

**Empathy Energy Elves
and Fairies
Presto! Everyone's
Merry**

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Do you believe that fairies roam the forests and gardens of our world?

Do you believe with a wave of their wands and presto positivity is unfurled?

Do you believe fairy glamour can transform anything ugly into a state of beauty?

Did you know fairies can be rascals when rallying to a cause with a sense of duty?

If you doubt the existence of these special empathetic creatures,

listen to this story about how they can be transformers and teachers...

It happened in a school called Eastview Elementary. Here the teachers and students were polite and complementary, until one day the full moon rose in all its glory and power. Coincidentally, attitudes and behaviors went edgy and sour.

Students and staff were consumed with thinking, "Woe is me!" They couldn't see beyond themselves, not sharing and wanting to disagree.

After each recess, Principal Evans was about to go out of her mind,
while there was a lineup of kids complaining that they had been maligned.
Teachers grumbled that the kids did not listen.
Frowning they had lost encouraging words and smiles that glistened.

At the end of the day, Principal Evans, empty of energy, gave an enormous sigh.

She flopped into a chair, dropped her head on her desk and closed her eyes.

"I am just going to rest for five minutes, my immediate work I can postpone,"

Her head whirled from exhaustion. She felt like she was lost in a cyclone.

Suddenly, this exhausting energy stopped, poof, like an ejected elastic band.

It was replaced by delicate giggles, music and a soothing breeze that fanned.

In minutes, a soft mood eased the tension in her soul and aching mind.

Then faint fluttering, flashes of glitter caught her side vision, as the day was left behind.

She could feel a tender tug at her eyelids and an elusive whisper in her ear.

It felt like she was surrounded by magical beings from another frontier.

She peeked and was astounded by a mystical sight.

Dancing in front of her on her desk was a party of fairies, elves and sprites.

Rubbing her eyes, she asked, "Who are you?" raising her head.

"Eastview's fairies and elves. Reporting for duty. We can help stop this negativity before it continues to spread.

"We saw that today the school was spinning out of control.

Selfishness might be overtaking the importance of working as a caring whole."

Principal Evans looked again at the entertaining frolicking flock.

Thinking they looked familiar, seconds later she was in disbelief and shock!

“Oh, my goodness, you are all the bright kindergarten students from room two.

Come to think of it, I got complaints from every room but yours as the day ensued.

But what has happened? You have transformed into these teeny weenie folk?”

She shook her head, thinking that a prankster was trying to play a mean joke.

Mrs. Evans, still befuddled and bewildered, continued to look for answers.

"I've heard that you are a wise bunch of wee ones," she continued watching the winged dancers.

Emily stepped forward, "We saw you needed help, we wanted to get your attention, so we are visiting you in this dream."

Elf Chris explained, "Usually people think we are the babies of the school that only play and scream."

Alyssa nodded, "If people looked closer, they could see we are more cooperative than the rest of the school"

Kelsey piped up, "Have you heard the expression, 'out of the mouth of babes'? Sure, we like to play but we follow rules."

Kelly giggled, "Our plan is to inspire the school. To help teach others empathy

is when you can walk in another's shoes."

Caitlyn extended saying, "Help them to understand and see someone else's views."

Callie mischievously grinned, "Now with fairy magic, we might switch shoes, jobs or roles."

Kristen reassured saying, "Don't worry we won't let things get out of control."

In a blink of an eye, Principal Evan's memory was erased, and this merry band did disappear.

Mrs. Evans woke feeling rested, peaceful and full of cheer.

The next morning as students entered the halls they were blaming, complaining, and nagging.

"Find something else to do, Rob, you can't play as well as us," she heard John bragging.

Supervising Principal Evans sighed and was about to step in when tiny Emily passed, stopped and spoke taking charge,

"Hey, that wasn't kind by saying those mean words. You're making Rob feel small, while you're talking like a bully, mean and large!"

"I don't care little Miss Perfect," exclaimed the snarling fellow.

"You don't?" she bit her lip whispering, "He needs something to make him more mellow."

With a blink and a wink and a sprinkle of fairy dust. Presto! Shoes changed.

Nasty John no longer had talent to throw a football, feeling a bit confused and deranged.

While Rob was throwing spirals that were accurate and great.

The kids said, "Hey, play with us Rob; you certainly can pull your weight!"

John added, "Yeah, Rob, join us in the game. I am just going to go off to practice my throws."

Emily chuckled thinking, "Hmmm, it looks like they are now friends, not foes."

Later that morning, at an assembly, Principal Evans introduced a grade eight girl to a gym full of students that were loud.

Principal Evans, held up her hand waiting for silence, encouraging peace in the crowd.

The kindergartens were sitting criss-cross applesauce, silent, hands folded, all in a perfect row.

The rest of the students were restless and kept excitedly talking like they were waiting for a rodeo.

The eighth grader stepped forward, stood with her hand on her hips and shouted, "Hey, this is not easy to do. I need you to cooperate with me. Let's make this positive, we don't not want to be angry and yell like a banshees."

She tried again then with sadness sat with her head down in her hands and lost her smile.

Slowly but surely the noise decreased like someone was turning down a volume dial.

You could have heard a pin drop as two kindie kids both named Sam walked up and sat next to her, smiling and patting her on the back.

Standing behind, Principal Evans smiled while Celeste, a kindergarten girl walked up, tugged her skirt and whispered in the principal's ear.

The principal stood straight addressing the school, "We have learned a lesson from our youngest school peers! Celeste said, sorry for everyone here. She said we haven't been listening to each other.

We need to think, care and share like everyone is our sister or brother."

The assembly progressed smoothly. At the end everyone left silently in single file.

The next day, every teacher and student returned to being positive, polite with a smile,

The following weeks saw the staff and students have a new respect for the kindergarteners, learning from their empathetic example.

An understanding spirit surfaced that was positive, forgiving and ample.

Until one day the full moon rose in all its glory and power.

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