

Mary Fairy – Canary magic.

By Martin S. Beckley



Mr. Finch found choir practice more and more difficult. Not one of the children in this year's school choir could sing. Individually, they could sing without causing him to cry in pain – much. But when they sang together, even the spiders

scurried across the ceiling, leaping out of the window to escape the screeching noise. After a particularly horrendous choir practice, Jennifer – the lead five-year-old singer – sat in the playground and cried. She really wanted her teacher, Mr. Finch, to be proud. Jennifer's Granny collected her at home time and they walked slowly to Granny's house. 'What's the matter sweetie pie?' Granny asked. 'I wish I was a good singer, and then Mr. Finch wouldn't cry so much,' Jennifer told her. Granny took a coin from her handbag and gave it to Jennifer. 'Drop it in the wishing well in my garden and make a wish, sweetie,' said Granny. Jennifer smiled and gave her Granny a kiss, 'Thank you.' She dropped the coin in the well. 'I wish that all the children in the choir could sing like angels.'

A purple light blinked on Hairy Fairy's computer screen. He glanced at his clipboard to see who was on wishing well duty today. 'Mary Fairy, please pick up wish in well 487.' Mary and Scary left Fairy headquarters and flew off to Granny's wishing well. Inside they pressed

the wishes button. 'You have one new wish,' a voice said. 'To listen to wish, press one. To delete wish, press two. To make a new wish, press three.' 'Press one, press one,' said Scary. 'I know,' said Mary. They listened to Jennifer's wish. 'I think we'll need the help of Canary Fairy,' said Mary and they flew off to find him.

'Where does Canary live?' asked Scary. 'In a tree, in the forest.' 'But there are lots of trees, we'll never find him,' moaned Scary. They flew deeper into the forest. 'I don't like it, it's too dark in here,' said Scary. 'It's ok, we can still see,' said Mary. 'I don't like it, it's too creepy,' said Scary. 'Don't worry, I'm with you,' Mary told her. 'I don't like it,' said Scary, then she heard the most beautiful singing. 'Actually, I do like it,' said Scary. They flew closer and listened, while Canary Fairy sang his enchanting song. 'That was amazing,' said Mary, 'Can you teach the school choir to sing better?' 'Next time they sing, you will weep at their sweet voices,' said Canary.

That night, the three fairies visited every child in the choir and Canary Fairy sprinkled them with yellow-green canary magic.

The next day at choir practice, Mr. Finch reluctantly asked the children to begin. He was surprised when his head did not hurt as usual. He removed his earplugs. 'Oh, what wonderful music, what stunning voices,' he cried. Canary Fairy flew through the school and wherever he sprinkled his canary magic, the children and teachers joined in the singing. The school was alive with Canary magic.

** The End **

