

Fairy Tales

From Fables, Fantasy & Fairy Tales
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www.fairys.com

...and now for some fun, some action, some drama.

When we think of a "Drama Queen" our thoughts often fly to that person who has more excitement in his or her life than is sometimes good for them. We all know at least one person who relishes all of life's ups and downs and rides life's rollercoaster like a thrill ride. Maybe you possess some of these traits but might like every once in a while to have a moment of peace and tranquility. So let us introduce you to

Jenny, The

Drama Queen Fairy. Jenny is a fairy who was born to celebrate all life's dramas. She not only lives for it, she creates it and sometimes even imagines it. She reminds us that life would be a little dimmer without the sparkle of a dramatic personality. She loves drama so much she is willing to take on the many little dramas from our life and shoulder the burden herself while providing us with some respite and relief. All that drama does add spice to our life but sometimes we could all use a little bland comfort food and that is what our Drama Queen Fairy offers. Jenny's appearance alone is enough to convince us of her love for drama. She is perched on her sumptuous fainting couch which is upholstered in vivid blue, black and gold tones. Her pose is nothing if not dramatic; always reminding us of the struggles of a Deva's life and the burdens she carries for us. Her attire is spectacular. Her intense blue skirt shimmering with fairy dust



Jenny, The Drama Queen Fairy

Introductory Price: \$199.00

drapes over her sofa. Her bodice sparkles with gold stardust glitter which matches the gold twinkle in her vibrant blue wings. Flashing jewels are the hallmark of many a true drama queen and Jenny is no exception. She sports a jeweled sapphire necklace with matching earrings. Her dazzling red hair topped with a feather headdress completes her flamboyant attire. It is not only the Drama Queen Fairy's appearance but also her effervescent personality that convinces us she is

able to absorb all the unnecessary drama from our life and use it to enhance her own beauty and allure.





Winter's Majesty

As fall journeys to winter and our magnificent forests prepare for their winters sleep, a stirring occurs. From the tips of their bare heavens reaching branches a fay troupe emerges. Winter's Majesty and her fellow fairies come to life. Brought to life by the first hint of snow, they work hard to restore the life force of every tree to renew it and make it ready for the spring season to come. Dressed in blue sparkling silk with snow covered branching silk tendrils that wind their way around each fairy's lithe body, they are perfectly camouflaged amongst the winter forests. The Fairy called Winter's Majesty helps us to see the beauty of winter and its hibernating power ready to blossom forth in spring.

Introductory Price: \$179.00

To Order call Terry or Teresa Toll Free: **1-888-770-8418**

Order online at: **www.fairys.com**



Jay, The Fairy Drummer Boy

Jay the Fairy Drummer Boy creates a moving beat that tugs at your heart and makes you want to tap your toes and celebrate the Christmas season. Jay is dressed in festive gold leggings topped with a holly tunic. His drum is made from a seed pod with fine spiders silk stretched over top and pulled tight with finely spun golden threads. He uses another upturned drum as his perch. Tiny holly sprigs decorate his drum and hair. He's a perfect addition to your holiday décor.

Introductory Price: \$89.00



*It's a spark... a flash... no it's **Twinkle!***

The great stars in the sky send forth little pieces of magic which become fairies full of phosphorescent light. With her ability to appear or disappear at her pleasure, Twinkle is an earthbound light show. Just 3" tall she'll bring her light to your Christmas and beyond.

Introductory Price: \$59.00

The Carry Fairies

By Michelle Pritchard

"Hiya Pete. Why so glum on a Friday afternoon to a long weekend? How come you're not over at the park playing with your friends?"
"Oh, hi Mr. Larkenson." Pete's voice trailed off. He kept his eyes on the ground as he stayed perched on the curb flicking pebbles over his knees. Mr. Larkenson approached and took up post right beside him. "What's the matter Pete? I couldn't fathom anyone so blue on this bright, beautiful, sunny spring day. Are you worried about starting middle school in September? It's right around the corner."
Pete just shook his head no.
"Come on, fess up, let's hear it."



Pete took a deep breath and opened his mouth but not a peep escaped. He exhaled with a sigh that outweighed any mountain. Mr. Larkenson spread open his arm to embrace little Pete. As soon as Pete felt the side-supported hug, tears began to pour. After a long while, Pete came up from under the waves of emotion and regained some composure. His voice also found its way out.
"Oh, Mr. Larkenson, it's Mr. Tinker." Pete blurted.
"We had to take him in today and the vet found out

his kidneys were failing. They were surprised he didn't show more signs. The vet said he really only had a few days left, but those last days wouldn't be very nice. So we stayed there beside him while they put him to sleep."

The damn broke again and another storm fell from little Pete's eyes. "We just thought he might have a cold. I can't believe we came home without him. We came home without him." Pete's face was a waterfall. He looked back over his shoulder toward his house. "I can't go in there. It's so big. It's so lonely. He was my best friend. What am I going to do?" He dropped his head again as another wave of tears moved through him.

Holding the silent space for Pete and rubbing his back, Mr. Larkenson gazed down the road. He took in the sounds of the birds, the passing cars and the cheerful laughter coming from the park in the distance. It was such a gorgeous textbook-modeled day, as if someone had been asked to make it perfect. The temperature, the gentle breeze, the sun, the colours – it all seemed so delightful. Mr. Larkenson returned his attention to Pete, trapped under the dark cloud of his loss. Such despair amongst such beauty, together in the same place at the same time. It was all such a paradox.

Pete broke the silence. "What am I going to do Mr. Larkenson? Mr. Tinker was my best friend. I could tell him anything. He was always there ready to partner up for any adventure. And what about him? Was that it? Do pets have souls too? Where do they go? How do they get there? Wherever there is?"

Mr. Larkenson looked into Pete's eyes. "Do you know about fairies?" Pete nodded.

"Not the fairytale kind. I mean real fairies."

Pete scrunched his eyebrows together and let a snicker out. "Mr. Larkenson, fairies are only make-believe, they're not real. Thanks for the laugh though."

Mr. Larkenson decided just to nod and not go into any more detail. He gazed down the street again. Pete was confused. "That's it? You're not going to tell me why you asked such a random thing?"
"Well it's clear you're too old to believe in fairies so why should I continue?" Mr. Larkenson kept his watchful eye fixed on the end of the street.

"But I'm curious. You have to tell me now." Pete sniffled and looked up with puppy eyes. "Come on, Mr. Larkenson. What were you going to say about fairies?"

The very edge of a smile appeared on Mr. Larkenson's face. "Alright Pete, I'll let you in on a little something I know about fairies." Pete

was at full attention, waiting for each word to roll out like turning the wheel of a gumball machine.

"There are as many fairies in this world as there are people and each of them is just as unique. Some of them have regular jobs and some have special jobs."

"How can that be?" Pete asked. "If fairies exist, why don't we ever actually see them?" Mr. Larkenson put a finger to his lips and continued. "Fairies show up all around, all the time. However, only those who believe and appreciate them can see them. Otherwise they just look like porcelain statues."

Pete interrupted. "You mean fairies are like chameleons?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes. So, as I was saying, some fairies have special jobs. Some fairies have very special jobs. A few fairies are given the very honoured position of being a Carry Fairy."

Pete's eyes couldn't get any wider if he tried.

"A Carry Fairy has one of the most important jobs ever. They help souls of every kind cross over and begin their next journey. You know what that means?"

"But how can that be?" Pete was watching Mr. Larkenson, trying to decide if he could be believed.

"Carry Fairies meet the soul in this life and help them begin the process of transitioning. Think of it like a caterpillar that transforms into the butterfly. So that means there was a Carry Fairy there with Mr. Tinker and is still with him, helping him along. Rest assured that he is not alone." Mr. Larkenson paused while Pete took in this new information.

Pete then looked up at him. "But Mr. Tinker didn't have wings. He can't fly with fairies."

"Ah, true. However, when your spirit or soul leaves this body it can move in any way it would like, walk or fly. There are two types of transportation that they take because they have to cross the sea of tears. Those beings that want to fly, the flying Carry Fairies fly with them. Those that would prefer not to fly take the boat with the sailing Carry Fairies."

"What do the fairies look like? Do you know? Have you ever met one?"

"It just so happens I have met one of each." Pete's eyes widened again.

"A long time ago when my mother transitioned, I spent the last night she was alive at her bedside. Moments before she passed away, she looked over to the window and described this angel-like butterfly. As she was describing her, I was trying to picture her. I suppose the Carry Fairy could feel my curiosity and chose to reveal herself. She was beautiful. She had very long silver white hair and a pale glimmering rainbow outfit. She perched herself beside my mother and told me why she was there. It made my heart fill with love to know my mother was not leaving alone. I knew my mother passed when I saw the fairy rise and depart out the window." He paused a moment reliving the memory. A gentle smile came across his face.

"What about the boat fairy? What did the boat fairy look like?"

"Yes the boat Carry Fairy. She was just as beautiful. She had long black hair with bits of seaweed sticking out. Her dress reminded me of the dark blues and greens of the ocean. I distinctly remember her seaweed sandals. She was a lot livelier and knew right away I could see her. My dog Janz was very sick and was not going to recover. His body was dying. One really late night, I was sitting on the step of the back porch with Janz beside me. I wanted to be close to him and I knew he couldn't walk well. Then, out of the dark appeared this little

floating boat with a fairy on it. Janz barked twice like he was a playful puppy again; I hadn't heard that bark in years. The fairy playfully taunted him like when you play with puppies. He then laid his head back down on his paws. He was gone. I looked up to see his



spirit, this soft ghost of him lying on the boat beside the fairy. It was so sweet. I cried when he left. He was my best friend like Mr. Tinker was yours."

Pete took a long pause, taking in all of what Mr. Larkenson said.

"Wow. So fairies really do exist." With a reassuring rub of the shoulder Mr. Larkenson replied, "Yes they do, Pete; Yes they do."



Fairy News



Our sixth annual Fairy Open House was a blast.

Thanks to all who attended and joined us for some fairy fun and frolics. We hope to see you again next year.



Congratulations to our wonderful story author Michelle Pritchard and her husband Claudio who have made the move from the big city to our wonderful fairy isle of Prince Edward. We welcome all city refugees.



Don't forget you can still order our Fall Limited Edition Fairy Eternity. (I think she is definitely a Carry Fairy) Call Terry or Teresa at 1-888-770-8418 or order her online at www.fairys.com We expect she will be sold out by Christmas.

Thank you to our Fairy Helpers William, Donna, Brenda & Judy. We couldn't do it without you. Thanks to all who make sure Terry doesn't fade away from malnutrition during the shows - Audrey P, Marie, Val & Jill, Brenda D, Theresa T. & Theresa J. Brutus would also like to thank Cheryl P. for the spam but would like to let everyone know he's on a diet.



Brutus' Joke

Q. What do elves do after school?

A. Gnomework



Fall & Winter 2013 Show Schedule

November 14-17

Art Market
Telus Convention Centre
Calgary, AB
Booth 914

November 28-
December 8

One of a Kind Show & Sale
Direct Energy Centre
Exhibition Place
Toronto, ON
Booth A27

December 12-22

Originals Christmas Craft Sale
Ernst & Young Centre
4899 Uplands Drive
Ottawa, ON

The Fairy on the Christmas Tree

Father Christmas was not in a very good frame of mind - in fact he was very depressed. That morning after breakfast, Mrs. Santa had told him that her mother was coming over to stay for a few days and he knew that that would be for several weeks and as Christmas was approaching, her visit was the last thing he wanted. The Elves had been playing up and had gone on strike for more pay. The replacement Elves Santa had put in were much slower and the number of toys that had been made was way down. Father Christmas went to visit his Reindeers and found out that two of them were pregnant and another two had kicked down the fence and had disappeared into the forest. He was by now even more depressed. What I need is a drink he thought, but upon going indoors he found that the Elves had hidden his whisky and there was nothing left to drink in his liquor cabinet. Deciding upon a coffee he went into the kitchen but managed to drop the jar of coffee all over the floor. Now he was really cheesed off! He went to fetch the broom to sweep up the mess but found that the mice had chewed off all the bristles. At that moment there was a knock at the front door. Upon opening it, Father Christmas was confronted with a beautiful Fairy holding a lovely Christmas tree. "Good morning, Santa" She called "Isn't it a really lovely day. I have brought you this beautiful tree, isn't it lovely? Where would you like me to stick it?" And that is why by tradition, we have a Fairy sitting on top of our Christmas Trees.



Would you like to see a special fairy at your nearest show? We will be happy to bring her for you.

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