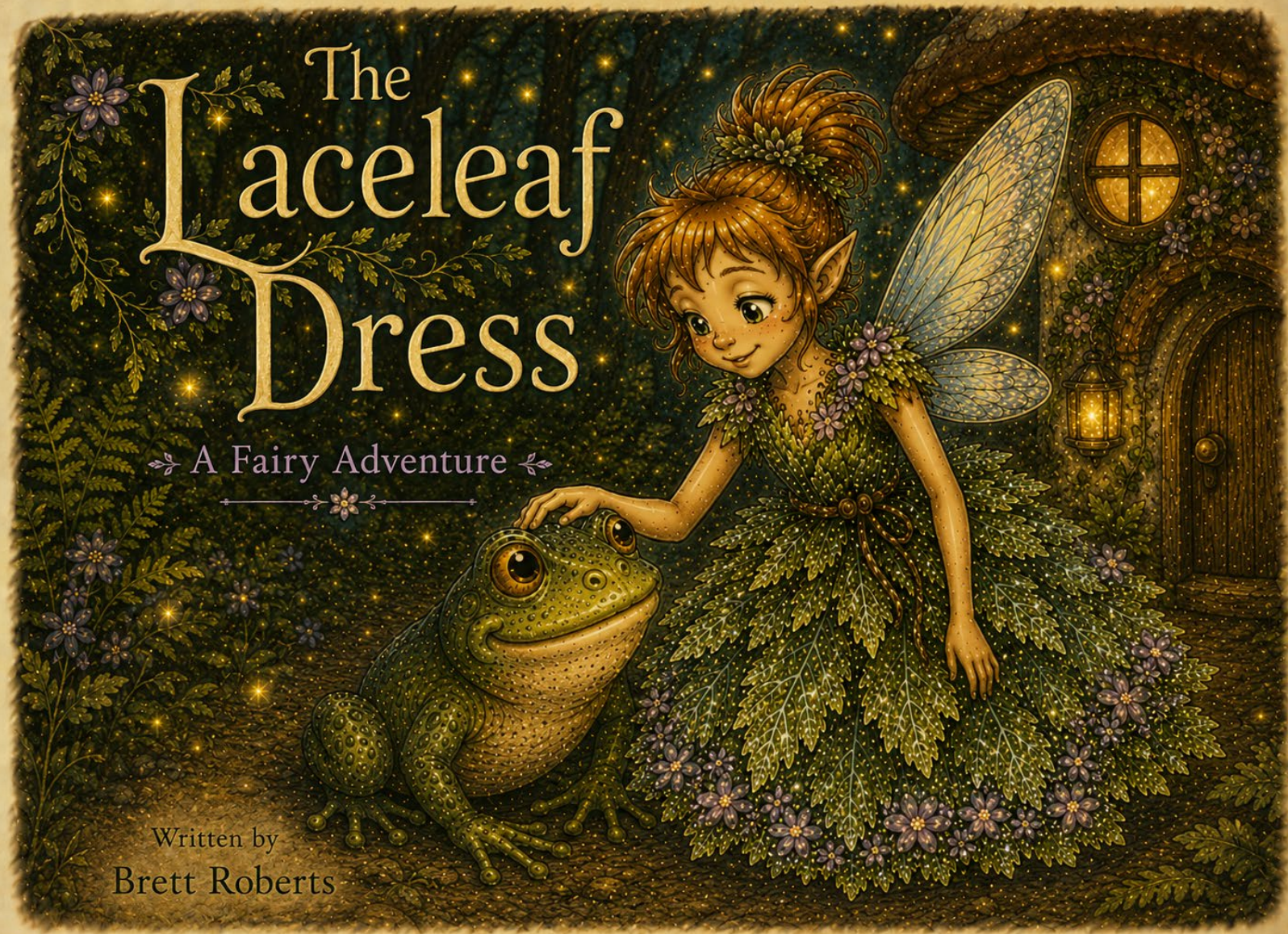


The Laceleaf Dress

— A Fairy Adventure —

Written by
Brett Roberts



In the tiny village
of Thimblefern Glen,
fairy clothes weren't
sewn from cloth or silk.

Fairies made their
clothes from leaves,
flower petals, and
curling vines gathered
from the forest.

Some dresses were
simple, made from
clover leaves tied
together with spider silk.

Others were fancy
enough to make the
whole village stop
and stare.



No fairy loved
fashion more
than Lyria.



Lyria was only five inches tall, with shimmering dragonfly wings and bright green eyes.

For weeks, she worked on her newest creation— a magnificent dress made from silver maple leaves, fern curls, and tiny blue flower petals stitched together with strands of milkweed silk.

She even added dewberries that sparkled like jewels along the collar.



When she finally wore it to the Moonblossom Festival, every fairy gasped.

“It’s the most beautiful dress we’ve ever seen!” cried one fairy.

“It looks like it was woven by the forest itself!” said another.

Lyria twirled proudly in the moonlight while her leaf skirt fluttered around her like butterfly wings. She had never felt so special.



The next morning, Lyria stood under her favorite watering can. Since she was so tiny, the watering can made the perfect shower. Cool droplets sprinkled gently over her dress.

Lyria didn't shower every day because she was dirty. Fairies were naturally very clean creatures. She watered the dress each morning to keep the leaves fresh and green.

For a while, it worked beautifully.



But after a few days,
something terrible happened.

The edges of the leaves
began turning brown.

One curled up tightly like
a dead autumn leaf.

Another drifted sadly
to the floor.

“Oh no...”
Lyria whispered.

Every day the dress
grew worse.

Petals wilted. Leaves cracked.
Tiny holes appeared along
the seams.

Soon the beautiful gown
looked tired and crumpled.

Lyria sat on a mushroom stool
staring at the ruined dress
in her lap.

She had worked so hard on it
that her eyes filled with tears.



Just then, a voice drifted through her window.
“You look as gloomy as a raincloud.”

It was Webster the Wizard, the wizard who lived in the crooked stone tower beyond the blackberry bushes. He had a brown beard, glasses, a purple pointed hat and a purple robe. He had heard her crying from outside.

“My dress is ruined,” Lyria sighed. “No matter how much I water it, the leaves keep dying.”

The wizard examined the dress carefully.

“Ah,” he said knowingly. “Ordinary leaves never last very long. But Laceleaf leaves are different. Stronger. Softer. They stay green for weeks.”

“Where can I find them?” Lyria asked eagerly.

The wizard pointed his twisted walking stick toward the distant woods.

“Just beyond the riverbank. Laceleaf flowers grow there in the misty shade.”



Lyria's eyes widened.
The river was far away
for a tiny fairy.

There's no way her wings
could take her that far.
She would be exhausted.

But she knew exactly
who could help.

She hurried outside
and whistled twice.

"RIBBIT!"

Out from beneath
a lily pad hopped her
best friend, Barnaby
the frog. He was large
enough for Lyria to ride
like a horse and loyal
enough to follow her
anywhere.

"We're going on an
adventure," Lyria
announced.

Barnaby croaked happily.



Lyria climbed onto his mossy back, clutching a satchel made from a walnut shell.

With a mighty BOING, Barnaby launched into the forest.

They bounced over roots, ducked beneath giant mushrooms, and squeezed through tunnels of tall grass.

Dragonflies zipped overhead like tiny helicopters.



Soon they reached
the roaring river.

For a fairy, the river
looked as wide as
an ocean.

Barnaby leaped into
the water with a splash.
Lyria held tightly to
his neck as they
paddled through the
rushing current.

A silver fish darted
beneath them, and
reeds swayed like
towering trees.

Finally, they reached
the far bank.



There, glowing softly
beneath the shade of
ancient ferns, grew the
Laceleaf plants.

Their leaves shimmered
emerald green with silver
veins running through
them like threads of
moonlight.

Tiny purple flowers
bloomed between them,
smelling faintly of honey.

“They’re beautiful,”
Lyria whispered.



Carefully, she picked
only the strongest leaves
and a few flowers for
decoration,

thanking each plant as
fairies always did.

Then Barnaby carried
her safely home.



That evening,
inside her cozy
mushroom cottage,
Lyria worked by
the light of fireflies
floating in glass jars.

Barnaby sat nearby
watching proudly
as she stitched the
Laceleaf leaves
together one by one.



This dress was even more beautiful than the first.

The leaves shimmered softly whenever she moved. The purple flowers glowed like stars along the hem.

Best of all, the Laceleaf stayed fresh and strong.



When the dress was finally complete, Lyria hurried to show her friends.

The fairies gathered around in amazement.

“It’s even prettier than the first one!” one gasped.

“And the leaves still look fresh!” said another.



Lyria smiled and
gave Barnaby a
grateful pat on
the head.

This time, she knew
her beautiful dress
would last for many
adventures to come.

