

Years 3 & 4
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Year 4, Willandra Primary School

The Girl who turned into a Fairy

In a quiet, cosy village nestled between gentle hills, there lived a girl named Stella, she shared a warm little home with her mum, dad, and her older brother, Max. From the outside, Stella seemed like any other curious, adventurous girl. But deep inside, she carried a secret — a secret far bigger than anyone could imagine.

One golden afternoon, while playing hide and seek with her friends Lily and Poppy, Stella overheard them whispering nearby.

“Have you ever seen a strange light before?” Lily asked, her voice hushed with wonder.

Poppy shook her head. “No,” Poppy replied in unison.

Stella’s eyes widened. She was surprised. After all the adventures Poppy had, all the forests Poppy wandered, all the abandoned places Poppy dared to explore, how could Poppy not remember? Stella hesitated, then spoke softly.

“I did,” Stella said. “When we were playing last week, I saw a glowing purple light . . . just behind the old willow tree.”

Her friends stared at her, puzzled. Stella glanced around, her voice dropping to a whisper. “Poppy, Lily . . . I need to go back; I have to find out what that light was and who it belonged to!”

That evening, once her friends had gone home, Stella slipped away, her footsteps quiet against the mossy ground. She made her way to the thick bushes near the edge of the woods, her heart pounding with excitement and just a little fear.

She looked back once, making sure no one, especially Max, had followed her. Then she pushed through the leaves and what she saw took her breath away . . .

The air changed the moment Stella stepped through the branches, cooler, sharper-scented, with something sweet and strange, like lavender mixed with rain.

Hidden among the ivy and bramble was a circle of ancient stones, they pulsed faintly with violet light, the same light Stella had seen before at the centre of the circle, something shimmered like liquid glass, a portal.

It wasn’t large, but within its glowing surface danced shapes too quick to catch, wings, lights, and whispers.

Stella hesitated, her heart thudded like a drum.

Was this real? Was she dreaming?

Stella took a deep breath. “If this is where the light comes from,” she murmured, “then maybe . . . this is where I belong.”

With one last glance behind her, she stepped into the portal.

The world twisted, colour bled and folded into itself, Stella’s feet left the ground.

Stella’s body felt both heavy and light, like falling and flying at once.

Then silence and light.

She landed on soft moss in a clearing unlike anything she’d ever seen, the sky was a glowing lavender blue. Giant mushrooms glowed with golden light. Trees whispered in a language she almost understood.

Then wings.

Dozens of tiny, winged beings emerged from the underbrush. Their eyes sparkled with recognition

“Welcome, Stella,” one of them said. Her voice rang like bells. “We’ve been waiting for you.”

The fairy who spoke to Stella was called Lyra. She floated closer, her wings a blur of silver and violet.

“You’ve felt it, haven’t you?” Lyra asked. “The light inside you.”

“I . . . I don’t know,” Stella whispered.

“You were drawn here because you belong to both worlds,” said Lyra. “You are not just human. Not yet fairy but becoming.”

Each day in Lunaria, Stella trained not in spells, but in harmony. Stella learned to fly, not by force, but by listening to the trees, to the wind, to her own thoughts.

She studied the Songs of Binding, ancient melodies that calmed storms and soothed restless spirits. It wasn’t easy, the songs demanded honesty. If your heart lied, the song refused to form.

At twilight, the fairies showed her visions of the past. Once, Lunaria had been full of light. But now a darkness was creeping in, a formless shadow that fed on forgotten dreams and silence.

“It’s coming,” Lyra said one night. “And you must be ready.”

On the seventh day, Stella stood before a pond of glass.

“You must enter the Dreaming Wood alone.” whispered Lyra.

Stella stepped into the forest.

It didn’t attack her not physically.

Instead, it whispered.

“You’re not one of them.”

“You’ll never be enough.”

“You don’t belong.”

Her wings dimmed but then, she remembered the song.

She placed her hand on her heart and sang “We belong no matter what, we are enough no matter what, we belong no matter what, we are enough no matter what.”

It wasn’t perfect her voice cracked. But it was true.

Light poured from her like breath and the shadow disappeared a little bit.

Stella stood by the portal, staring into its glow.

“I want to go back to my world,” Stella told Lyra.

“The veil is thin,” Lyra warned Stella. “If you carry the light with you, the shadow might follow you.”

“I’m not hiding,” Stella said. “I’m sharing.”

And with that, she returned.

Home looked the same. Max eating toast, birds outside her window, but nothing was the same inside her, the shadow had followed. Stella saw it in mirrors, in puddles, in the corners of her dreams.

Stella didn’t run. She gathered her friends – Max, Lily, and Poppy, and taught them what she knew.

She helped them find the glowing stones. Stella taught them to listen, to sing and one by one, others awakened too.

Magic spread, not like fire, but like hope. But the shadow watched, the shadow whispered in dreams, the shadow stirred in puddles, the shadow waited patiently before it could attack.

The portal burst open once more. The sky darkened to a bruised violet. The shadow returned — vast, cold, ancient.

“You are nothing,” it said. “You are few. And you will fall.”

But Stella stood firm. “I am not alone,” Stella said. “I am many.”

She sang not a song of war, but of remembrance. Max joined, then Lily, then Poppy, then Lyra and the fairies arrived through the portal, their voices a second sunrise, the shadow screamed! But Stella did not strike. She flew into it. Inside the void, she found a memory of a girl left behind, forgotten. The shadow wasn't hated it was hurt, so she didn't fight it, she healed it with a lullaby with love.

The worlds didn't separate again, they grew closer. The portal remained and magic once forgotten began to bloom again, not just in Lunaria but in every heart that dared to believe . . .

The End!