

Wispa



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CHAPTER ONE

Meeting Wispa

A new family had just moved in to a little house, on top of a hill. The house had a white picket fence, with a garden, a big peach tree and a pond. The family belonged to a little girl called Clair. Clair was lonely because all her friends lived near her old house, far away. One day Clair came home from school and saw a present sitting on her bed. RIP, RIP, RIP, went the paper as she opened the present. In the pretty wrapping sat a little wooden carving of a horse with a horn and wings. Clair picked it up, and a very strange thing happened.

WHAM; in a cloud of glittering dust, it came to life. The carving changed from stiff wood to a flying silver unicorn with a long soft mane and tail. The unicorn took off, flying around and around and around the room. Clair jumped up on her bed in fright.

“Hi,” said a small voice, “my name is Wispa.”

“W W what are you?” asked Clair, her voice trembling in fear.

“Please don't be afraid,” it said. “I'm your friend, the fairy's unicorn, sent here to watch over the child Fairy Princess.”

“What do you mean?” asked Clair.

“Once every Fairy Blue Moon, there is a special child picked out to be the Princess of the Fairies, and that is you,” explained Wispa.

Clair watched him as he flew above her head and sprinkled some glittering dust.



“ACHOO ACHOO,” she sneezed when some dust got up her nose.

Clair felt a funny tingling feeling in her fingers and toes and she began to get smaller and smaller, until finally she was no bigger than a mouse.

“Help, help,” she cried, and tried to run away, but her bed was so soft her feet kept sinking into the covers. Clair tripped and fell face first onto her blankets. Wispa flew down and nuzzled her hair with his soft velvety nose.

“HAHAHA, stop it.” laughed Clair. “That tickles.”

“I’m not going to hurt you,” said Wispa, blowing hot air out of his nostrils just like horses do. “Climb onto my back, and I will show you why I have made you small.”

Clair climbed onto the unicorn's back. Wispa took a practice flight around the room, making sure the little girl was holding onto his long silky mane.

“Hold tight,” yelled Wispa over his shoulder. Then suddenly out of the open window he flew. “I am your servant, my Princess, and your guide to Fairy Land whenever you wish. I will take you now, to meet the fairies.”

SWOOSH, Wispa and Clair landed in the garden, beneath the strong branches of the big old peach tree. With Clair on his back Wispa CLIPPITY CLOPPED along a pebble path, until he reached a miniature palace. The palace was made out of bright flower petals and hidden in long grass.

“WOW,” said Clair, when she saw water droplets shining on the Fairy Palace, like diamonds in the afternoon sun.



A breeze shook the peach tree, showering Wispa and Clair with pink blossoms.

“Look,” said Clair pulling Wispa's mane in excitement and pointing. A tiny person with wings like a butterfly walked out of the palace door and started to blow on a trumpet shaped flower.

“What's happening?” called Clair, over the noise.

“Just wait and see,” said Wispa, trying not to smile.

More fairies had started to come out of the Palace. Every one of them had bright beautiful wings and little matching dresses. Clair did as she was told and sat very still on Wispa's back, watching. The Fairy Queen with her gold crown, golden wings and long golden dress came up to Clair and smiled, showing perfect white teeth. A fairy with purple wings and a purple dress stood beside the Queen. She was holding a teeny weenie blue cushion, with a little crown just like the Queen's sitting on it.

“Clair is the child Princess of the fairies,” the Queen announced, placing the crown on Clair's head. “You have a room in the Palace and are free to come and go as often as you like.”

Still smiling, the Queen turned and faced all the fairies. “Now, let us all welcome Clair with a race to her new room.”

“Hold on tight,” said Wispa flapping his wings.

“Last one there is a rotten egg,” called out one of the cheeky fairies.

Then everyone began to race. Wispa took off like a bolt of lightning, landing in Clair’s room just ahead of the others. All the fairies laughed and cheered. Clair giggled as one by one the fairies introduced themselves.

“Hi my name is Sweet Pea,” said a yellow fairy bowing in front of Clair.

“Hi,” said Clair when Sweet Pea kissed both her cheeks.

“This is Blue-Bell and Star Dust,” said Sweet Pea, pointing at two fairies both dressed in pink, and who looked exactly the same.

Clair waved, and they both waved back. Sweet Pea laughed when she saw Clair look a bit confused.

“Blue Bell and Star Dust are twins. They do everything together and always at the same time. This makes it hard when you are trying to talk to them. But if there is anything you need they will help you, we are all here to help. Now, let me show you your room.”

Sweet Pea walked Clair over to a beautiful bed made from red rose petals. Bending down, Clair sniffed; it smelled just like a rose.

“COOL, this bed is made from real roses. Everything here is perfect.” Clair walked around the room, picking up soft toys as she went. There were monkeys, tigers and teddy-bears softer than anything she had ever felt. There were even games she had never heard of.

“Wispa, this is just the best,” said Clair and, throwing her arms around his neck, she gave him a big kiss on the nose.

Clair couldn't believe that she was a princess with all these new fairy friends. Or that she had her own room in the Fairy Palace, with everything she could ever want. There was even pink and blue fairy floss just in case she got hungry. Opening a cupboard, Clair found dresses just like the Queen's, all made from spiders' silk. In the bottom of the cupboard were little pointed high-heeled shoes. Clair picked out a petty pink dress with matching shoes. She tried them on; they were a perfect fit. All the fairies were watching as Clair explored her new room.

“Now you look like a real princess,” said Blue Bell and Star Dust at the same time, both clapping their tiny hands and doing a little fairy dance.

“SHHHH,” said Clair. “I think I hear something. Oh no, it's Mum calling.”

Quickly she said goodbye to the fairies, promising to return soon, then Wispa flew her back home. With a sprinkle of glittering dust Clair was her normal size again, and just in time. Clair's mum walked in and saw Clair wearing her new dress and crown.

“What on earth have you been doing?” She asked a bit annoyed. “I've been calling out for you.”

“Just playing dress ups,” said Clair happily.

“Well you had better get changed and come downstairs for dinner.”



Clair flopped on the bed.

“PHEW, that was a close one,” said Wispa with relief, “your mum is so scary I thought she might just eat me up.”

That made Clair laugh and laugh until her tummy hurt.

“Why would my mum eat you, when we have a yummy dinner waiting for us on the table?” Then they both laughed until tears came to their eyes.