

The Best Birthday Gift Ever

By Bill Michie

This is a story about a story. Late last year, my 13 year old grand-daughter told me that she had started to write a book. I was surprised, because writing books was the last thing on my mind when I was 13. Of course I was pleased with her ambitious project, and asked her to send me a copy of what she had written so far. She began to type up all of her notes, and sent each chapter to me as soon as it was typed. I made sure to give her a comment each time, usually with a bit of humour. She instinctively wrote most chapters with endings that left me in suspense, wondering what would happen next. Soon she had written 13 chapters, with more to come.

Then came my birthday last month. When it was time for presents, she asked me to bring my computer to the table and open an email. I discovered that she had written a short story for my birthday, and emailed it to me a few minutes earlier. What a wonderful gift!

Here is the story. The names of the characters are borrowed from me, my wife and oldest son – Bill, Barb and Dan.

The boy who believed

By Grand-daughter Leia

***This short story is for my amazing Grandpa, I love you! Happy birthday!
Love Leia***

Magic isn't real.

Everyone knows that.

If only I believed that.

Everybody at school tells me magic isn't real, and I want to believe them. Really I do. But my gut says otherwise.

I know somewhere out there are fairies, flying around in peace and harmony and mermaids swimming around in the waters.

Everyone at school tells me I'm crazy, or calls me a freak and runs away from me. There are only a few people who believe me but they don't talk about magic as much as I do.

“Bill!” Someone called my name causing me to snap out of my thoughts. I looked up and saw Barb (my best friend) “We should go to the new shop in town!” She said with a wide smile. “Rumour has it the shop is magical.” “Ok!” I replied with a smile.

After a few hours the bell rang telling everyone that school was finally over for the day.

I walked outside and waited by the door for Barb. She came out smiling and grabbed my wrist. She ran across the streets, pulling me along until we got to the store. She opened the door and quickly walked inside. I looked around and was disappointed by what I saw.

It was empty.

The only things in the store were old boxes and a lot of dust.

I coughed from all the dust floating around. “We should probably leave,” I said, slightly sad.

I turned around to walk out the door when I felt something move under my foot. I looked down and saw that a tile in the floor had moved from the weight of my foot. Everything started shaking. I looked out the window and saw a girl riding her bike in the summer grass. I called for her in hopes that she would help but no one heard me. Then everything went black.

I felt a bright light shining on me, and a light cold breeze blowing on my face. Whatever I was laying on felt very cold and slightly wet. I cracked open my eyes and saw trees. Many trees. I stood up quickly and realized I wasn’t in Canada anymore. The trees were blue with white snow on top of them.

I was about to wander around when I remembered about Barb.

“Barb.”

No response.

“Barb!”

“Over here!” called a voice from behind me.

I turned around and saw Barb walking over to me. “This place is so cool! Look at the flowers they have here,” Barb exclaimed. I looked to where she pointed and saw there was a patch where the snow hadn’t hit and there were glowing orange flowers.

I stepped closer to them and touched one. As soon as my finger made contact with the flower, the petals started to fall off. “Oh dear! You killed it!” said Barb in shock. When all the petals had fallen off there was a small ball of blue on the base of the flower.

I squinted my eyes trying to see the blue thing more clearly.

Then I realized it had wings. It looked up at me with big yellow eyes.

“Hello.” I said with a kind smile.

It looked at me scared and flew away.

“Oh my god, that was a pixie! I knew magic was real!”

I looked over at Barb. She squealed in excitement and I smiled, happy that I was right.

Later that day after I returned home I phoned my other friend, Dan, to tell him about my magical adventure.

“What? What do you mean you don’t believe me?” I said shocked.

“I don’t know, it just sounds fake.”

“I saw a pixie with my own two eyes” I said, trying to make Dan believe me.

“Yeah, sorry man, but I still don’t believe you.”

“Magic is real!” I yelled, then hung up the phone.

That night, I dreamed about pixies. And smiled.