

Enid Blyton Stories



They Don't
Believe in Fairies



Once Upon a Time

there were nine little elves who lived in a small mushroom house on the edge of Cuckoo Wood. It was a fine house, and suited the elves well.



But one day a most annoying thing happened—a farmer came that way, saw the large mushroom, and picked it! He put it into his coat-pocket, with fairies and all in it—though he didn't know they were there, of course.



The elves had a terrible shock. They squeezed out of the door of the mushroom house, and found themselves in the dark pocket.



They found their way to the opening of the pocket and peeped out.



In a trice they had spread their cobwebby wings and had flown to the ground.

" My goodness! " said Goldie-wings, " that was a narrow escape! "

" We've lost our lovely house! " said Gossamer, beginning to cry.

" It will be cooked," said Tippytoe.

" Never mind," said Twinkles. " We'll find another."

" But we haven't any furniture now," said Tiptap.



They flew over the fields till they came to where a family of rabbits was nibbling the grass.

" Good morning! " said Goldie-wings. " I suppose you couldn't tell us of any good house to be sold? Ours has just been picked by a farmer, and will be cooked. So we want another."

" No," said the father-rabbit, thinking so hard that his ears went crooked. " No—I don't know of any."

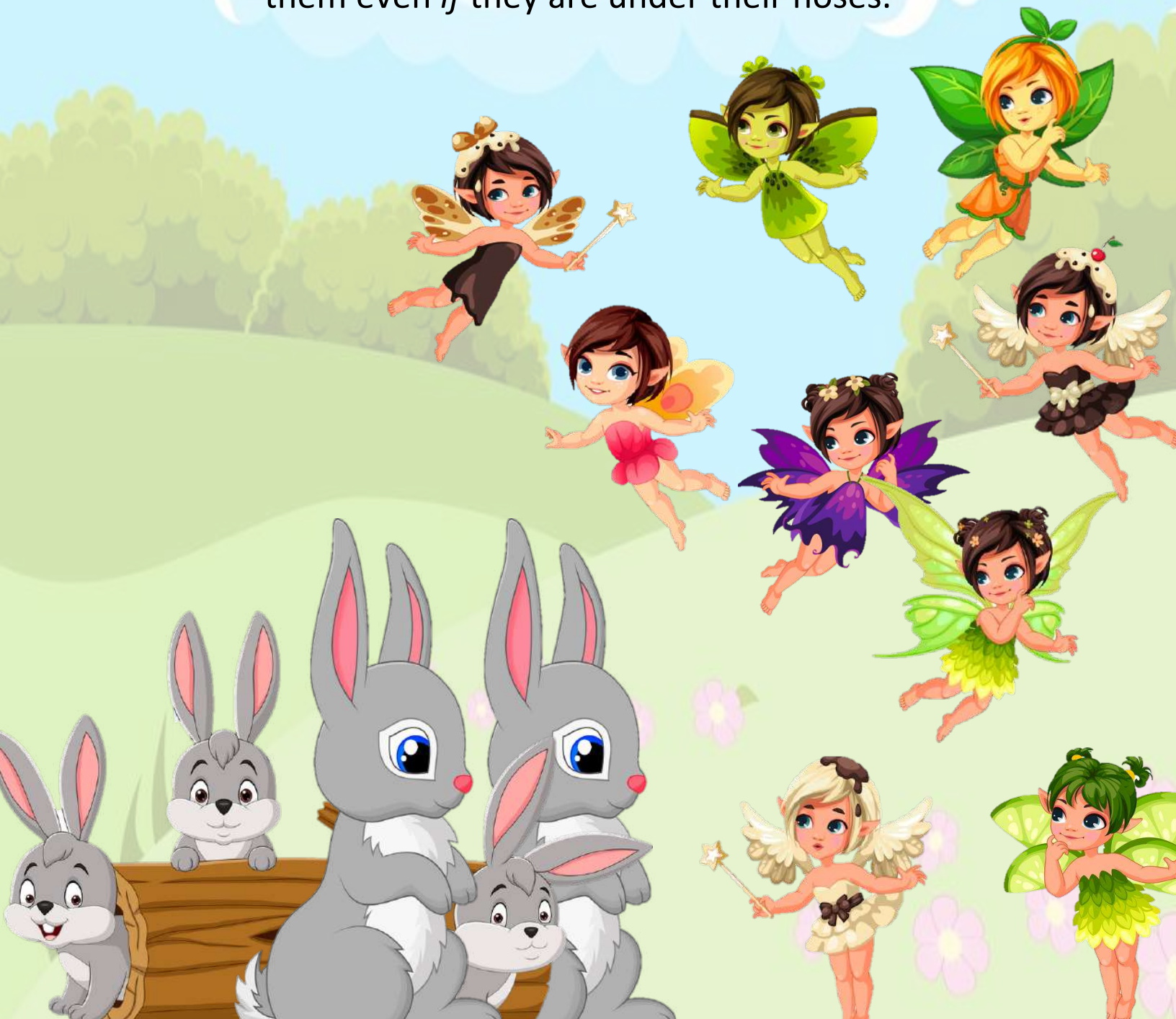


"I do, though! " said one of the little rabbits. " You know our cousin, who lives in the hutch in the garden over there, don't you? Well, he told me about a beautiful little house, with windows and doors and furniture and everything, in the children's nursery there. Why don't the fairies see if that is for sale? "



"That's a good idea," said Gossamer. " But wait a minute! It would never do for the children or anyone to see us. Why, we might be caught and put in a cage or something!"

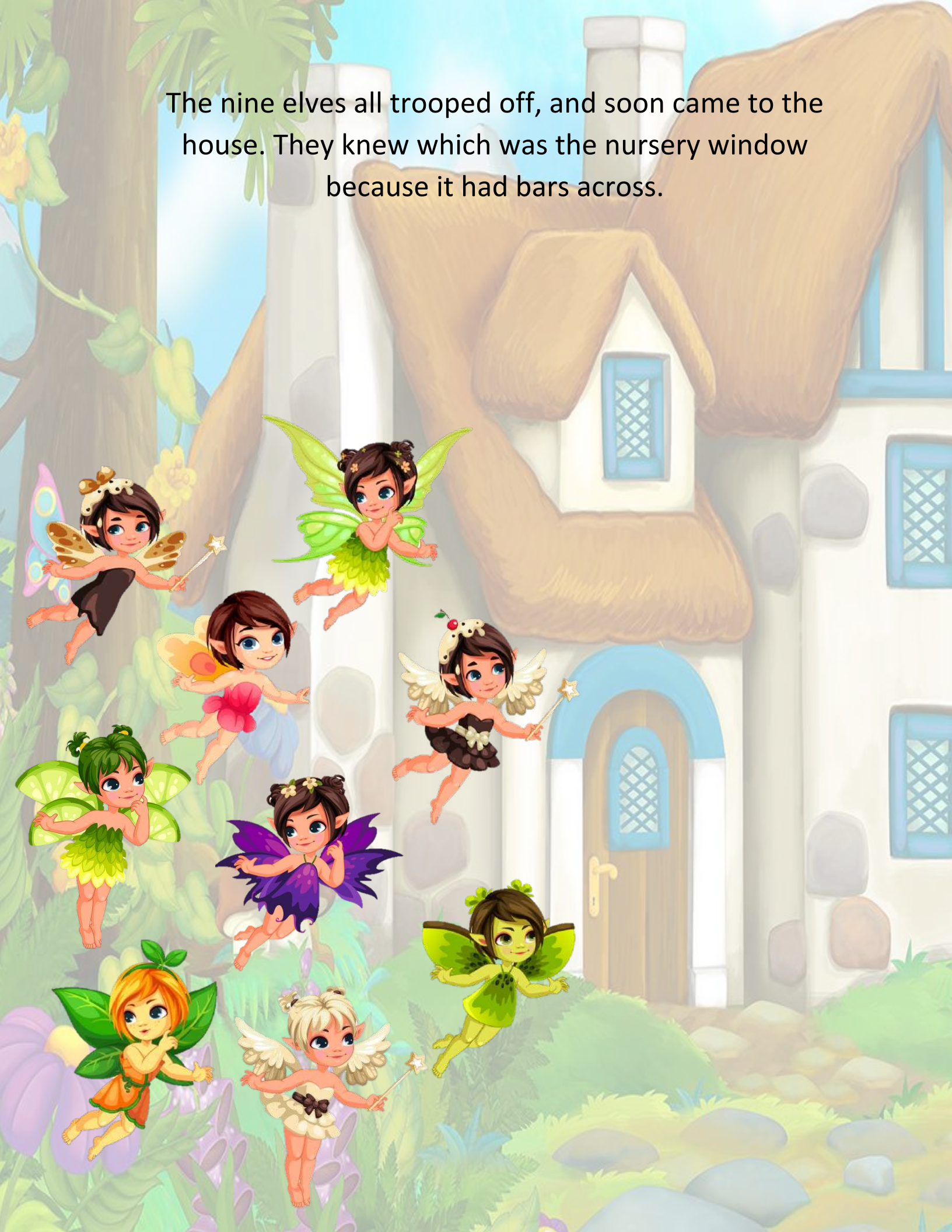
"Oh, you needn't be afraid of that," said the father-rabbit at once. " The nursery belongs to Jonathan and Lucy, two children who don't believe in fairies. So you'll be quite safe, because, as you know perfectly well, people who don't believe in fairies can't see them even *if* they are under their noses."



"Oh, that's good," said Tiptap. " Come along you others—
we'll go and find this lovely house."



The nine elves all trooped off, and soon came to the house. They knew which was the nursery window because it had bars across.



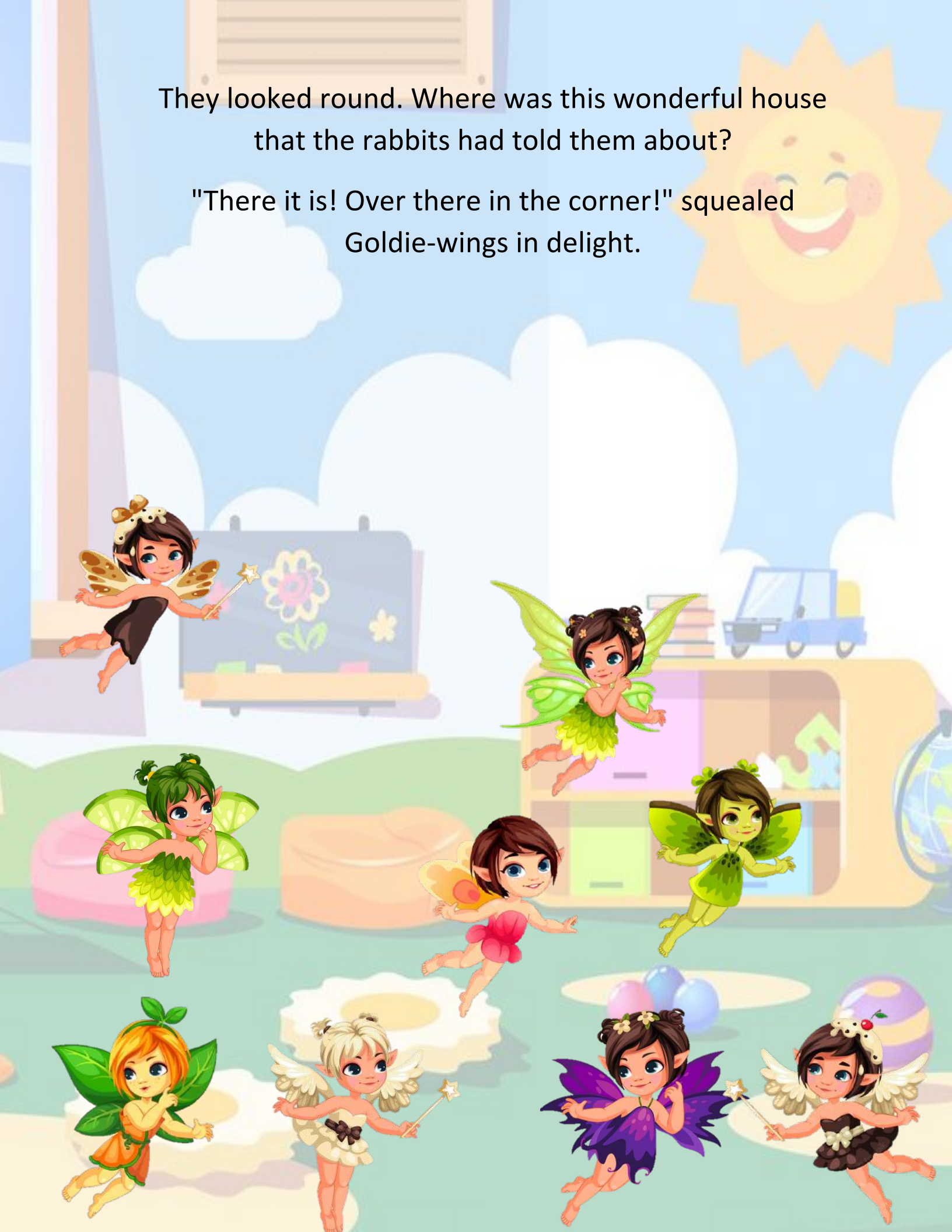
Up they flew, and stood on the window-sill to peep in. Nobody was in the nursery at all.

The window was open at the bottom. The elves slipped in and flew down to the nursery floor.



They looked round. Where was this wonderful house
that the rabbits had told them about?

"There it is! Over there in the corner!" squealed
Goldie-wings in delight.

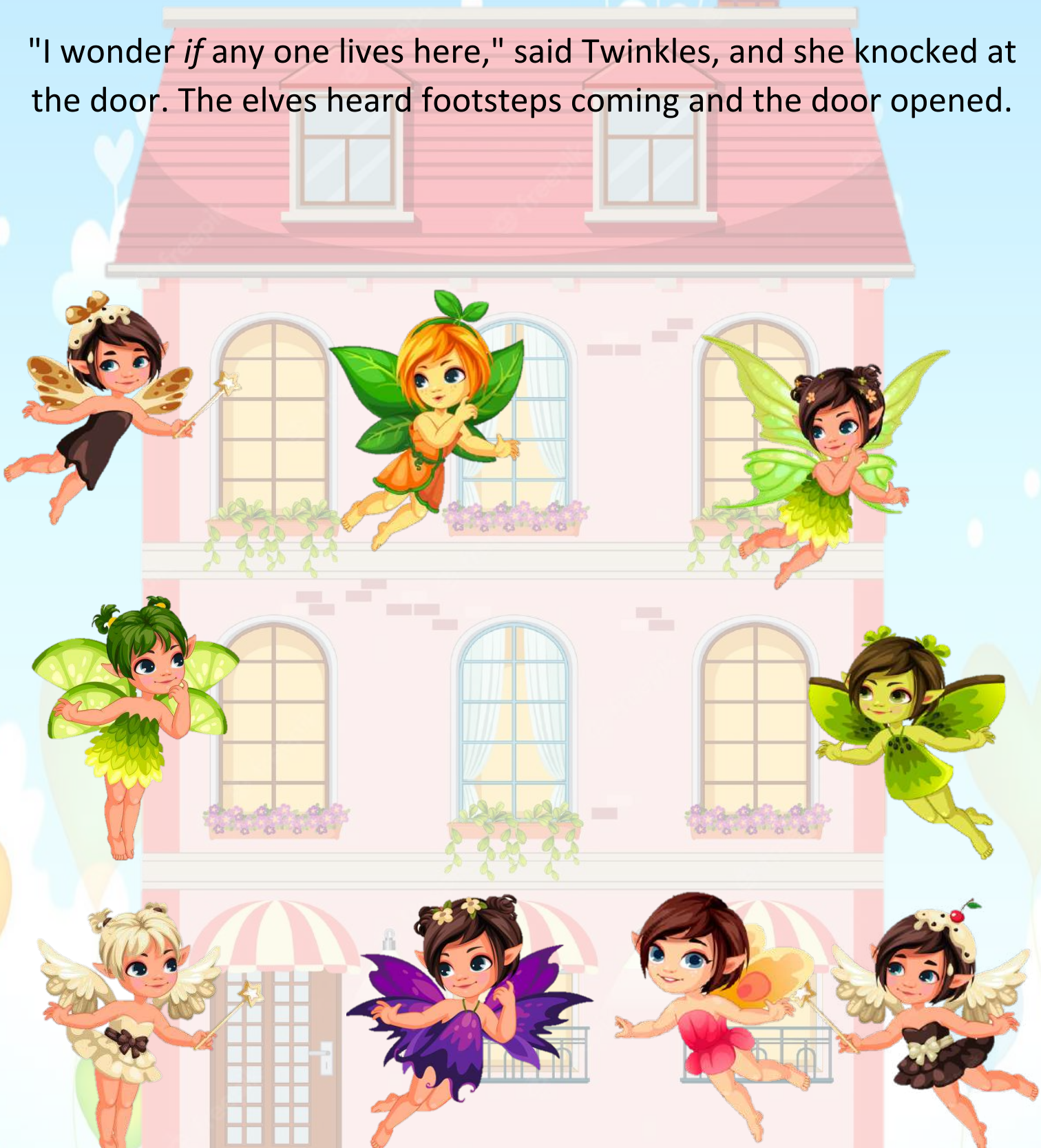


So it was—a beautiful pink dolls' house with a pink roof, a tiny brass knocker, a letter-box, nice casement windows, and pink curtains!

Marvellous!

The nine elves ran up to it, squeaking with joy.

"I wonder *if* any one lives here," said Twinkles, and she knocked at the door. The elves heard footsteps coming and the door opened.



A little doll, not much bigger than themselves, looked at them in astonishment.

"Oh," said Tiptap, " we thought perhaps this house was empty."

"No, I live here," said the small doll, who was dressed like a little girl. "But it's terribly lonely living here all by myself. I was surprised to hear someone knocking at my door."



"We really came to see if the house was for sale," said Goldie-wings. " Our house was picked to-day—it was a large mushroom, you see—so we are looking for another."

"This house isn't for sale," said the tiny doll. " It belongs to Jonathan and Lucy, two children. But do come in. I'd love you to live with me, if only you think there is enough room."



All the elves went in at the little door. They shouted with joy to see the beautiful rooms and dainty furniture everywhere. There were three bedrooms, a drawing-room with a piano, a dining-room, and a fine kitchen with a little stove.

"It's perfect—it's perfect!" cried the elves. "There are quite enough beds for us, for there are two beds in each room—that's six. We can get two in a bed easily, so there are more than enough beds, counting one for you too, little doll."



"My name is Belinda," said the doll. " Do come and live here. Think of the fun we can have together—the cooking on the stove—the games of snap and snakes and ladders in the evening when the children are in bed—the fun we'll have cleaning the house together—the parties we'll give to all the toys! "

"We'll come! " said the elves, and they solemnly shook hands with Belinda, whose eyes were shining with joy. "



"You needn't be afraid of being seen," said Belinda, " because, although there are two children here, they don't believe in fairies. Isn't that lucky! They can't see you if they don't believe in you, as you know."



They tried cooking toffee on the tiny kitchen stove, and it smelt so good that the golliwog, the teddy-bear, and the clockwork mouse all came knocking at the front door to see if they might have a taste.



Well, it didn't take long for the nine elves to settle down in the dolls' house with Belinda. The fun they had choosing and making their little beds! They opened every drawer in the chests and chose which one each of them would have.



Belinda was very happy. She had been so lonely before, but now she had company all day and all night. The elves were always about, going in and out, knocking at the front door, cooking, making beds, cleaning, having a party, or playing tricks on one another.



At first Belinda had been half afraid the two children *would* see the elves, when they had come into the nursery to play.



Belinda had sat down stiffly in her chair as soon as Jonathan had come in, and when Lucy opened the door of the dolls' house and looked in, she had seen Belinda sitting still just as usual.



But she didn't see the nine elves busy about the house. She didn't see Goldie-wings scrubbing the kitchen floor. She didn't see Gossamer playing the piano in the little drawing-room. She didn't see Twinkles and Tiptap having a game of hide-and-seek in the bedrooms.



Ah, but Lucy was astonished at *some* things she saw! She couldn't think who had been polishing the stove till it shone.

She couldn't think who had washed the curtains at the windows. She couldn't think who had set the little clock going on the wall. It was all most mysterious.



And then one day someone came to tea. It was a friend of Lucy's, called Mirabel.



She believed in fairies—and as soon as Lucy opened the front of the dolls' house, Mirabel saw the elves!

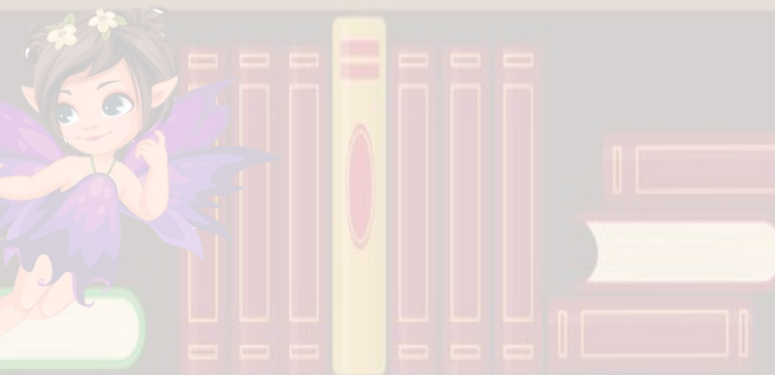
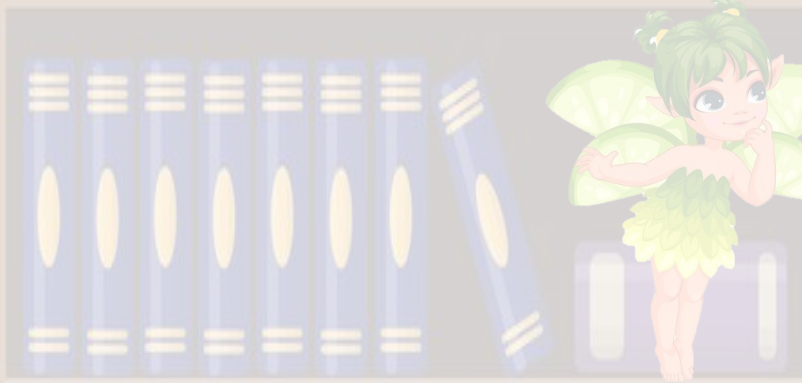
" Oh! " she cried, " fairies! You've got fairies living in your dolls' house with Belinda! Look! "



But even as Lucy tried to see them, they hid themselves away,
and soon not even Mirabel could see them either.



They had slipped out of the back door and had popped into the bookshelf behind, hiding themselves among the books.



"You are a story-teller, Mirabel! " said Lucy. " I'll believe there are fairies there if you catch one for me and show me one. I don't believe in fairies at all."

"Well, it's no good my catching you one then, for you wouldn't see it if I did," said Mirabel, and she didn't say a single word more, though she couldn't help wondering where the nine little elves had gone.



They are all living in the dolls' house still, and Belinda doesn't know what she would do without them now.

As for Jonathan and Lucy, they haven't seen one of them and they never will; but if you happen to go and play with Lucy, open her dolls' house and peep inside. You *will* be surprised to see those tiny, bright-eyed elves!

The End





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