



# Moonlight Fairie

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Dedicated to our friend Penny.

In a woodland garden there lived a tiny tree-flower fairie. She liked to sit in the moonlight. The way the moonlight reflected off her silver wings, and lit up her surroundings was always fun. Sometimes she spent her time in the moonlight dancing instead of sitting so she could watch the whirl of colors coming off her wings.

Right now, Penny was waiting for her tree to bloom. It bloomed on the first day of spring every year, when the first rays of moonlight hit her tree. She sat in the center of a leaf at the tip of her fairie tree. The perfect place to pick out the best flower. It had to be the first flower that touched the leaf she sat on.

Penny placed her hands under her chin as she surveyed the garden. Most of the flowers were closed or drooping from lack of sunshine. She was wearing her favorite yellow dress. The dress she always wore on the first day of spring. It reminded her of a warm spring day. The smell of the tulips, iris, and daylilies teased her nose as her green eyes sparkled.

The moon climbed its way high into the sky on this, the first eve of spring. Penny yawned. She always kept one flower to sleep on during the year, but the flower petal always wilted on eve of spring. The aroma of last year's flower lingered on her skin as she waited for this year's flower to bloom. She missed the soft petals that wrapped around her as she slept.

The first spring moon shone above her tree. Penny quivered as the first splash of moonlight danced about the garden. Tree leaves rustled as the first flower of

her tree blossomed. She inhaled. There was no sweeter smell than that of her tree's first flower of spring. The petals unfurled, and touched the edge of the leaf she sat on. Penny giggled as she caressed the new soft



flower petal.

She stood up, and smoothed down her dress. Opening her wings,

she flew above the flower. Bits of fairie dust sprinkled down onto the flower as Penny shook her wings. The flower glowed yellow as it floated up into the air that she guided over to the door of her house. With a flourish, she tapped the flower petal twice to shrink it. Now that the flower was the perfect size to fit through the doorway without being damaged, she directed the floating flower through the door.

Penny smiled as she pushed the flower into her bedroom. Once she returned the flower to its proper size, the flower folded out into a perfect bed. She sighed as she laid down with the flower petals curled around her. The gentle sound of unfurling petals outside her home as her tree blossomed, lulled her to sleep.