

Three stories about Fairy G



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A ginger cat with green eyes is standing on a grassy lawn next to a large, rounded, green bush. The cat is looking towards the camera. The background is a lush garden with more greenery.

Fairy G.'s rediscovered magic

Once upon a time there was a fairy who didn't want to be named because fairies are very reserved and shy creatures, so we'll simply call her Fairy G. She lived with her fairy friends in a secret enchanted place on the shores of a lake.

Fairy G. took care of the garden, in particular the small rose garden, she gathered wild fruits with which she used to make excellent jams, and she baked delicious cakes. She made bread, washed the fairies' little dresses, which were as delicate as butterfly wings, and looked after the little household animals. The other fairies took care of the house.

But being busy with so many different activities, Fairy G. had forgotten... magic.

She had looked everywhere for her magic wand, which she hadn't used in a long time, but couldn't find it anywhere. Even the star-



dust was becoming scarce. And in the spare jar of stardust, which was essential for special kinds of magic, there was hardly any left.

Fairy G. was beginning to feel a bit restless, and as she rocked gently on the branch of an apple tree, she realized that she had also stopped dreaming of the sweetest and loveliest magic spells, such as the ones that make children happy.

One day, while she was deep in thought, she heard a movement in the bushes.

- Who's there? – asked Fairy G., peering through the flowering bushes.

- Erm... It's Marino – a voice answered from inside a laurel bush.

- Marino??? What are you doing in my garden?

- I needed some herbs for my roast.

- Marino, get out of my garden! This is the secret garden of the fairies. No one can enter without permission.

Marino was the Wizard of the Lake, a wise and pleasant wizard, a good neighbour of the fairies.

Hearing Fairy G.'s words, Marino (what a curious name for the Wizard of the Lake!) came out of the bush and sadly headed for the exit.

The next day, Fairy G. was back in the garden, thinking about the lost magic. The unexpected encounter with Marino, however, had made her feel happy, but now she was alone again in the rose garden.

Suddenly, she heard a suspicious noise.

- Who's there? – she asked.

- Erm... It's Marino again – replied a voice from behind the cherry tree.

- Marino! What are you doing in my garden?

- I needed some cherries for my tart.

- Marino, get out of my garden! This is the secret garden of the fairies. You know that no one can enter without permission...

Marino came out from behind the cherry tree and without saying a word hurried to the exit.

The next day, Marino tried to come in again, and this time he stayed well hidden behind the hedge of English roses. But a cough betrayed his presence.

- Who's there? – asked Fairy G. again.

- Erm... It's Marino again – replied a voice from inside the rose bush.

- Really, Marino!!! What are you doing here in my garden again?

- I needed some flowers to decorate my house.

- Marino!!! That's just an excuse. Get out of the



garden! You know very well that this the secret garden of the fairies and no one can enter without permission!

But meanwhile Fairy G. was becoming more and more amused at the sight of Marino trying to sneak into the secret garden at all costs.

For a few days, though, Marino didn't show up and stayed at his lake house. Fairy G. began to feel sad.

Then Marino, who had been secretly watching his busy fairy friend, decided to play a trick on her.

He turned himself into a beautiful soft cat, and waiting for sunset, he took a leap, climbed up the wall, and then dropped into the fairy garden, curling up right under the branch where Fairy G. usually sat, rocking gently in the warm spring air.

- What a lovely kitty! – exclaimed Fairy G., seeing the kitten – Who are you? Where did you come from?

- Meow... – said the cat, stretching out in the grass.

Fairy G. hopped down from the branch, looked at the cat, admiring how pretty it was, and began to caress it gently, as only fairies can do. The cat half-closed its eyes and curled its whisk-

ers, turning over on its back.

What a lovely kitty, thought Fairy G., continuing to caress it. I wonder how it got here.

The cat seemed to be very affectionate and responded to the caresses with a soft purr. Fairy G. fed it a bowl of warm, fragrant milk and then took it in her arms, which the cat let her do.

- You're an adorable kitty – Fairy G. told it kindly – You can stay here if you like...

The cat softly slipped out of the fairy's arms and began to sniff around the garden, as if following a trail.

Meanwhile, evening had come, and the stars were beginning to appear in the pink sky like little diamonds.

- What are you looking for? – Fairy G. asked the cat.

But the cat did not reply and continued to sniff around.

- Meow! – said the cat and began to dig in the garden until something thin and shiny appeared.

- Let me see – said the fairy.

- Oh! – exclaimed Fairy G. in surprise – The magic wand I thought was lost!

- Thank you! How can I repay you? – said Fairy G., looking at the cat.



Just then, the stars, which had become brighter, dropped their golden dust into the fairy garden.

And Fairy G. suddenly remembered all the magic formulas that her grandmother had taught her as a child.

Oh! This is wonderful! – said Fairy G., thinking aloud.

Lovely kitty, I will try my rediscovered art of magic with you right this minute! And she laid the magic wand on it.

Suddenly, the cat lost its cat-like appearance and turned into who it really was.

- MARINO!!!! – exclaimed Fairy G., surprised and amused.

But this time she was careful not to send him away, and to thank him for the wonderful gift he had given her she gave him a tender kiss on the tip of his nose.

From that day on, the Wizard of the Lake and Fairy G. became inseparable friends and worked the most special magic spells, such as filling people's hearts with affection, making the little animals live in peace and harmony, and making roses bloom in December to decorate Christmas.



Crumbs for the little birds

The first snowflakes were beginning to fall on Fairy G.'s garden. They fell everywhere, on the green laurel leaves, the thorny rose bushes, and the cherry and apple trees, now bare. Soon everything would be covered by a soft white blanket.

At Christmas time, snow was always a welcome surprise. This time there was quite a lot of it, and it would remain for days without melting, delighting the children's eyes and enlivening their games.

Fairy G. climbed to the highest branch of the apple tree. Since fairies have eyes that can see very far, from there she could watch the children playing in the warmth of their houses, in their rooms full of toys. From time to time, the children would pause their play to eat some sweets or a soft piece of cake.

While Fairy G. was busy watching the children, she heard a faint chirp. A little robin was wan-



dering around in the snow just under the apple tree, looking for food. It was freezing, and its wet feathers heavy with snow made it very difficult for the robin to fly.

Fairy G. took the bird gently in her hands to warm it up. The robin seemed frightened.

- Don't be afraid, little one, – said Fairy G. – I'm giving you a hug to take care of you, but it's not a cage. It's a hug in which you should feel free.

Reassuring the bird gently but holding it firmly in her hands, she ran to the fairy kitchen to feed it some bread crumbs.

Fed and warmed by the loving hands of Fairy G., the little robin immediately felt better. Before releasing it, to protect it from the cold, Fairy G. made a small nest of twigs and soft wool in the bare branches of a cherry tree and promised the robin that every morning she would throw sweet crumbs around the base of the tree to help it get through the winter.

Returning to her branch on the apple tree, Fairy G. went back to looking into the distance and she realized that in the city a great many birds were suffering from cold and hunger. The insects were hibernating and the snow had covered everything. There was no more food.

Sparrows flew in groups searching for some-

thing to eat to get through the harsh winter days. They would approach the windows of the houses and watch the children eating sweets and biscuits and throwing all the unfinished pieces of cake and all those delicious crumbs left on the tablecloth into the trash.

It was getting colder and colder, and the birds were getting more and more distressed.

Fairy G. was worried and feared that her little friends would not be able to survive the winter. She tried using her magic wand to make the children notice the birds that were about to die of cold and hunger so they could help them, but her magic wand wasn't powerful enough.

So she decided to go to the house of her friend Marino – a wise and studious wizard – to ask for help.

Knock knock... No answer. Fairy G. slowly opened the door.

- Marino? Are you home? – Fairy G. said into the empty space.

All around was silence.

- Marino...? Where are you? – continued Fairy G. – Please Marino, come out. I need your help. Marino was in the library, intent on studying while perched on a mountain of books and he didn't hear the voice of his fairy friend.

- Marino, my noble friend, I know you're home



because the door was open. Please come out. Fairy G. decided to go look for him in the library.

- MARINO!!! I finally found you! Come down from that mountain of books and come with me. Your powerful magic is needed.

- My dear Fairy, I cannot. As you can see, I must study.

- But we must act now! – replied Fairy G.

- In order to act, we must think, and to think, we must study – Marino responded seriously.

- Marino, please, there's no time to lose! – insisted Fairy G.

Marino, meanwhile, had started reading again.

- Marino, my joy – Fairy G. begged him (knowing well that Marino loved to be called “my joy”) – under all this snow the birds are dying of cold and hunger and the children do nothing to help them.

- WHAT??? – exclaimed Marino, alarmed – Why didn't you tell me right away?

- But I tried... – Fairy G. began to say.

Marino was no longer listening to her and came down from the tower of books, bringing with him the ornithology manual and his magic wand.

- Fly faster, Fairy G.! Let's go save the birds. There's not a minute to lose!!!

When they arrived in the city, Marino with his magic wand suddenly made all the children's toys invisible.

All at once, the children found themselves without any toy cars, dolls, blocks, playing cards or stuffies. Everything disappeared, vanished!

They began searching their homes to see where their toys might have gone, but no one had a clue. In the end, they decided to look out the window to see if by chance their toys were out in the garden.

As they looked outside, they finally noticed the hungry, shivering sparrows.

- While we're hugging our stuffies, the birds are starving – said a serious dark-eyed boy.

- Let's give them something to eat! – said a little red-haired girl.

- I read in a book that birds love bread crumbs and robins prefer sweet crumbs! – said a girl with long blond hair.

- Of all my toys – the serious boy with a sweet expression who loved to collect animal figurines spoke again – there's only one wooden bird feeder left ...

- Perfect! – said the blond-haired girl.

- I'll crumble a piece of my chestnut cake – said a girl with green eyes – and we'll fill up the feeder!



As soon as the bird feeder was placed outside and filled with crumbs, the birds came in droves to feed. The children were delighted to see sparrows, robins and blue tits eating with such an appetite!

- Hurray!!! – they all shouted in unison.
- I'll check the feeder every day – said the dark-eyed boy – to make sure there's always some food there!
- I'll make lots of good cakes and share them with the birds! – said the green-eyed girl.
- Meanwhile, it had gotten dark.
- Let's go home... – they all said.

As soon as they returned home, as if by magic, all their toys reappeared.

The children were happy to have their toys back, but every day they continued to feed their little friends with crumbs and seeds.

Marino and Fairy G. breathed a sigh of relief and looked into each other's eyes. No words were needed. They both knew they had given the children a great gift, teaching them that caring for the little ones is the best kind of good.



The mystery of the missing words

It was the middle of March, the 14th to be exact – Fairy G. remembers it well because something very unusual happened that day! – when Marino, the Wizard of the Lake, came rushing breathlessly into the fairy garden.

It was one of those days at the end of winter when you could feel that spring was just around the corner. You could feel it everywhere in Fairy G.'s garden, even though only the Japanese magnolia was in bloom at the moment, with its large pale pink blossoms stretched upward on bare branches.

All around, though, was a stirring of new life, which you could sense above all from the buds ready to unfold into tender little leaves. Soon the rose garden would be an explosion of colours and scents.

While Fairy G. was peacefully observing the reawakening of nature, Marino arrived in a state of obvious agitation.



- Fairy G.! – Marino began – I came from the library where something very strange, to say the least, has happened... There are letters scattered all over the floor, everywhere!

- Letters? - asked Fairy G. – What letters? Do you mean your correspondence? It must have been a gust of wind that knocked them over ...

- No, no – Marino hurried to say – letters, I mean small letters scattered everywhere under the books...

- Small letters??? Under the books...? Marino, are you alright? – asked Fairy G., perplexed.

- I feel fine, cheeky fairy!!! – replied Marino, slightly resentful. – I’ve never been better! What I mean is letters of the alphabet.

- Alphabet? Marino, are you sure?

- Listen, Fairy G., this is serious! I realize that there’s only one way to explain it to you. Come see for yourself.

Fairy G. followed her friend Marino to his library and saw that, indeed, scattered over the floor, near the books, were many small letters of the alphabet.

- Where did they come from? – Fairy G. asked Marino.

- From the dictionary and these other books. I opened them and there are words missing. Whole words!!!

Fairy G. looked carefully at the small letters that had fallen into piles and saw that they made up some words: love, patience, gratitude, kindness, listening...

Marino – said Fairy G. sweetly – let’s gather them up. We’ll put together the fallen words and then we can put them back in their place in the books.

And so they did, but every attempt was in vain. The words wouldn’t go back to where they belonged, and every time they were put back, they slipped off again and the letters scattered all over the floor.

Fairy G. – said Marino sadly – I’m afraid there’s no more room for these words, which means that the problem must be more serious than we can imagine.

Fairy G. nodded with a worried look.

Marino, my noble friend, I’ll climb the highest branch of the apple tree to see what’s going on in the city and try to understand why these words have decided to leave the books – said Fairy G. finally.

Having climbed (or, rather, flown) to the top of the apple tree, Fairy G. began to look in the distance, determined to get to the bottom of the mystery of the words that had disappeared from the books.



First she looked at a school. The building was old and rundown, and the children couldn't even hang their drawings on the walls and ended up soiling the crumbling walls. Weak sunlight filtered through the opaque glass and reached rooms where there was no space for books or play. Discontented and annoyed, the children no longer listened to their teachers, made a ruckus, and sometimes got into fights for no reason.

Then Fairy G. looked inside one of the many houses and saw busy parents who were not listening to their children's requests. The children were making a racket and the parents lost their patience and ended up shouting louder than the children.

Then she looked inside an attractive little house. There was a boy who wanted to go to the seaside to cure his cough, but no one had time to take him there during the winter. This made him very sad, and he didn't speak to anyone but just dreamed of the sea and coughed. Finally, in one apartment building there was a family in which the grandparents no longer told fairy tales to the children, preferring to watch television amidst everyone's indifference. Dinner was prepared without love and eaten quickly, without talking. Fairy G. looked at other houses and saw that more or less the

same things were happening there.

She climbed down from the apple tree and sadly returned to Marino.

I understand what happened. The words disappeared from the books – said Fairy G. quietly – because there's no place for them anymore. The people have forgotten what it means to listen, to be patient, to be kind, and above all what it means to love. We can never get those words back in the books.

- It's absurd, my sweet fairy. Simply absurd! We certainly can't give up this easily! – replied Marino.

- What can we do? – asked Fairy G.

- Of course, I do not know, – said Marino – but you have read the hearts of people so you will know what to do!

- But I don't know any magic to make the words come back in the books – objected Fairy G. – nor any magic to change people's hearts.

- This is the biggest nonsense I've ever heard! Really the most colossal! – said Marino with conviction. – Fairy G., what are you waiting for to get to work with your magic wand?

- But I...

- No buts! Take heart, little fairy! I'll help you.

Fairy G. sighed and went back to her garden,



thinking about all the magic her grandmother had taught her. Then suddenly she remembered a book. She ran to the attic and found it among her grandmother's old photographs, tied with a particularly beautiful and precious ribbon. It was handwritten and titled: *Magic for difficult cases*.

She leafed through the book eagerly until she found a page that began with these words:

"What to do when the hearts of people are hardened and have lost the ability to love". Smaller, in parentheses, was a note in pencil, barely legible: *(beauty will save the world)*.

- What could Grandmother have meant by that? – wondered Fairy G.

While trying to interpret these words, she arrived at Marino's house, and when she saw him, she said: - Marino, come with me to the fairy garden and help me.

- I'm ready as a warrior! – proclaimed Marino, pleased and hopeful.

Together, but silently, they returned to the fairy garden.

- Marino – said Fairy G. – hold this ancient book while I climb the apple tree. But first, tell me what you think the phrase "beauty will save the world" means.

Erm... beauty... you see... beauty... I mean... But why are you concerned about beauty now?

- Just answer me, please – was all Fairy G. said.

- Well, beauty will save the world because it is the way to understand what is good and right – replied Marino with an authoritative voice.

- Marino, you're a genius!!! – said Fairy G. with shining eyes. And without a second thought she promptly set to work.

With her magic wand, Fairy G. made the school clean and bright. She brought in the colours of the rainbow and covered the schoolyard with a soft grassy turf. The children, seeing the school so beautiful and clean, respected it and sat down in their seats. They listened to their teachers, learned new things and worked quietly. At break time, they all ran outside, some of them playing, others lying on the grass to admire the sky between the branches of the trees.

Fairy G. then went to the houses.

In the house of the sick boy, Fairy G. brought in the light and the smell of the sea and gave the mother a smile even brighter than the light on the water. The boy, seeing his mother so smiling, understood that she had a big heart, and all evening long he dove again and again into her heart as if it were a sea of love, and he immediately felt better.



In the house where dinner was being prepared without love, Fairy G. gave them a table set with cheerful colours and an amazing cake, beautiful to look at, even before eating it! The parents and children sat at the table looking at each other with smiling eyes and talked together all evening long around this extraordinary cake.

To the grandparents, Fairy G. gave a warm and colourful blanket to wrap themselves in while sitting next to their grandchildren, and picture books so beautiful that the television was turned off and everyone listened with great attention to the stories read by the voice of the grandmother.

And finally, to the tired and impatient parents, she gave a window that opened wide to the starry sky. The calm beauty of the stars gave them back their lost tranquillity. They hugged their children and silently gazed at the heavens for a while, all together, whispering affectionate words to each other.

In every house there was more love.

Marino – said Fairy G. – I did my best.

- I know – Marino reassured her.

- Now let's go back to the library – continued Marino – We just have to try to gather up the letters and put the missing words back.

They went back to the library together, but in the meantime the letters had disappeared from the floor.

Maybe it's too late – said Fairy G. dejectedly, as she tried to open a book. But to her great surprise, she saw that the fallen words were all back in place!

Marino, look! – said Fairy G. Then she added in a whisper: – I can't believe it...

And yet, it is so. Your grandmother was right! – concluded Marino.

Fairy G. said nothing.

Meanwhile, it had gotten dark, but Marino and Fairy G. didn't notice. Looking into each other's eyes, they both saw the same light.