



**2 0 1 6**

**ATLANTIS SHORT STORY CONTEST**

## **WINNING STORY**

The Tale of Magic Pixie Dust

By John Hoepfner

**Word Count: 3.291.**

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. EXCEPT AS PERMITTED UNDER U.S. COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1976, NO PART OF THIS PUBLICATION MAY BE REPRODUCED, DISTRIBUTED, OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM OR BY ANY MEANS, OR STORED IN A DATABASE OR RETRIEVAL SYSTEM, WITHOUT THE WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR. [USE THE CONTACT FORM](#) TO REQUEST FURTHER INFORMATION AND TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE AUTHOR.**

Copyright © John Hoepfner

## Chapter I

### The Little Box

One Christmas Eve when a little girl

named Sara and her younger brother named Ben could not sleep and knew for certain that their mother was fast asleep, they thought that they would snoop around the house and look for presents. You see, they really were not quite sure of this Santa Claus and little elf thing, but they did not wish to be caught either by mother nor Santa and his little helper elves; let alone one of those pesky Good Maiden Tooth Fairies they had heard about also.

Sara, age eight and a full three foot eight inches tall with shoulder length stringy grayish blonde hair that had a slight curl at the ends was the older and bigger of the two children. She knew what was going on in the world, she was sophisticated. Ben, however, age 4 and all of two foot four inches tall with a shank of reddish brown hair and freckles was less sophisticated.

While they were snooping they happened

to find a little colorful wooden box that they had never seen before. The little box measured three inches square and was located way back in the corner of the family's large walk-in living room closet. The little box was simply beautiful. The outside of the little box had a background color of pale light blue with tiny small shapes printed on it. The shapes were circles, squares, diamonds, triangles and half-moons. The colors of the shapes were red, yellow, pink, orange, purple, green, white and black; and the box sparkled like the stars on a frosty winters night.

How come we have never noticed this little box before, they asked each other?

Sara, being the first to spy the little box quickly picked it up. It was very light in weight. "What do you suppose is in this little box," she asked her brother?

"Why don't we open it and find out," the unsophisticated young Ben asked?

And then Sara looked at Ben, Ben looked back at Sara, and both gave each other a smirky little smile, and Sara popped open the lid.

## Chapter II

### The Black Hole

"What in the world!" they both said at once.

It's just some dumb old white mascara powder." Their mother must have put some in the little box for storage, then shoved it back in the corner of the closet and forgot about it. However, that still seemed to be an odd place to put mascara powder.

And then, just as they were about to put the little box back to where they had found it, the children had an idea. The idea was this: Seeing as though they had discovered the mascara powder, and because they were wide awake, they might as well have some fun with the powder. Ben was the first to grab some and throw it at Sara. The powder hit her right smack in the eyes. But before she got hit with the powder, she too, picked some powder out of the little box and threw it at Ben. The powder hit him in the eyes, too. Then as they were both laughing they began for no reason to get very sleepy. Because of their sleepiness their muscles relaxed and they were dragged into a black hole. The vacuum of the black hole sucked their lifeless bodies down and outward in to an abyss. The sensation seemed to last an eternity, but in reality only a few seconds. When they awoke they found themselves in a forest land. The forest land was full of large trees and clumps of colorful flowers and patches of green tall fescue grass. They were on a trail.

As they walked along the trail they noticed a chipmunk scurrying along. As their eyes followed the small rodent they were startled to see a small old woman standing near a tree not far from them. They were terrified at first but when the small old woman called them by name, they knew she meant them no harm.

The small old woman was, at most, a cute, but kind of ugly person. Her face looked like the classic witch one would see in a fairy tale, but unlike the witches in fairy tales, this witch was not tall and skinny, but short and rather fat. She was a little smaller than Sara, but ten times as round. Her gray black hair was pulled behind her head into a bun. Her face was brown and very wrinkled. Her nose was big, fat, and hooked. It, the nose, curled down and in, and pointed right at the top of her small crooked mouth. She did not have many teeth, and the ones she had, were blackish in color, gnarled and pointed. One wondered as to how she was able to eat. Her clothes were odd too. A bit. Her dress, if one could say it was dress, seemed at one time to be black in color; now it seemed to be a dull grayish

black in color. It, the dress, also had long sleeves that were frayed at the ends and the front had a large pocket that also was frayed and it had in it, holes too. She also wore long woolen stockings. The background color of the stockings was in color, pale blue. Imprinted on the pale blue background of the stockings were the prettiest tiny shapes. The shapes were circles, squares, diamonds, triangles and half moons. The colors of the shapes were red, yellow, pink, orange, purple, green, white and black. Her shoes were black in color too. They, the shoes, had medium high chunky heels that were worn down and the fronts had big fat tarnished silver square buckles.

At first the children could not believe what they saw. Where did this small woman come from? Who was she? What did she want of them? But again, when they heard her say their names, and how her eyes twinkled, they again, knew she meant them no harm.

"Well, well, well," the small old woman said to the children. "You are just in time to see something very special." She then led them to a clearing in the forest.

In the center of the clearing was a large area of dark green tall fescue grass known as a fairy ring.

The fairy ring was about 100 lineal feet in circumference.

Right in the middle of the fairy ring was the largest hollowed out log they had ever seen in their entire lives. The log was from a dead hickory tree that had been blown over in a giant windstorm. The log looked as though it would be fun to play in.

"There! Now, do you see that?" Exclaimed the small old woman.

"They have been at it again!"

"Who, have been at what?" the children asked?

"Why! Don't you see the Magic Pixie Dust?"

The small old woman inquired, jumping up and down excitedly, totally out of control. "Those little rascal trolls were here again last night gathering more dust to sell to Santa Claus and his little helper elves at the North Pole and to those pesky Good Maiden Tooth Fairies.

"MAGIC PIXIE DUST!" the children shouted! "What is Magic Pixie Dust and where does it come from and what does Santa Claus and his little helper elves and the Good Maiden Tooth Fairies do with it, and what gives the trolls the right to sell it; and just who are you anyway, and where did you come from?" the children demanded to know.

"Magic Pixie Dust, my dear children," the small old woman said, "is a very special ingredient used by Santa Claus and his little helper elves so they can quickly and quietly enter the homes of good or bad children depending upon the immediate situation, to deliver toys, or crooked sticks, or lumps of sooty coal, without walking them

and scaring them to death. And it is used by Good Maiden Tooth Fairies to sprinkle on the eyelids of small children to put them to sleep in times of great excitement and to keep them fast asleep while they exchange lost baby teeth under the children's pillows for shiny silver coins. And the reason the trolls think they can sell the Magic Pixie Dust, is because they found it!

"FOUND IT!" the children yelled,

How did they find it?"

"How did they know it was magic?"

"How did it get the name Magic Pixie Dust?"

"And, just how did Santa Claus and his little helper elves and the Good Maiden Tooth Fairies get involved in all of this?"

And again, just who are you and where did you come from?"

"Children, children," sighed the small old woman. "I cannot tell you how the trolls found the Magic Pixie Dust. All I know is that they told me they did. Why do you always have to question things? Seems to me as though I have met someone in my past life who questioned things like you are doing; and now that I think about it, it was a small girl. She was full of questions. She kind of annoyed me at the time. Of course you wonder. So did I. Especially since the trolls caught me spying on them and cast a spell on me; a spell that made me small forever. I wish, sometimes, that I would never had been curious like you and that other little girl and had left matters as they be...BUT NO! And look at me NOW! Oh well, I do suppose that I should tell you since it is I who brought you here in the first place."

"The tale goes like this.

The trolls, so they told me, found out

about the magic powers of the dust by sheer accident. The accident occurred while the trolls were doing experiments on elves they had captured to do work for them. They found out that if they used the dust they collected from inside the decayed hickory log and put it on the eyelids of the elves at the end of the day it made the elves more manageable during the evening and encouraged them to sleep and not be so rowdy. Therefore, the trolls looked upon the dust as being magic. And, why the trolls called it pixie dust is because they used it on elves who are little, like...PIXIES!"

Therefore, Magic Pixie Dust was created. And, as to whom I am and where I came from, I cannot tell you.

"BUT! BUT!" Sara, the more sophisticated child said, and of course, talking for her younger, unsophisticated, little brother too; We still do not understand! "How does the Magic Pixie Dust get into the dead log?"

"I have asked myself the very same question many times," the old small woman answered. I knew that the trolls did not know either. They are a cunning bunch of rascals, but they are dimwitted. However, a few nights ago while going for my nightly walk in the forest I stumbled upon a Fairy meeting. It was the most beautiful night I can ever remember. The sky was clear as a bell and illuminated by the most gorgeous full blue moon I have ever seen. The moon seemed as though it were sitting directly over the Fairy ring, and the hollowed out dead hickory log. You could even see the old man in the moon smiling

6

down on the scene.

The Fairies at the meeting numbered in the thousands. There were little fairies and more little fairies. They seemed to be everywhere. They were all over the place. All cute as bugs ears. Each one was almost five inches in height and each one sparkled like the stars on a frosty winters night. And the sound they created. It reminded me of the sound I heard coming from a cloud of hummingbirds I once saw hovering around a wild honeysuckle bush. The tiny fairies wings were moving so fast that I actually heard a muted humming sound. The fairies were all gathered around the largest bonfire I had ever seen. The circumference of the bonfire was as large as the Fairy ring, and the fires flames jumped into the night sky about 30 to 50 feet; with orange, yellow, blue, purple and green sparks flying everywhere. It truly looked like a real live kaleidoscope.

The meeting was a consortium regarding: MAGIC PIXIE DUST!

I had arrived just in time to

hear what I thought to be the head Fairy announce the opening of the meeting and wishing it to be a success. Before I knew it, one of the little fairies who was flying around in circles over the log at the edge of the fire, stopped flying long enough to yell that it was just yesterday that she had witnessed some trolls going into the very dead and decayed hickory log that was was in their immediate fairy ring and come out with little buckets of Magic Pixie Dust. She said it to be fresh dust because of the full blue moon period they were in at the time, and the recent past weather was cloudy and rainy; for it takes those kind of conditions for the dust to accumulate in the dead log.

No more had that little fairy spoken, but another tiny fairy lighted on top of the tall fescue

7

grass at the edge of the fairy ring. This fairy was littler than the last; about four and one half inches in height. She screamed that

while the last story could possibly be correct, she, however, knew for a fact that Magic Pixie Dust contained both star and moon dust that fell from the atmosphere after giant asteroids had burnt out and cascaded downward through the earths galaxies, breaking off bits and pieces of star and moon particles on the way down and in the process creating huge black holes.

And, no sooner had that tiny fairy told her account, another wee fairy buzzed into the scene from out of the wood and shot straight up into the night sky right over the bonfire and did a hammerhead stall and then like a hawk made her stoop directly down to the other hovering fairies with her wings shaped into a "V" and then straightened them out and set her flaps down and did a slide stop in mid air and shouted to the crowd that that might all be true, however, she said that the real story of Magic Pixie Dust was that the dust was a by product of the troll societies secret business of milling little human children's lost baby teeth that had been collected by the Good Maiden Tooth Fairies. Yes, the wee little fairy went on, the trolls drool over the fact that they indeed were privy to where the Good Maiden Tooth Fairies hide the little lost teeth. The trolls then, according to this same wee fairy, would gather the little teeth and take them back to their village and mill them into Magic Pixie Dust.

After that wee fairy had told her exciting story, more little fairies told their individual tales of how they were certain that they indeed knew how and where Magic Pixie Dust came into being.

And then, just as the last tiny

8

fairy had told her tale and the new days sun broke through the forest's emerald canopy and filtered in narrow shafts down upon the dispersing gathering, I happened to see out of the corner of my eye a movement in the tall fescue grass near the wind-fallen hickory tree. It was a chipmunk scurrying along with a small white object in its mouth. The little rodent ran right into the logs large opening, scratched a little on the floor of the hollowed out log and dropped the object in the loose fibrous material.

After all the fairies had gone home to their beds for the day, and after several more trips were made by the chipmunk to the log with more little white objects, I went over to the log to see whether or not I could find what it was that the chipmunk was hiding in the bottom of the log. And, low and behold, I found several, what looked like to me, little white human children's baby teeth, all scatted around the soft, rotted, bark mulch, that lay on the partial wood and earth floor of the log. Some of the tiny teeth had already turned to a fine powdery dust and others were in the

process. I just simply could not believe it. It had to be what the trolls were finding and calling Magic Pixie Dust. Then, just as I was about to leave, out jumped at least ten thousand wild, mad trolls. They had caught me. The rest is history."

"Holy Smoke!" The children shouted;

That is some tale! Can we have some? OH! Please, can we have some MAGIC PIXIE DUST?" The children begged the small old woman. We will do anything, anything you ask; ANYTHING!"

"You had better be careful of what it is you wish for." the small old woman told the children, because you never know, it may be granted; and then, like me, you will be sorry. Oh! Very well! I suppose I could give you a

9

little; But only a small amount. Because, if I take too much, remember what I told you about the trolls. They are a nasty bunch and they will surely know that I was here and they will surely cast another wicked spell on me; and, they will find you too, and never ever let any Good Maiden Tooth Fairies or Santa Claus and his little helper elves visit your home, or any children you may ever have. And, you have got to promise me that you will never ever tell anyone that you met me, or from whom you received your Magic Pixie Dust. And, if you do tell the tale, or use the Magic Pixie Dust, it can only be told to YOUR children, and used on YOUR children alone, and then, only on special occasions or times of great excitement, like when they cannot get to sleep on Christmas Eve."

"Oh, thank you so very, very much, the children chimed in unison. We will do just as you say. We promise, promise."

And no more was the second promise said - but POOF!; The small old woman disappeared. It was like she got sucked up, reverse like, into a black hole. And, where she had stood was a small, colorful, glittering box full of MAGIC PIXIE DUST! The little box had a background color of pale light blue with tiny small shapes printed on it. The shapes were circles, squares, diamonds, triangles and half moons. The colors of the shapes were red, yellow, pink, orange, purple, green, white and black.

The children picked up the little box and then POOF they were both in their own beds snug as bugs in a rug with their mother looking down at them saying: "so now, that is the Tale of Magic Pixie Dust my children and now is the first time I will use it on you. So lay your heads down on your pillows,

10



close your eyes, and let me sprinkle some Magic Pixie Dust on your eyelids and mother will see you in the morning."

Then, as quickly as the Magic Pixie Dust settled on the children's eyelids, they fell fast asleep, dreaming of black holes, trails, forests. Santa Claus, little elves, Good Maiden Tooth Fairies, Blue Moons, Hickory Trees, Fairy Rings, bonfires, hummingbirds, little glittering boxes, colorful shapes, sparks, chipmunks, witches and good or bad children depending on the immediate situation.

The End