

## Fair fairy's origin story

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"Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, it's time for everybody's favourite show! I'd now like to welcome Princess Grace!" Princess Grace, the perfect disguise for a villain, I thought to myself no one would suspect a thing. Thank you for the introduction, Miss Thompson. I replied politely but deep down I couldn't stand her irritating voice. "No problem, it is an honor," she responded with a huge smile. I adjusted my tiara and gave her the fakest grin of history. I couldn't believe I had fooled all of them on live TV. What idiots they all are. The perfect combination of shimmering golden hair and a dazzling Sapphire blue dress was a marvelous opportunity for me to hide my true personality.

Out of nowhere, a kid ran onto the well-polished stage weeping vociferously. At that moment, I knew that I would have to comfort this stupid child which I absolutely dreaded all the time in my boring, dull career. "Oh my what is wrong my dear?" I asked gritting my teeth. "I got bullied by a buncha of teenagers. They took away all my toys and everything." he spluttered at the speed of lightning. "Can you please please please please please please please help me a...a...and...and I also ne..." "OH WILL YOU PLEASE SHUT YOU'RE MOUTH YOUR GETTING ON MY NERVES!" I roared at the top of my lungs. Everyone gasped. They all started to whisper to each other and stared at me like I had just kicked an 'adorable' little puppy. No one expected this from what they thought was a compassionate young lady. "oops," I whispered sheepishly. "Well...I um...", stuttered Miss Thompson. BE QUIET! THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! I HATE YOUR ANNOYING VOICE AND EVERYONE ELSE HERE! I WISH I WAS NEVER IN THE SHOW!" I screeched. I just couldn't stand it anymore. I yelled in complete rage. I ripped off my wig (revealing my bald head). I fiercely knocked all the objects of the table.

Before I knew it, the police had shown up with the real Princess Grace. "Miss you are under arrest for breaking out of prison and stolen identity," said a grumpy looking officer. They put me in handcuffs and I was taken back to jail. I was absolutely furious, but I knew there was nothing I could do about it. I had blown my cover and completely ruined my secret mission.

The tiny cell was atrocious. Paint was peeling off the walls and dust piled on the filthy beds. It stank of rotten fish and there was no air conditioning. The beds were like bulletproof glass, so hard you could break your back. The food detestable. The stew was all sloppy and the vegetables were extremely bitter. My roommate was so aggravating. He spent countless hours going on and on about his 'amazing' family and how sweet and wonderful they are. All I did was sulk and scream at him.

The view wasn't an much of an improvement, though there was a glowing, fiery sun that rose gradually over the rough, frosty mountains. I cluelessly lay exhausted, watching the mysterious moon disappear behind a grey, puffy cloud, like an airplane, soaring past. As Peter, my roommate, continued to listen to some inmates fighting each other I stared out the dusty window blankly. Dead trees, swayed vigorously in the wind and heavy snow hailed down on the stone, hard pavement.

No one thought I was that bad though. They all thought I was trying to be a better and more cordial person. Little did they know I was secretly plotting my revenge. MWAHAHAHA!

"Well there you go folks, it goes to show not all villains appear as they usually do!"