Whenever there was a storm, the animals of the Enchanted Forest ran, frightened, to hide, fearful of the bolts of lightning and the terrifying thunder. However, one day the storm came on so quickly that almost no one had the time to reach their hideout and, just when they were most frightened, some of the animals saw a tiny little light appear from out of the trees, coming from a spot where a bolt of lightning had just hit.

The little light was jumping and joyfully and excitedly crying out. All the animals watching ran over to see who this mad being could be, a being would could be happy in the middle of a storm.

And so it was that they met the very first of the Spark Wizards, which were tiny little beings that shone intensely all over, as if they had somehow managed to swallow a star. Flint, as this Spark Wizard was known, turned out to be very nice and very charming, and when they asked him how he could be so joyful in the middle of such a ferocious storm, he replied with surprise:

-“But why wouldn’t I be happy when I’ve just escaped after two thousand years?”

He went on to explain how, thousands of years ago, the Dark Wizard had captured all the Spark Wizards and imprisoned them inside some big black clouds where he forced them to work as his slaves. It was almost impossible to escape that prison, but now and again, some of those clouds would collide, and with that impact little tufts of cloud would break off, allowing a Spark Wizard to escape. Each time one escaped it would leap out with such eagerness that its trail of light would illuminate the whole sky, and produce what we know as a lightning bolt. Not long after such an escape, the Dark Wizard would realise what had happened and would grumble furiously about it and beat the clouds in frustration. His cries were filled with anger, and this is why rolls of thunder boom so strongly around the skies.

Excited at Flint’s story, those animals were never again frightened at the storms and the thunder. Instead, when the sky began to cover with black clouds, all the animals would gather at the big rock, where they could get the best view of the storm. There they would applaud and cheer each time a little Spark Wizard managed to escape the clutches of the Dark Wizard. Even better, each time the Dark Wizard came out with one of his angry grumbles of protest, the animals would answer him with a chorus of boos and jeers.