

Fairy Godmother

By: K.M. Shea

Indigo banged her cheap, plastic, sequin studded wand on the ceiling while scowling down at her newest charge, Oblivious Boi. His real name was Ash Leward, but he was most definitely closer to being an Oblivious Boy than an Ash, in intelligence and, well, intelligence. His hair was straw colored and his rich brown eyes looked vaguely... empty. Or red from staying up hours upon hours, watching Star Wars and Star Trek movies.

He sat at his bedroom window, mooning over his neighbor and childhood friend, Samantha Serars. Never mind that he was supposed to be concentrating on the plan Indigo had spelled out and banged into his head for the past two weeks. Ash was not supposed to end up with Samantha. Ash was supposed to end up with Nina, a sweet young girl who would hopefully ease him out of his sci fi craze and into civilization. As his fairy godmother it was Indigo's duty to pair him happily up with his 'prince charming' or in this case 'princess suave'.

"Ash, are you listening?" Indigo asked, banging her wand on the ceiling some more, her fairy wings giving an annoyed flutter as she continued to hover in the air. Indigo really did hate being a fairy godmother. Not only were the hours long and unproductive, but the stuffy dress weighed a ton, and her wand came from the Dollar Store.

Ash let out a dreamy sigh while Indigo glared and hiked up the petticoats on her dress before plopping out of the air and landing next to him. "Ash!" She smacked him on the head with her wand. "If you don't start listening I'll turn your hair blue, again!"

Ash leaped into consciousness with a shout and zoomed around his room before taking cover behind a cardboard cut out of Darth Vader. "Indigo!" His tone was pitifully close to a whine. "I thought you were supposed to be my fairy godmother!" he said, eyeing her frilly blue dress.

Indigo tucked a strand of butterscotch colored hair behind her ears and scrunched up her nose. Her hair was now coming out of its bun. "Focus Ash, focus!" Indigo commanded, hopping into the air to flutter over to a dry erase board she had set up the previous week. "Think NINA!" she barked, tapping the surface with her cheap wand, pointing to the photo and the name drawn in large, bubble letters, Nina.

"But I don't like Nina," Ash interjected. "I like Samantha."

Indigo's sea blue eyes narrowed before she fluttered over to him. "Listen *Ash*," Indigo said, stopping when she was mere inches from his face. "As your fairy godmother I will do what is needed to preserve your happiness. Because of that I do not *care* if you like Samantha. You *will* ask Nina to prom, you will have fun, and you will live happily ever after!" Indigo barked. She was sooo looking forward to moving on to a new charge.

"Hey, aren't you supposed to give me anything I want?" Ash asked, his mind scattering in a totally different direction. "Could you give me my own light saber with the sound effects and glowing lights and everything?" he excitedly questioned, continuing to describe his ideal Star Wars weapon.

Indigo let out a groan of anguish and started smacking her head on the wall. Of all eighteen charges she had had in her sixteen years of life, four of those being a fairy godmother, Ash had to be most clueless of them all.

The door to her charge's bedroom swung open to reveal his older brother, Derek. Indigo's scowl deepened at the sight of the black-haired spawn who, besides constantly poking fun at Ash, also enjoyed tormenting her.

"Indigo, I thought our mom told you not to put anymore holes in the wall," he purred, sauntering into the room. Evil step-brother indeed, although he really was Ash's full brother. "So how is operation Nina going?" he questioned, tapping the leg of the dry erase board with his black socked foot.

"Wonderful, we're making great progress," Indigo ground out between her clenched teeth.

"Apparently not much, although I could ask moony over there," he said while he popped a potato chip in his mouth and motioned towards Ash who had crept back to his window.

Indigo hoped he choked on his chip. "Yes, well, at least these days he can stand having the window open without his night vision goggles on," Indigo tartly said.

Derek cocked a black eyebrow. "Yeah, sure. You are aware he's a hopeless case, right? Not like you're much help to begin with anyway..."

"At least Ash is *human*, unlike you! Who would want to have you as their charge?" Indigo snorted, falling onto the ground next to him. She was at least half a foot shorter than him.

"Wait a second, wait a second, I think I've heard this before!" Derek declared. "Let me remind you that *I* have a girlfriend, unlike zombie boy over there." He dug into his potato chip bag again as he nodded at his brother.

"He does have a point, Indigo. Nicole is beautiful, too," Ash called over his shoulder, holding a pair of binoculars up to his eyes.

Indigo glared at the brothers and snapped her fingers. Ash's binoculars promptly clamped shut on his hand and Derek's chip bag exploded.

"Excellent." Derek let out a sigh while brushing chips off his shirt. "And the godmother abuses her godchild again," he said while Ash sucked on his smarting thumb.

"Shut it, traitorous villain," Indigo commanded, wishing not for the first time that it was only Ash that could see her, not his entire family.

"Indigo, can you give me a puppy?" Ash asked, dropping his eyewear and crawling across the floor towards his teenage godmother.

"Why do you want a dog?" Indigo questioned, tapping her cheap gold wand before pushing off to hover in the air again, her fairy wings fluttering nonstop.

"No reason. I just think you owe it to me to give me something that I actually want," Ash evasively said. Indigo tapped her foot in the air. "And it will teach me responsibility?" he hopefully asked.

Indigo clenched her eyes shut and thought of the ugliest dog possible. There was a poof of smoke and she reached into her giant blue dress to pull out a scruffy little Chihuahua. The small dog's tail was clenched between its hind legs and its large, goggle eyes bulged out of its sockets. "Congratulations," Indigo said, dropping the dog in Ash's lap.

Instead of cringing in disgust like she had hoped he would, Ashe cuddled the small rat dog and Derek muffled a snort.

“Yeah, that will help him out *a lot*,” he said, exiting the room.

“Muzzle yourself, villain!” Indigo scoffed.

Derek ignored her and winked provocatively before disappearing as the dry erase board flew out of the room after him. Indigo let out a growl before lowering her voice and crossing her eyes. “I have a girlfriend!” she mocked. “I’m so cool, I have to come eat potato chips and use my brother as a prop so I can shine by comparison!” She added as she circled the room.

“Indigo, could you leave? You’re making Chewie frightened,” Ash plainly told her.

“Fine.” Indigo sighed. With a wave of her wand, that nearly made her sequined studded star fly off the plastic shaft, she disappeared in a large puff of blue colored smoke.

She coughed and waved the smoke away when she suddenly appeared at her desired location, the Fairy Godmother Federation Headquarters. (Also called FGFH. Most humans could fluently say it if they stuffed twenty-four marshmallows into their mouth.)

“Tough day again, mate?” asked an older, bald man.

“You have no idea, Rumpel,” Indigo groaned.

“You won’t be getting your Fairy Points up unless you start bringing in some ‘prince charming’ points. You have not matched up any of your charges with their designated ‘prince charming’ yet,” Rumpelstiltskin said.

“It’s a ‘princess suave’ this time. And I think that boy’s evil brother is deliberately sabotaging all of my plans.” Indigo let her head drop on the counter Rumpelstiltskin was perched behind.

“Cheer up my love,” he said, patting her head. “Look at it this way, if you don’t match this chap up with anyone you’ll only have a deficit of, oh, 2,467,832 points. You’re only seventh from the bottom rank. It will only take you the majority of the rest of your life to reach full fairy godmotherhood and receive your real wings.”

“Making people happy stinks,” Indigo mumbled into the counter. “They don’t take into account the actual person before they decided who their ‘princess suave’ is!” she scoffed. “This is impossible, especially since he’s all calf eyed over the nextdoor neighbor who is equally as geeky as him!”

“The head honchos make the decisions love, not me,” Rumpelstiltskin said, leaning back in his chair.

“You know normally I would say Ash and Samantha would be *perfect* for each other, but *noooo*, the fairy counsel has to make it rough on me,” she grumbled, finally looking up.

“Don’t worry, it will all be better soon,” Rumpelstiltskin promised.

“Why don’t I have a fairy godmother?” Indigo groaned.

“Because *you’re* a fairy godmother,” Rumpelstiltskin said, unfolding a newspaper.

“I *hate* this job,” Indigo grumbled.

For the next week Indigo prodded, pinched, and poked Ash, trying to get him to even communicate with the sweet girl. It always seemed like a great force was up against her.

On Monday a bus nearly ran Ash over when he was crossing the street to give Nina a note. (Indigo just barely managed to pull him aside before he was hit.)

On Wednesday Indigo had Ash walk his horrid little ‘Chewie’ in the park where Nina played with her younger sister. Unfortunately, they discovered that Nina was afraid of dogs, even small pathetic ones like Chewie. (Also, Samantha just *happened* to wander up and ask Ash what on earth he was doing outside, much less with an adorable dog. Despite Indigo’s protests the two spent the next hour together, walking the overgrown rat.)

On Thursday Ash accidentally dropped his chocolate milk on Nina’s dress, (the girl graciously handled it and asked Ash what he had wanted, but Oblivious Boi was far too embarrassed to say anything besides “ehhh” and “May the force be with you”.) and on Friday Ash ran into Samantha and the two spent the afternoon playing video games instead of stalking down Nina like Indigo originally had planned.

Saturday evening, the night of prom, finally arrived. Indigo consoled herself with the thought that Nina *still* didn’t have a date, so perhaps there was a small chance that Ash could dance with her, provided she could get the boy out of the house.

“Ash, don’t *make* me unplug the TV!” Indigo threatened, stomping on the living room floor.

“Wow, you made even *more* progress this week than ever before!” Derek mocked, entering the living room, looking rather sharp in his black tuxedo.

Ash ripped himself from his video game long enough to give his brother a smile. “Have a fun night with Nicole!” he wished.

“I will,” Derek said with a half smile, half smirk. “Don’t give Indigo too much of a hard time, brat,” he said, leaning over to scuff up his younger brother’s hair. He adjusted his tie and gave a mocking bow in Indigo’s direction.

Indigo shifted her gaze over to Chewie, who was sitting by the TV, and snapped. The small dog let out a loud raspberry.

Derek gave a devious smirk and blew her a kiss before strolling away, ignoring the fairy godmother’s violent rage. Once the evil brother was gone Indigo turned her attention back on Ash.

“Ash come *on!* It’s your junior prom! You *have* to go!”

“I’ll look stupid, going without a date,” Ash mumbled, slaughtering his electronic opponent.

“Ash just *do it!* I’ll get you a tuxedo, it won’t cost you a cent!” Indigo exclaimed. Whoever heard of Cinderella, or in this case Ash/Oblivious Boi, refusing to go to the ball?

“No, nothing will change my mind!” Ash stubbornly said.

Right on cue the doorbell rang. Indigo hopped into the air and flew through the house, arriving in the front entryway just in time to see Ash’s mother open the door.

“Oh, why hello Samantha! My do you look beautiful!” Ash’s mother praised, opening the door wider to reveal the short blonde. The teenager was wearing a floor

length blue dress with a blue purse, and her soft blonde hair was piled up on top of her head.

“Hi Mrs. L.! I was just wondering if Ash was here. I heard he didn’t have a date to the prom!” Samantha sweetly said.

At this point Indigo could have hugged her. “Not quite the right person, but a step in the correct direction!” Indigo shouted, zooming through the house. “Ash, baby, you are *so* going!”

The next ten minutes were a scramble as Ash showered and Indigo enthusiastically created a slick black tuxedo. By the time Ash thundered downstairs, and he and Samantha posed for pictures for their parents, Indigo grudgingly admitted that the two did look rather cute together. The two childhood friends ate a quick meal at a local pizza parlor, and Indigo, in her elation, even changed into her own dress, a beautiful sea blue design that Ash informed her faintly reminded him of Belle’s dress from *The Beauty and the Beast*.

The second they reached the school, the location of the prom, Indigo scoped out the crowd and found Nina tucked in a back corner with a group of her friends, still dateless. For once things were going her way. Sort of.

For the first hour Ash and Samantha mingled with their friends, laughing and enjoying the music that the DJ played. Indigo hovered overhead, occasionally sitting under the air conditioning vent to cool herself off. The cafeteria commons were transformed overnight into a beautiful Venetian palace. Romanesque pillars surrounded the plaza, and lush curtains of cloth draped the sides of the dark, yet packed, commons.

Around ten Indigo let herself drop to the ground. She peeped out around a pillar to watch Ash and Samantha, who were dancing together, with a slight frown. She rolled down a blue glove to reveal her silver watch and frowned a little more. Her glamour, what kept others besides family members from seeing her, would wear off any second. That would make keeping tabs on Ash a little harder, since it was impossible for Indigo to keep it on in the hot, crazy atmosphere.

A hand tapped her shoulder and Indigo sighed. Apparently, she had landed just in time. “What?” she growled, turning around. A scowl marred her lips. “Oh, you. Come to foil my plans?” she asked, looking up at Derek.

“He’s happy, let him be!” Derek shouted, the room was rather loud and the two had to yell just to be heard.

“I can’t! I’ll get in some serious trouble if I do.” She turned back to watch Ash awkwardly spin Samantha. “I did the exact same thing for all my other charges and because of that I keep sinking in rank!” she exclaimed.

Derek shrugged and leaned over her, clasping her blue gloved wrist. “You do realize that if the chaperones see you in here without a wristband they will throw you out?” he informed her.

Indigo’s mouth dropped open and she furrowed her brow, thinking. It would be too chancy to magically make one appear in this well populated room. Perhaps the bathroom? To her surprise Derek slipped off his wristband and slipped it over her hand, tightening it for her.

Indigo suspiciously glared at him. “Is this going to erupt on me like that milkshake you insisted I take home three weeks ago?” Indigo asked.

Derek laughed. “No, I’ll just go get another for myself. The teachers know me. If you approached them they would *know* you didn’t go here,” Derek shouted.

A red headed girl appeared several feet away. “Derek, what are you doing?” she yelled over the roar of music.

“Gotta run, good luck with Ash,” Derek said, giving Indigo’s shoulder a squeeze.

Indigo nodded and watched him disappear into the crowd with the red head, presumably his girlfriend. She turned her attention back to her ward, occasionally scowling at anyone who dared let their gaze linger on her for too long.

The clock was striking ten fifteen when it happened, when Indigo saw her chance. Nina was standing no more than *five feet* away from Ash, and a slow dance was cuing up on the speakers.

Indigo, in her satin and silk splendor, hustled out to the dance floor. “ASH!” she shouted. The boy turned his attention away from Samantha and towards his approaching godmother. “Ash, this is it!” Indigo said, letting her satin dress flow around her. “This is your chance!” She pointed at Nina with a gloved hand.

Ash turned around to glance at the sweet-tempered brunette.

“Ash, who is she?” Samantha asked, gesturing to Indigo, confusion reflecting in her eyes.

“I can’t do it!” Ash confessed, looking sorry as he ignored his friend’s question.

“Ash, you have to!” Indigo said, flourishing her cheap plastic wand. “This is what we’ve been waiting for!”

Ash swiveled around to look at Nina once more as the music officially turned on and couples started to dance together.

“But I don’t like her, Indigo!” Ash exclaimed.

“Please Ash, just trust me!” Indigo yelled.

“What’s going on?” Samantha patiently questioned.

“Ash!” Indigo desperately shouted, extending her hand.

“Ash?” Samantha asked.

Ash looked split between his choices. He cast one more glance over his shoulder at Nina before turning back to Indigo. “I’m sorry Indigo,” he said, looking crushed and apologetic while clasping Samantha’s hand. “I want Samantha.” His eyes were large and hopeful.

And just like that, her assignment was dashed. She couldn’t find it in her to be genuinely mad—as she had confessed to Rumpel, she knew Samantha and Ash made a good couple.

Indigo sighed and stretched her arms in the air, waving her wand. “Yeah, okay, Ash,” she said, giving him a gentle smile. “I understand, have a good time,” she said with a half wave.

“You’re leaving?” Ash asked while Samantha embarrassedly flushed and clutched his arm.

“Yeah, I get off at ten thirty anyway. Have fun.” Indigo forced herself to wink playfully. (She was going to get in so much trouble for this newest failure...)

“Indigo,” Ash called to his retreating godmother. She paused and turned around for a moment. “Thanks,” he said, his eyes shining in happiness.

Indigo let a smile curl across her lips and she quietly slipped through the crowds, avoiding the grownups, and exited through the front doors. She rubbed her bare arms in the cool night air and gazed up at the starry sky.

She peered behind her to see the front doors of the high school, glowing from the party lights within. No one was there. She opened her mouth and let out a loud scream of frustration. She angrily threw her wand into the street, watching the top pop off with a small amount of satisfaction.

“I can’t believe this!” Indigo shouted. “With this I’ve probably dropped into last place!” she yelled kicking her wand away. “And the worst part is I really don’t feel bad about what happened. They were pretty cute together,” Indigo growled. She scowled before screaming, “I HATE THIS JOB!”

“My, my, my. Someone has it together, as usual.”

Indigo groaned. “Not now, Derek. I swear I’ll rip off your head and feed it to Chewie,” she said, her jaw clenched.

“And miss my pleasant company? You wouldn’t dare,” Derek smirked, appearing at her side.

Indigo shot him an exasperated gaze, one that was well beyond her years.

“So, it didn’t work out?” Derek summed up.

“Nope,” Indigo growled, rubbing her arms again. “Ash and Samantha are probably happily giggling. I’m positive they’ll have such fun together. She’s probably even better for him than Nina. Unfortunately, the Fairy Counsel doesn’t agree,” Indigo sighed.

Derek silently stood beside her, giving her a comforting presence.

The clock struck ten thirty and Indigo’s broken wand in the street evaporated in a cloud of sparkles. “I’m heading home,” she declared. “I’ll have to deal with this mess in paperwork tomorrow,” Indigo sighed.

“You finish at ten thirty?” Derek asked.

“On the dot. No overtime allowed.” Indigo brushed her gloves off. She gave Derek an odd look. “Why aren’t you in there with, what was her face, Nicky?”

“Nicole,” Derek corrected, shedding his coat. “Want it?” he asked, offering it to her.

Indigo narrowed her eyes and hesitantly threw the coat over her shoulders. He probably wasn’t feeling well; he was *never* nice to her twice within one hour. “Whatever her name was. Won’t she be mad that you just sorta left her there?”

“Nah,” Derek said, raising his gaze to the night sky. “I broke up with her about three weeks ago,” he calmly said.

Indigo’s face shot up. “Really, why?” she questioned.

“I was showing signs of mental instability,” Derek said, giving her a rueful, if not devious, smile.

Indigo snorted. “Well, I could have told you that! What tipped you off? Do you want me to help you get admittance into a ward?”

“I thought it wasn’t a good sign when I realized I was falling for my brother’s fairy godmother,” Derek said, returning his dark eyes to the sky.

Indigo scoffed. “Your brother’s fairy godmother, how old is she? Like eighty... oh,” Indigo trailed off, adding up the facts. She bit her lip and gazed up at the taller, older boy.

Derek glanced down to give her an assuring yet saddened smile before sighing up at the stars.

Indigo shuffled her feet, thinking. “Well, I’m no princess suave,” she hesitantly said. Derek quickly turned to face her while the young fairy godmother continued. “And are you aware that my wand costs under a dollar?”

Derek let out a note of laughter before picking Indigo up and whirling her around.

“Put me down! I spend enough time in the air as it is already!” she protested.

Derek set her on the ground and bent over her, a smile slipping across his face. “Never,” he whispered in her ear before quieting her with a gentle kiss.

On the roof of the high school, a bald old man observed the blooming relationship. “Excellent, one more down!” Rumpelstiltskin crowed, hopping to his feet after making a check on a piece of paper. “Yes indeed, love. Fairy Godmothers don’t get Fairy Godmothers, they get Fairy Godfathers!”

*And they lived happily ever after,
The End!*