

A Tooth Fairy Named Mort

By Sharon Thayer

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If you could fly across the water,
just as the sun begins to set,
and slip between the top of the waves
and the breeze coming out of the west,
you will come to a lovely beach of sand,
right on the edge of Fairyland.

And if you sit there perfectly still,
the moon will rise and cast its spell,
as the fairy castle comes alive,
with every imaginable flying creature waking inside.

This castle is home to fairies and more,
flying in windows and gliding out doors,
flitting around, casting spells,
singing songs, and ringing bells.

Some large, some small, some short and some tall.

Some of many colors, and some, no color at all.

Blue and yellow, purple and green,
so handsome, so beautiful, and no two the same.

There are fairies who cook and some who clean,

and flying dragons who fix machines.

One fairy's in charge of shining the stars.

One gathers sweet nectar from near and far.

Ten dear little pixies sew glorious gowns,
from spider webs and silky down.

The fastest fairy of all gathers the sun's rays,
to spread through the castle on dark gloomy days.

Each has a job they love to do,
pixies, flying dragons, and Fairy Godmothers, too.

Together they do chores of every sort . . .
. . . especially the little Tooth Fairy named Mort.

Mortina, or Mort for short,
is an adventurous fairy – the tomboy sort.
Some days she tires of fluttering wings,
of fairy dust and magical things.

She'd rather dart through the forest and fly through the skies,
catching bright crystals and blue dragon flies.

But, like all her fairyland friends,
she has a job she must do.

Her work assures their flying never ends,
and she's counting on you to help her through.

