

The Fairy Fairytale

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“Ob-la-di, ob-la-da life goes on, bra,
Lala how the life goes on.”

–The Beatles

The day was certainly hard. So now I finally have time to sit and to breathe. To breathe in the literal sense. Living in an open space, you have to devote some special time for oxygen. It is my little personal sin. Huh.

The sunset was captivating. Stretching on the whole curve of the Earth it was sparkling, with the deep blue color gradating to pomegranate and then to scarlet. At the base of all that riot of light was the precise black circle contour. It seemed like it was telling me “Here I am, the Earth. Look at me, forget about the silent polka dot space, and come back to my flamboyant hysteria.”

But no. I was not going to leave my cozy, warmed place. Slowly sipping the oxygen from my bottle I looked again at the magnificent scenery of the tired sun. I didn’t envy it. Even I have these several light-years to relax for a while.

Sun walks from one corner of the Earth to another, like a confused human analyzing some stupid human situation, and nurtures all “this” like a worrying mother. It’s probably hard to give birth to something once.

But imagine how hard it is to do it constantly.

So, do not be surprised, people, when it will burn down.

And don’t be scared too much. Something else will appear.

I guess I have to stop my pointless thoughts, though they seem to perfectly fit empty open space.

You probably are asking right now “Who are you and why should I listen to your odd discourses about the things which don’t bother me?”

I’m sorry, but I can’t answer your question. My reality is not that interesting. I already told you, actually showed, my main entertainment: looking at the sunsets, enjoying the especially delicious Earth air, and talking with myself about the different stuff around me.

Oh, I also swing my legs sitting at the edge of the dusty, musty little moon. Sometimes I sing songs.

I live on a little planet called Micasa. I’m the only citizen of Micasa other than my domestic partner, the little fish Poisson. It lives in a little container filled with the forbidden water. I said forbidden because if there would be any government in Micasa stealing water from the Earth would be punishable. The Legitimate Institution of Felicity Engineering (L.I.F.E.) prohibited by the universe’s law the stealing of water and air from the Earth. For there is not enough of it even for itself.

But I stole it.

Because it is so beautiful. I can stare at the glittering water for dozens of light-years, you know. And the Earth air is especially delicious. I just can't resist. This air has a taste of water, thus I guess it glitters inside of me. And simultaneously it has a piece of my native space. Miraculous.

Again, I began to talk about some baloney.

I'll tell you about my day. My ordinary day.

Every gloomy morning I wake up and see the same gloomy Micasan scenery. You probably think that I don't like my planet, but it is not the truth. I love Micasa, but after I got a job at the Earth, I suddenly understood that my planet is boring and there is nothing in it except me and Poisson.

Every day I go to the Earth for my job. I was hired to do the regular minor work there like mixing clouds, beating on a loud tambourine when it rains somewhere, or pouring yellow paint on the trees. By the way, it is very hard work because you have to do it accurately. Sometimes, when I pour a lot of yellow paint in one place, They shout at me. People can suspect something. But they shouldn't know about us. To fix my mistake, I have to take a broom and sweep away all extra leaves. But I'm not gonna tell you all our production tricks, don't expect it from me.

Other workers at the same time do the other things. Some pour the goofy stuff on sleeping and drinking people; somebody mixes and separates people; sometimes they get something from that mixture; others create what they called destiny. But all of these are so complicated. I don't envy them, either. They got a special education for their specialization in good colleges. And I? I can only do the easy job.

Sometimes, while making clouds, I watch the people. They can't even imagine how it is to go home at the end of the day to my monochrome home. They are so lucky to be there, where they are.

Those special workers are never wrong, and they always put people in the place they have to be to create the perfectly beautiful puzzle.

One day I saw a little girl who was watching my clouds. She was looking at them and guessing what they looked like out loud. She observed one really messy cloud and somehow recognized an elephant in it.

I am sure that imaginative human children should do, at least, a part of our magical job. Though, maybe they already do it, who knows. I saw that my work wasn't unnoticed. So, from that day I tried to come to the same place for her, and to make elaborate clouds. The girl didn't always come, but I caught the taste of my job, and from that time I've been trying to create something beautiful, funny, or something else.

From that time, I began to communicate with these Earth inhabitants through my clouds, leaves, or rainy days.

Sometimes I just create the scenery and the mood for the supreme workers' work, but sometimes I try to help people in a more serious than just descriptive way.

And if one day you would want to know my personal advice on some issue, you

are very welcome to just look at the sky and call me.
I promise I'll be there with my bag of clouds for you.