Tales of the Hidden World

The Little Light that Waited



A Collection of Short Stories

The Little Light that Waited



Long ago, in an ancient forest, there lived a little light that could reveal paths hidden from everyone else.

A rabbit searching for a safe place to build her home would find hidden clearings beneath the brambles. A young fox who had lost his way would discover a narrow trail leading back to his den. And a frightened bird, certain she would never fly beyond the branches where she had hatched, would see the open sky waiting beyond the trees.

One night, a boy lost his way among the trees. When he saw the light, he hurried toward it.

“Please,” he begged. “Show me the right path.”

The little light shone brighter, revealing three paths. One led toward the mountains, one toward the river, and one deeper into the forest.

“Which one should I take?” the boy asked.



“That is for you to decide,” said the light.

Afraid of choosing wrongly, the boy hesitated. But the light would not choose for him. It could show him the possibilities, but it could not promise where any path would lead.

At last, the boy chose the path toward the mountains.

Beyond them, he discovered a valley where he built a home, made friends, and found a life he had never imagined.

Years later, he returned to the forest.

“You showed me the right path,” he told the little light.

“No,” it answered gently. “I showed you the paths. You chose your own.”

And the boy finally understood.

A path is not a promise. A possibility is not a destiny. And no light, however bright, can make choices for someone else.

The End

