

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

For Sammy – S.M.

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 . . .

