

A WET JUNE WALK

A New Anorak for Ottoline

A SHORT HISTORY OF FAIRIES

New Outfits Revealed
Inside



THE KINDNESS PAPERS

JUNE

25.06.2025

**“THE WORLD IS FULL OF MAGIC THINGS,
PATIENTLY WAITING FOR OUR SENSES
TO GROW SHARPER.”
- W.B YEATS**

Midsummer came in with a blaze and left with a bang—the hottest day of the year followed by a rolling, rattling thunderstorm that seemed to shake the season into turning. For a moment, the world stood still in its fullness: foxgloves rang their purple bells, grasses shimmered with bees, and light lingered far past supper.

At CoolCrafting, we’ve always been drawn to the hush and hum of this time of year—a moment poised between brightness and descent. As W.B. Yeats wrote, “The world is full of magic things, patiently waiting for our senses to grow sharper.” And there’s been no shortage of magic this June, from petal to pattern, thundercloud to thread.

We’re closing the month with something special—Nicholas Ball is returning to teach at CoolCrafting HQ, bringing his brilliantly freeing improv quilting style. There’s a kind of enchantment in the way he works—no strict patterns, just rhythm, instinct, and the joy of making. We can’t wait to see what unfolds.



A WET JUNE WALK

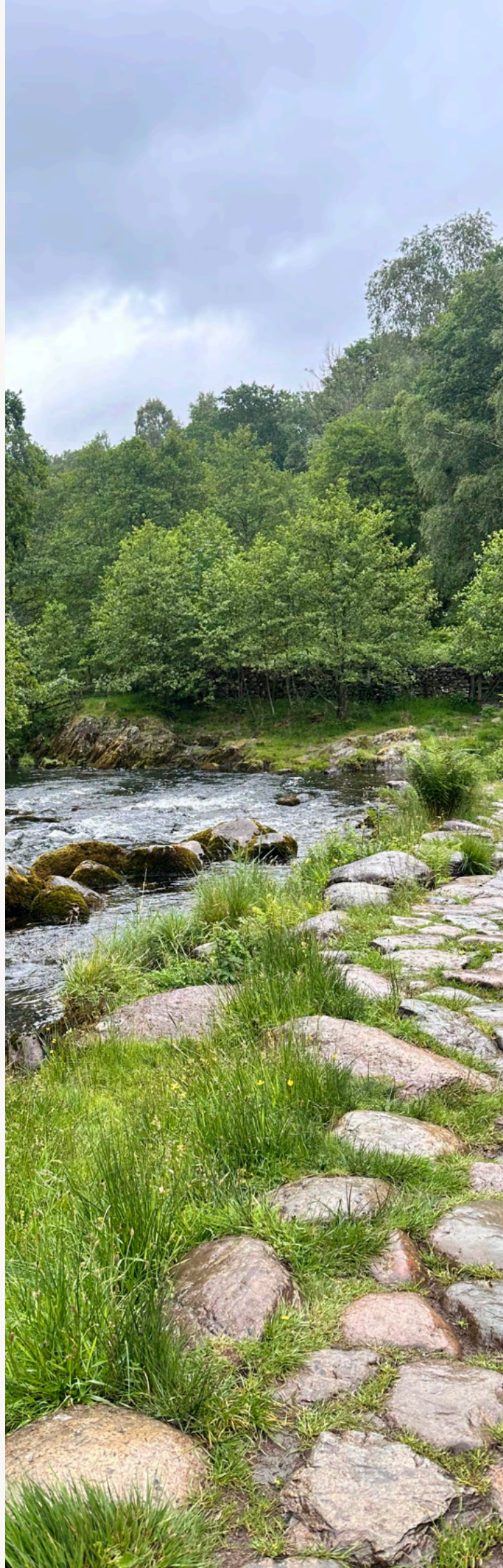
From Grasmere to Ambleside and back again.

It's a wet June morning in Grasmere, one of those Lake District days when it feels like the rain is playing tricks and arriving all at once in loose handfuls from the sky, then stopping the second you zip up your coat. We shrug in and out of our waterproofs, herons adjusting our wings, and declare (not for the first time) that we should have brought an umbrella.

We start, as every good Grasmere day does, at Sam Read's bookshop, a place that smells of paper and the possibility of finding a book that will change you. A quick browse becomes quiet ceremony—maps leafed through, postcards purchased, novels slipped into bags, they are worth the extra weight in your backpack.

Outside, the air smells of warm stone and wet bracken, green and grey braided together. We loop around the village, pausing to peer up driveways and through hedges at grand old houses with names like Lakeside and The Gables, each one conjuring its own imaginary life: a studio window catching morning light, a dog in the hallway, a breakfast table laden with toast.

We join the lake path, where Grasmere gleams under the grey sky like a forgotten coin. The surface of the water dappled by rain. Geese honk softly, encircled by fuzzy goslings that peep and paddle in the shallows. We skim stones—not far, but enough to feel the pleasing plip.



Halfway round, a sudden downpour chases us into the shelter of a wide-branched oak. Its limbs arc above us like cathedral beams. We wait there, not speaking much, listening instead. Rain on leaf, rain on hood, the hush of water making everything feel closer, smaller, held.

The path from Grasmere to Rydal winds beside the river. The flagstones are slick underfoot, and the river rushes—brown and wild with yesterday's rain—just beside us. Here, everything is loud: the chatter of water, the rattle of leaves, the occasional startled flight of a blackbird from the undergrowth. We walk single file, bracken fronds brush against us like partygoers in a packed bar, sipping on the petrichor air.

The climb up to Rydal Cave is a little steep but steady, gravel crunching underfoot. The cave itself is alive with noise—children in bright rain suits yelling echo, echo, echo to the roof and back again. We hop the stepping stones and lean forward to watch the water at our feet churn with tiny fish. They move as one, shifting in clouds and spirals, silver in the dark.

Down again, down the rocky slope where a mountain biker blurs past in a shock of motion, helmet bright against the green. Then it's easier going, a gentle road that follows the river all the way to Ambleside. The sounds soften—water burbling, birds singing unseen in the canopy. The rain is gentler now, more suggestion than certainty.

In Ambleside, pizza—hot and doughy, stringy with cheese—is eaten with cold fingers and damp cuffs. We sit near the window, watching passersby shake rain from their jackets, faces ruddy and content.

And then, the 555 bus back to Grasmere. We sit up top, near the front, the world spilling past in green streaks: hedges, fields, sheep with their heads down in grass. The journey is short but all the sweeter from the warmth of food and the ache in our legs. We watch the rain move across the fells and think about fish, and echoes, and how many little changes there might be next time we return.







Ottoline's April Showers
Anorak

Make Me £11.00
Remake £6.00

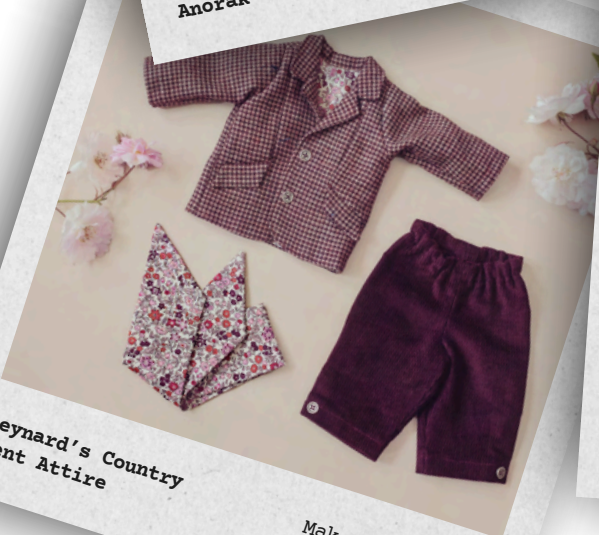
Freyas Opera Outfit

Make Me £24.00
Remake £16.00



The Queen of The Fairies
Outfit

Make Me £35.00
Remake £25.00



Reynard's Country
Gent Attire

Make Me £22.00
Remake £15.50

Bring it back!

Some things are too good to stay gone for long. **Ottoline's Anorak** returns, this time in a soft off-white scattered with the tiniest floral, like a wildflower field in miniature. The fabric is also available by the metre, in case you dream of a matching coat and puddle suit. **Freyas Opera Outfit** is back too, in both the lilac and gorgeous green you've been waiting for. There's something timeless about the cut and drape of this little ensemble, made for midsummer performances, whether on stage or in the garden. Our foxiest friend, **Reynard**, has finally found his way back into our sewing baskets. Now dressed in British tweed and Liberty, he is even more dapper than before. And last but certainly not least, the **Moon Hare** steps into the spotlight in her **Queen of the Fairies** finery. Available in the original green and three brand-new colourways, this is our most intricate outfit to date—fit for moonlit revels and midsummer dreams. You'll find her in all her splendour, just overleaf. Some stories are worth telling more than once.



A SHORT HISTORY OF

Fairies

When we think of fairies today, we might picture something soft and winged: Tinkerbell, perhaps, or the delicate creatures in Cicely Mary Barker's *Flower Fairies* (I'm especially fond of the Dogwood Fairy). These childhood companions are sweetened versions of much older beings—ones who belong to shadow, stone, and storm.

The fairies of British folklore are nothing like the Disneyfied sprites of picture books. They are older than memory, wilder than myth, and woven deep into the limestone and chalk of this land. They dwell in hearths, hollows, mists, and lochs. Their moods shift like weather; they may bless or blight, depending on how they're approached.

The word "fairy" (also fae, fay, or faerie) finds its root in the Middle English faerie, itself from the Latin fata—the Fates. The Italian fata, Portuguese fada, and Spanish hada all share the same ancestry. Across cultures and continents, the idea persists: otherworldly beings live beside us, just out of sight.

Fairies are most often described as human-like in appearance and full of magic. Though often depicted as diminutive, tales tell of them changing shape, growing to human size or shrinking to perch on a branch. In the Orkneys, they wear dark grey, armour glistening in moonlight. In many traditions, they fly—not with gossamer wings (a Victorian invention) but by magic, or riding ragwort stems or birds.

In Scottish lore, the fae are divided into two courts: the Seelie and the Unseelie. The Seelie are mischievous but may mean well, while the Unseelie are more sinister, delighting in harm. But both are dangerous if slighted, and both demand caution, respect, and a sharp eye.



A LITTLE GLOSSARY OF *Little Folk*

Tree Spirits

The Apple Tree Man of Somerset is the guardian spirit of the oldest tree in an orchard—keeper of its fertility and favour. In the far north, the Ghillie Dhu is a solitary green-clad fairy, dwelling among the birches of Scotland. And if you've walked through an Atlantic woodland, you've likely seen the shapes of old faces in bark, gnarled arms reaching out from ancient oaks—reminders that Ents may not be so far-fetched after all.



Boggarts & Bogles

These are the darker side of the fae. A boggart might haunt a marsh or an attic. It sours milk, tangles hair, and leads dogs astray. Some say a boggart is what a brownie becomes if angered. Give it a name, and it turns malevolent. If you're brave enough, a boggart is said to lurk still in a cave near Giggleswick, North Yorkshire.



Brownies, Hobs & Hobgoblins

Kindly, if temperamental, these are the helpful household spirits who sweep the hearth or finish your weaving while you sleep. The Brownies of folklore gave their name to the Brownies of the Girl Guides—young helpers learning the way. But don't cross them: forget to leave milk, fail to thank them, or offer clothes, and they'll vanish. Hobs may dwell in barns, under bridges, or travel between remote farms. Puck—Shakespeare's Robin Goodfellow—is the most famous hob of all, known for tricks and laughter that may turn cruel.



Fairy Dogs

The Black Dog, or Fairy Grimm, appears in nearly every county in Britain—except, intriguingly, Middlesex and Rutland. Black Shuck of East Anglia, the Barghest of Yorkshire, and the Gallytrot of Suffolk all warn of death or misfortune. Only a few, like the Gurt Dog of Somerset or the Capelthwaite of Westmorland, are known to protect humans, and even then, they are moody, wary creatures.

Water Spirits & Lurkers

Names like Jenny Greenteeth, Peg Powler, Nelly Longarms, and the Gindylow haunt pond edges and riverbanks, always waiting. Similar to Scottish kelpies, these beings lure the curious too close, then drag them under. If you ever see hands breaking the water's surface where none should be—run.



Wandering Lights

Will o' the Wisp, Jack-o'-Lantern, Fairy Light, Ignis Fatuus... These glowing orbs, seen over bog and moor, are either tricksters leading travellers astray or kindly spirits showing the way—depending on the tale. Best advice? Stay on the path, just in case.



Levi Lions Outfit

The fabrics have arrived and we are aiming for September!

Sneak Peak

at our mystery friend's new outfit,
we are aiming for festival of
quilts



Leopard Bramble

Everything you need

Bramble Bear is our beloved bigger bear - this time we have given them an exotic twist! The Leopard print boucle is available in two colours, this is the original but there is also a greyer version.

You Will Need:

- Instructions and Pattern for Bramble Bear.
- Third of a Meter of Leopard Boucle
- Optional Contrast Boucle or Wool Felt for Muzzle and Footpads.
- 2x Safety Eyes
- 4x Large buttons for joints.
- A lot of Toy Stuffing.





Please note: This discount code provides £2 off standard adult or concession tickets. It is not valid for use on Sunday 3rd August, VIP or Two Day tickets. This code expires at 11.59pm on 27th July 2025.

FIND US AT FESTIVAL

Join us at Festival of Quilts where you will find our carefully curated selection of indie patterns, gorgeous fabrics selected by Sarah Peel herself, plus Luna Lapin and her ever-growing cast of fabulous felt friends!

This year we are hoping to have all sorts of newness to tempt you, plus a new look stand!

Use Code **COOLCRAFTING** for £2 off standard adult or concession tickets.

Or enter our competition to win one of three pairs plus a £30 gift voucher by emailing us

(grace@coolcrafting.co.uk)

Guess the what sort of creature our new friend will be in with a chance of winning



Luna Lapin and many of her friends

Free Knitting Pattern

We have just added Sarah Peels' 2014 snood knitting pattern to the website. Search **Free Patterns** to find it!





Luna Lapin goes to work!

I asked our fantastic Facebook community to show off the Luna Lapin and Friends they had made with jobs or professions, here is just a handful of our Luna Workforce.

Aileen Cooper

Footballers for my grandsons last year - well loved.

Angela Reynolds

Astronaut

Shirley Wain

Flora as Miss Lapin, a teacher from yesteryear

Jill Moore

A chef was made for Jill's daughter.

Myra Davies

Doctor Otter was a doctor who was very kind during a difficult time.

Dawn Heneghan

An American soldier mouse



Tosh Mathlin

Luna as a tattooist

Nicky Ferkins

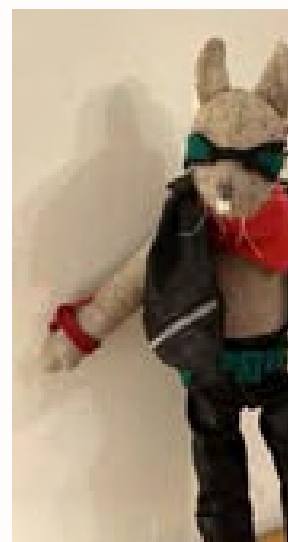
Alfie is a bit of a biker boy

Cathy Waite

An artist, Luna.

Jan Gaunt

'Biker Mice from Mars'! Here's one I made for my eldest.





Julie Garner

An RNLI volunteer made an appearance at a charity sale/auction. He also had last-minute wellies.

Linda Rudge

Nurse made for my daughter, who lost her battle with cancer in October last year.

Heather Estill

This is my Ziggy dressed as a biker for one of the coolcrafting competitions.

Rose Pelling

Introducing Warrant Officer Bowman Bear reporting for duty.

Zoe Quartermaine

Miss Prickles is a teacher, and she sometimes feels rather prickly when the children don't tidy up! She helps the Nursery kids talk it out and work out how to fix their friendship issues!

Beverley Denbigh

I made Alfie a decorator for my husband, Mike.

Katie Spindley

Luna, the lay reader, resides in Totnes.



Christine Allinson

Paramedic Luna

Zoë Veal

Luna's great-aunt Flora was a nurse during World War I.

Beverley Gray

I made a Luna for a doctor friend who was returning to India; she was given a copy of my uniform, a name badge, and a stethoscope.





Dena Allsop

Alfie is wearing his National Trust uniform at the property I work at.

Julie Sandrey

Team GB athlete and yoga instructor.

Jen Reynolds

I'm sure he's been here before, but just in case, may I introduce Flight Sergeant Loutres and family?

Mel Eltome

I made a first responder and a British motor racing marshal for a friend's grandchildren. I didn't make the high viz jacket, though, as I ran out of time.



If your submission didn't get published, I'm really sorry, I couldn't fit them all in. I tried to choose a variety of professions. If you want to see all of them, the post is pinned to the top of Luna Lapins Little World.

Share Your Good News with Luna's Community!

We love hearing from you, and there's nothing better than sharing a little joy! Whether it's a big milestone—like becoming a first-time parent or grandparent—or something small but mighty, like conquering a hill for the first time, rescuing a runaway pet, or finally perfecting that elusive soufflé, we want to celebrate with you.

Send your good news to grace@coolcrafting.co.uk with the subject line Good News or share it in the comments of the post on Luna Lapin's Little World. Remember, your stories will be shared with the whole community, so only send or post if you're comfortable with that.

While we won't be able to publish all the news (there's only so much space!), we'll try to include as many as we can. Let's continue 2025 by spreading kindness and celebrating each other's wonderful moments!