

# *Rescue Fairies*

BY

CHRISTINA M. PAGÈS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

Fairies live inside my garden –  
I have to look closely to see their faces,  
and sometimes they hide in a candlelight glow.  
See them?  
Look hard, and you'll see them peeping.  
There's my unicorn in the field too.

Mum and Dad say I'm just "seeing things."  
Well, of course I see *things*!  
Why wouldn't I when magic's everywhere to see?



Fairies like our cherry trees best.  
They love the feel of soft pink cushions  
and no-one can find them up there.  
They try to hide in the branches  
but I see them anyway.

Oh no! A baby fairy's about to fall!  
Perhaps she's forgotten about her wings?  
Never mind, her Mummy's there to catch her.



Sometimes in the early morning,  
when I don't have school,  
I tiptoe into the flowerbeds and hide.  
I don't think I'm supposed to  
because I might trample on a flower,  
but that's when I see all the fairies,  
snuggled into flowers, or resting on a leaf.  
I'm always very very quiet, so they don't know I'm there.  
Look! There's a baby fairy at the back of the garden with her Mum!



Later, when the morning sun shines his happy face  
and shouts to all the fairies to wake up,  
I creep through our gate to the field  
and watch the fairies dance.  
They look so happy!  
And there's my unicorn again!  
I wonder what his name is.  
Perhaps he'll whisper it to me,  
and if it's not a secret,  
I'll tell you. But you have to wait.



This morning, from upstairs, I see my Mum in the field.  
She loves flowers, so she's picking some for the house.  
I should run down and tell her to shake the fairies out  
before she carries them inside,  
but I'm not dressed yet and I don't have time.  
Sam, our pet rabbit, is watching her –  
He's a bit naughty sometimes and tries to eat flowers.  
Mum and I yell at him if he does that.  
But he's looking quite nice and polite today.  
What do you think?



Mum made a beautiful bouquet to put in her window.  
But I'm worried. Are there baby fairies  
sleeping inside those cut flowers?  
Can you see any?  
When they wake up and know  
they're trapped inside the house  
they'll cry. I know they will.

I have to go to school now  
so I can't look inside Mum's picked flowers,  
but sure enough, that night,  
when the moon is climbing between the trees  
and I'm about to get in bed,  
I hear tiny squeaks from the cut flowers.  
The moon's not happy about it either.  
Can you see the frown on his face?



Now I hear tapping on the window.  
I know what's happening –  
Fairies are coming to the rescue.  
I see their candlelight from my window –  
I bet they're beating their wings  
as fast as they can.  
One of them is just leaving the garden,  
I hope she gets here soon!



They're peering through the glass  
at crying babies who can't *stand* being inside walls.  
They need space and the sky!

Gosh! I'm so relieved when the rescuers  
are brave enough to fly inside the room  
and fold their arms around the babies.  
Carry them back to the garden. Quick!



The moon has a smile now. See?  
And an important-looking fairy is chanting:  
*One, two, three... four more babies to set free!*  
I counted seven of them altogether.  
How many did you count?

They're all back in the garden now,  
and my fairy family is happy again!



Guess what happened the next morning?  
Mum was out in the garden  
and she found a rescue fairy's hat.  
He must have dropped it from the window.  
She didn't quite believe her eyes,  
but then a dove flew over  
and dropped the fairy's green shoe  
onto the same bush.  
Now why did the dove do that?  
Perhaps so the fairy could find it next to his hat?

The fairies love Mum's flowers so much -  
I bet they want her to believe in them;  
perhaps she'll get Dad to believe too.  
I don't think they'll feel so tired  
if they're seeing magic wherever they go.

When you feel tired, just look outside.  
Even if you don't have a garden,  
everything alive is magical, even the sky.



So don't have school today,  
so I'll go for a walk in the field.  
Mum, Dad and Farmer Corp say  
I can pick just a few flowers for my room.  
I don't know which ones to choose.



Oh! Here's a huge pink one – my favorite color!  
I'll snip its stem first, then give it an upside-down shake.  
My gosh! Look! A baby fairy just tumbled out!  
She's cute! And she told me her name!  
(I'll tell you later).  
Oh good! There's her Mum coming to fetch her!

It's okay Mummy fairy,  
there's no way I'm going to trap your baby  
and shut her away from you and the garden.  
Just think of her being without her tree-friends,  
animal-friends, butterfly, bird and bee-friends!



So please, please, please, everyone,  
remember to give picked flowers  
a little upside-down shake  
before you take them inside!  
(but not so hard you hurt the flower petals).

And now, that you read the whole story,  
I'll tell you my unicorn's name,  
but don't tell everyone.

His name is Joseph! Shhhhhhh.

And the baby fairy who dropped out of my flower is Twinky.  
I don't know the name of the other baby fairy  
who was falling out of the tree –  
maybe she's called Mischief because she often gets into trouble?

Happy Fairy-Garden everyone!

