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**Mina Fussfairy · Vol. 1**

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## Mina and the good-mood fairy

This is Mina Fussfairy. Mina's wings are all the colours of the rainbow, and her fairy wand is as yellow as the sun on a warm summer's day. Her skin is brown and she has black, curly hair that stands out from her head in all directions. A cheeky grin spreads right across her face, and her eyes sparkle when she smiles. Mina is a little fairy. She will turn seven tomorrow. And seven is when you get your fairy power. "What could it be?" Mina wonders. She rushes excitedly into the house, stumbles up the stairs, almost trips over the big red rug, manages to grab the curtains to steady herself, and bursts into Grandma's room.

"Oh!" Grandma gasps. She is lying in bed with a mischievous grin on her face. "Are you eating in secret again?" Mina asks, jumping onto the bed.

"No!" Grandma cries, quickly hiding the biscuit tin behind her back.

"No!" cries Grandma's dachshund Rüdiger, hurriedly licking the crumbs off the covers.

"No!" cries Wanda the wart from the tip of Grandma's nose, hastily putting the last tiny morsel of biscuit into her mouth.

"What do you think my fairy power is going to be?" Mina asks Grandma. She reaches behind Grandma's back and takes a biscuit.

"Maybe you'll be a good-mood fairy?" Grandma suggests.

"But Grandma, you're already the good-mood fairy!" cries Mina.

"That's true," says Grandma with an impish laugh. Grandma is as crafty as a fox. Sometimes she eats up all the biscuits, sometimes she nibbles all the chocolate. But no one can ever be angry with her.

"Sometimes I think Grandma is the forgetfulness fairy," mutters Wanda from the tip of Grandma's nose.

"What did you say?" Grandma asks.

"Nothing!" cries Wanda, swiftly hiding in Grandma's left nostril.

"Come out of there!" Grandma digs around in her nose for Wanda. But Wanda has already crawled out, travelled down her neck, made one leap, and landed – tadaa – on Rüdiger the dachshund's head! Wanda is a wart who can wander. A wanderwart.

“Maybe you’ll be a traffic-lights-turning-green fairy?” Wanda wonders, scratching Rüdiger. “Or a dachshund-scratching fairy?” Rüdiger closes his eyes and smiles, mumbling contentedly away to himself.

“No way!” Mina folds her arms. “I would like an important power. Like Bert’s!” Bert is the tooth fairy. He is tall and fat and has a gleaming bald head. All the little fairies are always wanting his autograph.

“Well, we’ll find out tomorrow,” says Grandma. “And until then, you’ll just have to be patient, whether you like it or not.” She smiles. “You can do that, can’t you?”

“Be patient?” Mina laughs. She isn’t a baby any more. “Ha! I can do that with my eyes closed!”

That night, Mina lies in bed counting the seconds. It’s still dark outside. All of fairyland is in a deep sleep. All the fairies, large and small, are lying in their beds dreaming sweet dreams. Mina can just hear their soft snoring even in her room. She looks impatiently out of the window. When is the stupid sun going to rise?!

“Hurry up!” Mina calls out to the sun.

“I’m not about to let you tell me what to do, you cheeky thing!” the sun calls back, and then deliberately takes even longer. And so it is another three hours and thirty-three minutes until she is beaming high in the sky and a new day begins.

“Finally!” cries Mina, with a yawn. She is so exhausted from waiting that she falls fast asleep.

## Mina and the start of the adventure

Mina blinks sleepily. She has been so sound asleep that she has no idea where she is.

“Surprise!” says Mum cheerily. “Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Mina, happy birthday to you!” everyone sings so wonkily and off key that the plate of pancake-cake in Mum’s hands wobbles dangerously. The pancakes glisten, golden brown and crispy. Mum is the pancakes-for-breakfast fairy.

Mina is awake in a trice. She leaps up, runs to the window and throws it open.

“Dove!” she calls. “Dove, where are you?”

But there is no sign of the golden dove with the pink beak and the secret letter. The secret letter sent by Mirabella the Fairy Queen herself. The letter that contains Mina’s fairy power!

“She’s forgotten me!” Mina cries sadly. She throws herself onto the bed and pulls the covers over her head.

And then: “Now listen up,” she hears a voice saying. “Mirabella the fairy queen doesn’t forget anyone! Besides which: what an impatient little thing you are!” Mina peers out from under the covers. There is a dove sitting on the windowsill. It is golden and its beak is pink and in it is a large envelope. It looks extremely secret.

“Dove!” Mina cries delightedly. She leaps up and gives the dove such a fierce hug it can barely breathe. “Do you always take this long?”

“Honestly, you fly half the day and half the night to make sure you arrive on time, and this is what you get,” the poor dove grumbles, freeing itself from the hug with some difficulty. “No hello, no thank you, not even a jug of water. The little fairies used to be grateful, but these days? Anyway, my name isn’t Dove, it’s Martin,” says Martin.

“I wish you’d flown a bit faster, Martin!” Mina cries, reaching cheekily for the envelope.

Martin gasps in outrage. “I really need a new job,” he groans, looking offended, and then flaps away.

Mina rips open the envelope to reveal a long letter. She screws up her eyes – the handwriting is so spidery that she can’t make out what it says.

"Read it out, read it out!" Mina cries, hastily handing the letter to Dad.

"Queen Mirabella really does have terrible handwriting," Dad grumbles, squinting at the letter.

"I'm the good-weather fairy, not the handwriting-deciphering fairy!" Then he clears his throat.

"Dear Mina," Dad begins.

Mina swings her feet impatiently.

*"Today is a beautiful day, because it's your birthday..."*

"Blah blah blah!" cries Mina.

*"Your Mum and Dad are proud of you."*

"Boring!" Mina shakes her head.

*"And I'm happy too, to have such a wonderful little fairy in my fairyland."*

"DULL!" cries Mina, folding her arms. Come on, what's her fairy power?

*"You are smart, you are kind, you are helpful, you are caring."*

"Urgh!" Mina throws her head back and groans.

*"You are funny, you are brave, you are courageous, you are strong."*

"Argh!" Mina bites her pillow. This is taking so long! Grandma is just about to secretly magic up a good mood, but Mina sees her and shakes her head firmly.

*"Now to your fairy power..."*

Finally! Mina straightens up.

*"After much consideration..."*

Mina looks wide-eyed at Dad.

*"And carefully weighing up the options..."*

Mina can't bear it.

*"Your fairy power is..."*

Dad scratches his head. "I can't read it," he says, glancing up with a baffled look on his face.

"What do you mean, you can't read it?" Mina gasps. This isn't how she'd imagined it.

"Show me," says Mum, leaning over to Dad. Ha! Mina breathes a sigh of relief. This is exactly how she'd imagined it.

*"Your fairy power is..."* Mum reads out. Then she scratches her head. "I can't read it, either."

"What??" Mina holds her breath in dismay. This is absolutely not how she'd imagined it!

"Breathe, Mina," Wanda whispers from Grandma's left earlobe. Mina nods tensely, her face already bright red.

"Show me," says Grandma. Mum gives her the letter.

Mina takes a deep breath and concentrates. Grandma is old and wise and experienced. She's read a lot of letters in her life. Mina is completely sure Grandma will be able to work out what the letter says.

"I can't see this, I need my glasses," Grandma says, waddling off.

"They're on your head!" Mina calls out.

"Oh, so they are," says Grandma, taking the glasses off her head and putting them on.

*"Your fairy power is..."* Grandma reads out. "I can't read it, either," she says.

Mina can't believe it. She knows Mum and Dad aren't that good at maths; they always despair over Mina's homework and have to look up how to do maths themselves every single time. But she had no idea her parents and grandma couldn't read sensibly. Mina sits down sadly on the bed.

"What now?" Dad looks helplessly at Mum.

"Let me have a go," says Rüdiger.

"No," says Grandma. "You're a dog. The fact you can speak is odd enough already."

"Huh," Rüdiger snorts, sounding offended. Then he wiggles over to Mina and licks her fingers.

"Don't be sad. If you like, I'll show you how to fetch sticks."

"No," Mina wails in disappointment. "I don't want to fetch sticks. I want to be a proper fairy. And proper fairies can do magic!" Mina thinks for a moment, then she turns to the others with a determined look in her eyes. "If no one can read what it says here, then I'll just go to Fairy Queen Mirabella and ask her myself!"

"But Fairy Queen Mirabella lives all the way over on Cloud Nine!" Mum cries in horror.

"On the other side of the field of mean flowers," Dad trembles.

"And the wood of snivelling trees," Grandma shudders.

"And the beach of strong mermaids," Rüdiger shivers.

"Don't go!" they all tremble, shudder and shiver.

"I *will* go!" Mina says, refusing to be put off. "Queen Mirabella said that I'm smart and kind and helpful and caring and funny and brave and strong. So I *will* go!"

"An adventure!" Wanda calls out excitedly.

"Then at least take Rüdiger with you," says Dad.

"Wait, you're letting me?" Mina asks in surprise. Dad looks just as surprised as she does.

"I don't want to go!" Rüdiger complains.

"You scaredy-cat," Mina cries, looking at him. She's sure the trip would be much more fun with two of them!

"I'm not a scaredy-cat, I'm a dachshund," Rüdiger barks in outrage. "And I want to go with you!"

He clamps his paws over his mouth in shock. What did he just say?

"You're definitely going!" Mum says angrily, and then shakes her head.

"Thanks, Mum!" Mina cheers.

"No!" Mum says firmly. "I said: DEFINITELY!"

"You really are the best mum in the fairy world!"

Mina throws her arms around Mum. She can't believe Mum and Dad are actually allowing her to go, and that Rüdiger is really coming with her!

And before Mum or Dad can say anything else, Mina quickly grabs the letter, snatches up Rüdiger and flaps straight out of the open window.

"AAARGH!" goes Rüdiger, clinging onto her. "Grandma, help!"

"Mina!" Mum calls out angrily, trying to stop her. But then suddenly, she can't help but laugh.

Grandma grins mischievously and winks at Mina. Having a good-mood fairy in the family can come in very handy!

## Mina and the field of evil flowers

Flap, flap, flap, go Mina's wings. She and Rüdiger are flying over fairyland.

"Ooh, we're so high up!" Rüdiger moans, his eyes tightly closed. "Couldn't you at least have brought my basket?"

"I didn't know you were so heavy," Mina pants.

"We can still go back," Rüdiger says hopefully. "Look, I can still see our hou-OOOH!" he goes again, and clings to Mina as tightly as he can.

"No way," cries Mina. "Turning round is not an option!" She flaps determinedly onwards.

Rüdiger is quivering with fright. His whole body trembles, and he is pressing himself so fearfully against Mina that she feels sorry for him. [...]

"Nothing can possibly go wrong." Mina leaves a meaningful pause.

"We..." she begins.

"We what?" Rüdiger asks.

"We are going to fly..." Mina goes on.

"Fly where?" Rüdiger asks.

“We are going to fly straight...”

“Mina, please! My heart is too weak for these games.”

“We are going to fly straight to Queen Mirabella,” Mina announces solemnly. “Then we won’t have to go through the mean flowers or the snivelling trees or the strong mermaids.” She beams at Rüdiger. “So, what do you say?”

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