



# Flight to Fantasy

Magazine of Magic



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# Dear Editors,

I will get right to the point. There is something that I know will make your magazine WAY better. You need a celebrity. Really. And I, like, know who. ME! You are probably thinking “What! I, like, don’t know who this girl is!!” Well I’m just a celebrity that no one knows! I am 12 and in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade! Most 12 year olds are, like, in 6<sup>th</sup> grade but I’m special (I am a celebrity after all). I’M in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. School is silly and I play hooky a LOT. But you, like, need me for your magazine.

I know you’re a fan,

**Julia Ann Roberts**

# Dear Reader,

We just LOVE your idea! It really is the best suggestion we’ve had since this magazine started. That might be since it is the first suggestion but...no matter! We are already preparing for our next issue to have a celebrity column. While we don’t want to be too specific, we want him or her to be a girl, ages 9-12, have blond hair and love dogs. Sadly, dear, you don’t qualify. Also we want our celebrity to be well known. What do you think about Go Go Siwa™?

Not fans,

**Luvto Whrit and Edi Tor**

# Patient

Wiggling, waiting,  
Coming out, pulling wings, taunt.  
Waiting to soon FLY!



## Jack and the Wonder Beans

(A production by Lexington Children's Theatre)

*Jack and the Wonder Beans* is a fun new twist on the classic original. Set in the Appalachian Mountains, Jack and his mother have nothing but a wheat field, which is the smallest on Wolf Pen Creek, a shack, and a cow. When the cow goes dry Jack is forced to sell it for what little he can. After rejecting several offers he spies a Gypsy. The Gypsy persuades Jack to sell the cow for



three "magic" beans. In Jack's eyes they're truly magic beans, but as soon as he shows them to his mother their magic seems to fade. His mother is furious! She throws them out of the window. Both Jack and his mother go to sleep hungry.

In the night a tall beanstalk grows up. The next morning Jack resolves to climb it. He climbs and climbs until he can climb no more and just then he spots the top. The wind leads him to a castle. There he meets a Giantess who tries to fatten Jack up with crumblin', which is a bowl of

crumbled cornbread and milk. When her husband comes home Jack hides. The Giant brings out a HUGE brown bag of gold and starts counting the coins from the bag. Soon he grows sleepy and his head nods. Jack nimbly snatches the bag and scrams!

Although Jack's mother is content, Jack is not. The next day Jack climbs the beanstalk. Again the wind helps him and he reaches the castle. This time Jack pretends to be somebody else. The Giantess lets him in but is a bit wary. This time when the Giant comes home he brings out a hen that lays gold eggs on command! As soon as the Giant's head begins to nod, Jack grabs the hen and runs, but this time the giant wasn't quite asleep and gives chase. Once again the wind helps Jack by slowing down the giant. Jack speeds down the beanstalk shouting "Mother! Mother! MOTHER!" Jack's mother rushes to the beanstalk with an ax. After three blows the beanstalk crashes to the ground. And though they can keep the hen, on the bag of gold it reads 'Wolf Pen Creek Bank'. They return the gold to the bank.

The story was different than your usual 'Jack and the Beanstalk' story since it was set in the Appalachian Mountains. This was a great lesson on contentment for the young and old. The acting was great. No one stood still for very long. There was lots of audience participation. It was very enjoyable and definitely worth seeing! 🌟



Troubled by gigantic spiders in your patch of woods? Then you need Attercop Away!™ Just one spray will send those creepy-crawlies skittering away!

**F**airies flying skyward in an  
**A**crobatric dance, Higher  
**I**nto the stars,  
**R**eaching for the Moon,  
**Y**et circling down again in a never-ending  
**D A N C E !**

## Interview with Pia Rader

“You can do this!”

“Break a leg!”

“You’ll do great!”

“You got this!”

Encouragement echoed around Pia as she was about to step on stage. She was nervous. VERY nervous. This was her first play after all. Pia said a prayer and stepped out from behind the curtain...

Twenty-six-year-old Pia was a Swedish TV and camera designer when a friend told her about Covenant Players. “I’ve never done any drama before and I get so much stage fright!” Pia thought. But she felt like God wanted her to do it so finally she signed up. After two weeks of training in Germany they were on the road. She traveled throughout Germany, Norway, England,

Scotland, Spain, Portugal, and the U.S.A. As they were riding in a van Pia wondered how they were going to get food, shelter and gas for the car. She asked a fellow performer about it. The reply was simple: Trust God.

Christmas time had come and Pia was going to a prison to share some joy. Soon the play was about to start.

“You got this!”


“Break a leg!”

“You can do this!”

Encouragements echoed around Pia. She prepared to step around their makeshift curtain. She whispered a prayer and remembered the very first time she was in a play. She had been so nervous. Her cue came. She stepped out from behind the curtain. The play was about a Jewish, Christian woman during the Holocaust. A German soldier helped her because his mom and sister had been Christians. The play was a big success!

Pia made many friends in the three years that she worked as a Covenant Player including the man that became her husband. There is over 100,000 people like Pia Radar who used their gifts in acting to spread the Good News all over the world through Covenant Players!

Covenant Players is a nonprofit theater organization with touring troops in over thirty countries. Covenant Players uses drama to bring hopeful, positive and encouraging messages to schools, parks, churches and communities all over the world. Each group has 4-6 or even 8-10 actors in it.

It was founded on September 29, 1963 by the founder and writer for Covenant Players, Charles “Chuck” M. Tanner. Mr. Tanner was a WWII veteran, who because of his strong belief in the power of acting left his career as a director in Hollywood to start Covenant Players. 

# First Feathered Flight

Fairies calling "Come"  
Baby sparrow uncertain,  
Wings spread, Going ... to ... SOAR



## Dear Martha,

I love this elf girl named Taniel but she doesn't love me! She loves a dwarf (of all people). What should I do? –  
**Misery in Mirkwood**

## Dear Misery,

Usually I would say cut your losses. But in this case, she chose a dwarf over an elf!?! I would say wait a bit. VERY soon she will see her mistake. Either that or you can hope the dwarf dies in a battle involving five armies. –  
**Martha**



# A Stop at the BMF

It was supposed to be a quick stop at the Bureau of Motor Flying. As we all know a quick stop at the BMF is a good five or six hours assuming all goes well. It was 'Flying Licensing and Fairy Dusting Day' but no fairy ever used that. We call it the FLAFDDS (what the 'S' stands for no one knows). On this day all fairies went to the nearest outlet to renew their flying licensing and receive fairy dust. Goldberry hurried across the flying lot with her seven children lecturing them on all the possible meanings of STAY QUIET. She wasn't sure they were listening. Like I mentioned she was trying to make it quick.

Goldberry squeezed her eyes shut and opened the door. She peeked one eye open and groaned. Goldberry immediately decided that every fairy in the world must have come to this one 'Outlet for Fairy Dust' (in case you didn't notice fairies like GRAND titles).

She waited in line for her number. About half an hour later she got her number. Number ten.

"Oh good! This should be quick, I hope," Goldberry thought glancing at her restless and not too quiet children.

"...now calling nine... ..now calling the number farthest from ten," announced the honeysuckle trumpets. Goldberry paled until her complexion could've rivaled a snowy field.

"Hey, Mommy, what number are we?" Jojo, her fourth, asked.

"You don't want to know, sweetie," Goldberry replied.

"Mom when can we leave?" Acorn, her second asked as he set up a game of 'Annoy Your Siblings'. Unfortunately, the game went splendidly.

"Mom, I'm tiiiiireeed..." whined Tulip her third.

"MOMMY I WANT YOU TO HOLD ME AND ANASTASIA IS IGNORING ME!" cried Booboo her youngest. Anastasia, her oldest, was indeed ignoring her by playing on her 'Petal Pad'. Goldberry's fifth and sixth were jumping up trying to grab the pad.

“How come you all act like angels at home but whenever we go out you go hay vine!” Goldberry moaned picking up Booboo and Jojo. “Now let’s calm down and not get too upset. How about we all play ‘Count the People’!” All seven gave her the ‘Haha-so-not-funny-look’. “How about Anastasia lets you play on her Petal Pad.”

“Are you CRAZY Mom?!? NO WAY!” Anastasia shrieked. “Besides it’s out of power.”

“Then we can play ‘The Quiet Game’!” Goldberry offered rocking Booboo.

“Awesome! That is the BEST game in the world!” Acorn said enthusiastically. Goldberry eyed him suspiciously.

“I LOSE!” He added laughing hysterically. Goldberry gave up.

FIVE HOURS LATER...

“All right, if you are all quiet I will buy you some ice cream. OK?” Goldberry relented.

They all nodded except Anastasia.

“Mom, I am, like, too old for ice cream,” Anastasia said rolling her eyes.

“Fine I won’t buy you any but you still have to be quiet,” Goldberry replied levering Acorn and Tulip apart.

“Well, I guess I will have some.”

“Good.” Goldberry replied. This time it was her turn to roll her eyes.

“NOW CALLING TEN.” The trumpets blared. Goldberry almost fainted with relief.

She shoved and squeezed her way to the front desk.

“Name,” droned the receptionist.

“Goldberry Maple.”



“Where do you live?”

“North Maple.”

“Please go to the next room and fill out these papers. Wait in line for two more hours,” the receptionist said dumping a mountainous pile of papers into Goldberry's arms.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” Goldberry screamed fainting under the heavy weight off the papers.

“Gee, Mom, can't you keep quiet,” Anastasia asked. 

## Unicorn

Beauty,  
White blur leaping,  
Through deep woods, mane flying,  
Horse body. Heart of gold. Horn of magic,  
Unicorn.

## The Window

Anne awoke with a start. She just knew that someone had been watching her. She glanced out her window and realized it was still night. Then she jumped. For several minutes she stared, her heart pounding. On the window sill was a black glove. The whole glove was wet all over as if dunked in a tub of water. Whoever had left the glove had been looking in at her. Anne felt cold dread climb up her back. Who would watch her? Who would be so

careless as to leave behind their glove? Anne tried to stay awake but slowly her eyelids dropped and she fell fast asleep.

The next morning Anne woke up tired and cramped. She had been sleeping with her back against the wall, facing the window. She had this nagging feeling like she had forgotten something. Then she remembered. She looked at the window sill. Nothing. The sill was empty. Was it a dream? Anne left the room.

The bedroom she had left was bare but for a bed and a stack of clothes.

**Danger ahead? Going to fight evil wizards or perhaps the fearsome Neverseen? Or maybe you have an alarming amount of Elwin House calls? Save him the trouble with our new 'Sophie Foster Emergency Care Kit'! With healing elixirs from light fading to Everblaze burns!**



There was one window with a sill. The walls were whitewashed. The room she was gazing about now was quite different. There was a small alcove where her mother slept. All around the brown walls were paintings. In the center of the room was a large wooden table with a large, blue, glass bowl on top. Anne's eyes, however, were fixed upon a picture. A picture of a boy, her older brother. He had long blond hair to his shoulders like Anne, rich brown eyes, and a large smile.

"We miss you Jalen," Anne whispered to the picture. Jalen had left to serve his time in the military like all eighteen year olds. They had received only three letters from him and those had been when he had first left a few months ago. Undaunted Anne still sent him a letter each day. Whether he got them or not she did not know. Anne loved him very much.

Chores done, Anne decided to go for a walk. Her thoughts straying to last night, Anne didn't think it was a dream. Nervously she crept around the house to where her window was. It was very muddy so she expected to find footprints.

There was none. Suddenly Anne heard someone behind her. She spun around. No one.

“Perhaps it was mother,” Anne reassured herself. When she went inside, however, her mother was just waking up. Now completely baffled Anne went for her walk. Her mother was leaving for the day to travel to the market in the town so Anne had the day to herself.

The countryside of Deamir was beautiful: all rolling hills, winding rivers, and deep forests. Anne hurried past her neighbor's house. There was a girl there who was ten like Anne. She and her family had moved there a bit ago but Anne had never talked to her. Jalen had once. Anne felt she could never be brave enough to go, let alone talk to her.

Passing the house Anne took off along a well-used track so it came as no surprise when a young woman passed her, scowling. Anne accidentally bumped her and mumbled her apologies shyly. The woman took no notice. Anne thought this odd but said nothing. It was only until she had walked a bit that she realized that the woman's gloves which hung about her waist were not only black, as was all her clothing, but that they had been damp! Anne spun around but the woman was nowhere to be seen! Half hoping she would catch her, Anne ran after her.

When the path split to go through the woods or over the hills, Anne decided to go over the hills. If the woman had gone on the hill path Anne would catch her, on the other hand if she had gone through the woods, the hill path was faster. Besides Anne did not like going through the woods by herself even though she would often go with Jalen. Anne paused wondering if she should put on her ShebJurs, sled shoes used to slide over the grassy hills. They were fast, but that scared Anne. She decided to run.

Sprinting down the hill, Anne reached the ferry and scanned the crowd looking for the woman in black. She didn't see her. Anne went partway up the forest trail to see if the woman was coming that way. No one there. Walking back to the river she paid the ferry and started across the river.

She did not notice, at first, the shadow in the water. But she noticed the second time. She looked closer. It looked like a person. She thought immediately of the wet glove and the woman in black.

"This sound like something in one of Jalen's stories," thought Anne! Even



worried and scared, Anne had to smile thinking about Jalen's stories. How she wished with all her heart he was right there beside her!

When the shadow flicked by again Anne wondered who or what it was. Her heart started to thud in her chest again. The thing disappeared into the shadows of the boat.

Looking around Anne noticed it was about noon. "How could one day pass so quickly?" Anne wondered. As she thought this realized she had missed her landing

and was now traveling away from her house! Anne started to panic. Then she stopped and remembered going this way with Jalen. She knew the way home from the next landing.

Anne stepped off the ferry and started toward the woods. Looking back, she saw two shadows crawl out of the water and walk toward her. Anne started to run. The shadows started to run.

On the other side of the forest a young man and woman waited. Both dressed in complete black. In a few moments a boy, about fourteen years old, ran up.

"They have her," he said. The other two nodded and the woman wrote a message and tied it to the leg of a hawk. The young man turned to the messenger.

“Go back now and tell me if my sister leaves the forest,” he replied. The runner nodded and ran off.

Back in the forest Anne saw and heard more shadow people. Stumbling out of the woods, Anne saw a bridge to her right. She gasped. In the river was a young boy, perhaps a bit younger than herself. He was struggling against the river’s current. Anne barely hesitated. She threw off her jacket and dove in after him. To her great annoyance he kept swimming away. They were eventually pulled to the bridge. The boy disappeared. As Anne looked frantically around for him she noticed, carved onto the bottom of the bridge, a symbol.

It looked like a dragon with butterfly wings. Anne stared and stared. She barely noticed the current pulling at her. All she knew was that this symbol was important. The symbol meant something. Anne did not know why. She finally pulled her eyes away and swam to the bank. She wondered what had become of the boy. Anne had the feeling that the boy had purposely led her to the symbol.

Anne wrung out her clothes, heading for home and thinking about everything that had happened. She did not notice the woman she had met earlier step out of the forest and watch her. A hawk flew down and sat on the woman’s arm.



When Anne went to bed that night she locked her door. She also put up a curtain on her window. As she was laying down to sleep she looked out her window toward the hills. She bolted upright and leaned out her window. Behind one of the hills there was a glow. It wasn't an orange glow of a campfire. This was a green glow. Never flickering. Then it happened. From behind the hill came the creature that was on the symbol. It rose higher until it disappeared. Anne leapt over the sill and ran to the hill.

Approaching the hill's summit Anne heard voices talking and she crouched low to listen. Then one voice spoke. Anne's heart soared. Was it really Jalen's voice? She crawled to the top of the hill and looked over. There was Jalen dressed in black and he was speaking to more people that Anne could not see. Suddenly he looked up and their eyes met. Jalen jumped up and hugged her saying he knew she would come.

"Anne, you have moon power. The creature you saw is a Moon Glider. It also uses moon power. With moon power you can turn invisible, talk to the Moon Glider, and best of all, fly at night!" Jalen said smiling as he led her to a cliff past the hills.

"Fly! You mean I can really fly!" Anne asked mouth open. Jalen laughed.

"Yes! Watch." As he said this, he jumped off the cliff and hung as if suspended in the air. "Anne, grab my hand and step off. You will be O.K. I promise."

"I can't! What if I fall or, or, something happens? You know I'm not brave." Anne cried.

"Are you really not brave? Think again." Jalen said. "Remember how you got that puppy away from that bully last summer? That took bravery. Or when you tried to save that boy from drowning earlier today?" Jalen asked.

"But I was still scared." Anne countered.

"And yet you still did those things. Sometimes the bravest of us are the most frightened. You still did it even if you were scared. That is what is really important, Anne. We have battles ahead but now let's fly."



Anne looked up. The moon was bright overhead and the whole world shone silver. Up ahead the stars sparkled. Silver moths flew all around, dancing on the moonbeams. The sky waited. Anne stepped off the cliff and soared! Jalen flew up beside her. Anne knew that this is where she belonged. What about you? 

## Friends

Millions of friends,  
Each one unique,  
There in my memories,  
Hidden and hiding,  
In the pages of a book.

## Ballad for Balin

Balin son of Falin,  
Loyal to Thrain,  
Fought time and time again,  
Though his kin the dragon slain,

Guardian of Erebor,  
Deep in hidden halls,  
Mountain of Dwarfish lore,  
Till dragon caused its downfall,

The gold called the dragon,  
Once mighty gate,  
Crumbled at the crack of dawn,  
For the dwarves, death was their fate,

All heard the dragon's roar,  
Fought to their death,  
Gold was lost forever more,  
Nothing held against his fiery breath,

No help came from men or elves,  
King Thrór fell to its wrath,  
Dead filled their mighty delves,  
Few survived in the after math,

Prince Thráin fled with his people,  
Preparing to wait,  
Living as average craft people,  
He took his son to migrate,

Crossing the Mountains,  
Although weary,  
They were attacked yet again,  
Goblins fought their king away,

'Protect my son' Thráin had said,  
Balin's last order,

Although their new king was dead,  
Hope lived in another,

Thorin, the prince lived on,

There was no more waiting,  
Many years later,  
Time to meet their new king,  
A meeting in the Shire,

It was time to go home,  
Fight to the end,  
Reclaim their homeland,  
From the dragon's claws,

Through many dangers,  
Mountain and forest,  
Fourteen held together,  
Balin was the kindest,

When the dragon was dead,  
All fought for the gold,  
But before blood was shed,  
News arrived of goblins,

They join together,  
Before it was too late,  
Together in a blur,  
They must forget their hate,

Elves, Dwarves, and Men,  
Ready to fight,  
Outnumbered once again,  
The goblins seemed to put out the light,

The eagle's screech they heard,  
And hope arose,  
When came the great birds,  
To conquer those they opposed,

Seemed to be too late  
Still overwhelmed,  
The end for the great,



Going on a long, long,  
LONG journey? Perhaps  
even to visit a dragon?  
Then you'll need the best  
boots available! Genuine  
100% leather treated with  
wizard spells and  
guaranteed to withstand  
dragon fire, Everblaze or  
maybe even another of  
Conn's explosions! You  
may be charred but your  
feet will be in good shape!  
All sizes available Dwarf  
to Wizard.

All warriors were being dishelmed,

Tables turned with Beorn's help,

They were winning,

Caused the goblins to yelp,

Their battle was ending,

Though King Thorin was dead,

Victory they had,

Conquered their homeland,

So in armor he was clad,

All wept at his death,

Balin none the less,

At Thorin's last breath,

Though they had success,

Thorin the King lay dead,

Years after Dane was King,

Balin grew restless,

The dwarven kingdom Moria,

Land of Mithreal no less,

Balin took a company,

Deep in Moria,

Defeated Orcs that roamed there,

Regained the dwarven halls,

His chances were narrow,  
The lord of Moria,  
Orc pierced him with an arrow,  
While drinking from a well,

So ended the reign of  
Balin son of Falin,  
LORD OF MORIA. ✨



*Tired of being a lesser minion? Or someone else's side kick?  
Maybe you're at the top of your career but you're an evil  
soul without a body? Then a ring of power is for you!  
Unique one-of-a-kind design forged in the fires of Mount Doom  
so it is practically indestructible. Yours for only three easy  
payments of South Farthing Leaf! ™*

## Slithering with Slime

We are making slime, but not any slime though, wait for it, we are making FANTASY SLIME! Slime is fun because of all the different ways to play with it. You can stretch it, pull it, pop it and bounce it. I hope you enjoy playing with slime as much as I do!

Let's get started! In a bowl mix together 1 oz. of glue and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of water. For a fantasy look, add purple and pink food coloring. Alternately blue and green makes for a nice combination of colors. So your slime isn't a liquid add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of borax to the solution. Next is the best part! Add lots of glitter! A lot. I think the best way to go about this is to add a handful of powdery silver glitter first. When this is all mixed in add some chunkier colored glitter. Stir the mixture with a popsicle stick until firm. Then knead with your hands. Younger kids may need help with this part. Now that you're are finished, here is the most important part. PLAY WITH IT! When you are done store in a plastic bag. I hope you have LOTS of fun! ✨



SEE YOU LATER!