***ONCE UPON A FAIRYTALE***

***By Christine Rabacal***

Once upon a time there was a boy named Jim, who had fairies come and visit him, they took him far, far away on a magical bicycle to Fairyland. Jim cycled around Fairyland on this magical bicycle, until he overheard commotion just up ahead of him. Jim hurried up the road and screeched to a halt just in time, he seemed to be on a cliff with the ending at the edge. He walked to where the road ended and looked down to see what was at the bottom. To his great astonishment, the road carried on down the side of the cliff and eventually turned the right way up again at the bottom. The noise appeared to be coming from the bottom of the cliff where some pixie-looking creatures seemed to be having some sort of party, that is if you consider two pixies jumping around to a rock ‘n roll song, with another trying to sneak in and join them, a party.

“But how in the world are you supposed to get down there?” Jim wondered out loud, unfortunately he said this a bit too loud and got the pixies attention. They looked up and the taller one with the strange looking leaf hat yelled

 “Hey, hey! This is our party- I don’t remember inviting you! Wait, let me check the invited list…” he said pulling out a leaf and examining it, “no, no not on there- how could I have even thought for a second that you would be on there? What about the not invited list?” he said pulling out another leaf, “Maybe you will be on there... yip definitely on there. Who are you anyway?” he asked looking up. “Well if I defiantly on the not invited list then surely you should know who I am” Jim replied

“Well you see everybody is on the not invited list except for Randle and my kingly self, so there for you are on the not invited list. Now who are you?” insisted the pixie with the hat.

 “I’m Jim and you are?” Jim answered.

“This is Rufus” the pixie Jim took to be Randle said quickly, “And that’s Jeepers.” Randle said pointing towards the pixie that was still trying to get in. “Well Jim” said Rufus loudly,

 “This is my party and you’re not invited – so go away. You can clearly see the separation of the classes here, I am first class because I am on the first level. You are second class, because you are on the second level.” Rufus finished.

“If being on the first level means that you are first class, then is Jeepers first class too? And if so then why wasn’t he invited to you party?” Jim asked

. “Jeepers is pretending to be a first classer so that he can try to get into our party, but he is actually on the lowest of the low levels.” Rufus answered.

“Then how come the second level is higher than the first?” Jim wanted to know.

“You keep on trying to defy my first-classleyness with logic, but you shall not win. You see it’s nothing personal we’re just better than you.”

Jim bit back his retort to this statement, at his fuming expression, Rufus added “I know, I’m jealous of me to.” Jim couldn’t help it,

“Last time I cheeked I wasn’t a nutty pixie, jumping around like a loon, with a great ridiculous leaf on my head.” Jim shot at Rufus.

“Aha but I am not the one that is rolling around here on a trolley, squishing everything in my path” as though this was a fun game that he had played plenty of times,

“Although I would if I got the chance.” He added under his breath.

“You know, I think that you should just leave, Jim.” Randle interrupted. “But how do I get down?” Jim asked.

“Magic…”Randle replied and then everything went black.

Jim woke up a few minutes later, on his garden bench, he had fallen asleep and everything had been a dream.