

Entry 1:

There is no doubt about it: I am trapped. I've tried all sorts of things but my magic is useless on the crystal. All I've achieved so far is covering the bottom of the jar with fairy dust.

I should have known better than to listen to Akao and Nalah. They always come up with the most dangerous activities. This time they over did it. Flying out of the forrest boundaries! Why did I even join them? If only I was a better flier I wouldn't have been caught and this loud girl would have been looking at me like I was some sort of exhibition creature. Why won't she let me go? I really don't understand why she has me trapped here in the first place.

I feel like an exhibit. She has been looking at me for what seems to be an eternity. She talks too, but I can't hear much. Something about a treasure and a sun ray. I wish she could understand me and set me free.

Entry 2:

I spent all night in this jar. The most uncomfortable night of my life. Emily, that is the name of my kidnapper I think, she keeps repeating it and pointing at herself, kept me near her all night. Every time she moved I'd get smashed against the glass. So not only am I held back against my will, annoyed and hurt but I am also sleep deprived. I am getting really frustrated.

I'd hoped Akao and Nalah would come for me but I didn't feel their presence all night so they haven't flown anywhere near me. Maybe I'm farther away from the woods than I thought I was. I don't know how we left from where I was caught, Emily hid me in her backpack.

Today she's been carrying me everywhere. She showed to her parents. She just ran into their room saying "LOOK, LOOK I HAVE A PIXIE! A PIXIE!" but they didn't even look at her. I think they were shouting too, but I couldn't hear much and I couldn't focus on anything since Emily kept shaking the jar. Then she started crying, screaming actually. So hard I got a headache. Why couldn't I have been kidnapped by a quiet person? At least they wouldn't get on my nerves so much.

Entry 3:

Nothing has changed for a few days now. Nights pass just as the first one, Emily holds my jar when she sleeps, she moves me around all night, never letting me sleep for more than a few minutes straight. But this has actually turned out to be a really good thing: I sleep through her never ending talks with me. She just babbles on and on about her toys and her lollipops. And she calls me Sunray. What a hideous name.

When she forgets about me (which is usually for very tiny lengths of time, I get to observe some of the world around me. Emily's parents are very curious. For two people that are supposed to love each other they sure don't show it. They shout and shout all day. I see where Emily gets it from. They are so loud! She always says something on the lines of "I never should have agreed to be with you!" and he calls her names like "Whore" or "Bitch". It is all rather confusing, she doesn't look at all like a dog to me. And the emotions on her face when he calls her wore indicate that it is equally far fetched and misused.

Speaking of Emily's parents, I've come to the conclusion that I am invisible to them. Only that can explain the fact that they have paid absolutely no attention to me. They walk by me without noticing me.

Entry 4:

I think I'm losing my mind. This cannot be healthy. I haven't used my wings for over a week. I haven't even had a conversation with a rational person since I was caught. My fairy dust isn't as shiny as it used to be. I figured if I just made enough dust for Emily to see I was drowning, she'd open the jar to clean it and I'd be able to escape. But I had never stayed around my own dust long enough to realise it vanishes.

The dark dust isn't the only symptom of my mental and physical exhaustion. My magic isn't working as well either, I had been able to produce substantial food but now all I manage to create is some barely edible mousse. I won't be able to stand this much longer.

Entry 5:

One thing humans know how to do right is music. Even a fairy can relate to some of their songs. It's amazing! I really loved this one that went like this:

"It won't be long yeah yeah yeah

It won't be long yeah yeah

Till I belong to you

Since you left me I'm so alone, now you're coming, coming on home..."

I bet if Fatul could hear that song, he'd relate too, and he'd think of me. He must be missing me so much. To think we were supposed to be joined eternally in the same soul on the day I got lost. We were to consummate our love and I was taken away from him. He is probably looking for me everywhere. He is so determined and perseverant. He will be the one to find me, I am certain of that. "It won't be long, yeah yeah yeah"

Entry 6:

My recently found good mood didn't last very long. Yesterday's song remained stocked in my head all day and before I could even realise what I was doing, I started singing. I must have been really caught up in the act because I was singing loud enough for Emily to hear me. She now knows not only that I can understand her, but that I can answer to what she says. Whereas before she would just talk and talk and talk and shout at me, now she expects me to respond. When I refused to do so, she started shaking my jar with a lot of enthusiasm. I now have bruises everywhere.

I couldn't possibly speak to her: It's against the rules. And if I ever expect to return to the fairy world, I cannot break the rules. They'd know if I do so. But Emily doesn't understand that. She keeps pushing me into talking!

Entry 7:

Last night I could finally sleep. I feel so great! Emily forgot me in the hallway so I had a nice, bump free night.

I was surprised to see that when it was pitch dark, a man came out of Emily's parent's bedroom. He was putting on his cloths. Only minutes after he'd gone, Emily's dad got home. He didn't even go to the bedroom but went to sleep on the living room couch. It was, all in all, a very strange night.

Entry 8:

Today I found out I am not the only creature Emily has kidnapped. Hundreds of other ones, of all kinds, are also kept in this house! They are in the living room, inside this weird looking black box, behind a curtain. Sometimes, Emily clicks an even smaller black box, that makes the black curtain on the bigger box disappear so she can see all the other kidnapees. It's so strange how they all fit in that box, and how sometimes I can only see one a time. At least I am not the only magical creature in the house: inside that box there is also a purple dinosaur!

If I ever get out of here, I'll try to save them too. Though probably not the dinosaur because he scares me.

Entry 9:

Emily's parents have been fighting again. They were shouting so loud my ears are still hurting. As soon as Emily went outside to play, her dad began the argument. He said she was cheating on him and that he wouldn't take that. That's when she started throwing things at him, saying he never trusted or respected her. It got pretty nasty. Emily's dad was bleeding. He looked so mad I thought he was going to punch her!

And all this while Emily was outside and didn't hear a thing! She must be deaf.

Entry 10:

Today is Hollow wean day or something like that. This made Emily more excited and hyperactive than ever (I didn't think that was possible). She was really happy because she could wear a "costume". She begged and begged her mother to make her a "pixie costume so I can be like Sunray". I AM NOT A PIXIE! Ughh she can be so annoying. Her mother asked her if she wouldn't rather be Tinkerbell. What is a Tinkerbell supposed to be? Emily seemed to be as offended because she insisted she wanted to be Sunray. I think this is the first time I like something that she has said.

Entry 11:

I think I understood what Hollow wean day was. All the people wear extravagant cloth and make a big fuzz about it by eating colourful little pills that make them hyperactive. Some of them even fight for these pills that come in different wrappings. I can not understand why this is so exiting. Human gatherings are just no fun at all.

If I were back in the woods I would be having the time of my life! A mated fairy is to host gathering everyday after the mating until her wings change colour. I bet I'd still be hosting. Well, my wings have now changed colour. Not because of the mating but merely for the lack of use. Like my dust, they have stopped shining.

Entry 12:

I was wrong about Emily, she did hear the big fight. Tonight she slept holding on to me again. She said she didn't like it when her parents shouted, that it scared her. She asked me why her dad didn't love her mom like she loved me. As loud and annoying as she is, she still managed to break my heart.

Entry 13:

There are 1348 black dots on the lid of this jar, 567 brown dots and one big orange stain. I have counted them 26 times.

Entry 14:

Emily was outside with me, shouting and running around as always, when it began to rain. I could see the rain on the glass of my jar and everything going blurry. I felt an urge to fly

around. And then the weirdest thing happened. Emily grabbed me and ran towards the house saying something about “covering from the rain”. Why wouldn’t she stay out and cleanse with the pure water? Why would she run from the rain? Humans don’t appreciate beautiful things. What I’d give to be able to fly around in the rain, like all the other fairies are probably doing in the woods...

Entry 15:

After the rain incident, I started wondering about the human’s water usage. I hadn’t really thought about it before. I’d seen Emily’s mom bring her water in a glass but I never knew where it came from. Now I’ve kept my eyes open and I’ve noticed the strangest thing: they have buttons in various places around the house where water comes out of! It’s not sky water! This must be why they fight so much, they don’t drink holy water.

Entry 16:

What Emily wears on her feet are called “shus”, and as her feet grow she needs to get new ones. This ritual, for some reason seems to be very painful, probably because shus are her contact with earth, and she has lived so much with them. Today she had to go with her mother to get the new shus. She took me with her so I could hear her shout and cry all the way.

Human’s feet must grow forever because we went to this place where the only thing they had were shus, of all kind of sizes! Emily was forced to try a few ones until they found ones that fit. I was so glad to hear we were going back to the house. I hated that shu place, it made me think of gigantic feet!

Entry 17:

Emily left me inside her bag. I can’t see a thing! I don’t even know if it’s day or night or even how long it’s been. My light can barely lit these pages. I don’t know how I have conserved my sanity for so long. I want to be free, I want to fly, I want to be with Fatul, deep in the forest, just the two of us.

Entry 18:

I’m still inside the bag. As a mean of entertainment I have started playing with my fairy dust. I made a sculpture of Fatul and we danced. It’s such a shame it was only animated for a few minutes before the dust lost it’s shine and dispersed in the jar, like sand. Something must have happened to Emily. She wouldn’t just leave me here for such a long time. She can barely spend one night away from me. I’m getting worried.

Entry 19:

THIS IS TORTURE! Everything is black so I tell myself to open eyes only to realise they already are! It feels like I’m in a terrible dream and I can’t wake up. I don’t think I can take it much longer...

Entry 20:

I must have fallen asleep for a long time. When I woke up, I was in a place I don’t recognize. It is a bedroom, and it has a lot of Emily’s things, but it isn’t the same bedroom. It’s all changed. I have been here for a while and I haven’t seen anyone. I am very confused.

Entry 21:

Emily came. When she saw me she became ecstatic. She was saying “You’re alive, you’re alive”. She must have found me asleep and tried to wake me but I was just too exhausted to hear her. She seemed as confused as me about where we were. She showed me

around "our new house". New bedroom, new bathroom, new kitchen and new Dada's room. She said Mama and Dada didn't live together anymore and that she was to live with Dada, even if she wanted her mom.

Soon her good mood went away and she begun crying and shouting because she didn't know where her mom was.

I am rather happy about this: at least I won't have to listen to her parents fighting anymore.

Entry 22:

I thought that the point of Emily's parents moving out was for them never to see each other again, at least not much so they wouldn't fight but maybe I was wrong. Today Emily's mom came over. Em explained it was because today is Thanksgiving day and she has to be thankful for having a mom and a dad. But that makes no sense, I mean, isn't she thankful everyday? She also said they have a good "thank you" meal but, who does the meal show gratitude to? I get so confused by these so called holidays that are celebrated here.

So Emily's mom came to her dad's place to say thank you (she probably is thankful that they have taken Emily away from her house, I would be. I would enjoy the silence). And, as was to be expected, a fight begun. Maybe it was because they were supposed to be grateful but they tried not to be too loud, you could notice how they muffed their shouts.

To my surprise (to everyone's surprise), they actually came to an agreement: Emily would live in both houses. I seriously don't see the point but they all seemed happy about it.

Entry 23:

Things have been really crazy around here lately. We stay a couple of nights in the new house, and then another couple of nights in the old house. Everyone keeps forgetting things around so Emily has twice as many tantrums when she wants something that she has left in the other house. My ears can't take it anymore.

Entry 24:

I think I'm beginning to understand why Em is so mad about all this. Her parents exchange her as if she were some merchandise: they make agreements without consulting her, choose dates, change them, re-change them. I would go crazy too.

Last night it must have been around midnight when Em's dad came to pick her up. He refused to do so in the morning, preferring to wake her up thus making her listen to yet another fight with her mother.

It was to be expected that when we got to her dad's place, Em couldn't fall asleep. She talked to me for a long time until her eyelids closed against her will.

Entry 25:

Staying up all night is becoming a habit for me and Em. What with all the house moving it is hard to fall asleep, not knowing if we will be awoken, so we stay up and I hear her talk. She hardly ever makes any sense. She talks of strange dreams with loads of shapes and colours. She talks of flying like she has flown herself before.

She also told me something that surprised me a lot. She talked of a little brother she had. She says she can't see Lucas anymore because he "went to heaven" and that even if she misses him a lot she knows that he is happy where he is. She talks of a time when they played together, the fur of them. Apparently one day Mom, Dad and Lucas left in the middle of the night and he never came back.

Maybe that is why her mom and dad fight so much, because Lucas isn't here anymore, because they miss him too much.

Entry 26:

I seem to be disliking this new routine even more than Emily. I personally hate the moving around, specially because her parents are trying so hard not to cross each other that they make Emily pack in such a hurry that she forgets me quite often. This means I spend a couple of days all alone, with nothing to do, nothing to watch. If it wasn't for that smelly dog I would hardly even see a sign of life. I never thought I'd say this, but it is a thrill when Emily comes back and starts talking to me, telling me of all the things I missed and apologizing for leaving behind. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm so glad to hear her voice when she does come back.

Entry 27:

Once again, I was forgotten at Em's dad's house. It has been a pretty boring day. Only the dogs keeps me company. It keeps bringing random things over. He brought me a dead lizard and kept getting it closer and closer to my jar. Then he brought so grass, some flowers. I felt so bored that I dod my best to use some of the magic left in me and while he was trying to move the lizard around, I made it move over his muzzle. He got so scared! It totally made my day.

Entry 28:

Em and I are communicating a lot more. She taught me how to play a game. She calls it "tic tac toe". With a marker she draws a board on my jar and she plays with a cross and I point where I want my circle to go. I really don't understand how to score since she always seems to be the one who wins and she never really explains how she does it but it is still heaps of fun to see her chortle every time she wins.

Entry 29:

Today Em's mom said she was taking her to the zoo. I wondered what that could be since it got Em so exited. Not even in my wildest dreams would I have guessed: it's a place where they keep trapped animals! In cages! All sorts of them! To think that I see them running around freely in the forrest and that here, in the so called "city", they keep them locked up for exhibition! It's like the humans enjoy to take away their freedom! They come and laugh at all the animals as if they were better than them. I felt so sick after the trip. I wish I had never seen that.

Entry 30:

Em and I were outside, in the garden, I, of course, in my jar, and she was playing around. It was a very normal day. I was actually falling asleep when I heard her scream. When I looked in her direction I saw she had fallen and cut her arm with a stick. It was bleeding a lot. I knew her mother was out of earshot so I panicked. What could I do? I could see she was in a lot of pain and I wanted to help her but trapped in this stupid jar there was nothing that I could really do.

I tried my best to use the little amount of magic I've left in me to pull her mother closer. I don't know if it was really me or just something else but after a few minutes her mom did come.

In the end it was just a scratch and Em is fine. She has to wear a bandage on her arm though.

Entry 31:

Today Emily and I were painting. Well she was painting actually, I was pretending to paint. We had a lot of fun. Em painted started painted on a sheet, a drawing of her and me. But soon she was painting everywhere: all over the floor, the walls. She even painted on my jar. She really likes to paint. After moving around she fell soundly asleep. It was good afternoon.

Entry 32:

As she was cleaning up, Em's mom saw my dirty jar. My theory that she can't see me was confirmed as she just took the jar with curiosity, rinsed it and put it away in the cupboard. She didn't notice I was inside. It was very curious. I wonder why Em can see me but she can't.

Now I am inside the cupboard and it is actually very boring. I think I'm going to try falling asleep so that time goes by quicker otherwise I might just loose my mind in this darkness.

Entry 33:

I'm still inside the cupboard, why is Em not looking for me? She must have already come back to her mother's house: it's been a few nights. I could swear I've heard her but inside this jar and this cupboard there isn't much I can really hear. I'm starting to get really annoyed.

Entry 34:

Emily found me today. She went to the cupboard to look for a plate and she saw me there. She was so happy to see me. She made such a fuss about finding me that her mom asked if she had an imaginary friend. That woman is so unoriginal!

Em was really exited because her mom had let her help with the preparation of Christmas dinner, whatever that may be. They are make loads of food. One would think they are feeding a whole town!

Em said she had a present for me, because it was Christmas. I am not allowed to see it until tomorrow though, I didn't really understand why.

Entry 35:

I got to see my present today. It was just a bunch of flowers that Em had collected in the garden. She left them by my jar. I thought it was a nice gesture.

Entry 36:

Today we were at the old house. Em and her mom decided to go for a little walk. Em took me with her in a back pack. We got so close to the forrest that I even manage to feel Akao's presence! This is such great news! If I felt her, she must have felt me too! She is probably already telling all the community so they'll come get me! Finally!

I am so exited I can't calm down. I'm constantly looking out the window, waiting to see them. I am planning an escape plan. They will probably be many, Akao and Nalah for sure, and then of course Fatul and his friends. Combining their magic they'll be able to open my jar and I will be home before sunrise.

I guess this makes this my last night inside this jar. I've spent such a long time in it it's almost become a home. I bet I won't miss it though. No, of course I won't: I'll be able to fly again! I can not even express how happy I am.

Entry 37:

I don't understand: nobody came last night. Why didn't they? Why haven't they? I felt Akao, I know I did. We were close enough to feel each other. She knows I'm alive, I felt her almost all the way back, she was following. Then she went to get the others, I'm sure. Why haven't they come?

Entry 38:

I haven't stopped thinking about Akao's presence and the fact they haven't come. It makes no sense. As soon as she'd known I was alive she would have told Fatul and they wouldn't have waited one second to come rescue me. So the only explanation I can come up with is that she didn't feel me. But that doesn't make any sense either since I felt her. Unless, unless I was too weak to be felt. Yes, that must be it. My magic is so weak nowadays that I must not send out a clear presence, so she never knew I was there. That is it. Otherwise she would have come, she would have...

Entry 39:

Depressed by the thought of not being rescued in the end I fell into a deep sleep. So deep I didn't even notice we'd gone away. We are in some beach, Em and her dad. I don't think the forrest is near the sea so we must have travelled for a long a time. Em and her dad have been playing in the water all day, I was left in the car but I can still see out the window. It's so beautiful there. I'd heard about the sea but I'd never seen it. It is amazing! All that water! I wish I could swim in it.

At night time Em's dad made a picnic outside. I could see the sky so clearly! In the forrest all we can see are some random stars between the branches but here I could see the whole thing: millions of shinning spots in a dark, dark sky. I can't believe all the beauty I saw in just one day. I wish we didn't have to go back to the old house.

Entry 40:

Emily's mom showed up at her Dad's place today. She came in shouting, saying it was her turn to have Emily and that she was tired of her dad forgetting to bring her home. I had never seen her so mad and, judging by Emily's reaction, neither had she. She began crying and screaming but her parents were in the middle of such a strong argument that they hardly paid any attention to her. She was so mad she ran carelessly to her room. And that's when the most amazing thing of all happened. Because she was running without paying any attention to her surroundings, she hit the table with her arm. The blow was so strong that the table begun shaking and my jar fell, breaking into a million pieces.

I was free! I could fly! Suddenly, this realization invaded me, and I couldn't hear anything else than my wings' rhythmic beating, I could feel nothing else than the wind on my forehead. I had forgotten how good it felt to fly.

But the thrill didn't last long and little by little I became aware of Emily's pain. After a moment of hesitation, I opted to go to her side rather than through the open window. Flying above her I filled her with fairy dust. And her face suddenly changed. And she wasn't crying anymore, but looking at me with admiration. So as I danced through the air around her, she began laughing and dancing with me.

And I stayed with her until she had fallen asleep, until her parents had given up trying to unlock the door, until it had gotten so dark that only the moon shone outside and then, I flew out the window.

Entry 41:

Last night I flew for hours, trying to find the right direction home. The new house isn't as close to the forest as the old one is. When I finally spotted the dark mass of trees regret, rather than happiness invaded me. I was glad to be going home, to see everyone, to get my life back but I felt I had a life with Em too. It wasn't fair to leave the way I did, I should have said goodbye, I should make sure she would be fine. So I flew back just before dawn.

Entry 42:

While waiting for Em to wake up I took some of her colouring pencils. I drew a fairy and a little fair girl and I wrote "Em and Malu". That's when I realised she didn't know my real name for I had never told her what it was so I decided to add "I will always be your Sunray".

Then, I heard her parents talking outside her room. It was the first time I ever heard them say anything that made sense. They had realised how much their arguments affected Em and promised to try and keep their differences to themselves for Em's sake.

When Em woke up, she immediately opened the door and went straight to her parents arms. I didn't feel like interrupting their special moment so, knowing that I had left her my goodbye, I left at ease.

Entry 43:

I flew back to Emily's house today. I don't really know what I was thinking. I wanted to know that she was fine, that she was happy.

I was amazed at how easily I could find my way there, so naturally, like somehow I'd been planning this trip forever in my head. I felt like a little fairy again, dying to break the rules and fly out of territory.

When I found the house I was taken aback. Nothing about it had changed. It still looked incredibly out of place there in the woods. A big square box. For a while, I didn't dare approach the house I lived in for what felt like an eternity. Ant then I saw her.

She must have been about five years old and had golden hair. She came out running towards the garden, shouting. I could tell from the way she moved her body that her tantrums where frequent. Wasn't that the voice that echoed so loudly in my ears, once upon a time, when I lived in a jar? I knew that it couldn't be. Emily would be about thirty years old now. So I waited still, knowing she was about to come out too.

How beautiful she was! Tall and elegant, her long hair down below her shoulders and a big wise smile addressed to her daughter. She called "Malu, come into the house please. It's about to rain". Where my ears correct? Had she really called her daughter Malu?

"Emma Lou", she called again "I will only tell you once".

Yes, I was right. She had named her daughter as to call her by my name. I flushed. Barely had the little girl gone out of sight that I flew right in front of Emily. She smiled and calmly said:

"Sunray, I thought I'd never see you again"