

Chapter 1

The green forest was cool, yet the sun was warm on Dolcecy's back. She could feel the warmth between her wings and on the top of her head. Her pointed ears were going to burn if she stayed in the sunlight too long. Her pale skin would turn pink if she wasn't careful.

The other fairies were gathered around a small pool of clear clean water and were dipping their tiny feet into the glassy pond, giggling at the chill.

Dolcecy was not able to enjoy the other fairies' happiness as she could feel fear coming to her from far away. Her wings quivered, she tuned into the sound of a child sobbing.

Half listening to the other fairies, her special senses reached out to locate the child. Dolcecy knew it was almost time to put on her magic suit and seek out the sad child.

This was what her mother had taught her. Her mother warned her of the twitching wings combined with a powerful feeling that a child needed help. Her mother, Quince, often raced off to help children. When Dolcecy became old enough, Quince began to teach her how she could help children too.

Dolcecy had listened to her mother well. And now she was feeling the first call from a child needing her help. The other fairies noticed Dolcecy sitting away from them and called out to her, "Come enjoy the pond with us!"

Nurine, the blue-eyed fairy that happened to be her best friend asked, "Why are you sitting over there, all alone?"

Dolcecy heard their voices, but they sounded so very far away. She could not make out what they were saying over the sounds of the child crying. It was then she knew where she had to go. Dolcecy stood up quickly, her maple leaf shaped dress rustled in the breeze.

"I will be back, don't worry. I have work to do," she called out over her shoulder as she trotted back to the fairy camp. She had supplies to gather. Dolcecy had to check the map and locate the small town of Wintergreen. After a quick search her wings wiggled and quivered when she found the city on the map.

Quince heard Dolcecy as she raced into the little area of the camp that housed their cottage. With a knowing glint in her eye, she knew what had happened. "You have heard a child in distress, haven't you?"

Dolcecy nodded her head, her long golden hair tumbled over her shoulders. "I have to go. I have to find a girl named Emily in the town of Wintergreen."

With a small package of clothing under her arm, she began to flap her wings and her feet lifted off the ground. All her practice was paying off. She was ready to help Emily. She was ready to go to Wintergreen. As she rose into the air she saw her mother, and the camp, get smaller and smaller.

Dolcecy was finally on her way.

