

Fairy Outpost: Cattail Marsh

The Marsh that Protects

(Magic Word: Protect)

✧ Chapter One — The Fairy Origins

I am **Eldewyn**, High Guardian of the Fairies, and this is the story of the **Marsh Fairies** — keepers of balance, singers of water, and healers of the land.

We were born in the wetlands of the world — in misty bogs, reedy lakes, and hidden ponds. We danced on lily pads, rode dragonflies, and hid inside hollow cattails that swayed like harps in the wind. Our laughter mingled with frog songs, and our wings shimmered like dew in the morning sun.

When we followed the winding waters south, we found this place — a marsh filled with reeds, frogs, and the promise of life. The cattails waved to us, whispering, “*Stay and guard this place.*” And so we did.

Now, when you hear the cattails rustle or the red-winged blackbirds call, know that we are near — unseen, but never far.

✦ Chapter Two — The Human Story of Change

For the Potawatomi and other Woodland peoples, wetlands were sacred. They gathered wild rice and cattail roots for food, wove mats from reeds, and hunted the ducks and geese that rested here on their long migrations. The marshes were not wasted land — they were **living pantries**, full of life and purpose.

But as settlers came nearly 150 years ago, that balance began to change. Farmers drained the lowlands to plant more crops, railroads laid their tracks straight across the wetlands, and towns filled in marshes to make room for roads and buildings.

To the Marsh Fairies, it was a time of great sorrow. The frogs grew silent, the herons flew elsewhere, and the once-lively waters turned still and murky. We stayed, mourning the songs that were lost.

Yet time has a way of healing — especially when humans begin to listen. Slowly, people came to understand what had been forgotten: **marshes are not wastelands — they are guardians.** They clean the water, shelter the birds, and cradle the beginnings of new life.

Now, all across this land, people are working to restore what was lost. Wetlands are being reborn, the frogs are singing again, and herons once more stride through the shallows.

✧ Chapter Three — The Fairy's Lesson

The Cattail Marsh still hums with quiet magic. Beneath its waters, life is reborn every day — tadpoles, insects, turtles, and fish, all part of the great rhythm of the land. Every cattail, every reed, and every drop of water is doing its part to **protect** the balance that sustains us all.

And so, traveler, Eldewyn and the Marsh Fairies ask you:

Will you guard the marsh?

Will you protect the frogs, the birds, and the reeds, so this chorus of life will never fall silent again?

If you will, then the cattails will remember your promise.

And whenever the wind shakes their stalks, you will hear our voices singing — a song of hope, harmony, and care for the earth.

