



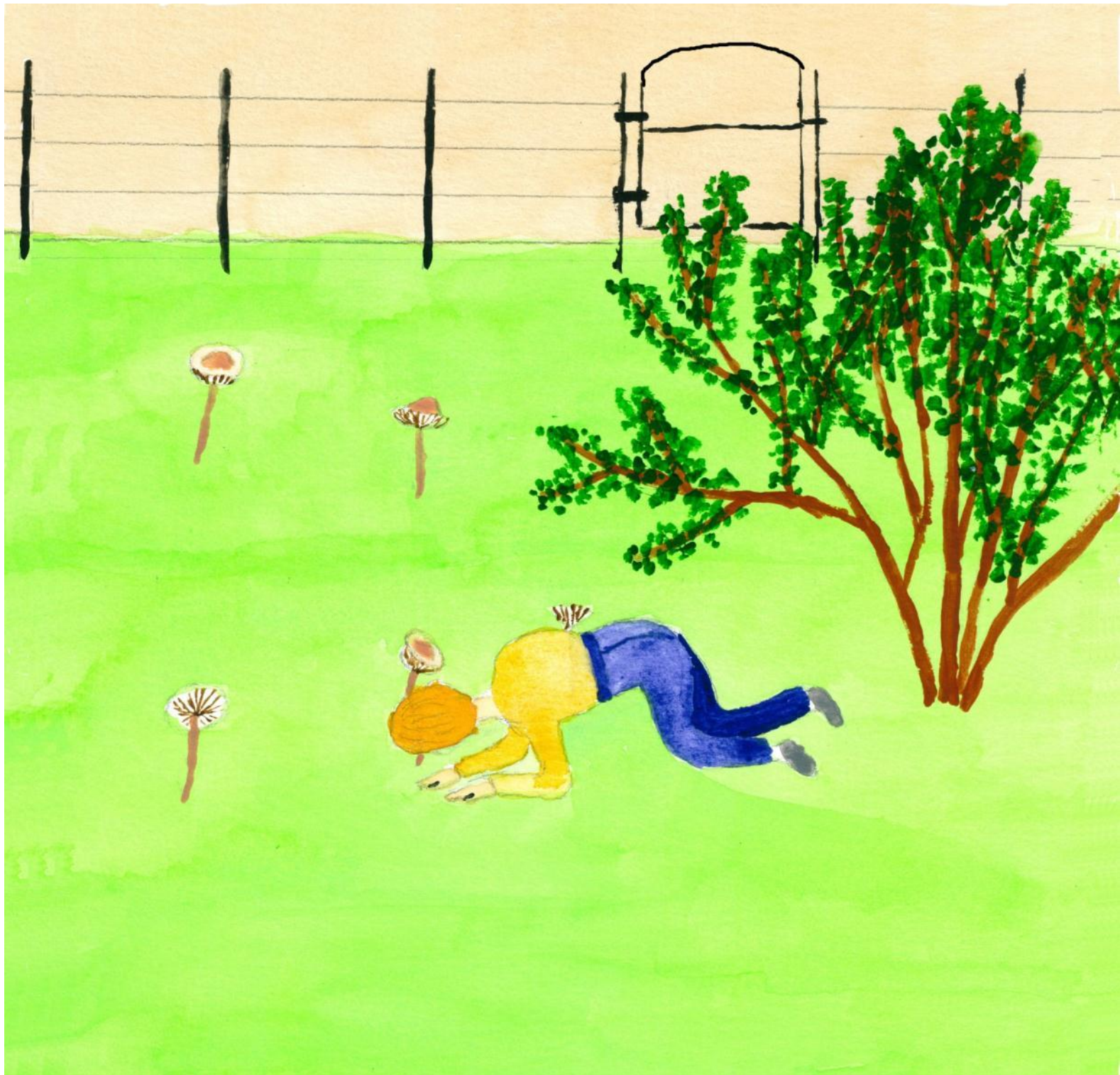
WAITING
FOR FAIRIES
KAREN GOATKEEPER



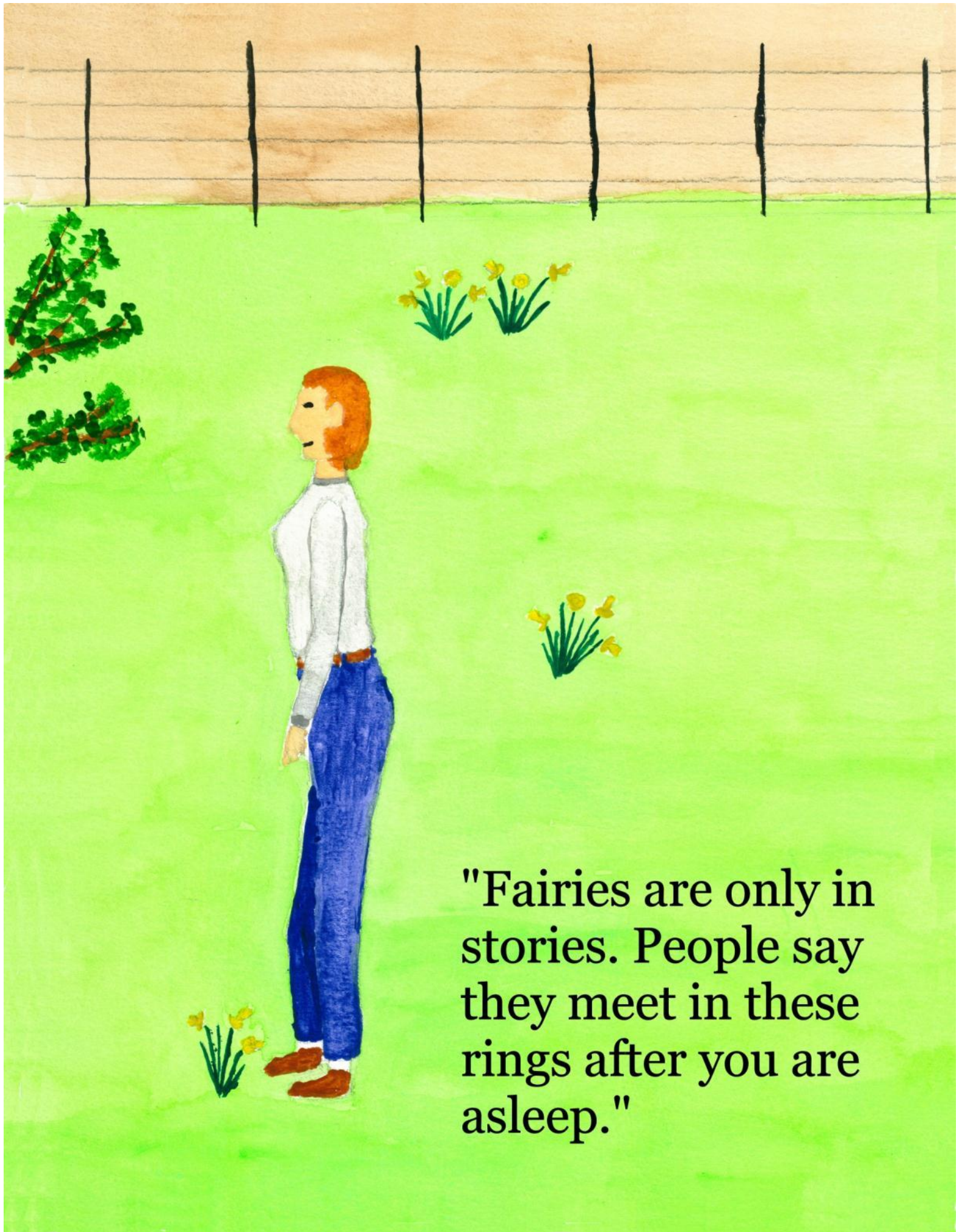
My new house has a back yard. My mother and I walk around in it.



"Look!" says Mother. "There is a fairy ring. Those eight mushrooms in a circle are a fairy ring."



"Where are the fairies?" I ask.
I look around the mushrooms.
Nothing is on or under them.



"Fairies are only in stories. People say they meet in these rings after you are asleep."



When I go to bed, Mother reads me a story about fairies. "Good night," she says. I go to sleep.



My room is dark when I wake up. I want to see the fairies. I get up, put on my robe and slippers and go out of the back door.