

# Three Days

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An Excerpt from Chapter One

The sun streamed through the door as the students pushed through it. Elizabeth Miller dragged her friend through the crowd into the refreshing warmth of the early Irish summer. Once they were alone on the soft emerald grass, she began to tell her friend about her night.

“I saw a fairy!”

“There is no such thing as fairies, Lizzy.” Her friend replied with a smile.

“Father said the same thing. But Mother says that is because he was born in the morning. People born in the morning never see fairies. What time were you born, Rose?”

“I was born as the sun was rising, according to my Da. So he named me Rose.”

The girls, unaware of the boy who was watching them, giggled. Face red and hands clenched, Prince Seamus nearly lost control of his invisibility spell. He snapped his fingers and Rose’s book bag unraveled at the seams.

“Fairies aren’t real, she says” he scoffed as his eyes flashed emerald green,  
“I’ll show her what’s real and what’s not.”

With an unpleasant and mischievous smile, Prince Seamus of the Fairy folk followed Rose home. *Three days of pranking, good and solid. That will fix her*, he thought to himself.

He laughed aloud as the bag split open, spilling Rose’s books and papers crashed to the road and mud. Elizabeth looked around at the sound of his laughter, so he caught her eye. With a wave, and a wink, the Fairy Prince vanished from sight.

“I think you are in for a long night.” She remarked to Rose as they picked up her things.

“I’m grounded.” Rose moaned, “This bag was brand new. Da is going to murder me!”