

FAIRY FOLK FABLES

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by Sonja Nicholson

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THE FLOWER FAIRIES AND GARDEN GNOMES

At the bottom of the garden
Where hardly anybody goes
Are the homes of the Flower Fairies
And the little Garden Gnomes.

To the happy Flower Fairies
Work is as much fun as play,
As they set about to do their chores
Painting flowers every day.

One day Arum fairy
Was touching up a lily pad,
When up jumped a frog and gave her
The biggest fright she'd ever had.

With an almighty "splash"
She fell into the water;
Freddy saw what happened
And quickly swam and caught her.

Down-hearted and bedraggled,
She dragged herself onto the side,
And thought she'd have to lie there
Until her wings had dried.

Just then Dipsy Dragonfly,
Who was doing her morning rounds,
Looked down and saw poor Arum
Wet and weary on the ground.



She flew down to her little friend
And lifted her carefully,
Then quickly Dipsy carried her
Safely home in time for tea.

Back at Arum's toadstool
Her fairy wings quickly dried
As she sat sipping tea with Dipsy
By the fireside.

Arum thanked her friend
For kindly helping her that day,
And with a wink and a smile
Dipsy quickly flew away.

Poor Arum caught a head cold,
So Dipsy came to stay.
She helped her friend to do her chores
And kept her company that day.

Freddy brought some flowers,
Daisy baked a cake.
Feeling better, Arum noticed
The difference friends could make.

A little bit of kindness shown
Can go a long, long way
To make a friend feel better
On a not so happy day!



PETER PURPLE'S WISH

After a long, hard day at work
Peter trudged home wearily;
He quickly ate his dinner
Then took some cookies and his tea.

He climbed up on his toadstool roof
And lay down with a sigh,
Then gazed with awe and wonder
At the stars in the night sky.

They dazzled in the Heavens
And Mr. Moon shone bright;
Mr. Sun had gone to bed
To return at morning light.

Peter climbed down from the roof,
Changed and washed his hands;
Soon he was fast asleep
With Sandman in dreamland.

He dreamt of Mr. Sun
And the warmth of his glowing light,
And of the stars and Mr. Moon
Who look down on us at night.

The stars winked down at Peter,
Mr. Moon gave a sleepy smile,
Mr. Sun would bring the new day
In just a little while.



Instead of an ugly caterpillar,
What now stood before Greg Green,
Was the most beautiful butterfly
That he had ever seen.

The spots upon her lovely wings
Were as white as the purest milk,
And their velvety touch against his skin
As soft as the finest silk.

She slowly unfurled her wings
For the wind and sun to dry;
Then with a smile on her lovely face
She flew into the sky.

Gregory and Zillah
Are now the best of friends
And he has learnt not to judge a person
By appearances again.

Money nor fame matters,
The color of a person is only skin deep,
A person who sees your true worth
Is the type of friend who you should keep.

If you want a true friend,
I'll tell you where to start,
Do not look on the outside,
But look into their hearts!