

Out catching fireflies on their family's farm on a hot summer evening, two little girls accidentally capture a fairy instead.

Pleasantly planted in the dew-stained grass, a father sat with his two daughters. They looked up into a lapis sky and pointed out shapes in the clouds that remained. Together, they experienced both the zany fairytales of old and an everyday sort of magic. In one quadrant of the sky, pirates roamed on stormy seas. In another, a mother held her baby in her arms.

And in yet another segment, a hand reached down from the darkness that began to ascend upon the earth. Stars flashed their summer smiles. It wasn't too long before the stars dripped into the air and lights were swirling and buzzing right next to the family's heads.

"Daddy," one of the girls started. "Can me and Hannah catch the lights?"

"Of course, sweetheart," he said. "You can put them in this little jar."

He handed to the girls a jar that was recently emptied of homemade raspberry jam. They brought it down to the creek to clean it out, still in the sight of their father who gazed proud of his beautiful angels and the life they built together on the old abandoned farm.

They galloped back, as little girls do, giggling with windblown blonde locks. They dried the jar out with the corner of the white floral comforter that was used for this particular outing. Picking up their ruffles, they chased after the blinking yellow shapes all around them - the only source of light left.

"I got one," shouted Hannah in a sing-song voice.

"Me too," her sister said.

They went on like this for quite some time, until the jar glowed to show them their path.

"It's time to go in now, kids," their father sighed. "It's getting late, and we must be up with the sun."

Reluctantly, but with little disagreement, the two girls rubbed their eyes and followed him to the house.

The house was built in 1860 and fit in the farm perfectly with its peeling white wooden sides and (research era homes).

By the time they reached the side door, they were almost sleepwalking.

He brought them to their room. The girls went to their respective beds, and their father kissed each one on the cheek as he pulled up the pink frilly blankets up to their chins.

“Goodnight, sweet children,” he said to them and turned out the light.

“Goodnight, papa,” they whispered back.

As he left the room, he heard a thud on the wooden floor. Though it startled him, he realized almost straight away it was the jar with the blinking lights inside. He picked it up off the floor and set it on the back of the table against the wall between the two beds, right next to a pink lamp and various snow globes.

He scooted down the hall and into his room. He put on his flannel pajama pants and took off his shirt. Sliding under his tan sheets, he rested his head on a sparkly green pillow. He breathed into it before passing out into the fluid dream-world inside his mind.