



Hamilton and the Little Fairy

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Fable, Kids, Magic

Once upon a time, beyond the soft, white clouds, lay the magical region of Hamilton. Hamilton was no ordinary town. Streams of chocolaty rivers flowed through colourful lollipop forests. White chocolate enveloped the road. And it covered the meadow with a variety of toffees, candies and chocolates.

Spotted magic toadstools lined the dense jungles. And invited colourful butterflies and tiny birds to tea parties. But far beyond the chocolaty part of Hamilton lay a field with lush greenery, pots of gold and majestic rainbows. There were toy stores with lovely train sets that took you around Hamilton. And toy stores with a cuddly teddy bear that could talk and laugh with you.

But this was no common town, because instead of human; fairies, pixies, elves and dwarfs lived here. Below this land were huge white puffs, and under the cover of those clouds came to be Bonneville. Now, Bonneville was a simple town with humans and cars and trees, but everyone in Bonneville was aware of Hamilton. Everyone wished to visit Hamilton. But nobody knew where this city was.

Bob, Henry, Rosemary and Audrey were four best friends and like the other minors of Bonneville, they too wished to visit Hamilton. One day, they packed their lunches and went trekking to a nearby hilltop. They knew their way because they had visited this cliff several times.

That slope had fields of lavender, buttercups and dandelions, and looked magnificent. After exploring the hillside, they rested under their favourite chestnut forest but had made a discovery. They found a baby Fairy, with broken wings, lying on the ground, and stood for a few moments in confusion.

“I have an idea, why don’t we try to help her, and see if she’ll talk to us?”, suggested Rosemary.

We agreed and took out the first aid kit from our backpacks. We tried to mend her wings, and soon she was awake.

“Where am I? And who are you?” she spoke with fear.

With a smile, we introduced ourselves and assured her that there was nothing to worry. Out of curiosity, we asked her, “Little Fairy, how did you land here, in our town, Bonneville?”

She replied with a sad face, “Well, call me Elizabeth and I’ve arrived from Hamilton—the province of magic. In my home, I live with my sister and my parents. But because we are stepsisters, she is cruel to me. Twilight, that’s her name. Twilight always made me do things against my will, and when my parents learnt of it, they scolded her for not treating me properly. But, she got angry and pushed me off the clouds, and that’s how I fell here.”

We said with sympathy, “Oh, Elizabeth. We are sorry that you experienced so much pain. But don’t worry, we’ll take care of you from now onwards.”

“Thank you, little children. You have a heart made of pure gold,” replied Elizabeth with a smile.

Few days had passed by, and now she was healthy once again, and she could fly back to her home in Hamilton. But, before going, she wanted to give them a present, in exchange for their kindness. Since she sensed that they wanted to visit Hamilton, she gave them an invitation to spend a day at Hamilton and granted them each a second wish.

They jumped with joy! Their dream of visiting Hamilton was finally coming true. For their second wish, they requested Elizabeth to invite everyone from Bonneville to come to Hamilton.

Their wish delighted the Fairy. She invited the entire town of Bonneville to visit Hamilton. And built a magical lift, so that any child may come to Hamilton and play whenever they wanted. She had opened the gates of Hamilton to every child for eternity.

Since that day, the people in Bonneville and the magical creatures of Hamilton lived happily together in harmony.

THE END.

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