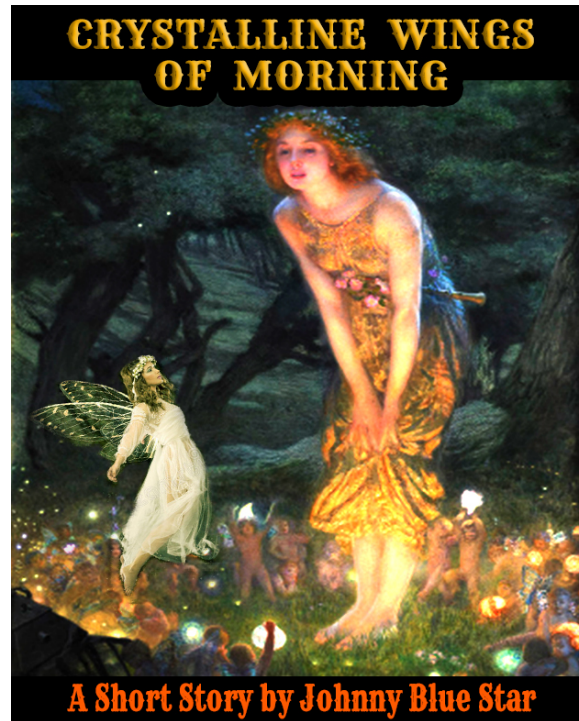


This is a SAMPLE of FAIRY TALE WRITING

**WRITING SAMPLE
THE CRYSTALLINE WINGS OF MORNING**

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This time it was the first thing in the morning. Usually, the lecture occurred at dinnertime, but Melissa’s parents were alarmed by another sleepless night.

“It’s just a shadow, dear. And you’ve got to get a hold of yourself.”

“It’s not a shadow. It’s an arm- an ugly, skinny, hairy, scary-looking one. I know the difference between a shadow and something real.” Both her parents looked at each other and sighed.

“Are you practicing that?” Melissa asked, noting how her father sort of grunted when he completed his version of a sigh.

So, that day when Melissa went to school, she thought of nothing but the scary arm until she got to English class. Then, she was in for a great big surprise when she received a prize for the best poem of the semester.

“The fairies always come
When they hear the quiet hum
Of a mother softly singing
To her babies in the sun...”

They gave her a golden quill, made out of some kind of metal- and she was on her way home, running for the sheer joy of it, exuberant with her prize and gaily anticipating her parents’ reaction to her first major, literary achievement.

She was passing through Gaylord’s Meadow, the remnants of an old wheat field, which had replaced the long-remembered Gaylord Dairies of which only the foundations of the main milking barn remained. The wheat field also, in its turn, had been abandoned to the ravages of wind and sun.

As she ran, she tripped over the tiniest metal rim of an ancient milk can buried in the field. Careening into sudden darkness, it seemed like she tumbled into some kind of ShadowLand, a land of harsh black and white contrasts, whose shapes and shadows looked like the insides of a photographic negative. It all happened in an instant and she fell on the ground and tore her lovely, blue dress.

Above her stood a grim, cackling, greenish black ghoulish creature with horrible fangs and long, thin, hairy arms.

“Why, Melissa- you are such a horrible stumbling block with your foolish poems and your silly fairy tales. I am going to have to crunch you up for dinner and serve you to the Ghouls on Primrose Avenue.”

She looked at him and smiled.

“So I’m making this all up, huh? Here is one of the greeny things with the long arms and I’m actually inside his horrible, little world. Ha! Nobody believe me, eh?” She was so happy to be right, she found herself amazingly unscared and confrontational. “Go ahead, eat me. Serve me up to your disgusting, creepy friends. I am not going to pretend I’m afraid of you.”

“I see,” he said, salivating vigorously. “Well, how about that-?”

Giant, shrieking creatures seemed to suddenly cloud the sky and everything turned very dark as they all rushed towards her. She woke up right next to an old oak stump. She could see the glint of the dying sun in the tiny corner of the old milk can. Maybe she had fell. Maybe it was just a fantasy- or dream. Yet, there was blood lust in the piercing red

eyes of the sky-born phantoms plunging from the sky... and the fear returned. Somehow, the terror woke her from that awful world and she walked home, trembling in fear.

She couldn't help wondering why, when in that world- and confronting the ghoul- she felt so little fear. When she got home, her parents were appalled at her lateness. They had called the police and now talked about sending her to counseling. That night she didn't see any bad creatures because she was so totally exhausted and slept without any memory of dreaming.

When Melissa awoke the very next morning, she looked up at her window and squinted into the golden morning sunlight rippling through the frail, cotton curtains. She saw something in the room, flying around in the sunbeams? Was it a hummingbird? Was it some kind of a golden beetle?

Squinting even harder, she now made out the most exquisite tiny maiden, whose crystalline wings and tiny emerald crown, betrayed her identity as a refugee from a much more wonderful world than the ShadowLand she had tumbled in the day before. There was no doubt in Melissa's mind that she was in the presence of royalty- a princess or queen, perhaps. And all about her she felt a strange shudder as she became immersed in an even brighter golden light of this wonderful morning.

Three amazing suns shined through the now translucent light of her bedroom ceiling, dancing on a horizon tipped with crimson clouds. The emerald sky she saw matched the tiara of her beautiful, new visitor. Fairyland was all upon her and she trembled in the wonder of this new, fabulous dawn.