



Once in a Blue Moon

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Magic

There was a clearing in the center of the Dark forest... In the daytime, it was an ordinary clearing... but at night... Strange, bright flowers of different hues popped up from the ground, and pixies spilled out, to dance in their clearing all night long. At the break of dawn, they would creep back into their flowers, slip back underground, and sleep all day. This went on for centuries... but then, one night, a boy found them, and took many of them away, for his own selfish reason. He sold them and made a fortune, but quickly ran out of money. He came back to the clearing every night for years, but they never came up again. He died one day, but before doing so, he whispered into his nephew's ear his secret. When the nephew lay dying, he told his son... who told his wife... who told her sister... who told her daughter... who told her husband... And so on. One girl, Isobel, was in on the secret, having been told the Great Secret, only one night ago, when her Grandmama had passed on. Isobel was a lover of pretty things, and these 'pixies' just had a wonderful whimsical tinge to them. She had to find them.

So, that night, she slipped on a hood, and left her home.

The fairies had made a solemn vow that tragic day, after their sisters had been taken away. Only on the night of the Blue Moon would they dance, to be safe. And they did not know that a young girl named Isobel had decided to set out on the very night of the Blue Moon, in search of them.

It was the pixie's flower's light that led the way for Isobel. In the dark, even on the night of the Blue Moon, the Dark Forest was (surprise!)... dark. The light from the pixie's flowers WAS pretty helpful! Isobel found herself

at the edge of a clearing, and gasped at the sight before her.

There was a splendid flurry of pink, blue, yellow, and purple little people with wings, all no longer than your index finger, floating and twirling around the clearing. It was, by far, the most lovely thing the girl had ever seen, and it was enough to satisfy even the most strong loving beauty- lover. (Does that sentence make sense?)

She went home, crept into bed, and sighed rapturously. Isobel had her wish; and now came the best part.

Finding a new dream, and obtaining it. And Isobel would get it, whatever it may be, even if it only happened once in a Blue Moon.

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