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Lady Fairygolden had earned the title of "Lady" by mere status of being the eldest Fairy in Whimsical Garden. Here lived a band of fairies of various ages, taking refuge in the abundance of flowers and leaves. In Whimsical Garden, there was always plenty of nectar, and adequate shelter from the frequent showers, which kept the garden in perpetual bloom. Lady Fairygolden had just finished telling an evening story to the wee ones about the Lucky Leprechauns, also known as Irish "fairies".

"Oh, phooey!" declared Fairysparkle. "How can a fairy be a fairy if he doesn't have any wings? Why, without wings, a fairy would be earthbound. And magic, what kind of magic could an earthbound fairy have? I tell you, it is just a 'fairy' tale. And, I'm going to prove it!"

As the moon crept higher, Fairysparkle looked to the sky and made her plans. Quickly she spread her wings and took flight. From her wings, the moon reflected beautiful trails of many-hued lights. Fairysparkle made straight for the little town where her friend, Dreamglider would be found. Dreamglider was a beautiful white Pegasus, who made his home on a Carousel by day, and by night went on many adventures with his friend, Fairysparkle.

Soon, across the moonlit sky, could be seen a most wondrous sight! A white horse, with beautiful wings, was gliding across the horizon--the smallest glow could be seen upon his back.

"Dreamglider, I hope you know where we can find Ireland. I must find these so-called Leprechauns, and know the truth, of whether they be fairy, or troll," said Fairysparkle. "And, we must finish our mission and return before dawn!"

Shortly thereafter, Dreamglider glided to a stop in a field of green shamrocks. "Oh, what a beautiful land this is!" exclaimed Fairysparkle.

"Mmmmmph," came a muffled sound as Fairysparkle jumped from Dreamglider's back. She felt a lump and lost her footing landing smartly among the shamrocks!

"Whatever did ye do that for?"

Fairysparkle looked around her to find the source of the voice. Turning her head she came eye to eye with a very small, very old man dressed entirely in green! "I beg your pardon, sir!" she said.

"Hmmmph, and what exactly be ye?" queried the little man, "and what are ye doing in me Shamrock Patch?"

"Why, my name is Fairysparkle. I'm a fairy from Whimsical Garden, and I'm here to meet a Leprechaun," explained Fairysparkle. "Who are you?"

"Well, hmmmph, me little fairy, I am called Little Erin, also known as one of the wee ones, an Irish fairy. Seems we be some kind of kin, aye?" said the little man.

"Oh, are you a Leprechaun?" asked Fairysparkle getting to her feet with a flutter of wings.

"Ye might say so," replied Little Erin. "What be ye here for?"

"Actually, Dreamglider and I came on a mission. Lady Fairygolden told the fairies in Whimsical Garden about the lucky Leprechauns, Irish fairies if you will, who live in Ireland. And, she said they don't have wings! How can you be a fairy when you don't have wings! Why without wings, you cannot fly, you would be earthbound, and could not possibly perform any magic!" declared Fairysparkle.

"Hee hee," laughed Little Erin, "how blind ye are!" Then before her eyes, he disappeared! "Hee hee, find me if ye can!"

Fairysparkle searched through the shamrocks, peering beneath leaves, all the time hearing the taunting laugh of Little Erin. Dreamglider nudged her with his nose, and she looked up. There sitting on Dreamglider's back was Little Erin! "But, how could you get up there! Dreamglider is so tall, and you are so small, and you don't have any wings to carry you!"

"Hee hee," laughed Little Erin. "So say ye! Who says wings must be visible? Why, we Leprechauns can go anywhere we choose simply by wishing it so!" So saying, he promptly disappeared again. Fairysparkle felt a tapping on her back, and quickly turned around to see Little Erin's grinning face!

"Oh, Little Erin, you truly are magical! A fairy you must be, although different from me," laughed Fairysparkle.

"Different is always good, Fairysparkle," said Little Erin. "Without differences, a very boring world we would have, me little cousin." "Leprechauns are very magical. And we do many good deeds for the good people of Ireland. We keep watch o'er the wee babes, and sprinkle kindness throughout our land."

"Much as we do in our land," said Fairysparkle. "I'm proud to be your cousin!"

"Hee hee," chuckled Little Erin. "Perhaps some day, I'll bounce in on ye and yer friends!"

"We'd love to have you," giggled Fairysparkle, "and you can even use me for a landing pad!"

Off flew Dreamglider, with Fairysparkle on his back, a stream of white light in the pre-dawn light. "Well, Dreamglider, looks like I learned a lesson tonight! Differences do not mean shortcomings! They are simply other methods of accomplishing a common goal. Thank goodness, we have room for many types of fairies in our world, even wingless ones!"