

THE FAIRY

Every year she was on top of the tree and now it was becoming to be a bore to her. No excitement any more, and no sense of anticipation. This year was no exception. She looked down from her vantage point, or from her perch as she preferred to call it. She was not pleased at what she saw but then, nothing seemed to please her these days.

Directly underneath her was a fairylight which she thought could have been positioned differently as it got rather hot, as well as being the wrong colour for her complexion. Humans should be more thoughtful she fumed, and to add to her bad temper, a needle from the Christmas tree was tickling her nose and making her want to sneeze.

This was no life she thought, how could she opt out; humans retired but fairies, it seemed, go on forever. Marriage in the earlier years could have been, but now? There had been the rather dishy chocolate soldier, but he did not last long, also a rather interesting clown on the lower branch of the tree in Christmas '63. She remembered that a rag doll had made eyes at him and clowns being clowns, he had fallen for her. He would not last long with her, she sniffed.

Her bad temper continued and she found fault with her dress. Every year they put fresh crepe paper over a now rather battered skirt and painted up the wings, but this did nothing for her spirits.

This Christmas had gone well, not so many children around the tree this year. They were all growing up and whereas she had once been the centre of attention, now she was lucky if she got the odd glance. The festive season was all over now and the decorations were in the process of being taken down and packed away for another year. Gently she was laid into a cradle and she began to feel wanted. Could this be the beginning of her retirement?

Good humour returned, she felt more disposed to the world and a warm glow of happiness filled her being as she nestled back in the cradle and slept.

The next Christmas came and the usual bustle began. Decorations were put up and, of course, the tree. The tree she knew well was decorated and she watched wondering if she would be placed in her usual place. During the summer months she had lived a good life, being the plaything of a child, and she felt no wish to resume her usual role at Christmas.

Then a new glittering fairy was placed at the top of the tree and she knew that, at last, she was retired. This she welcomed and settled back once more to enjoy it thinking to herself that everything comes to those who wait!