

The Strange Case of the Dead Faeries

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She said she found a dead faerie. None of us in the faerie workshop were inclined to question her. We'd paid ten dollars, after all, to hear something just like this. The faerie had blonde hair and translucent, glittery skin and wore a green dress, as, apparently, the northern Ohio species is wont to do.

Our teacher told us she picked the faerie up, carefully, and buried it in the garden. The dogs watched.

The next day, a neighbor called and told our teacher about some weird, colorful insect, dead on the deck.

"It looks almost human!" cried the neighbor, distraught.

Our faerie workshop teacher walked over to her neighbor's house, and sure enough, it turned out to be another faerie.

"Someone must have been spraying chemicals," our teacher told us. "Sad, but it makes total sense."

The neighbor refused to believe it was a faerie, insisting it was an insect. But the thing is, said our teacher, she must not have looked closely enough at its pale, tiny face.