

Fairies Walk Amongst Us

Margo Anderson

We Fairies have walked, slipped, flown, hovered in this land for millennium, perhaps we are the oldest civilisation in the world; however it must be said that we are not apparent to all who walk, swim, slither, pound or gallop across your fine brown land.

We are everywhere, watching, smiling, delighting in, smirking, wondering why and taking note of what you do.

Fairies are as different one from the other as every one of you are, the only difference between you and us is that we did not come from other lands, most of you did; we began here and we are nowhere else in the world.

I am old, tired, sometimes grumpy, the holder of history, ours and yours. Most importantly of all, in three hundred and forty years I will die. With this said you would understand then my urgency as I tell this story and impart such important information; not a moment to spare.

As a senior, I have decided that it is time and it is right to cross the divide and to make ourselves known to you humans and I have chosen Isabel to be the conduit; she is just four years old, lives in a tumble down house near the same railway bridge as I do and she has time on her hands.

Her parents work long hours, are on the road endlessly and regularly travel to other States. Why you people do this is beyond my comprehension! You get up so early, walk the dog silently, scoop poop in small black bags so as not to show others what the dog spits from the bum, wash your whole body every day in a thing called a shower, force down dry scales sodden with white water, scream at each other about time, bundle into a car and speed away from home along with so many others; all of you sitting in cars worth thousands of dollars, often alone and unanimated. We wonder if you are yet alive to the day.

Isabel on the other hand is left at home alone; her parents snarling "Child Care costs being what they are"; and she is, in fact, better at home alone.

Isabel sees things, feels things, knows things and allows things to be. She is my chosen one, the one who will guide this new era. She will not use words such as “moving forward, re-enablement, incentivisation, peri urban communiqué and all those weasel words designed to divide with their inherent confusion and shallow mystery; she will speak in our tongue, our language and with our lilt, available to all the beings who have opened their listening cells.

So here I am, sitting on the household eating space, a dining table they call it but it looks more like a storage plank for clothes, books, used plates and colouring pages. I wait for Isabel to gather her treasures and make a place for herself in the sunny corner of a room near a door leading to the garden. She arrives and I land softly right in front of her and she smiles a welcome that makes my tiny heart melt just a bit.

Word to the audience:

Isabel and I have a pact about what is to happen and this includes absolute secrecy, so as you are reading or listening to this now, you must cross your heart and swear not to tell a soul what is about to happen; are you all with us?

“Forma clingly weny dorse, marisha fen sooo plun- it is time my dear one to join our two worlds together”, I said in my most sage voice.

“ Grews tasdly viron mecs, badsa wormk noni tarl-I have time enough to take you through the next sixty years, after which you will lead alone and you will lead with exquisite powers and I will be resting and watching as I wait to leave off”.

“ Zalfs vogle glemd Isabel-Be not afraid wee Isabel”.

She looked straight at me and with the clearest of eye and intention said,

“Wi larm soti and soti quar poc mik fal tloo-I have been waiting and waiting for you to come and tell me this”.

“ Plarry flis dar nee ci norlm vec darim comed soj wushi -I am as ready as can be and of course these matters cannot be rushed”, her voice sure and clear.

So now the plan was set and together, this small complete person, with the occasional signposting from this old fairy, will guide and open all people to an end that we have no knowing of at this stage. She will have the ear of Prime Ministers and decision makers, she will speak with love about love to the monoliths called churches, and she will open the hardest of hearts to a broad understanding of equanimity, common-wealth, and enough already. She will caress this broken land and give the miners back their dignity as she turns them from their ripping theft, she will show people about real welcome- be their arrival by water, land or air and she will shine a clear and kind mirror up to celebratory revealing the inherent shallowness. She will be kind to those who cannot be kind to themselves as they impinge their hurt on others, helping them see another way where all can prosper.

"Biolds margsle, flanta cudsá vi snozzel- There is a lot to do; I will come back after you have rested", I said.

"Fairies vomsa gloh klees- You need more rest than I do" was her truthful response and so the task ahead was set and started.