

# FAIRIES IN THE NIGHT

We started playing a friendly game of life, but when my Mom starts to beat me at something the game gets evil. Right now I was in the glory of first place with 2 cars, 4 kids, my husband George and about 2117 k. My Mom on the other hand had 1 car, 2 children, her husband Brian [my dad] and about 123 k. It was after dinner about 7:23pm and the sun was starting to set. In our garden I had a amazing tree house that had a rope ladder, a balcony and everything a 3 year old could wish for. The sun set right over the balcony of the tree house. The sky was dark now and out of the corner of my eye I saw something amazing and magical at the same time. "MOM! I see some FAIRIES! I scream in delight. They were all around my tree house flapping their tiny wings and just begging me to come outside and play. I begged my Mom for hours! [Well, maybe 10 minutes] until she finally let me go outside and play.

As I ran into the next door "Mud Room" my Mom called after me, "Honey! Remember to put on your coat and boots! I will call you in at bath time." but I barely heard her. I was to excited to go and see my tiny winged friends. I ran outside, the muddy puddles lapping on my boots and getting my socks soaked. I didn't care. As I ran over to my treehouse I could have sworn I could hear the voices that seemed to be saying, "Hi there Arabella! Come follow us. We want to show you something!" For some reason I held back. I knew that my mom would be angry if she called and I wasn't there but then again, would she ever find out? Finally I gave in. Mom wouldn't call until bath time and it was barely dark. I ran across the garden like a squirrel who saw a beautiful fresh acorn. I ducked under the hedge that only a 3 year old could fit through and ran out to the street. Suddenly I felt a weird feeling. I could taste my freedom and my heart was as free as an eagle but my mind was telling me to go back. Finally I decided to go with my heart. I ran around my neighborhood as fast as my little legs could carry me.

As I ran around I realized that the sky was so dark and the stars were coming out. I turned around and looked into the endless darkness. Suddenly the feeling of freedom faded. It was replaced with fear. I didn't know the way home. I felt like the best option was to start yelling so if someone heard me they would hopefully help. If you have a little sibling who is around 3 years old you know how loud they can scream.

Even I was surprised that no one heard me. After about an hour of yelling, I choose to head in the direction that I thought I came from. I ran and ran until I saw a light coming from a window of a house not to far off. Since I didn't have another choice I ran with all my strength towards the door and Rang the doorbell. "*Ding Dong*" It Went. A lady opened the door. When I looked at her face I thought "Just my luck!" It was one of my friends mom! "Hello, Arabella do you need help getting home?" I nodded in enthusiasm. As we went inside she told me to help myself to the cookies while she called my mom. I did. By the time my mom came I had, had 4 cookies and was starting on my fifth. When I saw my mom I ran to her with open arms. My heart felt like it was flying. As we were in the car that night my mom said to me, "Never run away again!" And I answered her, "I never will." Even now that I am 10 and don't believe in magic, I will always remember the fairies that got me in big trouble.