

## Save The Fairies

Standing in front of the construction tape, a little golden-haired girl held her sign high.

Bold, crimson words glared from the bent cardboard at passersby, but their eyes rarely drifted her way. The little girl paced the muddy pavement, stepping carefully over the dandelions that poked through the cracks as she tried to get someone's attention. Cars and pedestrians rushed by heedless of her critical message. Fat tears threatened to break free as the time disappeared. How could they all be so careless?

Finally, a tall woman draped in silks and furs stopped by, smiling as she read the careful script: *Save the Fairies*.

“What a lovely imagination you have.”

After handing the girl a crisp dollar bill, the woman strode off. The girl blinked at the money in her hand, they scrunched it into the pocket of her worn winter coat. She then turned to the tiny, winged figure perched on her shoulder, shaking her head sadly.