

THE
TRUTH PIXIE





In a land two thousand miles from here,
Is a place where snow falls all the year.
There you find trolls and goblins and elves,
And talking rabbits, rather pleased with themselves.





Other odd creatures live there as well,
Like this Truth Pixie, whose tale I shall tell.



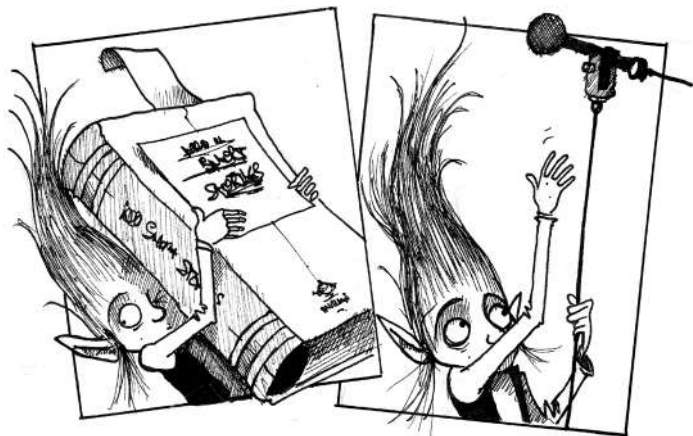
Truth Pixie's sad, as she's not like the others,
She's not like her nineteen sisters or thirty-eight brothers.



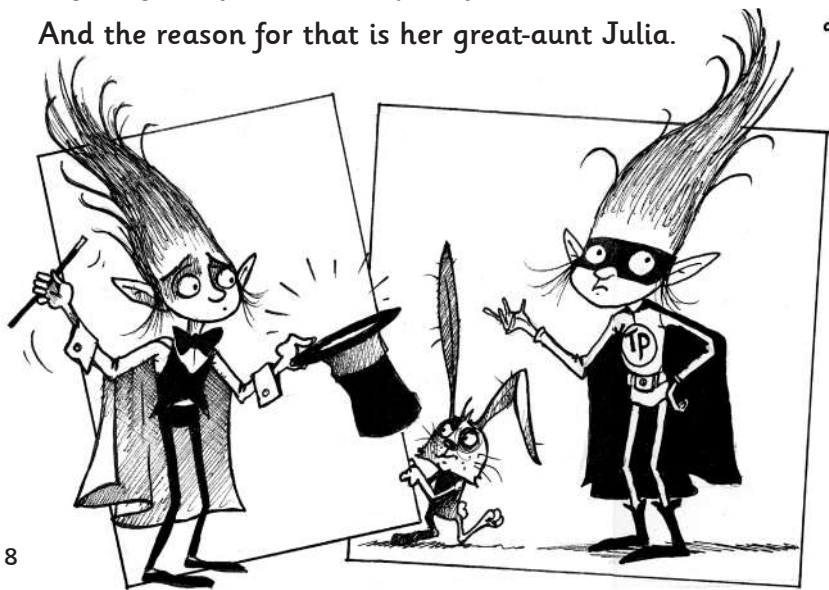


She's not like her brother Brian who dances and sings,
She's not like her sister Sylva with bright shiny wings.





She can't tell stories, she can't sing songs,
She can't do magic, she can't right wrongs.
In fact, for a pixie, she is quite peculiar,
And the reason for that is her great-aunt Julia.



When she was young, Aunt J cast a spell,
She said, 'From this day on, the truth you shall tell.'
To be the Truth Pixie, that is her curse,
She must tell the truth, for better or worse.
Imagine!



Wherever she is, whatever the day,
She only has one kind of thing to say.

Just as cats go



And cows go



The Truth Pixie can only
Say things that are **true.**