

Following the Light



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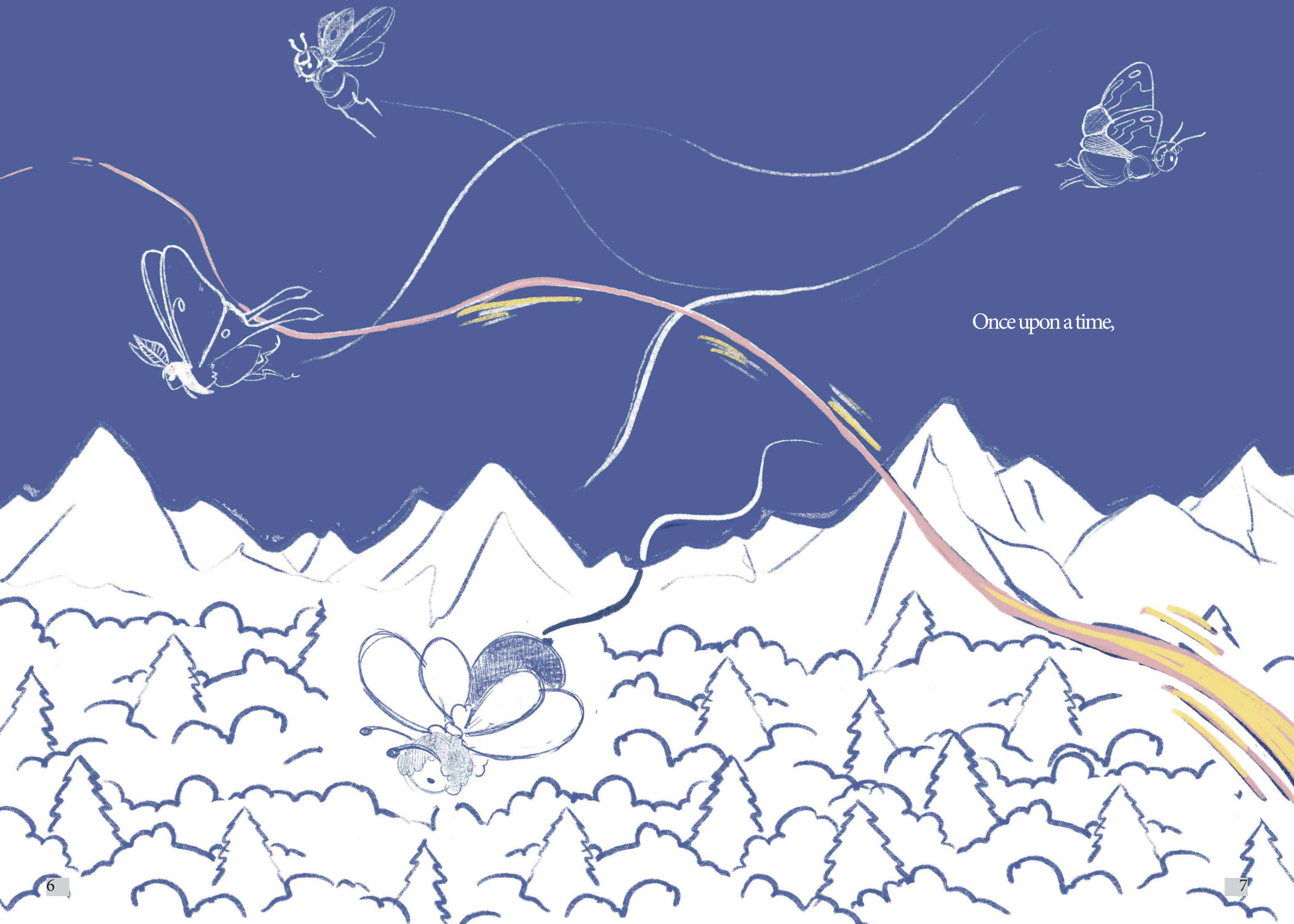


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Illustration Thesis - PNCA - Fall 2024

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Once upon a time,

though truly not so long ago
and truly not so far away,

a little moth faerie was on a mission.

They had one last parcel to deliver
before the morning sun rose.

They flit and fluttered
over the treetops,

towering cedars, and
bushy alders,

dodging rugged firs,
graceful maples,

delighting in the cool
breeze of their passing.



and all the while,

the forest floor beneath remained dark with shadows as Moth flap flap flapped under the distant shimmering of stars and moon.




A glimmer on the forest floor in the distance caught their eye, brilliant in its novelty, as Moth twirled through the air,



and as oft happens
when light is involved,

Moth got distracted.



Moth adored
Light!

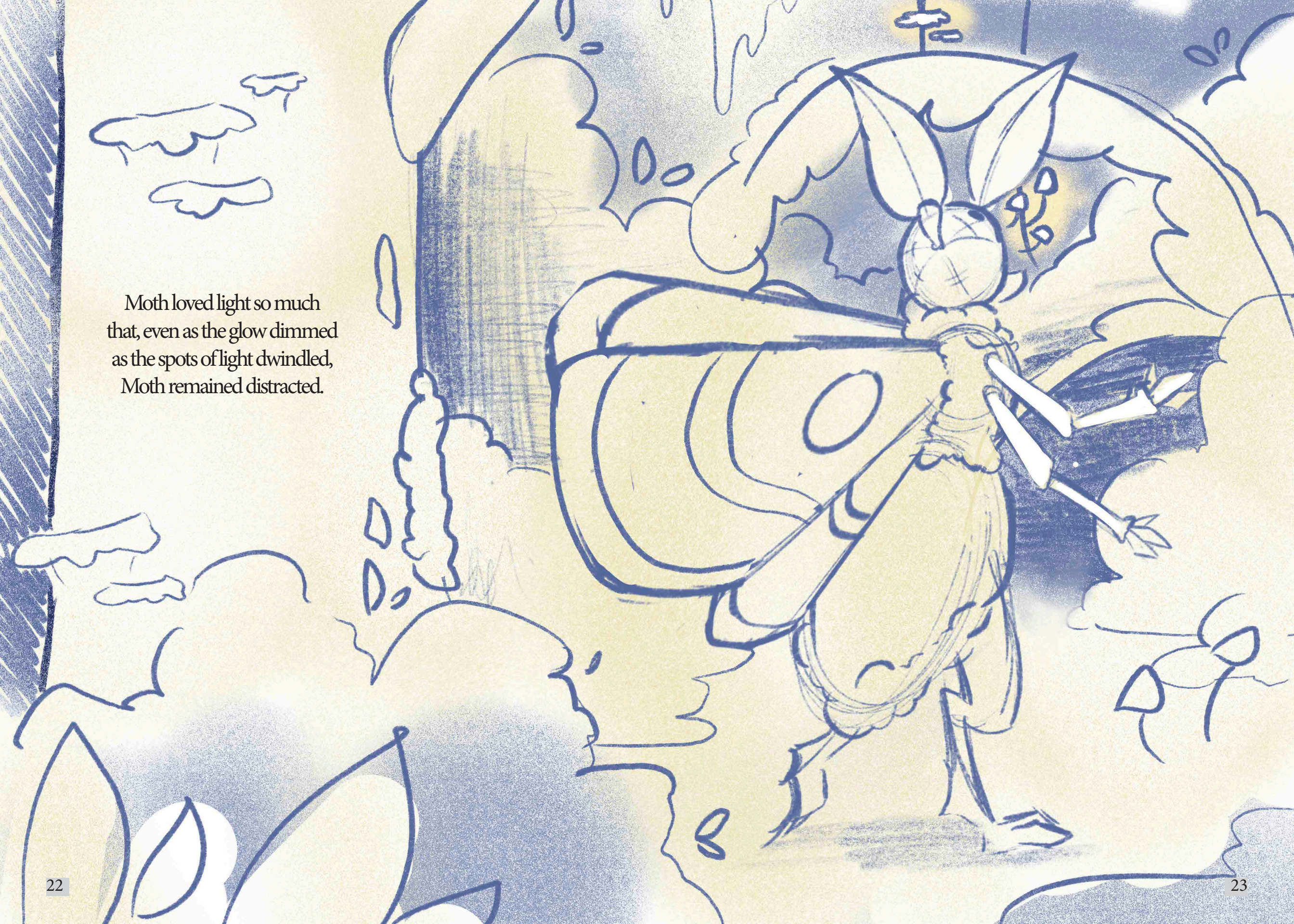
They awed at the twinkling
of the lichen that dangled
from branches,




and cooed over the aura
around the soft patches of
moss.

wondered at the
luminescent caps of the
mushrooms,

Moth loved light so much that, even as the glow dimmed as the spots of light dwindled, Moth remained distracted.





They wandered,
entranced by the
fading luminescence,



until there wasn't a single
speck of light to be seen.



“Somebody?! Anybody?!”

Moth called though the echoing dark
and huffed at the resounding silence.

“Helloooo?”

They tried again, but alas,
there wasn't a fae in sight.

That's okay, though,

because all Moth has to do is
find a new light to follow.

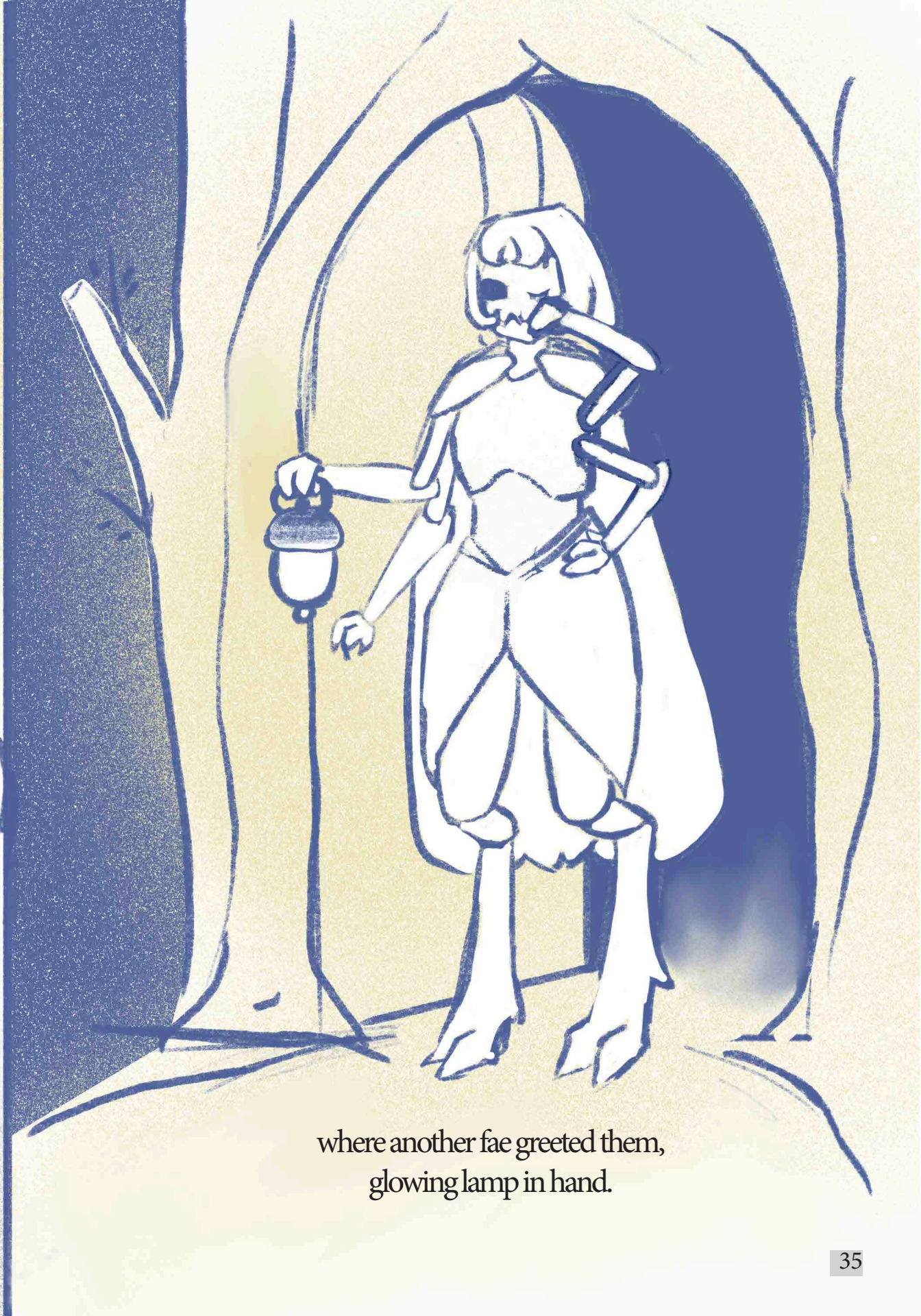
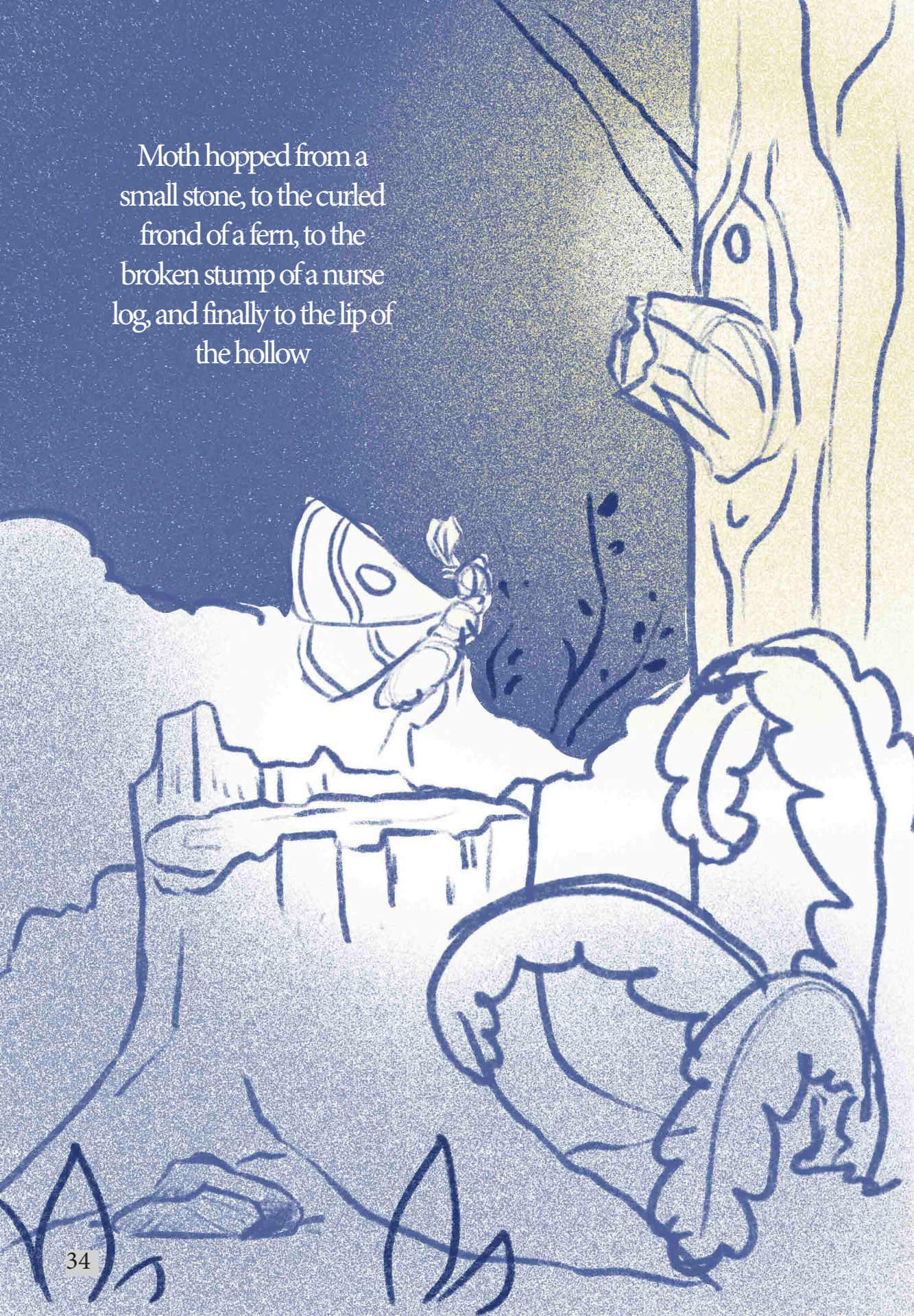




A light flickered on in the hollowed
junction of an old, gnarled spruce.

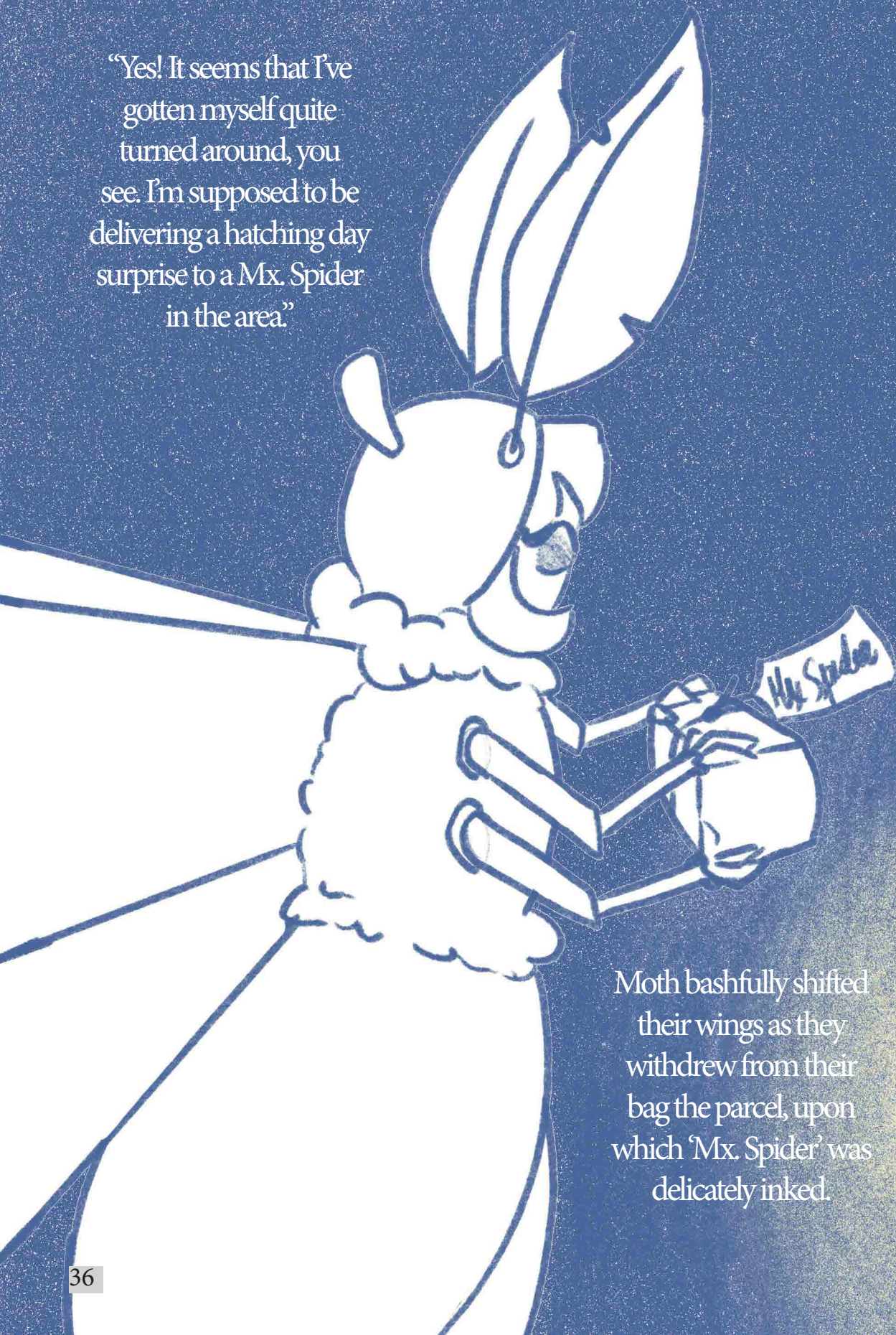
“Excuse me? Might I be able to
help you?”

Moth hopped from a small stone, to the curled frond of a fern, to the broken stump of a nurse log, and finally to the lip of the hollow



where another fae greeted them, glowing lamp in hand.

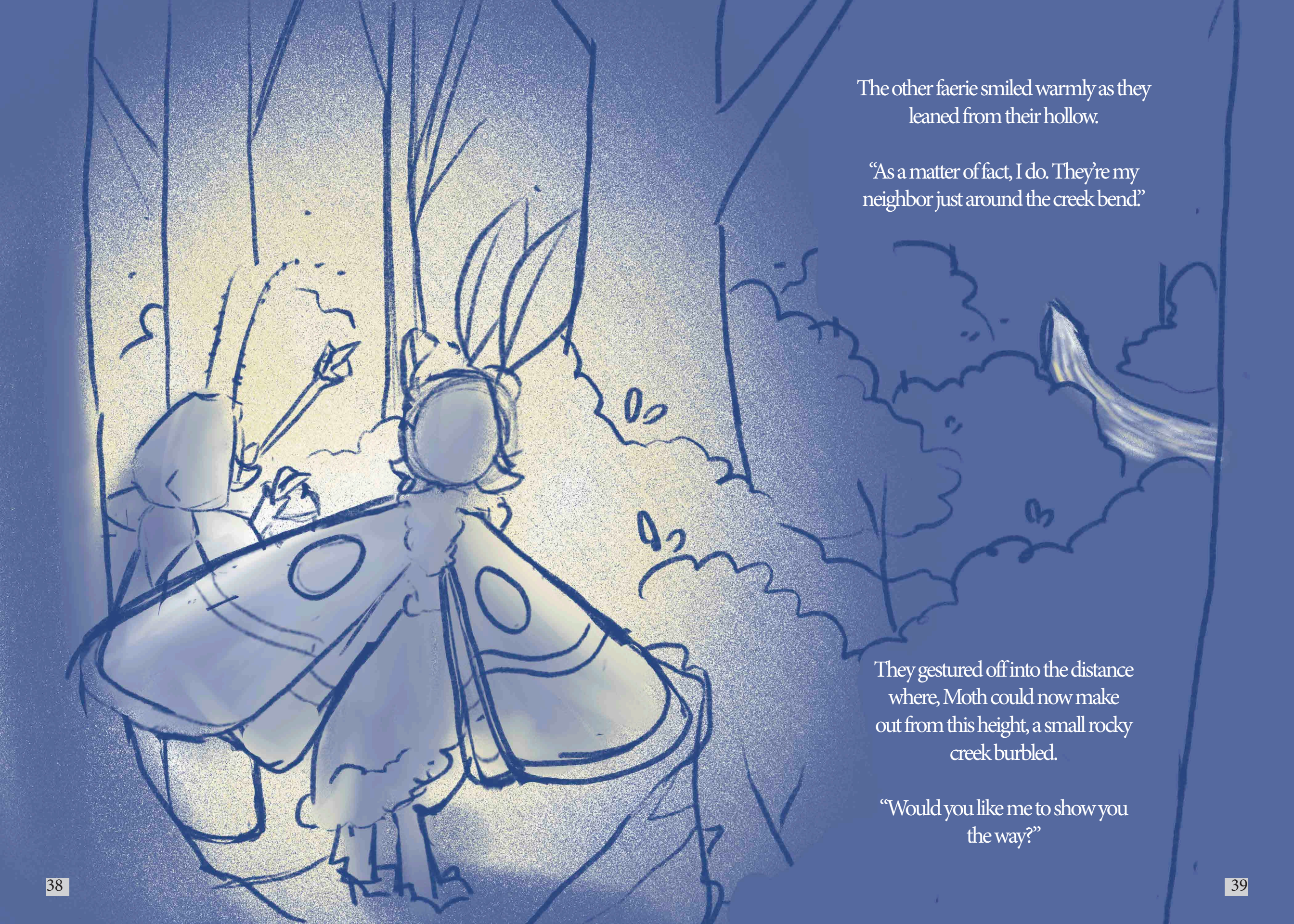
“Yes! It seems that I’ve gotten myself quite turned around, you see. I’m supposed to be delivering a hatching day surprise to a Mx. Spider in the area.”



Moth bashfully shifted their wings as they withdrew from their bag the parcel, upon which ‘Mx. Spider’ was delicately inked.



“You wouldn’t happen to know the way to their hollow, would you?”




The other faerie smiled warmly as they
leaned from their hollow.

“As a matter of fact, I do. They’re my
neighbor just around the creek bend.”

They gestured off into the distance
where, Moth could now make
out from this height, a small rocky
creek burred.

“Would you like me to show you
the way?”



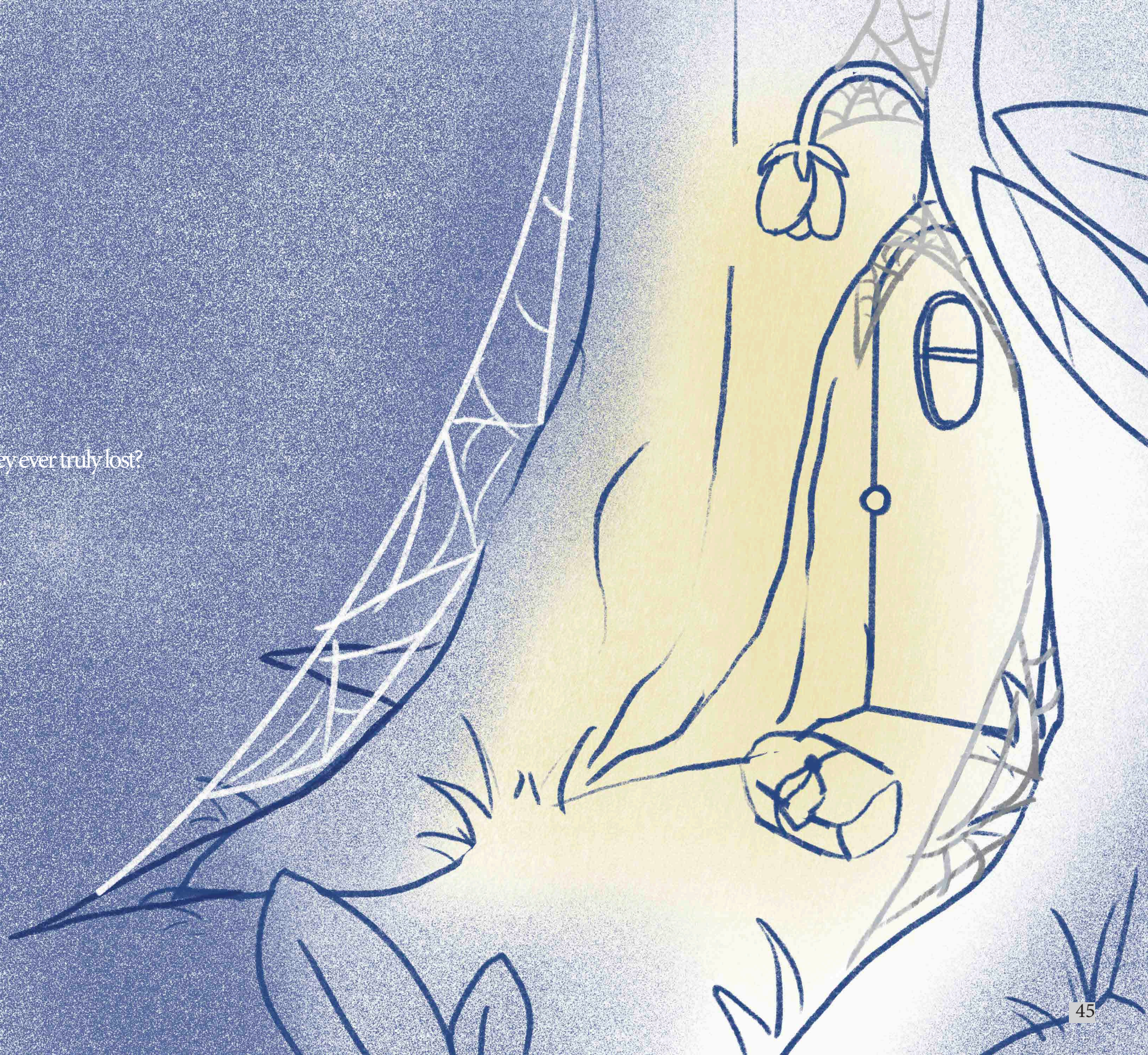
“That’d be wonderful! I’m
Moth, by the way!”

“Firefly, it’s a pleasure
to meet you.”

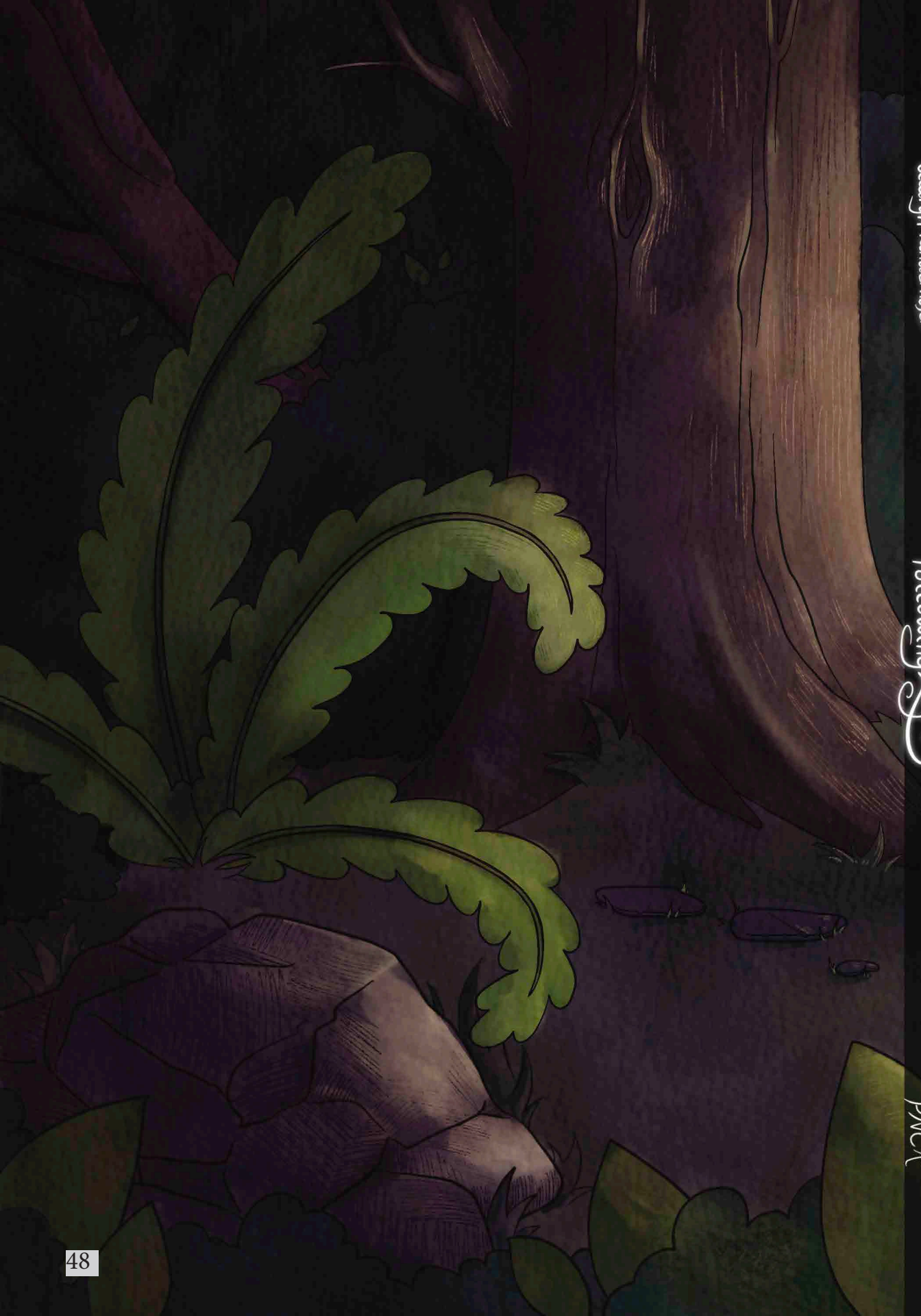


Because as long as Moth
can find a light to follow,

are they ever truly lost?







Forest

Forest

Forest