

Freya and the Fairy



One Spring morning,
When Freya was two,
She wandered the garden
For something to do.

While she was looking
At flowers and bees,
She saw something unusual
Amongst the trees.
She decided to look
A bit closer to see
What could be down there?
My! What could it be?!

Young Freya looked down
At the tree stump below
And guess what she spied?
A door, ever so low,
With a tiny gold handle
And a snowbell to ring
She couldn't help wonder
Who on Earth lived within!

She wanted to knock,
But her hands were too big
So she looked all around her
And picked up a twig.
Gently she used it
To tap on the door,
So surprised when it opened
She fell to the floor!

And what do you think
Stood in front of her eyes?
A tiny young fairy,
Oh! What a surprise!
The fairy looked frightened
To see the huge child,
But she began to feel calmer
Went the girl-giant smiled.

"Hello! I am Freya,
And I live in this house.
I am sorry I scared you,
I was quiet as a mouse.
I discovered your door,
And was excited to see
If there was someone inside
Who'd be friends with me."

The fairy flew up
Into Freya's kind hands
And said, "I'd be so happy
If we could be friends.
But the Queen might chastise me
For talking to strangers;
She'll be worried my new friend
Might put me in danger."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Freya,
"I would never hurt you.
You can be my little secret,
And I'll be yours too."

And so from that day
In the garden they met,
Every bright morning
(Unless it was wet).
Under cover of trees,
They'd sit in the flowers,
Where if mum didn't call
They'd have chatted for hours.

As the days passed,
The two became close,
As they sat on soft pillows
Made of daisy and rose.
They developed a friendship
That they never betrayed -
Friends they were then,
And friends they remained.

