

Fairy Ticklish

~ for Greta ~

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Tiptoes Lightly and June Berry were in the garden. The sun was shining and they were lounging on the grass beneath the elm tree. They were chatting about all the different kinds of breezes and winds.

Suddenly Tom Nutcracker snuck up behind them and pounced on June Berry. He held her down and tickled her ribs. She laughed and laughed and laughed.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried at last. "I'm out of breath!"

Tom rolled over onto his back and stretched out his arms.

"You're so tickleable," he chuckled. Her brother was a bit of a tease.

While all the tickling was going on Tiptoes had sat up and folded her legs. She was grinning.

"Are you ticklish, too," asked June Berry, catching her breath.

"I don't have ribs like humans do," said Tiptoes, grinning wider, "but I am fairy-ticklish."

"Fairy-ticklish!" exclaimed June Berry. She'd never heard of fairy-ticklish before.

"How do we fairy-tickle you then?" asked Tom, rolling onto his side and chewing a piece of grass. He already had a mischevious look in his eye.

"That's easy," said Tiptoes. "Think of a happy moment in your life."

Tom and June frowned, but soon were smiling. Tom was thinking about camping with his dad and June about her last birthday party.

"Good," said Tiptoes. "Now, send all that happiness from your heart into your eyes. Let it sparkle with light and joy."

Soon Tom and June's eyes were sparkling like fireworks.

"Now send those sparkles to me," said Tiptoes.

As soon as they did Tiptoes laughed with joy. She spread her wings and leaped into the air. Round and round she rose into the blue sky, high above the green elm tree, her voice ringing like a bell and brightening the whole world.