

Flossie's First Flight

by RV staff writer J.C.

Flossie couldn't stand still. She wiggled her wings and her pointed ears with excitement and tried to concentrate on what she was being told. She was a TFT – a Tooth Fairy in Training – and today was her final test. The TFT commander was speaking to a small group of young fairies, all eager to pass their ultimate exam.

If she could pass this, she would become a member of the special team of Tooth Fairies, who were tasked with the unusual job of collecting children's teeth each night around the world. It was a great honor to be chosen. Tonight would be her first flight to collect a tooth and bring it back.

"We've gone over your responsibilities, and you know what to do," said the commander to the fairies. "A last word of warning to take care of yourselves: look out for pets, security systems, and other ways you might get caught. Are you ready?"

"Yes!" squeaked Flossie with the others.

"What's the most important rule?" asked the commander.

"Don't wake the children!" answered the fairies solemnly. They knew the most important part of fairy magic was faith – a child who believed in magic would always have hope in their lives.

The nervous little group lined up in single file, and with a quick jump, they flew out of the knotty hole of the old cedar tree that was their home base. Each fairy turned on their tiny head lamp, winking on and off like fireflies in the dark evening.

Flossie checked her child's address and knew it wasn't far away. She flew swiftly north and found the little house with ease. She checked the windows but they were all closed tightly. No way in.

She flew to the back door and noticed a small plastic flap at the bottom of it. "A pet door! Perfect!" she thought. Gingerly, she pushed through the flap and was inside the house. She looked around. She was in the kitchen. But she wasn't alone. Too late, she realized that a pet door meant a pet lived there.

An old brown poodle was fast asleep on a rug nearby. It hadn't noticed Flossie and continued to snore peacefully. "Good dog, nice dog," whispered Flossie, worried it might wake up.

She fluttered up into the air and over the dog's head to stay safely out of its way. Making her way up the staircase to the bedrooms, she congratulated herself for doing so well.

Then she heard it. It was close by; too close; dangerously close. It struck terror into her heart. "Meow." At the top of the stairs it sat, flicking its tail silently back and forth, watching her with green

eyes.

“Uh oh,” breathed Flossie.

Questions

1. Who is Flossie and what is her final test?
2. Describe some of Flossie's feelings throughout the story. Do they change?
3. What happens next? Write your own ending to the story.