

The Tale of Pixie Purple

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Pixie Purple was purple, all of her, except for the yellow velvet ribbon in her long purple hair. She lived in a tall, elegant iris with purple petals and yellow tongues. That was her home. Pixie Purple was her proper name, though some called her Purple for short.

One day Purple was sitting in her flower when the wind began to blow. The wind blew gently at first and her house swayed back and forth. By and by the wind blew stronger, and stronger. The sky clouded over, thunder rumbled, lighting flashed and the trees began to howl. The purple iris was tossed wildly from side to side and spun round and round.

“Help!” cried Pixie Purple as she was thrown about.

SNAP!!! — the stem broke, and her tall, lovely flower keeled over and lay across the dwarf daisies and sweet william. The rain came, splitter-splatter. It beat on the iris until Purple had to flee her home. She ran across the green grass, over the brown earth, along the gray sidewalk and into a garage. As soon as she was inside the garage door rumbled and shut. Suddenly it was dark. She heard footsteps fading away. A voice said: “I closed the garage door, Sam. It’s raining.”

Purple stood in the darkness. The garage was cool and empty. The wind and rain seemed far away; only whispers sounding through the walls. She waited a long time. Finally the door into the house opened. A human stood there, dark against the inside light. Pixie Purple took her chance. Between the human’s legs she scooted, running like lightning.

“Hey!” cried the human, surprised. “Madison! Madison! A purple pixie just ran into the house. Catch her!”

“Don’t be silly, Sam,” said Madison. “There’s no such thing as a purple pix — . Oh! My! Goodness! Look at that! A purple pixie.”

Pixie Purple was trapped. She ran about the house, she zoomed from room to room, but all the windows and doors were shut.

“Catch her! Catch her!” cried Sam.

“I’m trying,” shouted Madison.

Sam and Madison ran after Purple. They lunged at her. They dove for her. They knocked over lamps, photographs, chairs and precious vases. What a clattering there was! Pixie Purple panicked. Color shot out of her—like paint, like spray paint shooting from a can. It streaked the walls and floors and splotched the ceilings—the living room, the kitchen, the bedrooms and the hallways, all were painted purple. And Purple’s footprints ran over the sofas, across the kitchen table, up the cupboards and down the mirrors and paintings. Purple paint was everywhere.

Finally Sam caught hold of Purple. He grabbed her by the ankle and didn’t let go. Madison leaped on top of her, pinning her arms.

“We have her! We have her!” they cried.

“No, you don’t,” said Purple, getting mad—and POOF!!!—Pixie Purple exploded. Yes, she did. She exploded. She exploded in Sam and Madison’s hands. Their hands were purple, their faces were purple, their hair was purple—even their tongues and teeth were purple.

Sam and Madison staggered about. They gazed at themselves aghast. They looked at their house in horror. The room was filling with purple fumes. It was settling and sticking to everything. Sam ran to the front door and opened it, trying to let the fumes out.

That was Purple’s chance. Out the door she flew. She was much smaller now, of course, having exploded—only the size of a gardener’s thumb she was. Even smaller. But Pixie Purple didn’t hang about. She saw a rainbow glistening in the sky. She scooted up a maple tree and leaped. She caught hold of that rainbow and climbed. Up and up she climbed until she was almost impossible to see.

That’s where you’ll find her, if you look carefully. She’s still gathering purple to make herself bigger again. As for Sam and Madison, they are the strangest looking couple, for Pixie Purple’s purple never left their hands and faces—or their glistening, purple teeth!