



Wendy and the Fairy

Script

It was a hot summer night, Wendy was in the garden. It was a full moon.

Wendy was tired. After a while, she fell asleep.

Suddenly, she heard music. She looked. There were strange lights. And they were moving.

“What are they?” thought Wendy. She moved closer.

And what do you think she saw?

Fairies – dancing in a circle.

“Hello!” said Wendy.

All at once, the fairies were gone.

“Oh no. Come back!” cried Wendy.

But then she saw. One fairy was left. She was sound asleep under a leaf.

Wendy could not help herself.

She picked up the fairy.

She came back inside. She opened a jar. She put the fairy inside.

The fairy looked terribly sad. Wendy felt bad.

“I tell you what,” said Wendy. “I’ll let you out. If you promise not to fly away.”

The fairy nodded her head.

Wendy opened the jar.

The fairy flew round and round. She was so pleased to be free.

And so the fairy became Wendy's friend. She sat at Wendy's desk and watched her read. She watched Wendy brush her teeth and comb her hair. She even went about in Wendy's pocket.

Wendy made the fairy a bed in her doll's house.

"Good night, little friend," she said.

Only Wendy knew about the fairy.

Or so she thought.

One night she was in the bathroom.

"What's that?"

It was her little brother, Peter.

"What?" said Wendy. She hid the fairy as fast as she could.

"That thing..."

"What thing?"

"A little doll," said Peter.

"Oh, that ..." said Wendy. She pulled a doll out of her dressing gown.
"You mean this?"

"No..."

"Oh, Peter, you're imagining things."

Then one day, Lucy the cleaning lady saw her fairy.

Lucy ran screaming out of Wendy's room.

"A mouse! A mouse!" screamed Lucy.

Wendy's Mum hunted everywhere. There was no mouse.

And no fairy. The fairy was hiding in Wendy's pocket. And she was very frightened.

"I must be careful," said Wendy. It was hard to keep her friend a secret.

Then came the worst day of all.

Wendy arrived home from school. Jasper the cat was in her room. He was standing on the bench. And he was looking into the doll's house!

"Come away, you bad cat!" cried Wendy.

She picked Jasper up and put him out of the room.

Her fairy was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh no!" she cried.

Her heart was thumping. She looked everywhere.

"Please ... Oh where is she?"

Night came. Still there was no sign of the fairy. Wendy went to bed. She felt awful. She turned out the light.

And saw a faint light. It was coming from high on the top shelf.

Wendy climbed up. Her fairy was hiding behind a teddy bear. And she was trembling with terror.

Wendy hugged her fairy. But she was very sad too.

"What can I do?" thought Wendy.

Wendy did not want to lose her fairy. But her fairy was in danger. If the cat came back, and Wendy was not there...

"Darling, what's the matter?" said her Mum.

"Nothing..."

That night, Wendy went out into the garden. The moon was full.

Wendy was sad. She knew there was only one thing to do.

At last the tiny lights among the flowers came back.

“Go,” she said to the fairy. “You are free. It’s time to go back where you belong.”

The fairy flew round Wendy’s head. She touched Wendy on the lips.

Then she was gone.

Wendy went to bed. She did not cry. She had done the right thing.

“Goodbye,” she said. “Goodbye.”