grimalkin stuck his head out of the bush and announced loudly, "It was his idea!" Then the head disappeared again.

Aunt Tilly shook her gray locks and growled. "Just wait til I catch that kitten!"



A Little Book of Shadows



To make a Full Moon incense like Elsie and Aunt Tilly's, combine 2 Tablespoons each of sandalwood and cedar shavings with ½ Tablespoon of lavender. Stir in several drops of eucalyptus oil. Burn the incense on a piece of incense charcoal (NOT the same as bbq charcoal!) or in the top of a fragrance oil burner with a candle lit underneath.



Elsie's HERB GARDEN

The Secret Language of Flowers

The morning sun beamed down on the meadow where Elsie, Pooka and Nathan had just finished their maypole dance. Now they were all crowded around the blanket where Nathan's grandmother sat. Nathan pulled a sandwich from depths of a large picnic basket she'd brought. Suddenly the sandwich was plucked from his hand and went swooping off in the beak of a large black crow.

"Hey, Edgar!" Nathan yelled. "Get your own sandwich!"

Grandmother laughed. "Crows would rather steal someone else's things...even if theirs is sitting right in front of them."

From a nearby tree, Edgar gave a loud "caw-caw-caw" as he devoured the sandwich. It sounded like "Ha Ha Ha."

"He's laughing at me," grumbled Nathan, at the same time grinning at the bird's prank.

"Don't worry, boy. There's plenty more," Grandmother assured him as she handed Elsie a sandwich. "And lavender lemonade and fairy cakes besides...."

"Fairy cakes?" trilled a high voice from the other side of the meadow and they all blinked and rubbed their eyes as a small bouquet of yellow and pink flowers flew over the grass toward them. The flowers stopped just outside the blanket and hovered above the ground.

"What May Day magic is this?" exclaimed Grandmother.

Thistle's tiny face peeked around from behind the bouquet. "It's ME!" she announced.

Elsie laughed and Grandmother rolled her eyes. "Good Heavens, it's that fairy!" she exclaimed. Although the old woman fervently believed in fairies, she was still startled each time she came face to face with Thistle.

The pixie thrust the small group of yellow and pink roses at Pooka. "I brought you a May Day Message!" She smiled brightly. They looked very much like the ones he'd seen growing in Elsie's garden that morning.

The little cat examined the flowers closely, poking his nose between the petals and under the bright green leaves. "Thanks, Thistle," he said. "They're really pretty. But where's the message?"

"The flowers are telling you the message, silly," said the fairy.

Pooka's eyes grew wide. "Flowers can talk?" he asked. But he'd learned to expect any sort of magic on this day, so he put his ear against them and listened. "I don't hear anything," he finally admitted.

Elsie chuckled. "I think Thistle is referring to the Victorian language of flowers."

The little black cat looked at his witch in astonishment. "Flowers have their own language?"

Grandmother nodded. "They do," she said, "and back when I was a girl, everyone spoke it."

Pooka listened again. Still nothing. "I don't get it," he said finally.

Elsie told him, "Every flower had a meaning." And Grandmother added, "In the old days, especially on May Day, folks would give each other bouquets that would make up an entire sentence."

Thistle fluttered her tiny wings and nodded approvingly. "They spoke in flowers," she added. "Just like fairies do."

It was Nathan's turn to examine the roses now. "You mean like a secret code?" he marveled. "Wow! That's really cool!"

"But what are these flowers saying?" asked Pooka.

"You have to learn the language," Elsie smiled. "For instance, the yellow rose that Thistle just gave you means friendship. The pink one means gratitude or appreciation. So she's saying she's grateful that you are her friend."

The tiny fairy beamed fondly at the cat and Pooka purred back. "I'm glad you're my friend too, Thistle," he said. "In fact, I'd hug you...but I'm afraid it might squish you."

Thistle darted backward with an alarmed expression on her little face. "Hugs are Not Necessary in this relationship!" she told him firmly.

Nathan and Pooka wanted to learn more about the Secret Language of Flowers. Grandmother remembered that she still had a few books on the subject from her younger days and so, after their picnic, everyone gathered in her little parlor to study up on the subject.

"Wow!" Nathan's head shot up from the page he was reading. "The messages people sent each other weren't always nice!"

"Most were, but some weren't," Grandmother chuckled. "I remember one lad that was smitten with me..."

"Smitten?" asked Pooka.

"He had a crush on me," explained Grandmother.

"He wanted to crush you?" exclaimed Pooka in horror.

Elsie pulled the cat into her lap. "It means he liked her," said the witch. "Now hush and let her tell the rest."

"Ain't a whole lot to tell," admitted Grandmother, "because I met someone else I liked a whole lot better."

"Grandfather, right?" asked Nathan.

Grandmother nodded. "But that other lad was jealous and sent me a bouquet of flowers. Oh it looked pretty, alright. But, when I saw the message in them, I knew he was not a nice boy and I just dumped the whole lot in the trash bin!"

"Good for you!" Elsie applauded.

"What was the message?" Nathan wanted to know.

"Well," said Grandmother. "I'll tell you what was in the bouquet and let you figure it out."



Here are the flowers that the jealous boy sent her. Nathan, Pooka & Elsie figured out the coded meaning. Can you?
Rhododendron, Petunia, Begonia, Snap dragon. Marigolds, Yellow Carnations

After that, maybe you can think of some people that you'd like to send a nice flower message to. What flowers would you use?

<p>Admiration: Red Carnation, Gladiolus, Lavender Heather, Peach Rose, Pink Rose, Light Pink Rose.</p> <p>Advice: Rhubarb.</p> <p>Ambition: Hollyhock.</p> <p>Anger: Petunia.</p> <p>Appreciation: Peach Rose, Pink Rose.</p> <p>Bashfulness: Peony.</p> <p>Be mine: Four-leaf Clover.</p> <p>Best wishes: Basil.</p> <p>Beware: Begonia, Monkshood.</p> <p>Cruelty: Marigold.</p> <p>Caution: Oleander, Rhododendron.</p> <p>Danger: Monkshood, Rhododendron, Tuberose.</p>	<p>Courage: Black Poplar, Garlic Chives, Oak Leaves, Poplar, Red Rose.</p> <p>Chivalry: Daffodil.</p> <p>Clever: Clematis.</p> <p>Come down: Jacob's Ladder.</p> <p>Comfort: Geranium, Ginger, Pear Tree.</p> <p>Conceit: Narcissus.</p> <p>Confidence: Fern, Lilac.</p> <p>Congratulations: Yellow and Red Roses.</p> <p>Fame: Trumpet Flower.</p> <p>Fickleness: Larkspur.</p> <p>Fidelity: Ivy, Plum Tree, Veronica.</p> <p>Folly: Geranium.</p> <p>Forgive: Purple Hyacinth.</p>
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Death: Cypress.

Deceit: Mock Orange, Snapdragon.

Defense: Holly.

Departure: Sweet Pea.

Desire: Jonquil, Coral Rose, Peach Rose.

Despair: Marigold.

Devotion: Hosta, Lavender, Rosemary,

Disappointment: Yellow Carnation.

Disdain: Yellow Carnation.

Distrust: Lavender.

Egotism: Narcissus.

Elope with me: Spider Flower.

Encouragement: Goldenrod.

Faithfulness: White Carnation, Dandelion, Orange Blossoms, Violet.

False: Yellow Lily.

I am sorry: Purple Hyacinth.

I can't live without you: Primrose.

I'll never forget you: Carnation, pink.

I'll never tell: Daisy.

I love you: Red Rose, single Full Bloom Rose.

Ingratitude: Buttercup.

Insincerity: Foxglove.

Jealousy: Calendula, Yellow Hyacinth, Marigold,

Friendship: Red Carnation, Iris, Ivy, Periwinkle, Pine, Pink Rose, White Rose, Yellow Rose, Wheat.

Fun: Delphinium.

Generous: Honeysuckle, Orange Tree.

Gladness: Crocus, Myrrh, Light Pink Rose, Yellow Rose.

Glory: Laurel.

Good fortune: Apple blossoms, Lily of the Valley.

Good-bye: Cyclamen, Sweet Pea.

Gratitude: Bells of Ireland, Camellia, Parsley, Peach Rose, Light Pink Rose, Bouquet of Mature Roses.

Grief: Bluebell, Calendula, Marigold.

Happiness: Several Daffodils, Dandelion, Ixia, Lavender, Lily of the Valley, Peony, Primrose, Pink Rose, Light Pink Rose, Yellow and Red Roses, Stock.

Healing: Yarrow.

Health, good: Feverfew, Peony.

Heart, aches: Carnation, red.

Heartless: Hydrangea.

Hope: Flowering Almond, Forget-Me-Not, Iris, Leaf Rose, Snowdrop.

Love, wedded: Ivy.

Loyalty: Pansy.

Luck, good: Bells of Ireland, White Carnation, Four-Leaf Clover, Gardenia, Lavender.



Joy: Chrysanthemum, Several Daffodils, Gardenia, Light Pink Rose, Yellow Rose.

Kindness: Elderberry, Flax.

Kiss me: Mistletoe.

Life, long: Chrysanthemum, Orchid.

Love: Agapanthus, Azalea, Red Chrysanthemum, Jonquil, Morning Glory, Myrtle, Orchid, Rose, Red Rose, Strawberry.

Love, bonds: Honeysuckle.

Love, concealed or hidden: Acacia.

Love, first: Azalea, Purple Larkspur.

Love, hopeless: Yellow Tulip.

Love, loyal: White Chrysanthemum, Daisy.

Love, mother's: Pink Carnation, Moss.

Love, secret: Gardenia.

Love, self: Narcissus.

Love, spiritual: White Rose.

Rejection: Yellow Carnation.

Remembrance: Forget-Me-Not, Gladiolus, Rosemary, Statice, Yellow Zinnia.

Resentment: Petunia.



Retaliation: Thistle.

Riches: Buttercup, Corn, Wheat.

Secrecy: White Rose.

Shame: Peony.

Magic: Fern.

Marriage: Ivy, Orange Blossoms.

Memories: Forget-Me-Not.

Motherhood: White Carnation, Day Lily.

Mourning: Cypress, Dark Crimson Rose, Weeping Willow.

New beginnings: Daffodil.

No: Carnation, striped.

Oblivion: Poppy.

Optimism: Chrysanthemum.

Peace: Cattail, Olive Branch.

Praise: Fennel.

Prosperity: Alstromeria, Beech Tree, Cattail, Peony, Red Rose.

Protection: Garlic Chives, White Heather, Juniper, Mint.

Purity: Daisy, White Iris, Lily, Lily of the Valley, Orange Blossoms, Small Rose Bud, White Rose, Rosemary, Star of Bethlehem, Water Lily.

Reconciliation: Hazel, Purple Hyacinth.

Refusal: Carnation, striped.

Truth: Bittersweet, Chrysanthemum, Nightshade, White Rose.

Victory: Nasturtium, Bay Laurel

Wealth: Alstromeria, Lily, Yellow Poppy.

Wisdom: Columbine, Iris, Mulberry Tree.



<p>Silence: White Rose.</p> <p>Sorrow: Purple Hyacinth, Yarrow, Yew.</p> <p>Sorry: Striped Carnation, Purple Hyacinth.</p> <p>Stupidity: Geranium.</p> <p>Success: Laurel, Lavender, Palm Leaves, Yellow Poppy, Statice.</p> <p>Thank you: Parsley, Dark Pink Rose, Sweet Pea.</p> <p>Thoughtfulness: Freesia, Pansy, Sweet Pea, Purple Violet.</p>	<p>Wishes will come true: White Heather, Sweet Basil.</p> <p>Yes: Carnation.</p> <p>You're the only one: Daffodil.</p> <p>You've made my life complete: Lily of the Valley.</p> 
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I'd Love to be a Fairy's Child

Children born of fairy stock
Never need for shirt or frock,
Never want for food or fire,
Always get their heart's desire:
Jingle pockets full of gold,
Marry when they're seven years old.
Every fairy child may keep
Two strong ponies and ten sheep;
All have houses, each his own,
Built of brick, or granite stone;
They live on cherries, they run wild--
I'd love to be a Fairy's child.

Robert Graves
"Fairies and Fusiliers" (1918)



Witch Crafts



Do You Know What TIME it is??

Time to Paint Rocks – to make a Sundial

-- Rayne Storm (Beltane 2011)

How often do you lose track of time when you're outside playing? (You especially don't want to miss lunch!) With this handy sundial, you can always run over and stand in the middle to see what time it is.



What you will need:

- 13 Rocks
- 1 Flat Rock or Paving stone big enough to stand on
- Acrylic outdoor paint – I used Folk art OUTDOOR opaque (if it doesn't say OUTDOOR – it won't last)
- Protective clothing / coverings – cause the paint doesn't wash out
- Paint brushes
- Yard stick

Getting Started:

- Wash all your rocks off and let them dry before beginning
- Clear a sunny area outside to make a sundial
- Paint the numbers 1 through 12 on the rocks (one number per rock). On the 13th rock, paint the number 6 again. On the flat, paver stone paint either a simple sun OR a compass with the directions – North, South, East & West – marked on it.
- Allow to dry completely before continuing.

Setting up your Sundial:

- Set out your flat (paver) sun or compass stone. (If you made a compass stone, be sure to line it up correctly according to the 4 directions.)
- Using a yard stick – lay out your two 6 o'clock stones, one directly to the east of your paver and one to the west, 3 feet (1 yard stick) away from your stones edge.
- Now using a watch or timer to remind you
- On every hour, stand on your paver and mark out each hourly stone (3 feet from the edge of the paver you are standing on) ... do this every hour until your sundial is accurate and complete.

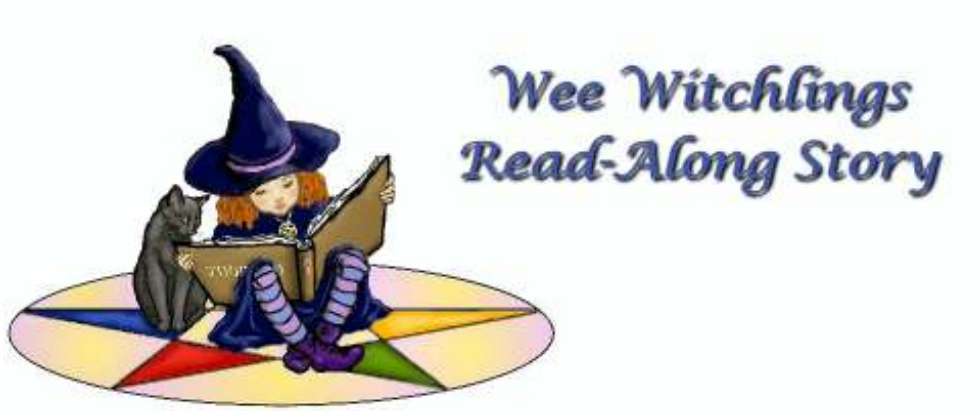
Now, all you have to do is stand on the paver Sun or Compass stone and see where your shadow falls to find out what time it is!



WANT TO PAINT SOME MORE?

Paint images or messages on other stones and place them throughout the garden.





On Beltain morning,  Thistle the  fairy waited by the  maypole in the

meadow. but  Elsie &  Pooka were late!  Thistle flew off to find

them. First she stopped by Elsie's  cottage. No one was home except

 Edgar the crow. "Where are  Pooka and  Elsie?" she asked.



 Edgar didn't know.  Thistle flew over the  forest and searched

some of the  farms in the surrounding hills. Where were they? Finally 

Thistle decided to check in the  village. Bingo! She saw  Elsie

put something on the  door of one of the   houses. Then she and

 Pooka both hid behind a  tree. What did they leave on the  door

wondered  Thistle. She flew down to investigate. It was a  basket of

 flowers!  Thistle loved  flowers! She landed on the 

basket and buried her little nose in a  flower. "Look out,  Thistle!" cried


 Pooka from behind the  tree. But it was too late. The  door

opened and a  boy looked down.  Thistle tried to hide among the 

flowers. The  boy picked up the  basket, turned his head and yelled "Hey,

Mom - a May  basket ...and there's a  fairy in it!"  Thistle darted out

and hid behind the  tree with  Elsie and  Pooka. The 

boy's mother appeared at the  door. "A May  basket! How lovely!" she said.

"But what's this about a  fairy?" The  boy looked down at the  basket

but little  Thistle was gone. "Never mind," he sighed.

The End

*Be a good little witch -
and see you next time!*

