

The Corgi Legend: As Told by a Pembroke Himself

I shall reveal to you a Corgi legend known by heart that is passed down from generation to generation of Corgi families. I've noticed that it has become well known among humans, and no longer a secret among Corgis, so I shall tell the people for whom the legend has remain unknown. The tale dates back way before the date the humans have placed on us, though the exact time I am not sure of, neither the exact place, for the story has become blurred over the ages...

It all begins with the faerie folk. They lived in the woodlands of Wales and spent a happy time wandering the forests. Though their delicate wings could not take them very fast, and they became lazy about traveling long distance, so they decided to create a fast steed of which they could ride upon. So after much hard work and deep thinking, they came upon a perfect solution, the dwarf dog. The dwarf dog had the physical characteristics of a fox, but not it's sly personality, for later the faerie folk found out that this dog could not only travel by fast speed, but was also a loyal, and pleasant creature. When the faeries weren't riding their dwarf dogs, they would send them among the children to play, and even watch over them.

One day while riding upon their dwarf dogs, the Queen and the King of the Faeries spotted mortal humans, doing hard and rough work just to keep themselves and their families alive, for the people they spotted were poor farm hands, working on the land. Distracted by this, the King of the Faeries fell off his steed, and the Queen rushed off hers to save him. The dwarf dogs, which were actually puppies, not knowing that the royalty had fallen, ran off, thinking everything was fine. By the time the Queen had revived her fallen husband, the puppies were out of sight, and the king and queen had not the speed to catch up to them. "What shall we do? Our dwarf dogs will certainly get lost among the land. We must organize a search at once!" Announced the king. But the Queen comforted him, saying, "You must not worry. We have lost but two dwarf dogs, which we only used for our pleasure, but these dogs will soon be lost no longer, for they will be found by mortals more needing of them than us."

After awhile the pups became lost, and wandered into a hollow. Not having a care in the world, the working dogs started to play together, and had a delightful time. They did not even notice two poor mortal children watching them play. After awhile of watching, the children picked them up, and carried them home, happy with what they found. When the farmer men came home and saw the dwarf dogs the children found, they smiled. One man explained to the children that these were gifts given to them by the faeries. The people did not know a proper name for these creatures, so they called them Corgis, the ancient Welsh word for dwarf dogs. The Corgis worked on the farm with such means, herding cows and the like, that they became loved and cherished among the folk of Wales, and hundreds of years later loved by the world. Do you doubt this tale? Just look on our backs, and you'll see the faerie saddle from which the Woodland Faeries rode.