

THE FAIRY RING

BY AMELIA PENNEY-CROCKER



Acknowledgments

Thanks first and foremost to my parents! They fostered a love of stories and did their fair share of proofreading. I'd also like to thank Jonathan Shaw, who did an amazing job laying out my book. A very special thanks to Bridget Brownlow. She was the one who offered me this amazing opportunity and supported me all the way. And the book would not be as good as it is today without Karen Schaffer and my other editors, Dave Bourgeois, Emily Anderson, Patrick Guerra, Brian Hotson and Lucy d'Anjou. And last, but never ever least, my two best friends Ruby Jangaard and Marin DeWolfe. They've been my friends since elementary school, and each illustrated some of the books I've written for Peaceful Schools. I'm so glad they agreed to draw the pictures for my book, and so glad to have them as friends.

Amelia Penney-Crocker
Author



FACULTY OF
EDUCATION





The Fairy Ring

by

Amelia Penney-Crocker

Illustrations by

Marin DeWolfe

© Amelia Penney-Crocker 2018

ISBN 978-0-9812804-2-4



Once upon a time in Newfoundland there lived a little group of fairies. They lived together, traveled the world together, and shared everything with one another. A group like this is called a Baily. This Baily welcomed all types of fairies to their group, as long as they respected some important rules, such as: every member of the group is equal and no member goes before another; all ideas must be voted on; and of course, no hurting of other members with your actions or words.

The rules let the group live in harmony and happiness for thousands of years. They traveled the countryside making discoveries and having fun, as well as playing little tricks on the humans, as fairies are inclined to do.

One day, a young fairy named Sparrow noticed the adults discussing someone's idea (the idea in question was whether the

baskets they used for berry collection should be re-made because they are about 200 years old, and many have holes). They sat on two long rows of toadstools like they always did. The fairy on the end, named Clover, was counting the votes, but he couldn't see one fairy, named Pippy, who was on the last toadstool, far away at the end, and very small. So he missed her vote.





“It’s a tie,” Clover declared. “We must vote again tomorrow.”

Sparrow frowned. Pippy had voted ‘no,’ and if Clover had seen her then it wouldn’t have been a tie. It would have been a ‘no.’ Sparrow was worried and confused. Had anyone else seen this? What should he do?



Everyone began to fly off towards their various destinations. Some were off to make daisy chains in the meadows. Others to gather food for the afternoon feast. Sparrow flew as fast as he could to the wishing stream, where all the young fairies played, to tell his friend Lilly what he'd seen. Lilly always knew what to do.



“Oh dear,” said Lilly in her knowing voice. They walked away from the stream, and left the other young fairies to talk alone.

“The vote won’t be fair unless all fairies’ votes are counted,” said Lilly. “Let’s go back to the toadstools and see if any of the grownups are still there.”

Sparrow and Lilly flew as fast as they could. When they reached the toadstools everyone had gone but Pippy, who was on janitor duty, dusting off the toadstools, and mopping up the water that somebody spilled.





“Pippy,” said Lilly, landing beside her on an empty toadstool, “Sparrow saw that your vote wasn’t counted!”

“I know,” said Pippy sadly. “It happens a lot. Because we all sit in a line not everyone can see everyone. The people at the head of the line act like they’re in charge, and I’m quite small so my vote is often missed.”

“That’s awful!”
said Sparrow.
“We have to do
something!”

“The whole point
of this Baily is
that everyone
votes on what
they want to do
and it’s fair,” said
Lilly. “This isn’t
fair. We have to
tell Clover he
missed you.”

Sparrow got
very upset when
things weren’t
fair. He darted off
as soon as Lilly
spoke. He flew as fast as a dragonfly, and was out of
sight before Lilly could go after him. He found Clover
collecting nuts for the afternoon feast.





“Hello Clover,” he called.

“Why, hello Sparrow,” said Clover. “What is a young fairy such as yourself doing here, when you should be off playing?”

“I need to tell you something important,” said Sparrow.

“Well I’m a little busy dear,” said Clover walking away towards the food log where they stored the nuts. “We can talk later, perhaps, at the afternoon feast.”

Sparrow worried it would be too late then, so he blurted out what he needed to say. “You didn’t count Pippy’s vote.”

Clover looked up. “Are you saying I disobeyed the laws of the Baily?”





“No,” said Sparrow. “I mean you did, but...”

Clover was very offended. “I would never!” he interrupted. “Those are not the accusations a young fairy should be making!” Clover looked very upset.



Sparrow didn't want to make Clover sad or mad, and he didn't know how he was going to get Clover to listen to him now. So he said, "Maybe I was wrong," and flew away. He found Lilly by the rose garden, and rushed to tell her what had happened.



“Oh Sparrow,” said Lilly. “I think it would be best to use different words. Saying ‘You didn’t count Pippy’s vote’ sounds like you’re blaming Clover for the situation, and nobody likes to be blamed. We should use the sandwich.”

“The sandwich? What sandwich?” asked Sparrow.

“It’s a way to tell someone something they don’t want to hear,” said Lilly. “Remember when we were learning to fly? The teacher always told us one good thing we did, then something we needed to work on, then another good thing. That way you didn’t feel bad about yourself. The good stuff is like the bread and the bad stuff, the meat, lettuce and other stuff on the inside.”

“I see,” said Sparrow, who didn’t really get it. “But I like the stuff on the inside more than the bread.”

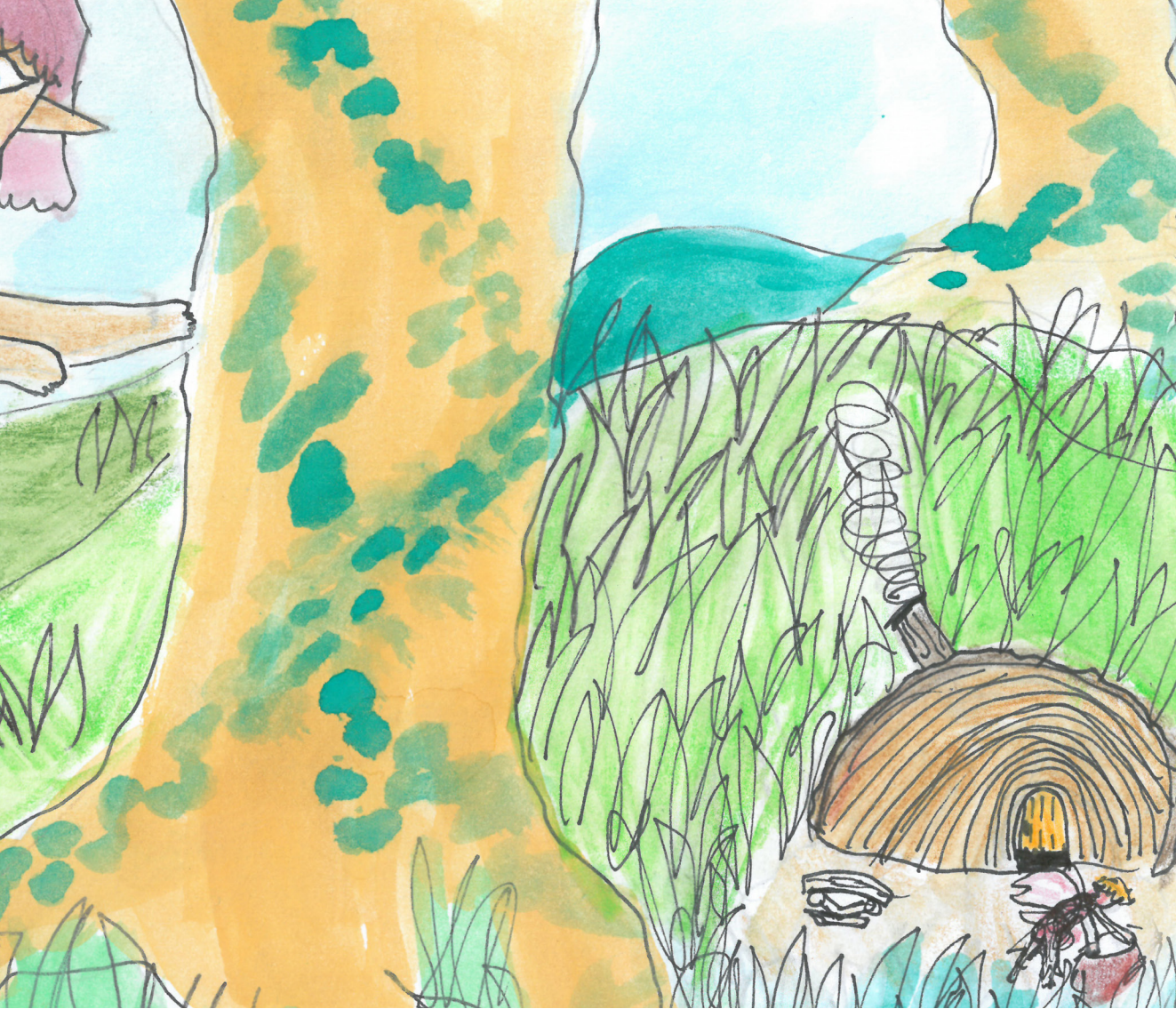
Lilly laughed. “It could be a sandwich with candy on the outside and spinach on the inside if that helps you picture it,” she said. “You wouldn’t mind eating spinach if it was surrounded with candy.”

Sparrow liked that, and the young fairies flew off at once, their excitement making them fly faster than ever. As they flew Lilly said, “I think you should apologize first, that would get us started in a good place.”



When they found Clover, he still looked a little upset.

“Clover,” said Sparrow, “I’d like to apologize for accusing you. I didn’t mean to make you feel bad at all.”



“Thank you, Sparrow,” said Clover. “Sometimes I can over react.”

“You are wonderful at keeping order in the group,” said Lilly.



“Oh, thank you,” said Clover, blushing, and smiling for the first time since they started speaking to him. “I mean, I do try to keep us organized.”

“But,” said Lilly, “because of the way the seats were arranged, you accidentally missed Pippy’s vote. But, we know you’ll know how to make it right.”

“I think I do,” said Clover. “Well... I know what I’ll do. I’ll apologize to Pippy, like you apologized to me. I’ll acknowledge my mistake, and I’ll fix the vote. And I’ll... I’ll fix the seating arrangement.”

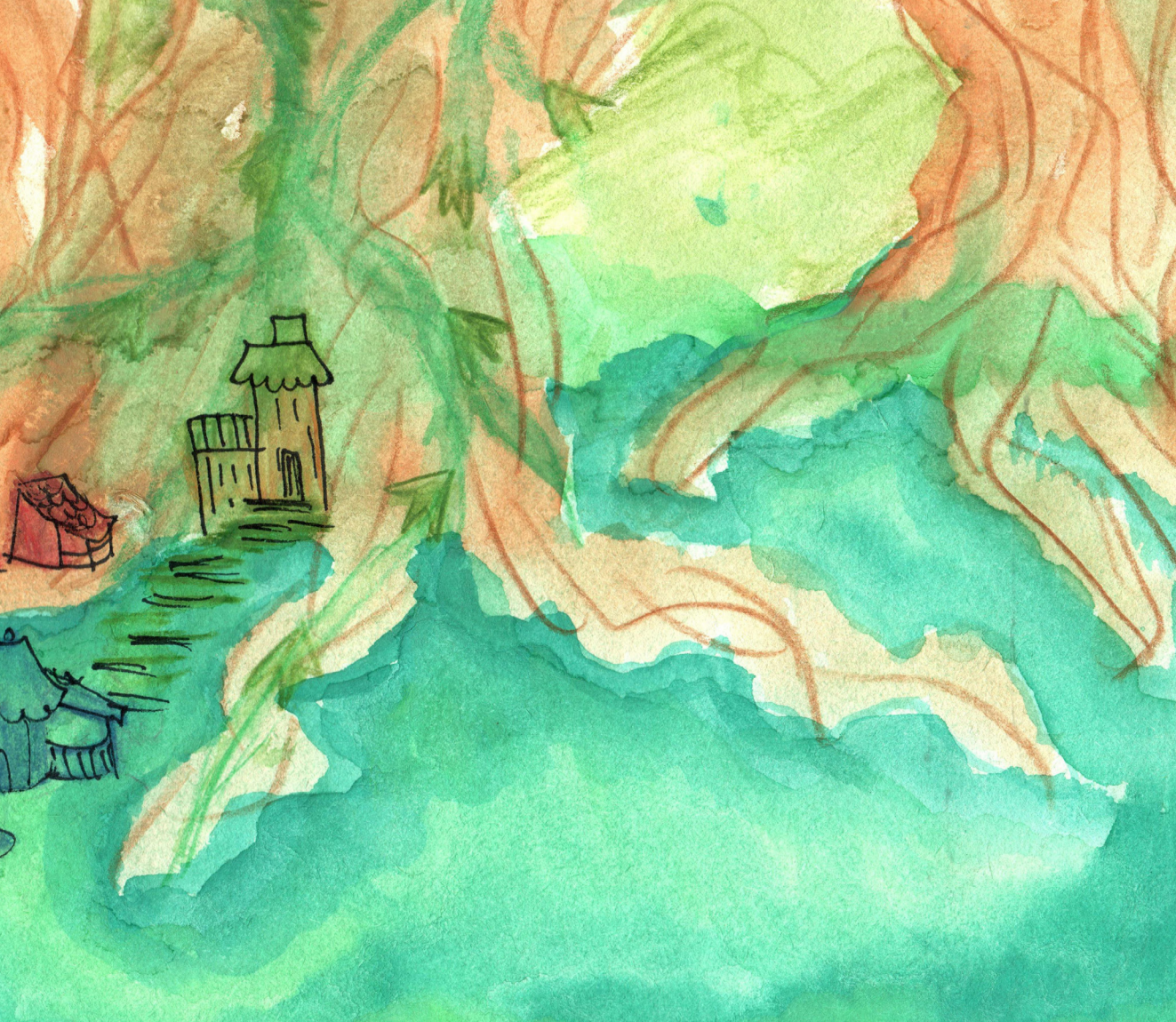
“That’s wonderful!” said Lilly, jumping and twirling in the air with happiness.

“Why don’t we arrange the toadstools in a circle,” suggested Sparrow. “That way everyone can see everyone else. No one’s at the head, or more important.”

“That’s it!” said Clover. “A fairy ring!”



To this day, fairies still use fairy rings. Not only in this Baily but in many others, as well. They have become so important to the fairies they have put spells on them so that humans can't disturb them. So, if you ever see a



fairy ring do not step inside because the fairies will not like that very much. Instead, think about why fairies use fairy rings. The fairy ring can teach you something, too.

The End



About the Author

Amelia Penney-Crocker was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. She is in Grade 8 and attends Oxford school. She has been writing stories since she was very young, and making them up long before she could write them down. She won the 2016 Woozles writing contest when she was 10, and she co-wrote an article about Syrian refugees for Our Children magazine. She also traveled to Northern Ireland with the Saint Mary's Peaceful Schools International team last year and visited the schools there. She loves writing, reading, doing theatre, and taekwondo.

About the Illustrator

Marin DeWolfe was born in Halifax, 2005 on New Years Eve, and lives in a blue house with her dog Shep. Even though Marin is very much a city girl, she has spent loads of her time in the Annapolis Valley visiting her grandparents and exploring nature. When she was around the age of three, she fell in love with drawing and developed a passion for it. Marin was involved with Girl Guides for 8 years, and also loves to ski. In her spare time Marin can be found drawing, rock climbing, baking things like brownies or crêpes, and reading.



FACULTY OF
EDUCATION



Peaceful Schools
International

