

# Fairy Tales

From Fables, Fantasy & Fairy Tales

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## THE MAILBOX PIXIE

By Michelle Pritchard

"I just do not know what to do anymore. I am sure it is just a couple of young hooligans giving me some kind of warm welcome, but it has been a few weeks now and they are still doing it. I moved here to enjoy my early retirement in peace and quiet. Come on, enough is enough. I cannot come home every day to my mail sprawled across the roadside." Ginny smiled at her new neighbour's story with a look of quiet amusement. "Dawn, I have a feeling it has nothing to do with the kids on our road. But that said, you may find what I am about to say a bit...funny." Dawn gave Ginny a quirky look as Ginny reached for her teacup on the kitchen table and took a sip. Dawn stared expectantly at Ginny. "Well, go on. With that look on your face, I know this is bound to make me giggle." "I think what you might have is a pixie problem. I think you have a mailbox pixie." Dawn burst out laughing. "Yes, I thought that would grab your attention. "Oh yes, for sure," Dawn struggled to say through her laughter. "Yes, that's

it, invisible pixies must be rummaging about my mail. I wish they would take my bills and pay them too while they're at it." Ginny smiled and sipped her tea. "Come now, seriously," Dawn continued. "Who would be the best person to contact about the mail issue? Do you think I should go around and have a chat with the neighbourhood parents or just go straight to the police?"

"No, no," Ginny replied as she placed her teacup back on the table. "Like I said, I think you have a mailbox pixie." She motioned for Dawn to stay silent so she could continue. "There's an old folktale about the county here. Occasionally—and it seems to happen especially to those who move into homes built by the first settlers—new folks tend to experience what you are going through. Sooner or later they all give in and do what's needed to appease the pixies." Dawn shook her head and laughed. "I know I can be a gullible woman, but to say there are pixies flying about is just silly." "Hey, you don't have to take my word for it. Ask around." There was a long pause as they both sipped their teas. Finally, Dawn broke the silence. "Alright, let's entertain the



### Micha – Mailbox Mischief

Micha (named after our story writer Michelle), poses atop her very own mailbox. The flag is up to signal the arrival of fresh mail with which she will soon create chaos. Dressed in blue, green and mint starched silk dusted with shimmering fairy dust she gazes defiantly at us, wondering when we will present her with gifts to appease her mischief. A truly alluring pixie, Micha's sweet face belies her rascally intent. A top-knot of brunette curls is crowned with a silver tiara with Swarovski crystals. In her hand she holds her first letter destined for ruin. Micha's mailbox is custom crafted by Pijtersma Tinworks and is in very limited supply so be sure to invite Micha to your home soon.

Introductory Price:

\$189.00



sparkly, they love sparkly things. The last thing is to put out cream and cookies at least once a month.”  
“Build a fairy house? Hang bells? Put out cookies? Ginny, you are off your rocker!” They both laughed.  
“Suit yourself. Just remember what I told you: if it keeps up, try doing what I just said. I have to go get the girls. School should be finished now.”  
Dawn walked Ginny out to her car.  
“Thank you for stopping by. I must

say this has been a very entertaining tea time.” Dawn waved as Ginny’s car drove through the dust and into the distance.

Over the next week as Dawn collected her mail each day from the road, the pixie conversation kept coming back to her mind. One evening, while picking up a larger than normal collection of flyers, Dawn finally had it.” That’s it. I will not have my mail all over the ground anymore. Pixie, wherever you are, you win. I will build you a home.” She began looking around her home for things she could use to build the pixie house. She found some chimes, a couple of small craft bells in the basement, and an old birdhouse missing a roof in her storage shed. She then found a few pieces of bark around her property to make the new roof.

Dawn found herself falling into the fun of it all and collected a few more items from nature to decorate the pixie house. She took a couple of potted plants from her doorway out to the mailbox and set them on either side of the post. She then placed the newly repurposed birdhouse on a flat rock right beside the post and hung the strand of bells from the mailbox. She went back into the house and returned with the final pieces of tribute: a plate of biscuits and a cup of cream. She put them both in front of the pixie house.

“Would you look at that,” Dawn said quietly to herself as she took in the view. “It actually looks quite charming.” She then spoke aloud, hoping the pixie would hear her.

“Now, I have put out the best biscuits and the sweetest cream. I hope you enjoy them.” Returning to the house for the evening, she planted herself by the window, determined to catch a glimpse of this mailbox pixie.

As the sun began to set, the dusk

lighting made it hard to see across the road. She noticed flashes of light here and there but thought them to be the last of the sunrays bouncing off the glitter. All too soon the night came and Dawn decided to head for bed. “I’ll hit the hay now and wake up bright and early to catch that pixie fast asleep.”

She woke with the first fingers of the sun reaching across the sky. With a yawn and a stretch, she put on her housecoat and made her way to the window across from the mailbox. She grumbled, “Oh eyes, I wish you could see like you did when you were younger.”



Dawn’s curiosity nagged at her mind. She slipped her toes into her gardening shoes and made her way over to the little house. When just three steps away, her sleep foot loudly scuffed a bump on the road and something in the wee house stirred. The house rocked and with a flash out came a flustered pixie flying so fast it hit Dawn right in the face. The glowing sprite bounced back and hovered like a hummingbird just long enough for Dawn to see it before it flew away in a flash.

“Well, I never. In all my years, I thought pixies were just a fairy tale.” Dawn stood there in amazement. “Wouldn’t you know...?” She trailed off in thought as she made her way back to the house and her morning cup of tea.

Weeks passed and every day, Dawn’s mail was inside the mailbox as it should have been. She chuckled to herself, still feeling a little silly every time she laid out the cream-and-cookies tribute.

One day as she went out retrieve her mail from the mailbox, she looked up the road. Three houses away, where a new couple that had recently moved in, the lady of the house was collecting her scattered mail. Dawn walked over.

“Hi there. I see you’re collecting your mail.”

“Oh hello, yes. Yes, I am. Don’t know what it is, maybe kids, maybe the postman doesn’t like us, I just don’t get it.”

Dawn smiled. “I think it could be something else. It’s a funny story, actually...”

The End



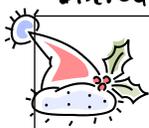
*Our gratitude knows no bounds...*

*So many people make our work a pleasure and keep our spirits strong. Honourable mention goes to Diane Marie B, Brenda D, Marie P, Michelle P, Nichola B, Donna S, William P, Greg P, & Judy P. We couldn't (and wouldn't want to) do it without you.*



Gliding through the pitch black of darkest night one might catch a twinkle of light out of the corner of your eye. Penelope might have just swooshed by. Mounted on her fast flying custom made broomstick powered by fairy dust, she is a vision in iridescent black with flashes of silver. She gets her nickname Penny from the bright copper colour of her hair which is topped with a most magnificent pointed hat. Now some might call Penelope a witch – but Penelope is of course a fairy. Beauty and laughter are her greatest gifts. She spreads love to your room and wards off evil spirits. Penelope has been described as spellbinding and enchanting. Witch or fairy? – She is sure to bring charm and laughter to your home.

**Introductory Price: \$139.00**



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Nothing is more festive and celebratory than the ringing of bells. From the booming gongs of great cathedrals to the shrill chimes of the recess bell at school, good things always follow. Jingle's bells are the soft tinkle of the magic of Christmas. Her bells not only remind us of the joy of the holidays but are also known to ward off evil and bad will. Jingle is dressed in Christmas red, green and white accented with sparkling fairy dust and holly. She holds her bells looped in her delicate hands, ready to signal the joy and happiness of the holidays to come.

**Introductory Price: \$99.00**



## Astra

Delicate and ethereal in appearance, Astra is known to hitch a ride on bubbles of air and float gracefully on nature's gentle breezes. She loves the freedom of soaring to new heights and surveying the wonders of our world as she floats on air. Astra is dressed in soft iridescent pink which reflects the opalescent glass bubble on which she floats. Her fragile arms embrace her bubble as she heads skyward. Her glittering wings frame her delicate face and a tiny gold tiara sits atop her head. Astra and her bubble are tiny and light enough to float wherever you choose – whether it's in your Christmas tree, in the light of a window or in front of a mirror where she can admire all.

**Introductory Price: \$64.00**



# Fall & Winter 2014 Show Schedule

November 20-23 Art Market  
Telus Convention Centre  
Calgary, Alberta  
Booth 914

November 27-  
December 7 One of a Kind Christmas  
Show & Sale  
Direct Energy Centre  
Exhibition Place  
Toronto, Ontario  
Booth A31

December 11-21 Originals - Ottawa  
Christmas Craft Sale  
Ernst & Young Centre  
Ottawa, Ontario  
Booth 608

*Is there a special fairy you would like to see at your show? Call or email us and we will be sure to bring her with us.*



We're proud to have our fairies featured in the new book "Periwinkle" by Lina La Rocca. Lina asked us to create her characters in porcelain and then had them photographed and designed to illustrate her story, an enchanting tale of a fairy princess, a flute player and a cherub.



Our 7<sup>th</sup> Annual Fairy Open House was a great success again this year. We enjoyed County wine and cheese, Teresa's mother's baking, great fairy friends, games and of course fairies, lots of fairies! Nichola,

our Fairy Tea Leaf Reader was kept busy again this year. A new feature was our Fairy Throne. Many had their photo taken with a few fairy accessories. We applaud Brent, the only man who had the courage to have his photo taken. Congratulations to our Goblin House Contest winner Marie P. and our Door prize Winner Catherine W.



Mark your calendars - next Year's Fairy Open House is July 11-12, 2015



It's not too late to order Mia, the Milestone Fairy, our Limited Edition Fairy this Fall. You can check her out at [www.fairys.com](http://www.fairys.com)



## Penny's Points

Did you know? Witches brooms though usually made of grass or straw can also be made from cabbage stalks.

We love to hear from you. Do you have ideas or suggestions? Is there a unique fairy that you would like to see created? Please call or email us. Our email address is [terry@fairys.com](mailto:terry@fairys.com)



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