

A  
Magical Creature  
Series

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# *Flighty*

**A magical creature Novella**

*By*

*HDA Pratt*

*Books by HDA Pratt*

***A Night Creature Trilogy***

*The Sleepless Night Creature*

***The Elemental Cycle***

*Worthy*

***A Magical Creature Series***

*Flighty*

*Nerdiver*

*Nimfa & Master*



***I dedicate this book to***  
*Joanna Minter*  
*The girl who gave me my reading obsession*

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## **A fairy without Dust**

A fairy is a creature, written in legend and sung in history but for me a fairy is a creature just like me. Small as daffodil and as quick as a dragonfly, fairies are not legends in my land. No here the legends of old are about humanoids. Here in my land, fairies are true living breathing things. How would I know this. I am one.

Do I have wings, yes. Moveable wings, definitely. Wings in fact that gleam lilac in the sunshine on the rare occasion I let them out, only shining when the light hits them. See through, they are, having been crafted from a membrane that I can place back onto my skin to hide if need be. According to my only friend Nerdiver, my lilac eyes glow when I'm angry, which has always surprised me since I have no dust to speak of.

Unlike the legends of old, fairy dust doesn't come from a tree; it comes from each individual fairy. Each bestowed with this gift, they can fly, bloom nature and pollinate the forest better than any bee. The lucky few can even connect with animals.

Me on the other hand, I am named Flighty. Somehow my mother couldn't have been crueller, seeing as I'm the first fairy in history to have been born with no dust at all. Long black hair just like my father, my parents don't visit often. With no need to spend time with their one son who cannot do anything like them, it's easier to just leave me to my life.

Even my so-called loving brothers and sisters, and there's ten of them, visit very rarely. Well, all except my youngest sister Spitfire.

The only one of my kind I can never seem to get away from is Psyc. The best flyer, bloomer and pollinator of my race, he always manages to pop up. Let's of course not forget he can speak with about every animal that flows through this forest of ours.

When I say ours, I obviously mean the forest is solely ruled by the elves, a kind race that pretty much leaves us fairies to our jobs.

What job do I have, well that's where I'm heading now. Walking, naturally, I am heading around a huge oak tree; though I find it much easier to climb over the outstretched roots, than walk the wide berth that they create. Taking the long route today, I want to do everything in my non existing power to avoid Psyc and his love squad of every other fairy possible.

Hopping up to the next root, the oak's roots are perfect for climbing with cracks in the stems, meaning I have perfect handholds. Reaching the top of the next root a gust of wind blows in my face, giving me a great feeling as it blows my shoulder length hair behind me. Scented with a touch of mint, I see the huge herb, crowded around the next baby tree, feeding whatever animal that may come this way.

Pushing through the herb next, I wade through some moss, spongy under my feet. I wear a fine pair of old brown leaved shoes that hug my feet warmly. Aged strongly, creating shoes from nature is one thing I can actually do as a fairy. Sun flashing through the leaves of a towering tree ahead, I begin to hear the noise of the up and coming river.

Running my hand next to me, I brush past a eucalyptus bush, flowering bright orange. Laughing at my own tiny size compared to the size of the flowers around me, I pass a cluster of bluebells, signalling that I'm getting closer to my work.

Bulked with muscle from building dam after dam along this river, I have managed to filter water into many different parts of the forest. Every place I've done this has bloomed better each year, my own version of helping the forest with dust. In fact, the only reason I started doing this was my friend Nerdiver. As a mermaid, you'd think she be in the open ocean, however, instead she comes to the surface of her small pond. With just enough room for her to swim around, whenever I visit we just moan about anything we feel like that day.

A big problem for me is always climbing up to my work of building the dams. Because I cannot fly, alternate routes are my only choice. Nearby the naturally made dirt wall that halts me from getting to my half-built dam, is a beautifully coloured green and yellow vine that grows up the side of a tall pine tree, with its roots growing right out into the water.

Jumping up I grab hold of the lowest leaf and pull myself up. Holding steady I jump up to the next leaf aiming mainly for the stems when I can. The strength of the leaves is fine but the steam makes it easier to lock my small grip on to.

Climbing higher than I need to, I can get a better look at what I still need to do. Re-directing the water was somehow the simple part, keeping a good flow to both the main river and my new stream is the hardest part.

Tall for a fairy, my bulk from running, walking and building every day has given me an unusual look for my kind. Most fairies are lean and sharp in the face. I, on the other hand, have had to remake every piece of my brown clothing to work around my big bulging muscles.

The last time my sister Spitfire visited, she couldn't understand how it was possible. For her my dustless-ness is no problem, she still loves me, but a fairy that can fly true, she will never truly understand being forced to do more physical things. When you're buzzing around the sky, never having to spend too much time on land, you will, of course, have the usual petite look of a fairy. Though a common trait in my siblings alone and Psyc of course, we are all of a taller generation to the rest of our kind.

Locking my mind on my main task for the day ahead, I push my side bag behind me, wedging it next to my pickaxe clasped to my waist. Aiming myself, I push off the vine leaf

I'm stood upon and grab the top of my new dam with both hands.

My skin having hardened from working with rocks so much, I've built this dam so nothing can knock it or dislodge the barriers I have created. Pulling myself up, I go straight to my pile of rocks, placed just outside my dam barrier. Lying in a wheelbarrow I made at the beginning of the year, it's made of the strongest wood I could find. Painting it lilac to match my colour was Spitfire's insistence, coming to my home while I was mid-construction. I would be lying if I didn't say I was pleased with the final look. Moving my materials to where I need them has become so much easier since I've had this wheeler, trying to lug them one at a time is far more time consuming.

With the sounds of the water pouring down the river into my new mechanisms, one wrong step and I would be off for a nice long swim. Doing it once or twice, I've learnt the best way to hold my body and step in the streams. Bending my knees to make sure I don't pull my back, I pick up a rock nearly the same size as me and manoeuvre it to my half-built dam.

Building for half the day, the sun has moved above my head, forcing me to put my hair up into a topknot to keep it out of my eyes. Sweat drenching my shirt, the sun seems to be on a mission to make me turn into water or to sweat my clothes off. Always wearing a similar style to the rest of the fairies, I

am wearing a pale off-white cream shirt and dark brown three quarter length trousers.

Fitted to my strong muscular legs, movement is easy with the stretchy fabric. If I'm not building for the day, I will wear a colourful waistcoat, the majority of which are shades of greens or yellows. This style of clothing is perfect for flying in smooth clean air, but working with an axe or weight lifting, means sweat comes quickly.

Stomach grumbling I know it's long overdue that I had some food. Grabbing my small side bag which is a similar colour to the shade of my trousers, I hunt for a baby apple grown to the perfect size for a fairy. Being able to bloom plants and trees, ancient fairies found a way to grow miniature versions for us, the future generations. Though we mainly stick to our natural sources of food like seeds, my kind now bakes small items of bread and even fruit or vegetable pies.

Finishing off my apple, I look next for a pack of seeds that I have wrapped in a bright yellow maple leaf I get from the maple tree my home is built inside of. Munching quickly, my hunger has grown so fierce today. Taking off my top, I rewrap the food into my maple leaf and place it back into my bag.

Lying on the side of my dam, I ready myself for some sunrays. Closing my eyes, I love the feeling of the sun's kiss, the heat slightly cooking me, tanning my already naturally bronzed skin even more as I sink into my rest time.

Touching up my tan every day, my life is repetitive in some ways, which I like. Wake, wash and eat, I give my two floored home the small spruce it needs before I leave. Choosing to build as far out from the other fairies as I could, when I saw the sun touched maple tree and the bend in its trunk I knew it was where my house was meant to be. Building a terrace on one of its branches that comes out from my second floor; this is where I grow my own veg, fruit and seeds. Apples, I steal them from Spitfire's home like any good older brother would do.

Continuing my daily routine I walk to work where I build, eat, sunbathe, then I maybe round off my day with a visit to Nerdiver or I wander the forest for a bit. When you have a life with a rare amount of visitors, you get use to planning your day with ease. Other creatures that come into my life just disturb my peace really.

Sun easing off, I open my eyes hoping the clouds haven't started rolling in. Instead of the annoying balls of fluff, I'm expecting, I get the image of a shadow coming down upon me. Rolling on instinct, I move out the way, snatching my top, bag and axe in one quick movement.

Pelting for the cover of the tall grass and vines next to the river, I run, rather than try and find a pointless hiding place. From my own experience hiding, unless you bury yourself in the ground, will gain you a one-way ticket down a predator's throat.

Refusing to waste time on looking back, I stuff my shirt in my bag, as putting it on will have to wait. Getting away from a bird on the hunt for food always ruins my daily routine. My instincts working on overtime from years of what I have seen and had to do to escape, it does not mean I might not be eaten one day.

“Flighty! Wait!” A voice stops me dead.

Hearing nothing else I turn slowly, the only sound is the dirt under my feet. Seeing his cropped afro before taking him in, my disdain for the creature now standing in front of me, runs through me at the sound of his next words.

“Don’t be afraid, it’s only me. I’m not a bird.” He says, seeming to try and calm me. Still breathing heavily, adrenaline buzzes through me, as I don’t say anything in return.

“Sorry to scare you, I didn’t think the way I was descending would make my shadow look like a predator” He says, giving me a godlike smile with his perfect mouth and his perfectly squared white teeth.

“You didn’t think. Ha!” Turning about, aiming to leave the bane of my life, standing alone behind me.

“Wait. Flighty! I just wanted to say how amazing your dam looks. Actually, all your dams do. How have you worked out how to build them so well?” The perfect voice quizzes me.

“How could I possibly do anything as remarkable as this without dust is what you mean?” I huff, his breath-taking beauty already annoying me “Every time. Every time you come near me you always rub your amazingness in my face. I don’t need your pretend pity!” I shout, picking up my pace to get as far away from him as I can.

“I didn’t mean it like that. You’re changing the forest, for the better” He says, sounding so genuine I pause.

“Where are your fans?” I ask, spinning back to him “Don’t they usually follow you constantly? I didn’t think you could even function without them.” I ask, putting a bite on the questions, even though I didn’t plan to.

Not following my march away from him, a big gap between us has grown. Following me while I have a two-year-old tantrum is clearly something he’s not going to do. Clocking me eyeing him up, he pushes off the ground and fills the growing gap between us in one flap of his grand wings. Sun shining through the tall grass behind him, it glistens off the membrane his wings are made of, a golden hue running along the outer edge of them. His natural dust colour mapping the golden veins through his wings, he’s doesn’t understand how lucky he is that dust flows so freely for him.

Feeling my wings twinge slightly at the sight of his, I force mine to stay clasped to my skin. Curling over the tip of my shoulders, my lower two wings hugging at my waist. Tightening my control over my wings I do not want Psyc to

see mine at all. Looking like a rather tiny version of the humanoids from legends, I roll my broad shoulders, trying to tell myself to relax around the best fairy in the whole forest.

Coal dark skin, Psyc's golden coloured eyes shine at me, giving off small amounts of dust from their sides as he looks at me. Even now the allure he is giving off helps me understand why so many of my kind are infatuated with this god. No matter how much I hate him, even I know a god in this world when I see it.

"What?" I ask

"You are quite a unique fairy aren't you Flighty" He smiles, pissing me off again.

"What is that supposed to mean. You never answered my question, where are all your followers?"

"I'm the fastest fairy in history. If I want some alone time, it's very easy to fly away. And I mean your muscles. You look like a humanoid of legend. Is it from not being able to fly?"

"Really?! You're so arrogant!" I spit, my saliva nearly bursting from my lips I'm so angry "You're the fastest flyer well, well done. I cannot help that I have no dust, but thanks again for the reminder." I seethe, his words ripping at my one true pain I always feel. "I'm so done with this conversation. I'm going and don't follow me!" Hating how he always has to rub it in my face how he never has to work hard for what he is. For me, nothing ever comes so easily.

“No, Flighty I didn’t mean it in a bragging way” He begs, grabbing my wrist as I turn.

Reaching fast, I push him off, snatching my wrist away from his perfectly warm touch. Not meaning to push so hard, he falls back on his bum. Mixed with the feeling of regret and embarrassment for reacting way over the top, I cannot help liking the image of the great Psyc, the best fairy to ever exist being on the ground for once.

“Is that the colour your wings glisten?” He asks me, not fazed by my hard push or the dirt on his ass.

“Huh?” I reply, my flare of anger disappearing by his odd question and show of friendliness. Never having my wings out unless I’m home alone, I cannot comprehend how he can even tell what colour I have, he’s not even this close to me.

Only ever visiting alone, it always feels as if he comes to annoy me. Brushing off the friendly manner he always has, I wait for his reply. Coming alone every time he pops up has always confused me. Never bringing a crowd, I can never think of a reason he wants to spend time with the one fairy without any dust.

Gaining no answer to my questioning, but instead an inquisitive stare at my body I say “My personal colour is none of your business, all mighty golden Psyc. The colour I am on the outside and in will never in our lifetime have anything to do with you” I huff, pulling my shirt out of my bag to put on, covering my wings entirely.

Getting to his feet, Psyc creates a small amount of golden dust in his hand. Giving off a serene glow just like the power in his eyes, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a tiny fabric bag. Reflecting off his bright orange waistcoat, Psyc's white shirt and black trousers help his dust look even more godlike. Pouring his dust into the black velvet, he pulls on two copper shaded strings around the top, sealing the dust inside protectively.

"I have never come here to rub it in your face that you don't have dust. I swear I could not judge you on that fact. I just want to be your friend, a real friend. A true friend, anything compared to all my fake followers or fans, as you call them" He speaks holding out the cute bag for me, waiting for the acceptance of his gift.

"Is this some sort of joke? Are you just trying to make fun of me? The fairy with no dust. How sad he is, unable to fly. Unable to form any dust" I say sarcastically at first "How lonely he must be with no talent or magic to bloom or do even the simplest of things any of our race can do!" I scream making him take a step back. "Get out of my life Psyc! Leave me alone. Leave me to my non magical-ness!" I boom, somehow making some birds way above panic and flutter away.

"I do not need or want any pretend friends. You came here to brag to me, to rub your born gifts into my heart. Well, you're turning it black thanks to your little visits!" I shout.

Taken aback by my outburst, Psyc stumbles back. His eyes seeming to become a little wet as I spin him out of my sight.

“Just leave me be... please” I whisper.

“I’m sorry Flighty-” He begins. Moving away from him before he says another word, I storm into the waiting vines, leaving him behind.

Brushing past me so close I feel a buzz of heat where he touches me. My anger flares once again as Psyc nearly hits me. Flying up above me, a trail of his pristine dust comes off his feet as he flees to the crowd that awaits him.

How dare he! Is all I can think. How dare he come here and rub his dust in my face by pretending to give me some. That’s a ritual only family or a true love can bestow upon each other. Who is he to offer me his dust, the best flyer, the best fairy for generations to come to this forest, to really pretend he wants to give me that gift. Maybe his fans have been watching all day, waiting for me to accept the dust, hoping it is for real to only get tricked at the last second.

Oh how I wish I could fly. How I wish I could show him. Show all the fairies who is the best, who truly deserves to be magical. Who deserves to make this forest bloom and grow into the magical place where creatures far and wide feel in their bones they need to come to the Elven forest.

Stamping on a twig the size of me, I strut away from my dam, my workday truly over with.