



Magic Tales

Pixie Visitors



Pixies enjoy getting together and having fun. The trouble with pixies is, they always hold their parties at night when ordinary people are trying to sleep.



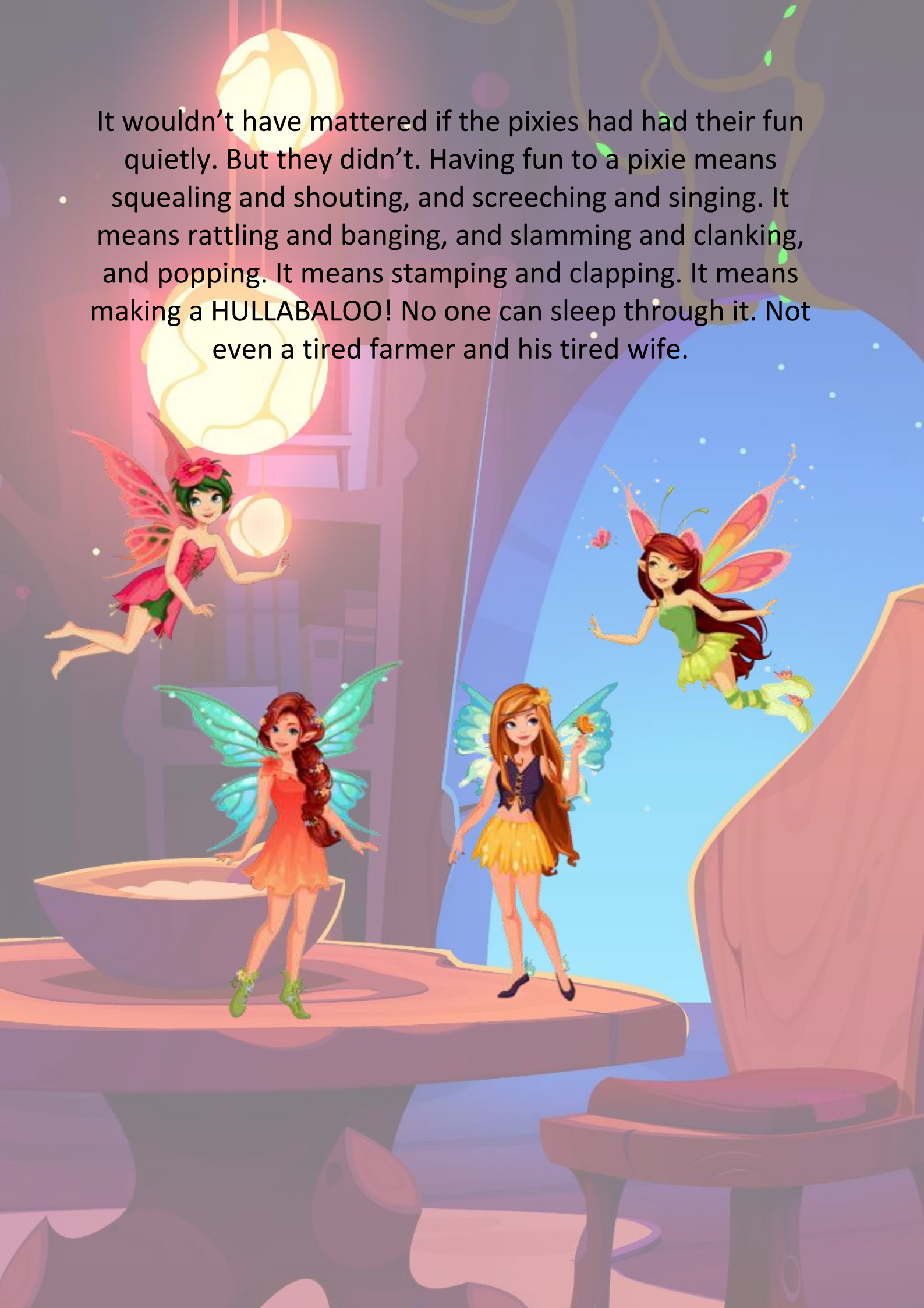
Once, there was a farmer and his wife. They had no one to help them on the farm and were always very tired at the end of the day. When the last chore was done, they would put an extra log on the fire to keep it glowing through the night and go straight to bed.



One cold dark night, when there was frost on the hedgerow and icicles hanging from the roof, a pixie face peeped through the farmhouse window. The pixie took one look at the empty kitchen and the glowing fire and sent out a message. Before many minutes had passed, the farmhouse kitchen was as crowded with pixies as a railway station is crowded with people in the rush hour.



It wouldn't have mattered if the pixies had had their fun quietly. But they didn't. Having fun to a pixie means squealing and shouting, and screeching and singing. It means rattling and banging, and slamming and clanking, and popping. It means stamping and clapping. It means making a HULLABALOO! No one can sleep through it. Not even a tired farmer and his tired wife.



“Who is making all that noise?” cried the farmer’s wife, sitting up in bed and pressing her hands to her ears.

“There are pixies playing in the kitchen,” said the farmer, who was on his hands and knees peeping through a hole in the floor.

“Then, tell them to go and play somewhere else,” grumbled his wife.



“I can’t do that,” said the farmer. And he was right. He couldn’t. If he offended the pixies there was no telling what they might do. There are so many things on a farm that a pixie can make go wrong. They can curdle the milk and stop the hens laying for a start. If they are really annoyed they can make EVERYTHING go wrong.

“We’ll just have to put up with the noise,” sighed the farmer.



The farmhouse kitchen was warm and cosy, and the pixies liked it so much, they began to come EVERY night. The farmer and his wife hardly slept at all. They grew more and more tired. They just couldn't stop yawning during the day. When the farmer's wife fell asleep in the hen house and dropped all the eggs she had been collecting, the farmer decided the time had come to do something. But what? Offend the pixies and they were in trouble.



That night, when the pixies were making their usual hullabaloo, he peeped through the hole in the floor. The kitchen was like a fairground, with pixies singing, and sliding and jumping, and dancing, and hopping, and skipping. They were rolling plates, banging spoons, rattling lids. They were twirling, whirling, climbing, leaping.

The farmer looked at their bright happy faces, and thought, 'I can't spoil their fun.'



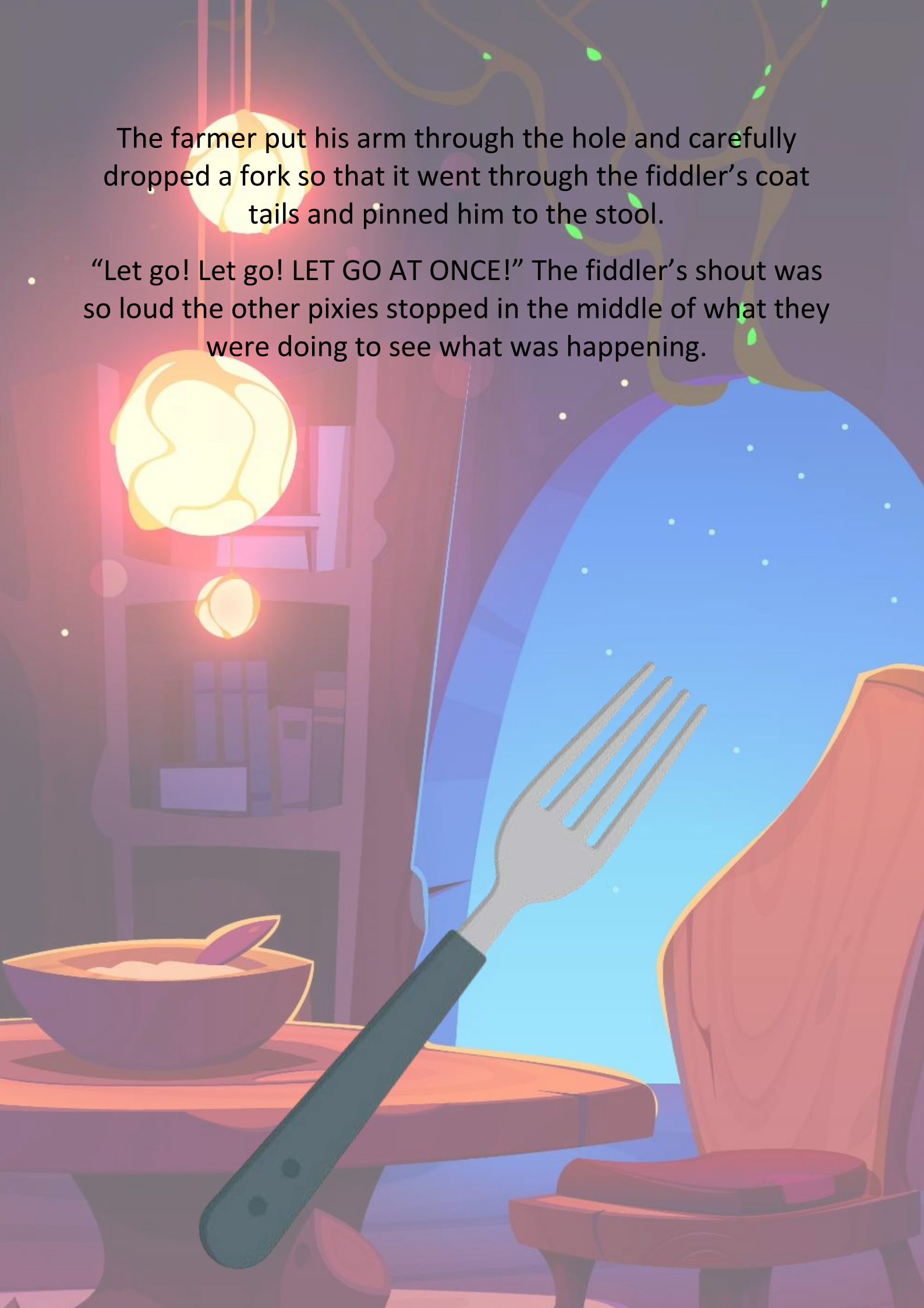
But then he thought of all the eggs his wife had broken that morning and knew that something HAD to be done. If only he could think of a way to make the pixies leave of their own accord.

Right beneath him, sitting on a three-legged stool was the pixie fiddler. He was playing such a merry tune the farmer could feel his own feet twitching. Stop the fiddler and perhaps the party would stop too.



The farmer put his arm through the hole and carefully dropped a fork so that it went through the fiddler's coat tails and pinned him to the stool.

"Let go! Let go! LET GO AT ONCE!" The fiddler's shout was so loud the other pixies stopped in the middle of what they were doing to see what was happening.



“A giant! A GIANT!” they shrieked when they saw the arm coming through the hole in the ceiling. (To them it WAS a giant sized arm).

“A GIANT COME TO PUT US ALL IN A PIE!” they shrieked when they saw the fork.

They were so frightened they made themselves as small as flies and flew in a swarm through the keyhole. They were gone in a twinkling of an eye. The kitchen was empty. Well, almost.



The fiddler had made himself small too, but the fork was still pinning his coat tails to the stool, and try though he might he could NOT make the stool shrink. An ordinary sized stool will NOT go through a keyhole. It doesn't matter how hard it is pushed or pulled.



The farmer did not want the fiddler to hurt himself so he ran downstairs in his nightshirt and pulled the fork from his coat tails. The stool fell to the floor with a clatter and the fiddler, and his fiddle shot through the keyhole like an arrow from a crossbow, whishshshshshshs... he went, into the night.



The pixies never came back to the farmhouse. They found somewhere safer to hold their parties and the farmer and his wife were able to get to sleep at night.



