

The fairy that couldn't fly.

Everybody knows fairies move flying. In fact, they are very lively, always flying around trees and flowers, beating quickly their delicate wings.

That's why Isbar the Wise, was very surprised when he saw that fairy approaching his hut walking very slowly, with her wings hang down, and dragging her feet. It was clear that her thin and white legs are not so strong as ones of the gnomes, which can walk long distances with out getting tired. This fairy looked exhausted because she had been walking for a long time, and she was not used to this effort.

Almost fell down just arriving at the door of Isbar's red hut.

The magician gave her a glass of water with honey to help her to recover strengths.

Then, Isbar, with curiosity, asked her why he had went on foot, instead of flying as usual. He was also concerned about how bad looked her wings, colourful and flexible before, but dirty and downcast at the moment.

The fairy drank the sweet water, almost in a swallow. And after a long and deep breathe that made undulate the grass around her feet, started to speak.

– It has been some time I can not move my wings. I feel that they weigh as a dozen of giants!

The magician looked at her worried.

-Maybe you are not eating well, and because of this you have not strength enough to beat your wings.

-No way! I eat marvellously! Besides the fact that I have been feeling how the weight has been increasing little by little.

-Well, at first sight you look healthy.

The wise observed her carefully. He ordered her to stick out her tongue, and to open wide eyes. Took a look into her inner ear. Touched her legs and arms. But he did not find the reason of the fairy's illness.

Then, he indicated to the fairy to do some physical exercises, just to be sure that her muscles and articulations run well, and so it was. So, the wise deduced that the problem was in the same wings, and that was the reason why they looked so hideous.

The magician went into her hut, and when he came out, he brought a big magnifying glass with which he could observe the wings closer. To do it well, he must to stand up the fairy's wings and.. Heavens! They were really heavy!

The detail that puzzled him tremendously, were the dark stains, scattered on the whole surface of the delicate little wings. But to be honest, the Wise had no idea

about this strange anomaly. He was surprised, but he needed to help the poor fairy.

Isbar supposed that a melancholy issue was the cause of her pain. It meant that the fairy was unhappy and sad, and that sadness was the cause of the problem.

-Oh, no! I'm very happy. I have many reasons to be happy. -answered the fairy when the magician suggested that possibility.

And kept talking, moving nervously his hands at the same time.

-For example. Just yesterday got the best mark in my flowers exam, at school.

At the moment she talked about that, Isbar observed as a new dark stain appeared on her wings, showing up from nowhere. He frowned.

Besides to be very clever, Isbar was astute and he asked her to continue telling good things that have happened to her. All the reasons why she was so happy.

The fairy tried to look very satisfied. But while she was talking, she never stared at Isbar. She looked around, or fixed her gaze on the grass, on the sky, or anywhere, but never directly on him. As long as she was narrating, every event was more and more amazing and stranger than before.

And, at the same time she was speaking, more and more dark stains appeared on her wings, until the moment when the fairy fell down on her back, pulled by the heavy dirty wings. She was very frightened, and she kept on the ground with eyes and mouth wide open. It was impossible for her to stand up, until Isbar helped her, sitting her on the grass. Although she could not close her eyes and mouth until after a time.

-I have already know what happens to you! - exclaimed the magician.

The fairy looked him with surprise.

-You have been telling lies for a long time, as ones you just tell me now. Fairies are pure and kind-hearted beings. And yours wings, so brilliant and delicate, symbolize this purity and goodness. Because of this are so sensitive. In your wings, have been appeared the same stains that degrade your soul with every lie you tell.

The fairy felt very repentant and deeply ashamed.

The most sad thing in this world is to see a fairy weeping. Her tears touched Isbar the Wise. He believed in the sincere words of remorse that the fairy have said while she was sobbing.

-Can.. can you help me... please... please? -asked the fairy whining.

-Yes, of course I can. But first you must promise, as fairies do, that you never , never, never will lie again.

She nodded her head, and then put a hand on her chest, while with the other hand, traced a circle over her head. That was the way fairies made important promises.

The magician looked in her eyes, and he knew she would fulfil the promise.

So, he got in the hut looking for something. When he came out, he sprinkled with a brilliant dust, almost invisible, the fairy's head and her wings. That is truth dust, extracted from the wings of the best fairies around the world. And now, I must do a spell.

-Spell?- asked the fairy- What does it mean?- asked once again.

-Spell is what we magicians do to make extraordinary things can happen. And we use it always to help people.

-Oh! I know! Magical words, isn't it?- said the fairy smiling - So, this... spell... Can help me to clean my wings?

-Sure. Besides of the truth's dust. But above all you must not forget your promise.

The fairy got serious, and repeated the ritual, putting a hand on her heart, and making circles over her head with the other hand, as drawing a crown above her.

Then, the magician started to recite strange words, incomprehensible to the fairy. But she felt how those unintelligible words were touching directly her heart.

And, suddenly, her wings started to move. At the beginning, very slowly. But more and more quickly every time. Until she started to beat her wings swiftly. Then, without realizing, started to fly again, making pirouettes in the air.

She flown until a nearby well, and twisting her neck enough, saw her wings reflected on the water surface.

Now, her wings looked clean and nice. Even more brilliants and colourful than before!

She felt so happy!

The fairy did not find the way to thank Isbar for his help.

She was very grateful, but she could not found the appropriate words.

So, simply, the fairy got close to him,(flying this time), and put on his cheek the most beautiful fairy's kiss.

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