

from the fairy you played with when you were a child

Fairyland is decaying. The wood of my cottage is rotten, the door likely stiff with disuse. The flowers are dry and brown - one touch and they crumble to dust. The butterflies have fluttered down to your stomach. The birds have stopped singing to make space for everything else. It is now silent, still, but hardly serene.

I sit at the table, unsure if I could even move if I wanted to. We're meant to be having a tea party. I baked you fairy cakes, picked you strawberries, and grew the tea leaves myself, then sent you an invitation. It reappeared in my little pink mailbox the next day, unanswered. Once, I cried dewdrops, but then my tears were salty and harsh. I had one cup of tea without you. The leaves told me I would be abandoned. There were other signs too, like the doves flying away, replaced with a lonesome magpie. The sun whispered to me. She said I am make-believe, that you are not coming back. She said you forgot. But that can't be true. Make-believe people can't pick their own strawberries. Nice girls don't abandon their friends. Everyone always says you have the memory of an elephant. The sun doesn't know what she's talking about. She's beginning to fade anyway.

I do worry, though, that when you come back you won't like me so much. I never used to worry. You'd hate that I do. And my voice is raspy from singing and screaming, trying to get your attention, and my dress isn't such a bright pink anymore, and my cottage is full of bugs that ate the old cakes, and I can't fly anymore because my wings are all shriveled. What's the use of an ugly fairy who can't fly?

I wonder if you feel the same, if you think I wouldn't like you anymore. I gasp, my first sound in at least a decade. And as I am realising that you too worry, question your purpose, wish to be loved, my wings gain a little more power. I fly from the back of your mind to right behind your eyes, seeing it all from your perspective.

I tell you three things.

I still love you.

It'll all work out.

Bring pieces of Fairyland with you to your new, confusing world.

I hope it makes you smile. It's all I've ever hoped for.

Ella

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Creative Writing: Youth