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A Story of the Fireplace

Mary Graham Bonner

Jack and Evelyn and Daddy were watching the dance going on in the fireplace. They could see the beautiful costumes the Fire Fairies wore, and they watched them blaze and flame and then fall quiet.

"They're eating their supper now," said Daddy. "The Fire Fairy cooks have finished everything, and they're all enjoying the goodies."

But soon the flames began to die down. Only a few little flashes of light and fire flickered from time to time.

"Those flashes," said Daddy, "are the fairies who are still wide awake enough to ask the Fire Witches questions. The Fire Witches tell bedtime tales, you see. Soon every one of the fairies will be fast, fast asleep. They love to be put to sleep by the Fire Witches."



The flames died down entirely, and only a gentle smoldering went on in the fireplace.

"The witches are saying good-night," said Daddy. "Then they too will go to bed. But the ashes that are left — those nice, warm ashes — they'll be the pleasant dreams that stay behind for the Fire Fairies."

The fire had gone out. Only ashes could be seen — but in one corner, a few red coals suddenly glowed.

"What are those?" asked the children.

"They're the King and Queen of the Fireplace," said Daddy, "come to make sure their people are all safely asleep. Then they'll go to sleep themselves — but first they'll whisper a 'Thank you' to the Witches who told such marvellous stories."

And just as Daddy said that, the children heard a faint crackling noise, and then they knew that every creature of the Fireplace had settled down to sleep in their warm ashes of pleasant dreams.

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