



Fairy Tales

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

Spring is fast approaching. As the smell of newness begins to fill the air and we pull away the lingering cobwebs of winter slumber, what do we see? A mess! The tradition of Spring cleaning is about to begin.



The Fairy Workshop in a typical mess

Let me introduce you to my wife, the Queen of the Mess. It's her middle name. Here are some of her favorite quotes:

“Why put it away, I might need it?” “I’ll do it later.”
“It’s here somewhere.”

Hazel the Cleaning Fairy came to be out of necessity at our house. Now I know a number of you don't believe that a magical fairy swoops in and cleans everything up and you are right. However, let me introduce you to Hazel whose presence and sole job is to motivate, inspire and yes, even nag you into tackling a daunting cleaning task. Hazel is with you constantly, in your waking hours, and your sleep. Her lively chatter points out all the things that need attention as she prods you towards your end goal of a clean space. Think of all the treasures you may find and all those aha moments of “I forgot I had that”. Hazel reminds you of the feeling that you will have when your task is complete and the glow of contentment that comes with each mountain of clutter cleaned up.

Hazel the Cleaning Fairy is taking a break from her onerous efforts of keeping you motivated to tackle your spring cleaning. She is dressed in her multi-



Hazel

The Cleaning Fairy

coloured starched silk ragged dress which, of course, is complete with sparkling fairy dust. A matching

headband circles her curly chestnut locks. Hazel is sitting on her upturned bucket. Close at hand she has her fantastic feather duster, her magic mop, her charmed cleaning cloths and her supernatural sprays and cleaning potions, all ready to give you an enchanted assist in your chores. I'd like to be able to promise that Hazel will do the work for you but alas, that is unlikely the case. I can promise

that she will put a smile on your face which will make the task a little less difficult.

Introductory Price: **\$199.00**



Heart's Desire



The Heart Chakra is located in the very middle of our body and balances between the world of matter and the world of spirit. It is associated with balance, calmness and serenity. Heart's Desire is designed to speak to the tiny flame that lives inside our heart. With her mystical fairy breath, she blows gently on this tiny flame and brings it to life. The flame flickers and glows and releases its love and compassion into our life. Heart's Desire sits with legs crossed on her jeweled silk cushion. Dressed in soft yellow starched silk, she shimmers with twinkling fairy dust. Matching butterfly wings give her flight. Crowning her auburn curls is a golden cap with Swarovski crystal gems. Balanced in her delicate fingers is a

crystal heart with the image of a flying fairy at its centre. Heart's Desire encourages us to open our heart and live serenely with love and compassion for all.



Introductory Price:

\$169.00

Thimbelina

I'm just cutz. I might be tiny but really I'm just cutz. And in my presence, I "cutz up" everything.

Tiny Thimbelina is dressed in soft crimson silk and sits on a spotted toadstool that is planted in her thimble flower pot. Soft moss and minute roses complete her home. Just an inch and a half tall, Thimbelina Fairy will "cutz up" your home.

Introductory Price:

\$30.00



A true sign of the awakening of Spring is the cherry blossom. Known for its elegance and beauty, the cherry blossom blooms brilliantly and then vanishes. This is just

like our Fairy, Cherry Blossom. Here for just a short while until a spring zephyr blows her away, she reminds us that life is short and incredibly beautiful so let's make the most of it. Cherry Blossom can sit elegantly wherever you need to be prompted to seize the day. Her soft silk skirt petals reflect the lovely blooms of the cherry blossom flower. Tiny sparkling stamens in her skirt spread their spring nectar and the deep pink of her bodice glows like the heart of the flower. A tiny cherry blossom tattoo sits on her shoulder while another blossom nestles sweetly in her hair.

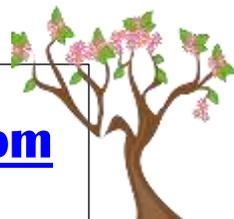
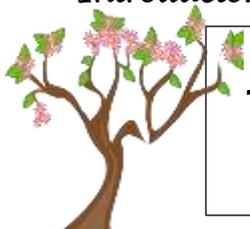
Introductory Price:

\$89.00

To order these or any other fairy call Terry or Teresa

1-888-770-8418 Shop Online: www.fairys.com

Email: terry@fairys.com





Tipsy Pippsy Took a Dippsy

By Michelle Pritchard

It was an evening of celebration. Faybrook Riding Academy was hosting a ceremony of recognition. Fairies from near and far, old students, new students, parents, coaches and friends were arriving. Many of them had not seen each other in a long time; they met with smiles and warm embraces. As they arrived they made their way to the arena stands, each finding a seat and chatting with neighbouring fairies. As the headmaster approached the stage, the hum of voices lowered into a hush.

“Thank you all for being part of this special night,” said Headmaster Grindahby to the jubilant crowd.

“We have gathered here to honour, recognize and celebrate one of our beloved flying coaches.”

A welcoming applause rattled the air.

“Pippsy has been with us for ten years now. She has helped to train both dragonflies and riders with such success that Faybrook Riding Academy has become the number one choice in safety and good flymanship. This is truly all thanks to Pippsy.” More cheers gave a momentary pause to the headmaster’s speech.

“Pippsy, we want to honour you this evening for all your work, your accomplishments, and your passion to teach and inspire all of our riders. Without further ado, please welcome Pippsy to the stage!”

Applause thundered as the huge gathering of fairies cheered. Pippsy made her way through the loving crowd and next to the headmaster.

Pippsy stood beaming from head to toe.

“Where do I begin? I cannot believe how fast ten years seemed to fly by.” She paused as the audience chuckled at the pun. “I may be the one up here getting this award, but I want to say it’s all of you who really deserve it. I know how far you have come with your lessons and learning. I am but a guide for you; it is each of you who have made such achievements. It is each of you who inspire my passion for coaching. I am so proud of all of you. Some of the faces I see here tonight I have been teaching since you were wee squirts, and now I am teaching your little ones, too.”

The little fairies cheered.

“It’s been incredible to see some graduate from beginner damselflies right up to the Giant Darner dragonflies. I am so honoured to have been the one to help you safely learn how to navigate and fly on your dragonflies. For that, thank you. Thank you for letting

me be a part of your lives. So let’s get on with the celebration. I hear our favourite band is here, Fireflies and the Ribbitors!” She directed attention to the band waiting just off stage. “Guys, get on up here.” A final cheer roared, and the music began.



The night pulled back its cloudy blanket as the festivities grew louder. The moon shone bright and the stars twinkled, adding to the specialness of the night. Much merriment ensued. Pippsy danced with the little fay until they were tuckered out. She then began drinking sparkle juice with the adults. Lots of laughs and more dancing pushed the minutes into hours.

It came time to wrap up the evening and head home but Pippsy was still full of the sparkle juice’s intoxicating energy. Reluctantly, she began to say her good-byes. As she headed toward the hitching post where all the dragonflies were parked, a voice bubbled up from the buzzing crowd. “Pip, you’re not thinking of flying home are you?”

“Oh I’ll be fine. I haven’t had that much sparkle juice. Plus my *drag* knows the way.”

Another voice by the Luc taxi, a giant luna moth caterpillar, beckoned. “Hey Pip, take the Luc with me. We can chat.”

“No way.” Pippsy giggled and then waved her hands up toward the sky. “Look at that sky! Look at it! It calls to be seen closer. It’s way too nice a night to take the ground way home. I’ll be fine. It’s not my first rodeo, you know.” Pippsy would not listen. The

sparkle juice had spoken.

As she unhitched her dragonfly and walked over to the mounting block, one last voice from a tired, tiny fairy was carried by the gentle breeze to her ears. “Coach, shouldn’t you take the Luc taxi? It’s not like you to not be safe. You always say to us, “Think about what could happen before what happens, happens.”

Pippsy gave her a small, reassuring smile. “Thank you, sweetheart. You are correct. I’ll be fine. It’s just this once. You know how long I have been coaching, and I have been riding even longer. It’ll be okay. Go back to your mom.”

And with those last words, tipsy Pippsy mounted her ride, and together they walked to the takeoff platform. With an excited voice, Pippsy commanded her dragonfly onward, but she wasn’t quite ready for the quick departure. She slipped and slid all the way down the tail and hit the ground with a very hard thud.

Two of the onlookers rushed over. Pippsy was unconscious for a few moments but came around.

“What on earth happened?” she cried as she put her hand on her head and sat up.

“You slid right off your dragonfly as it took off and you hit the platform really hard,” said one of voices;



Pippsy wasn't sure which. The two helped Pippsy up and over to a broken sapling bench. "How are you feeling? Why in all the ladybugs would you try flying after you had all that sparkle juice?" She rubbed her head and began to stand up. Both concerned fairies supported her. "Guys, I'm fine, really." Pushing the helpful arms away, Pippsy got up and walked around.

"See? I'm fine." She twirled and fell. The fairies rushed over to help once more.

An urgent voice hollered to get through the crowd. It was the doctor. "Make space, make space!" Pippsy remained on the ground. The doctor began assessing her, asking questions, his tone changing from inquisitive to concerned.

Finally, the doctor was not pleased. "Pippsy, you hit your head pretty hard. You have a concussion. You will need to rest. That means no activities: no flying, no teaching, not even *watching* activities. And no sparkle juice for at least three months."

"What? No. That's impossible. I'll be fine," Pippsy insisted. "I have lessons to teach and dragonflies to train. I cannot be off for that long."

The doctor, however, was resolute. "You *must*. It's imperative for your healing. You'll have to get other coaches to take over your lessons."

The gravity of Pippsy's condition set in.



Oh, Oh. What will happen to Topsy Pippsy? Find out in the conclusion to Topsy Pippsy took a Dippsy in the next issue of Fairy Tales.



FAIRY NEWS

Retirement? We've heard the whispers. **NO!** We are not ready to retire

(yet). Some of you noticed that we have stopped doing the Canadian National Exhibition in August and thought we were quitting all our shows. This is not true. We are just trying to make our schedule a little easier. We're not getting any younger and as much as we love doing the CNE, 18 show days, 12 hours a day for 25 years....

We still have lots of Fairy ideas though so we will be introducing a number of "short run" Limited Edition Fairies. Stay current with all that we are creating every day by following us on facebook at:

www.facebook.com/fairys.com

Watch for our Summer Limited Edition Fairy. Details will be released soon...

Our amazing friends and customers have certainly spoiled us over this past season. Thank you to everyone who has supported us including Judy T, Brenda D, Mila K, Lynda B, Ashley B, Jane I, Debbie L, Jessica M's Mom, Trix, Marie P, Margaret P, Michelle P, Theresa J, Denise & Daryl D, Theresa F, Donna S, Nichola & Kyla B.



Spring & Summer Show Schedule

March 28- April 1 **One of a Kind Spring Show & Sale**
 Enercare Centre
 Exhibition Place
 Toronto, ON
 Booth A25

April 5-8 **Originals Spring Craft Sale**
 EY Centre
 Ottawa, ON

July 21-22 **11th Annual Fairy Open House**
 Our Home Studio
 18630 Loyalist Pkwy.
 Hillier, ON



"When the first baby laughed for the first time, his laugh broke into a million pieces, and they all went skipping about. This was the beginning of fairies."

James Barrie, *The Little White Bird*

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