



Findel and Pomido

The Sea Dragon of Zephyra

Kevin Oscar White

By the same author published:

The king of Calex – The Necromancer

Findel and Pomido – The treasure of the mini-Ents

Upcoming:

Findel and Pomido – The Rat and the Raven

The king of Calex – The Dwarf

Findel and Pomido – The Sea Dragon of Zephyra

Author: Kevin Oscar White

Cover Design: Bruno Vergauwen; FACTS – Your Belgian Comic Con

ISBN hardcover: 9789083503677

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Year of first publication 2026

D/2026/De Meersman Kevin, Publisher

Graphic Design, Editing and Layout: Kevin De Meersman (Kevin Oscar White), Anne-Marie Steenhoudt

Foreword

Before we embark on the second journey to Silvaña, I would like to express my heartfelt thanks. My appreciation for the creation of this second book goes particularly to the entire FACTS team. Without the opportunity I was given to bring Findel and Pomido to life, their stories would never have flowed from my pen.

Additionally, I am immensely grateful for the ongoing support and feedback I have received so far. My thanks extend to all the readers who have embraced the nymphs in their hearts! The enthusiasm for magical tales that I have experienced from all of you has inspired me to write this new story about the adventures of Findel and Pomido.

I hope that with 'The Sea Dragon of Zephyra' you will continue to closely follow the events in Silvaña, and that each page will draw you deeper into this enchanting world. Findel, Pomido, and all the other creatures are eager to share their adventures and the magic of their world with you.

Let your imagination run free and discover the latest tale of our friends. Enjoy the wonders of Silvaña to the fullest! Together, we make this world just a little more magical!

Kevin

Chapter 1

Mrs Sprunge

In the park of the town where Mrs Sprunge lived, the first spring sun shone on a Wednesday afternoon. Warm rays of sunlight penetrated through the clouds and the leafy canopy of the tall trees. The delightful weather made winter coats unnecessary, resulting in many children playing in the park that day. Some children sat on a seesaw, others spun around on a merry-go-round, while still others built sandcastles. Shouts of joy filled the air as footballs flew back and forth and skipping ropes formed cheerful circles.

At the edge of the park, Mrs Sprunge sat on a bench enjoying the warmth of the sun on her face. Just as she opened a book, a boy of about nine or ten years approached her. He wore dark blue jeans and a green T-shirt with a polar bear on it. A thin black sports jacket hung from his shoulder, and he clutched a football under his arm. The constant chasing after his ball had caused beads of sweat to form on his forehead. After all that playing, the boy wanted to rest for a moment but couldn't immediately find a suitable spot. After looking around, his gaze fell on the bench where Mrs Sprunge sat. The cover of the book in her hands

piqued his curiosity. He stepped closer and asked, 'Hello, ma'am, may I ask what book you are reading?'

Mrs Sprunge looked up and closed her book. She didn't mind the boy asking her that question; she had read the book at least twenty times. 'This is a book about nymphs who live in Silvaña. Do you know that world?' she asked while looking at the boy attentively through her angular reading glasses.

The boy shook his head and kindly asked, 'What are nymphs, ma'am?' Meanwhile, he continued to stare at the cover, trying to read the title of the book.

Mrs Sprunge turned the book towards him so he could see the cover better. She pointed to a small creature in the illustration. 'These are nymphs. They have wings like a dragonfly and can fly very well. They are about the size of a cat and would come up to your knees if they stood next to you.'

The boy listened attentively and read the title of the book aloud: 'The... Sea Dragon... of... Zephyra.' With a questioning look, he turned back to the lady. Now he noticed her better, as her face had been mostly hidden behind the book until that point, and he could only see her reading glasses and blue headscarf. 'What is a sea dragon, ma'am? Is that the other creature in the illustration?' asked the boy.

Mrs Sprunge laughed broadly; her green eyes sparkled with joy, and her brightly flushed cheeks stood out even more in the

sunlight. She leaned back and asked, 'What's your name, dear? And where are your parents?'

'I'm Quinn, with two n's. What's your name, ma'am?'

'Well, you are quite curious, aren't you, Quinn with two n's! Good, I like that,' laughed Mrs Sprunge. 'My name doesn't matter for now. Can you walk over to your parents and tell them you're here? I wouldn't want them to worry. After that, I'd love to tell you more about Findel and Pomido, the two nymphs on the cover. If that's alright with you?'

Quinn nodded eagerly and turned around. He sprinted past a few trees, dashed through a sandpit, jumped over the plank of a seesaw, and called out to his parents from afar. When he reached them, he handed over his football and pointed to the spot where Mrs Sprunge was sitting. With many gestures, he explained that the lady had a book and wanted to tell him about it. He then asked if he could stay with her for a while. His parents nodded amiably, looked for the lady, and waved when they saw her. Mrs Sprunge enthusiastically waved back. Immediately afterwards, Quinn dashed back to the bench.

'They're... fine... with it...' said Quinn, panting from the short sprint back to the bench.

'Look at that, already an audience,' murmured Mrs Sprunge. She showed Quinn the cover of the book again and pointed with her finger at a forest nymph. 'So... this is a forest nymph from Silvana. He is the smallest of the two, he is a boy and his name is

Findel.' Mrs Sprunge shifted her finger to the other nymph. 'And this is Pomido, and she is a girl. Together they really have the wildest adventures. By the way, I read the story to my own grandchildren not long ago. They are about your age. Maybe they are in your school? Peter and Fiona. Brother and sister. Do you know them? No?'

Quinn shook his head and sat down in the grass. 'Is the creature that's with the nymphs a sea dragon, ma'am? Does the story involve that creature?' he asked.

'Oh, come and sit next to me,' replied Mrs Sprunge when she saw Quinn sitting in the grass. She patted the empty space beside her. Quinn accepted her invitation and sat cross-legged on the bench. 'The little creature in the illustration is indeed a sea dragon. It is an animal that lives only in the Sea of Zephyra. And you're right, this is the sea dragon that the story is about. But... since you're so curious... would you like me to read a bit from the story? Then you'll find out exactly what it's about. We may not be able to read everything, but we can certainly get through a few chapters. What do you think?'

Quinn smiled and nodded vigorously a few times. When Mrs Sprunge saw this, she excitedly said, 'Oh! Wonderful. Not just any audience, but indeed a very enthusiastic one! Alright then. Here we go.' She settled herself a bit more comfortably, rested her arm on the armrest of the bench, held the book in front of her, and read the title one last time: 'Findel and Pomido – The Sea Dragon of Zephyra.'

Chapter 2

The dream of Naiade

In the Eryn forest, in the south of the magical land of Silvaña, it was gradually getting dark. The forest nymphs of Eryn were slowly preparing for the night. Some nymphs lit their forest lamps, others were diligently working in their little kitchens, while others were putting the very smallest to bed. Here and there, some murmuring could still be heard, but soon all the lanterns were extinguished one by one, and silence fell over the woods.

Deep in the forest, in a hut that was somewhat isolated, a nymph was sleeping very restlessly. It was Naiade, the witchy forest nymph. Naiade was known throughout Eryn and beyond. As a witch nymph, she could brew magical potions and prepare wondrous salves. She even made sweets and cookies that allowed one to speak with any animal. In short, she had remedies for everything the nymphs of Eryn needed her for. However, for a nymph, Naiade looked a bit strange: she had large, round eyes; she wore small mushrooms on her head and had a few bumps on her face. And, oh yes, before I forget, unlike all the other nymphs, this witchy nymph could also rhyme fantastically well!

That evening, Naiade lay in a deep, tumultuous sleep. She had a nightmare and slept so restlessly that she broke out in a sweat. As she continued to sleep, the nymph struggled against what was happening in her dream. She kicked and thrashed with her arms and legs, without waking up.

In her dream, the nymph suddenly heard a voice: 'Naiade... Remember... Remember your own past...' Meanwhile, Naiade continued to toss, turn, stamp, and kick. The voice in her head grew louder: 'Naiade... Only you... can remember it....' This went on until it felt like someone was standing right next to her. 'Naiade! Seek the memory! Now!' she heard in her head.

At that moment, Naiade shot awake and sat up at the edge of her hammock. She looked around, searching for the source of the voice, but there was no one nearby.

'Wicked dreams! They keep on coming, it seems!' the nymph cried out in panic. Naiade pondered for a moment while sitting at the edge of her hammock, but then made a decision: 'I must see King Silvius! This is becoming serious! Yes yess, I must see him. Perhaps it's an omen, fearfully grim?'

Naiade sprang out of her hammock, grabbed her walking stick, and ran with large strides towards the entrance of her hut. While doing so, she quickly reached for a firefly that was flying above her. In the hut of the witchy nymph, at least twenty fireflies were buzzing around, and she cautiously placed one of them on the top of her walking stick. She held the stick closer to her mouth and whispered, 'Flicker, will you help me with your

light? With you coming along, I can improve my sight! The firefly seemed to understand her immediately. Flicker landed carefully on the tip of Naiade's walking stick and remained there.

As soon as the nymph stood in the doorway, she spread her wings and took flight. She held her stick out in front of her, using the light from the firefly to navigate through the darkness. She wanted to get to King Silvius as quickly as possible. But just after leaving her hut, the nymph was startled by a shrill voice: 'She's flying away! Grab her!'

Surprised and frightened, Naiade immediately pointed her walking stick towards the source of the sound. At the forest floor, she saw some rats jumping up and down. The rats were trying to grab her but couldn't quite reach her. Once she realised they wanted to catch her, she began to fly higher and faster.

A little later, she heard in the distance behind her, 'RUN! NOW!' At that moment, the pounding and thundering sound of two large paws striking the ground hard grew closer. She sensed a massive shape charging towards her. The creature following her effortlessly broke branches from trees to reach her. However, Naiade skilfully continued flying between the thick trunks until she saw the Erynaya rising in the distance, the tallest tree in the Eryn forest.

When Naiade felt that the large creature was beginning to catch up with her, she grasped her walking stick by the top and

shouted to the firefly: 'Flicker, you must help me. Find Findel, quickly! Fly, fly, fly, he'll help swiftly!' Then Naiade dropped her walking stick and flew even faster between the last trees.

The entrance to the Erynaya was drawing closer, but the thundering of the large creature behind her was also growing louder. Just before she was about to fly into King Silvius's hut, she was suddenly grabbed by two large claws. The bright red eyes of the monster glowed in the dark, and a hairy toe muffled her mouth, preventing her from making any sound. A growling, gnashing, and biting noise echoed from the jaws of the great beast. Naiade jolted back and forth in the creature's grip. The nymph struggled with all her strength to break free from the hold of the paw, but it was useless.

Then Naiade heard the same voice again from the depths of the forest: 'BACK!' The creature that held her obeyed and turned around. It retreated into the dense underbrush. After the monster had followed the destroyed path back for a short distance, she heard the eerie voice one last time: 'Good... FOLLOW!' With large strides, the creature followed the other rats that were scurrying along the forest floor.

Naiade felt that she could resist no longer and at that moment lost consciousness. The witchy nymph had been captured, and no one else in the Eryn forest had seen or heard it.

Chapter 3

Flicker

As soon as Naiade's walking stick hit the ground, Flicker broke free and flew deeper into the Eryn forest. In the dead of night, her small point of light was the only thing still visible. The firefly flitted from one nymph hut to another. Cautiously, Flicker flew through the windows, hovered briefly in the rooms before flying back outside.

After a while, Flicker noticed a large, thick tree with a hut built within it that looked somewhat different from all the other huts. The firefly gently glided up the trunk, searching for a window through which it could fly inside.

However, the hut that Flicker entered had no kitchen and only one room. Unlike the other huts, there were no hammocks; none of that. A small table, some toys, a large forest model, and a few chairs were the only things present in the hut. Scattered across the floor were various drawings depicting several nymphs and other creatures.

The firefly hovered over each drawing and examined them one by one. Suddenly, Flicker paused at a sheet of paper on

which a nymph and a small wooden figure were drawn. Above the wooden figure were the letters TRI in large print. Above the drawing of the nymph, there were more letters.

The firefly hopped from one letter to the next and read the name of the nymph, thanks to the light emitted from its body: first an F, then an I, an N, D, E, and finally, an L. It was a drawing of FINDEL! The forest nymph Flicker was looking for!

The little insect jumped for joy in the air and buzzed enthusiastically with its tiny wings. Findel might be nearby! Then Flicker flew back and forth around the tree, going in and out a few times. But no matter where the little insect searched, Findel was nowhere to be found. Eventually, Flicker decided to wait and continue the search for the forest nymph at the first light of dawn. She settled on the drawing, extinguished her light, and patiently waited until the following morning.