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Favian the Ignorant

By: Maximus Escobedo

In a land not too unlike ours, there once lived a man named Favian. Favian was a wise and formidable man, known across the lands for his remarkable abilities. Businesses big and small would hire him for a time to do the work of a hundred men, and he did so with utmost efficiency.

One day, Favian was hired to cut down a forest for a small business that wanted to expand its domain. When he arrived at the forest, he began to realize that he had not seen any wildlife, except for a pair of crows who sat perched on a tree above him, watching idly.

He then quickly got back to work; however, as he first swung his axe, he heard a voice: “Excuse me? Excuse me!”

He turned around to see the sight of an elegant and beautiful woman with ginger hair and a beautiful light green dress covered with a wide assortment of flowers.

“You are about to tear down my home!” she said in a steady tone.

“Forgive me, madam. I did not know there were still some that dwelled in this forest. I was only hired to cut this forest down for a business to expand here,” said Favian.

The woman told him her name was Autumn. As they continued to converse, Favian fell deeply in love with Autumn.

“Beautiful Autumn, I beg you to become my wife, and if you do, I shall cherish you and spoil you with my riches forever,” said Favian.

Autumn was taken aback at first, but she could not help but also acknowledge his charming personality, so she accepted. He told her he would give her a week to pack up her things from the forest and that he’d be back to pick her up for her new life.

That week, Favian was hired by another business to operate at a chemical production plant on a beach. When he arrived at the beach, his senses were bombarded. The salty smell of the ocean, the sounds of the waves crashing against the sand, the bright and timid sun reflecting over the ocean’s surface—it was one of the most beautiful sights he had ever seen. As he began walking to the building, the two crows from the forest arrived.

“Braaaaawk! Leave, leave, leave at once! If you harm this ocean, you will harm all that is precious to you!” the first crow cried.

“Braaaaawk! Stay, stay, stay, you must! Remember all that is precious to you comes from your work!” the second crow argued.

Favian ignored the calls of the first bird and said, "Quiet, you crazy crows! You interfere with my work!"

Favian then swayed his arm to intimidate the birds as they flew away. As Favian operated the factory, he did not realize that all the chemical byproduct was being dumped onto the beach and the ocean. After his work was finished, Favian witnessed a horrendous sight. The once rich and beautiful beach was now a toxic wasteland with chemicals spread all over, killing much of the ocean life. Favian shrugged it off, knowing that he would be getting paid soon. He then returned to the forest, where he found his beloved Autumn collapsed, her skin wrinkled and withering.

He asked her, “My love, what has happened to your beautiful skin?”

“It is only an illness, dear,” she responded.

He was worried about her health and allowed her another week to recover and pack her things. During this week, Favian was hired to watch over and tend to a group of neighboring farmers’ crop fields while they were on vacation. When he arrived, the birds arrived once again.

“Braaaaawk! Leave, leave, leave at once! If you harm these fields, you will harm all that is precious to you!” the first crow cried.

“Braaaaawk! Stay, stay, stay, you must! Remember all that is precious to you comes from your work!” the second crow argued.

Favian ignored the calls of the first bird and said, “Again with you crazy crows? Leave me be! You interfere with my work!”

He swayed his arm again, intimidating the birds as they flew away.

To make his job easier, Favian used high quantities of pesticides on the vegetation. While this kept the critters away from the farmers' produce, it killed much of the nearby wildlife and environment, turning the sky gray. After his work was done, he returned to the forest where his beloved stayed. When he arrived, he found her collapsed yet again. This time, there were cracks in her chest, and she had a vile wheeze.

He sprinted to her and asked, “My love, what is the matter? Why do you have cracks on your chest and wheeze so horribly?”

“It is just an illness, dear,” she responded.

“I have extended your time here too long; I will take you to a village nearby where you will stay so I can finish my work,” Favian said.

After he returned from the nearby village, he got straight to work cutting down the forest. When he got to the last tree, the crows arrived once again. This time, the second crow landed on his shoulder.

“Look, look, look what you have done! You have destroyed the environment; you have harmed what is most important to you!” the first crow cried.

“All I have done is work to get paid; that is most important to me,” Favian responded.

The second crow stayed silent.

“Your wife is in great danger because of what you’ve done!” the first crow argued.

Favian finally realized what the bird had warned him about: every time he poisoned and attacked the earth, he harmed his beloved Autumn. He sprinted as fast as he could to find his wife, but when he arrived at the village, it was too late. All that remained of Autumn was the assortment of flowers from her dress. Favian felt nothing but remorse in his heart. If only he had listened to that crazy crow. In that moment, Favian vowed to restore the environment he had destroyed, as a final act of love for Autumn. He then made a grave for the memory of her, where he placed her flowers on top. He wept over the flowers for days, weeks, years. One day, after the environment started to flourish once again, a small sapling sprouted from her grave. The end.