

## CHAPTER 1

### THE MEETING



Poland, December 1944. Rumbling tanks plough their way through deep snow. Marching behind are foot soldiers with their rifles at the ready. As they come upon a small farmhouse they are alerted by movement from a hedge. The soldiers run forward shouting out, jabbing their bayonets into the bushes. On finding nothing they look over the top of the hedge into the garden and see small footprints in the snow. The soldiers force their way through the hedge

and follow the footprints that lead them up to the front door of the house. The soldiers kick the door open and search every room.

“There’s no-one here,” shouts one of the soldiers as they make their way out from the house and fall into line behind the tanks.

As the sound of the passing army began to fade into the distance, evening drew closer, and flying gracefully above was the Good Fairy; she was making her way home from a long trip. Through a break in the clouds, she glanced down and saw a flicker of light in the field next to the farmhouse. Her instinct to investigate was strong, and she felt compelled to land.

As she quietly touched down, she saw an open hatch and a small child holding a lantern standing still alongside it. The Good Fairy slowly approached and looked into the soft brown eyes of a young girl who was dressed in a woolen coat and black leather shoes. Her long, brown hair was neatly plaited.

## Snowflake



“Who are you?” asked the Good Fairy, looking concerned.

“My name is Snowflake,” replied the little girl through icy breath.

“That’s a pretty name; but surely it’s not your real name..?”

Snowflake became quiet and withdrawn; she started

walking in circles, carefully making footprints in the crisp snow.

“Where are your parents?” asked the Good Fairy. “Do they know you’re out here all alone?”

“Of course they do, they’re with me now,” replied the little girl, twirling around with outstretched arms. “My Father is disguised as the wind. You can’t see him, of course, but I can feel the warmth of his breath as he swirls around me, keeping me safe at night. My Mother is a beautiful cloud. If you look closely, you can watch her as she changes shape, allowing rays of sunlight to peep through her. She dresses up every evening, and sometimes she even makes the moon blush!”

“Does she indeed..?” smiled the Good Fairy, breaking Snowflake’s artistic flow...

“And,” ‘added’ Snowflake, “when the night is clear, she hides behind the dark sky and watches me through the silver stars that she calls her secret eyes; or so she told me before she went away.”

“I’m sorry, what do you mean?” asked the Good Fairy.

“Well,” said Snowflake, “wicked soldiers came and took my Mother and Father away on a train, but before they did, my parents hid me inside a small bunker covered by bushes, saying they would always watch over me and protect me. So, when the wind blows, I’m not cold, neither am I afraid, I know it’s my Father surrounding me with his love; and when I see the beautiful shapes in the clouds, and catch the falling rain in my hands, I know it’s my Mother, showering me with her love.”

The Good Fairy welled up inside as she suddenly realised the little girl’s parents had been taken to the death camps. She wondered how she could help the child, but before she had a chance to speak Snowflake stepped forward with a curious look on her face.

“Who are you? What’s your name? Where did you get that pretty dress?”

“What question shall I answer first?” smiled the

Good Fairy.

“Your name, please,” giggled Snowflake.

“This may come as a bit of a surprise to you, young lady, but I don’t have a name; I am the Good Fairy.” Snowflake’s eyes widened as her mind started racing.

“You’re the Good Fairy, you can bring my parents back, you can do anything,” she said, laughing and dancing around, filled with excitement.

The Good Fairy replied tactfully, “I will help you search for your parents, but you must realise we may never find them. I mean, they could be, as you say, the wind and the clouds that serve in the sky above.”

Snowflake paused, and looked up at her with a twinkle in her eyes.

“My... what an imagination you have, Mrs. Good Fairy.”

“Well then, maybe I have the imagination of a child,” replied the Good Fairy, more than impressed at Snowflake’s wit. She then looked towards the run-down house. “How long have you been hiding here?”

“I’m not sure.”

“How do you get food?”

“I sneak into the local village, soldiers are always passing through, but I’m much too quick for them.”

“I’m sure you are,” said the Good Fairy as she reached out to Snowflake who took hold of her hands, and they rose up into the sky, leaving a trail of stardust behind them.