

Matilda
and the
Magical Fairies

By Jenny Ford

Matilda and the Magical Fairies

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About the Author:



As a successful, mobile beauty therapist for many years in her home town of Hertfordshire in the UK, Jenny had a dramatic career change when diagnosed in 2009 with Multiple Sclerosis. After a number of challenging years with her health, Jenny is now an author. No one was more surprised about this than Jenny. Writing books was certainly not on her to-do list but has now become her passion. She has written several inspiring and uplifting books for adults and is now concentrating on children's books.

Jenny is writing a series of magical story colouring books for children. We all know how important it is for children to read but how do we entice our children to fall in love with books? Jenny says, 'My intentions are to help as many children as I can to engage, no matter what their reading abilities are. By using their imagination and creativity, both through words or pictures, they learn to enjoy, and most importantly, to have fun, which is what I believe my books achieve.'

Follow Jenny or subscribe to upcoming books by visiting her website at: www.jennyfordauthor.com.

Matilda was a bit of a drama queen and always liked to get her own way. "She's just a bit misunderstood," her mum would say.

"Spoilt is more like it," Dad would reply. She was seven and she had an older brother, Toby, who was twelve. Toby loved to tease Matilda and watch her throw a tantrum, but sometimes it would get him into trouble.

"Mum! Toby just hit me," screeched Matilda.

"I didn't touch her; I may have given her a little nudge, but I didn't hit her," Toby explained.

"Yes, you did!" Shouted Matilda. "Mum, send him to his room."

"Children, be nice to each other. Toby, you can go and tidy your bedroom," replied Mum.

“But, Mum!” sulked Toby. With a big grin on her face, Matilda watched as Toby stomped off to his room.

“Matilda, you can help me take the washing out to the garden, please,” said Mum.

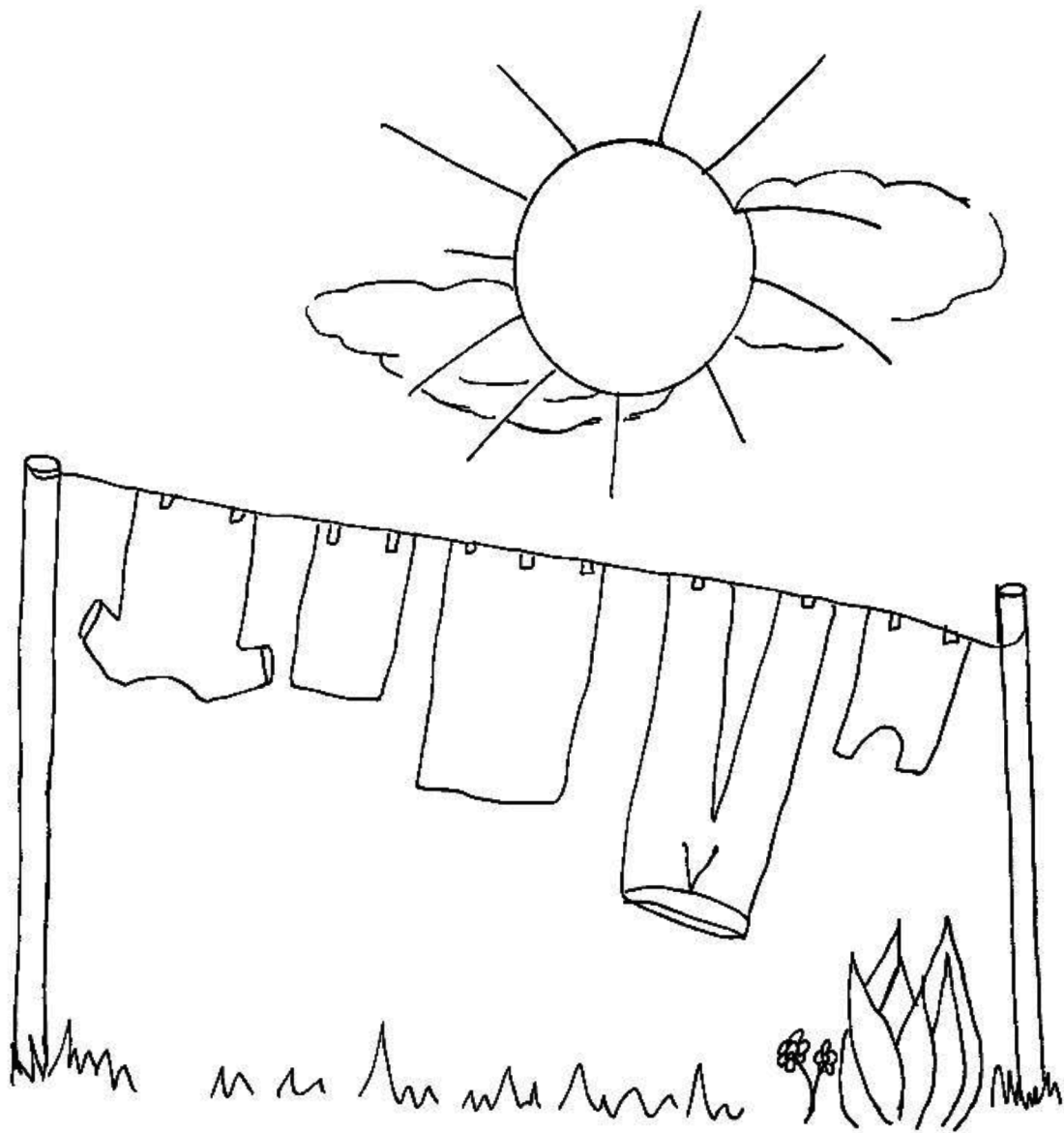
“Do I have to?” she whined.

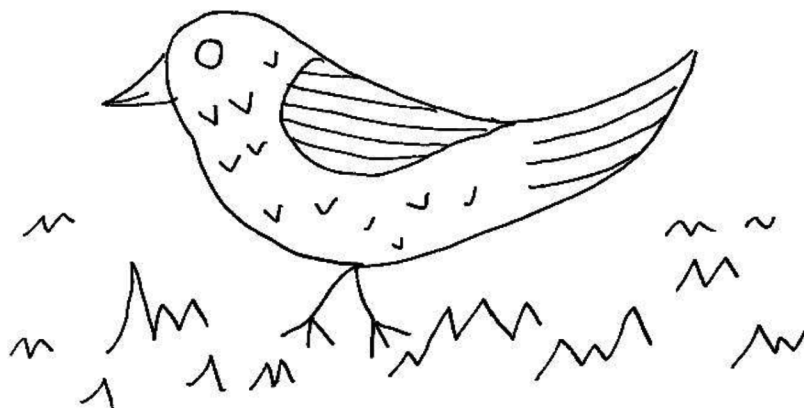
“Yes, or you can go and help Toby tidy his room!”

“Ok, fine... I’ll help with the washing,” she said, very reluctantly.

As Matilda was helping her mum, something caught the corner of her eye. When she turned around to have a look, she saw a bird hopping through the flowers and plants. “Matilda, I’m just going to check on Toby, then I’ll make us some lunch,” smiled Mum.







“Ok. I’m going to stay out here for a while,” she replied.

Playing happily in the garden, Matilda suddenly saw something moving at the bottom of the garden (where the vegetable patch was). *Probably another bird*, she thought. Seconds later, she saw it again and this time went to investigate. As she was having a good look around there, she saw it; she rubbed her eyes for a while, certain that she was seeing things. But no, it was still there. Matilda bent down to have a closer look. It was a little fairy; she was so pretty with her tiny wings and purple dress.

