



# The Tales From Ferndale

by J Keith Owens



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*The Tales From Ferndale*

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*For seven special people that share magical hearts-*  
*Emmie - Carter - Addison - Anna- James - Hope - Rory*  
*Always keep love in your hearts and remember, everyone is special!*



# Chapter 1



## *The Village*

## *The Tales From Ferndale*

Once there was a place far, far away, but actually a lot closer than one would think. In the land of Tennessee, there once, and still is, the village of Ferndale.

It is said Ferndale was a destination one would not plan to visit, no train, no bus, no plane would ever have a ticket marked Ferndale... because this was a magical place that most people had no knowledge existed. A place on no map and most people would think you might be a little disillusioned if you talked about a place named Ferndale.

To find Ferndale, could be a once in a lifetime adventure, one a person would never forget. For Ferndale exists in the misty mountains of Tennessee, off the beaten path of normal, and only appears to people that have a great love in their hearts!

Yes, only special people could find Ferndale, and they usually are not really looking for it. Most people stumble upon the village while walking in the woods. I have heard, but do not know if it is true, one of the first signs you may be close to Ferndale is the faint sound of tinkling chimes. If you listen and follow the sound, I am told the next thing would be the smell of fresh baked bread. The village of Ferndale is known for baking the most delicious bread. So a person would just follow the sounds and the smells, and the next thing you knew, you are standing in Ferndale!

Now I must tell you, I have never been able to find the place myself, but my friend that told me about his adventures in Ferndale said I must never tell people about the place unless they might be the kind of person with special love in their hearts and would understand and believe in such a magical place. So I guess if you are reading or hearing this book, you may be special of the heart like my friend, and I am trusting you to tell of the adventures of the village only to other people with

## *Chapter 1*

special hearts!

The people of Ferndale are many, and each has a special job that helps the village to exist. In the next chapter, I'll tell you about the Mayor of Ferndale. Mayor Manville...who was much loved, but very lonely...

## Chapter 2



*Mayor Manville*



## *Chapter 2*

**T**he village of Ferndale was just like any other village you may have visited, except there were no grouchy people, which made the village even more of a special place to live! Everyone woke as the sun rose and bedtime was always as the sun sets behind the Tennessee Mountain tops. Everyone lived and worked happily all the day which was the law of the land. And this law was made by everyone's friend and Mayor, Mayor Manville.

Mayor Mannie Manville had been the Mayor of Ferndale for as long as anyone could remember, and that was a very long time since the people in the village lived to be hundreds of years old. Mayor Mannie, which was what all of his friends called him, lived all alone in his humble Mayor's cottage on the outskirts of the village. He liked his little cottage because living alone, he did not need a lot of space, plus that also meant he did not have to clean very much, which Mayor Mannie liked. He would rather spend his time making sure all of Ferndale was safe instead of sweeping the floor or washing the windows.

It had become the talk of the town that maybe Mayor Mannie was lonely. He had always lived alone, had dinner alone, except for the parties given in the village on special occasions, and so the fine folk of Ferndale decided that Mayor Mannie needed a companion. Someone to help around the cottage with the chores, maybe sit and have long chats, or a dinner friend was always a nice thing to have.

Now as I heard it, the villagers talked among themselves and decided to have a big party in the village square. Food, fun, dancing, games...it would be just like the county fair except instead of awarding blue ribbons to the best cakes and pies, the prize would be the perfect companion for Mayor Mannie!

Somehow, word got back to the Mayor about what was being

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planned and it made him a little sad that his villagers thought that being alone was a bad thing. He had been alone ever since... well, he had always been alone so he did not know how it felt to have a person to live in his house. He thought and thought and pondered and pondered if it was a good idea or a bad idea to even wish for a such a friend.

That night as he slept, he had a dream... and in his dream he saw himself at the big party and all the townspeople from Ferndale were having such fun! As he joined in the fun with his friends, he forgot about the real reason for the big party.

Soon, someone rang the village bell in the tower that announced the special event was about to take place. Mayor Mannie was about to meet the villager's choice for him. The person to help the Mayor not be lonely and sad and not to have dinner alone anymore!

The first person on the list turned out to be someone that had terrible manners and never said "please" or "thank you" so their name was crossed off the list. The second was so shy, they hid behind a tree as Mayor Mannie came by. The second name was marked off the list. The third did not like to keep things nice and tidy, the fourth ate everyone's food on the table, the fifth was grouchy, so they had to leave the village.

By the end of the party, all the names had been crossed off the list, which made the villagers sad because they wanted Mayor Mannie to be happy.

As the sun rose and Mayor Mannie remembered his dream, he made a decision and called for a meeting of all the people in Ferndale at noon. He was pleased about what the people had wanted to do and understood.

The noontime bell rang and all the villagers gathered in the town square. Mayor Mannie stood on the edge of the fountain

## *Chapter 2*

so he could be seen and heard by everyone. All eyes and ears were on the Mayor.

“People of Ferndale, I had a dream last night and I wanted to tell you about it. You see, I know of your plan to help find someone for me so I will not be lonely or sad. But please hear what I have to say. I am not sad. I am not lonely, because I have all of you in my life. I like to dine alone so if I need to burp, I do not have to say “excuse me” or have great table manners. But when I dine with my friends, I know how to show my table manners. My fellow Ferndale friends, I have decided that I like to be alone. When I do feel a little lonely, I just think about all of you and I smile, because I have you all in my life. So this makes me the most un-alone, the most un-sad person in Ferndale!”

The villagers were silent for a minute as they pondered Mayor Mannie’s words. He was happy. They had always knew he seemed to be happy, but now they knew just how happy he was...which made them happy! The villagers learned that day that not everyone has to have someone in their life to make them happy, or not alone, and sometimes dining alone is kind of nice, especially when you have to burp!

Next, I shall tell you the story of the town baker. The town baker made the best bread around and there was a rumor that he had a “special ingredient” that he used to make his bread magically delicious!

## Chapter 3



*Bartholomew B. Biscotti*

### *Chapter 3*

**N**ow every village has to have something that makes them famous throughout the land and Ferndale was no exception! Most all the villages in Tennessee knew, or had eaten bread from the Ferndale Bakery at least once in their lives. And, once you had bread from there, you never forgot it because it was magically delicious, just like the sign on the door said.

It wasn't by chance that this bread was so special and delicious because, although it was made the ordinary way, it was rumored that the bread had a secret ingredient that only the bread baker himself, knew of it's existence. So sit back and let me tell you a little bit about Bartholomew B. Biscotti...Master Baker!

Bartholomew B. Biscotti... HATED his name! It could have been because when he was learning to read and write, he felt like he was using every letter in the alphabet just to spell his name. Or it could have been that after writing his name, it made his hands hurt. But the real reason he hated his name was, it was just too long! So after much pondering, he decided that when he grew up, he would be called Bart.

Bart's family had always been in the baking business. His father, his father's father, and his father's father's father had always baked. So Bart decided he wanted to be a baker too!

When Bart grew up and completed his classes at the Ferndale "School of Cooking-Baking and Other Specialties", he decided that he and his wife and three children would remain in Ferndale in hopes of becoming the official baker of the village. Since there were only one other baker in the town left, and he was getting pretty close to retiring his baker's apron, it was certain that Bart would become the official village baker!

One day, Bart was talking to his wife, Banta, while having a cup of hot coco, about becoming the village baker and how he

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could make his breads so special that people from miles around would come to buy his bread. He thought...and pondered...and finally he came up with a special “secret” ingredient to add to his bread so people would be sure to love it as much as his family did. His three children, Connie, Corrine and Coriander loved his bread and ate it up each and every meal. They loved his bread as much as they loved their Dad!

So, Bart began to make his bread, with the special ingredient and before long, his bread was known all over the village. And the next village over, and the next and the next...and soon, he became known for making the magically delicious bread with the magical ingredient!

People would come from far and near to, hopefully, watch Bart make his bread to see if they could figure out what the “magical ingredient” was. They would peep in the windows as he mixed his bread. They would ask Banta, his wife, if she knew what was the secret. Even Connie, Corrine and Coriander was asked if they knew...but no one knew the secret!

Years went by and sure enough, Bart and his bread became famous. All parts of the Tennessee Mountain Villages knew about and bought their bread from Bart’s Bakery. And as the years went by, people began to stop asking about the special “magical ingredient”. No one had ever guessed what it was... they just knew it was delicious!

The children grew and Bart and Banta were happy when the children decided they wanted to become bakers like their dad! To have extra help making all of that bread was just what Bart needed, now that he was getting older.

I heard that it was on a Tuesday afternoon that all three children, Connie, Corrine and Coriander came to Bart and asked to have a chat with him. Bart knew what they were



### *Chapter 3*

wanting to chat about. What was the “secret magical ingredient” that he added to his bread so they could keep making it for many, many years.

“My children, this village and all the people in it are special to me and our family, and when you bake for people that are special and you have love in your heart for them, you take a little bit of that love and mix it in the dough, because baking for people is a way to show you love them.”

Bart and Banta smiled as they watched the now grown children’s faces shine in the understanding as he told them that the special ingredient was love. They learned that day that anything done for someone you love, you always add the special ingredient of love, because love makes everything better!

And this is the way I heard the story of Bartholomew B. Biscotti. I don’t know if its true, but I would like to think it is... but now, I am hungry for some delicious bread!

## Chapter 4



**S**o now, you have learned a little about the mystical town of Ferndale and just some of the people that live there. The Mayor and the Baker are only a few of the villagers

## *Chapter 4*

that live, work and play in this magical place that I can only hope that you may wander across one day. Listen for the tinkling bells or the smell of the bread...or, just listen to your special heart!

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