For my sister, Sarah, who shares my belief in magic – R.T.

For Sammy – S.M.

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A FAIRY CALLED FRED



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Far, far away, in a magical land,
the fairies had magical business in hand.

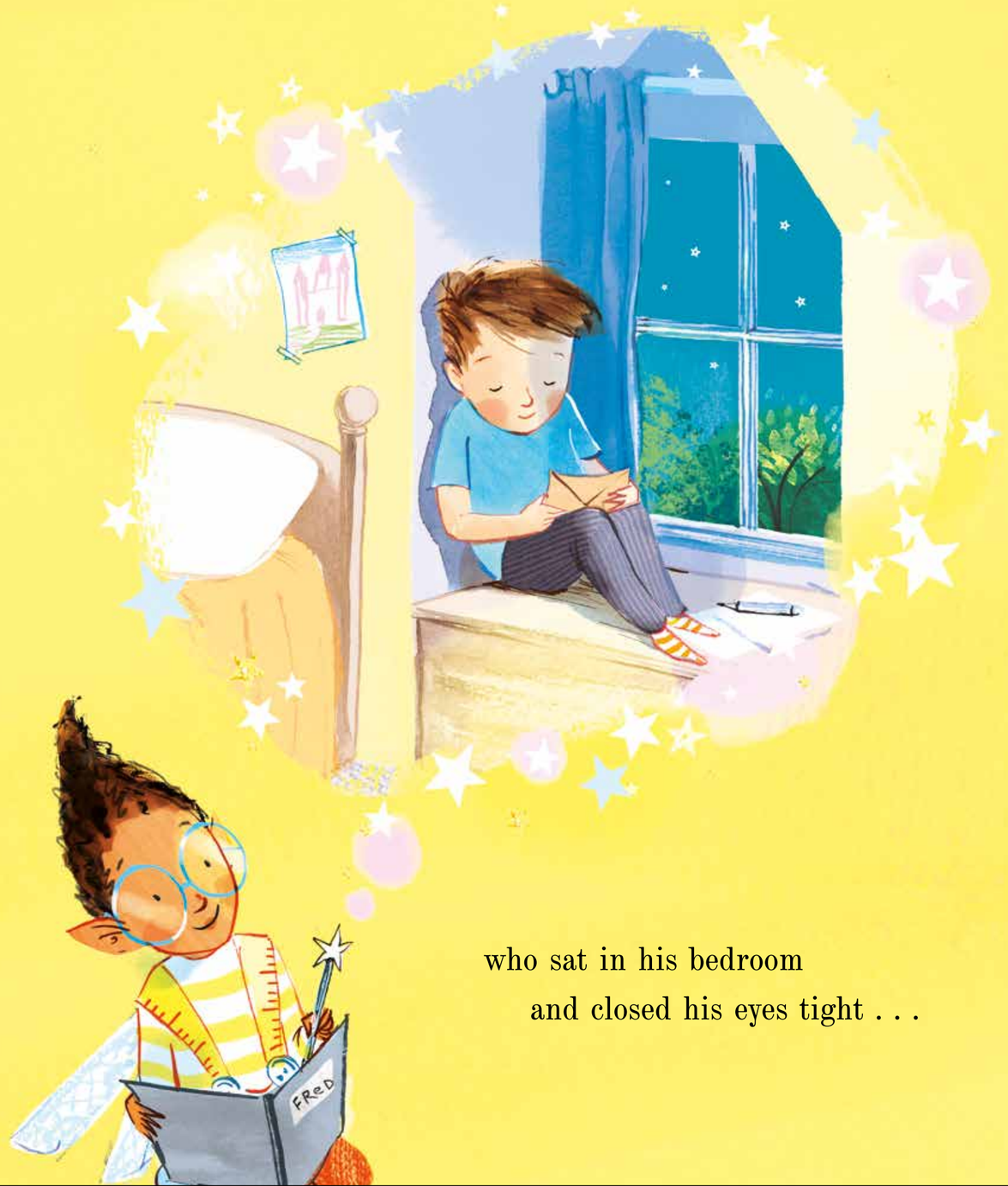
For all of them worked at the *Wish Granting Plant*,
where banners proclaimed,
'THERE'S NO WISH WE CAN'T GRANT!'



Fred worked inside the
Department of Dresses,
where wishes for gowns
would arrive from
princesses.

Fred would sit sketching and hoping each day,
that maybe, a wish-mail
might land in his tray.

He dreamed about helping a person in need,
a person, perhaps, just like Joshua Reed . . .



who sat in his bedroom
and closed his eyes tight . . .

and sent out his wish-mail, one star-studded night.



It whooshed in the wind and then, like every wish,
arrived at the plant, with a swoosh and a swish.



Where drafting designs
in his dressmaking dreams,
Fred watched while his workmates
stitched sequins and seams.

Each of them hoped that
they might win the crown
of *top princess-ball-gown designer* in town.

They all tried their best
to out-stitch and out-sew,
but . . .

