

## GOLDEN SUNSHINE and PETER PRICKLES

KEYWORD: Beauty.

Whenever you see a garden with just lots and lots of beautiful flowers in it, you may be quite sure that there are fairies living there, for fairies love flowers.

Golden Sunshine was the name of a pansy fairy, who lived in a garden of many flowers, and who had a little friend called Peter Prickles. Pansy fairies always live in pansies. No one can see pansy fairies unless he has a pair of fairy spectacles, and as you cannot buy them in a store or any other place, very few people have them. But I'll tell you how you can find out if a fairy lives in a pansy. If you can smell a sweet, delicate fragrance in it, then you may be quite certain that a fairy lives there; and the more you *love* the sweet smell, the more beautiful will be the fairy.

Golden Sunshine lived in a yellow pansy that looked just like gold when the Sun was shining on it. There were other pansies that were very lovely, but the yellow pansy was the loveliest of all. So you know that Golden Sunshine was a wonderful fairy to have such a beautiful home.

Her dress was of fairy gauze, woven out of sunbeams, and in her hair she wore a shining star that matched the light of her beautiful eyes, so full of love and happiness. Beautiful was her face to look upon, and the sweetness of her smile was something to remember always. She had the littlest hands and feet, and as for her voice, it was like the music of a tiny bell.

How Peter Prickles adored her! Peter was a little horned toad, a very handsome little fellow according to his mother. He had a round little body the shape of a button,

with a little mite of a head at one end and a little tail at the other. He had two bright little eyes, which he opened as wide as he could to see this wonderful world. And right from the top of his head, down his back, and even on his tail and his sides were rows of prickly spikes. These made him look very distinguished, and were the cause of his name, "Peter Prickles." Then he also had four little short legs and four small feet. When he was lying still under a loquat tree, unless you had very sharp eyes, you would probably think he was just a fallen leaf, so like the color of a withered leaf was he.

Every morning just as soon as Peter Prickles awakened, he was sure to ask his mother if he might go and visit the beautiful pansy faisy. And the mother toad would say, "Yes, Peter, but you must have your face washed and your hair brushed and eat your breakfast first; then you may go."

Golden Sunshine used to tell him such beautiful stories, and every day there was something new to hear. One morning Mrs. Mouse heard the fairy telling Peter Prickles the following tale:

Early one morning Golden Sunshine said she had been awakened by the song of the mocking bird. It was such a beautiful song of joy that she raised her head, all wet with dew, and sent him a message of thanks. This pleased the mocking bird so much that he came and perched on the fence quite close to her and sang another beautiful song.

Soon the newsboy came along with the morning paper, looking so blue and cold that Golden Sunshine wondered what she could do to warm him. All she could think of was to send him a loving thought. And you know, as soon as he got it, he commenced to whistle and feel happy.

A little later two children came into the garden, a boy and a girl, and really, they were almost quarreling. The little boy had a frown on his face, and he looked so cross,

and the little girl did, too. They had a little kitten, one trying to take it from the other, while the poor kitten cried with fright and pain.

“My! my!” said Golden Sunshine to herself, “this will never do.” She called to the West Wind to please carry a message of love to them. This the wind did gladly, blowing softly upon their faces the sweet fragrance of the pansy fairy. Then the little boy stopped pulling at the kitten, the little girl smiled at the boy, and the kitten began to purr softly. Then they were all happy.

Peter Prickles told Golden Sunshine that he wished he could be a pansy fairy and make people happy too. She told him that little horned toads and lizards and every other thing could bring happiness to others if they would only try. Then the little horned toad hopped away home to tell his mother all about it. But before going he remembered to thank Golden Sunshine for the lovely story.

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