But She Sang Anyway

by Christoph Woods

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Born to Pipperton and Pipperdilly was a tiny fairy named Pip — as she would be commonly called later in life.



Pip was mischievous from the very beginning. She was into mischief before she could walk, and twice as much once she could fly.



Pipperton and Pipperdilly knew, from her earliest days, that their daughter would go on to great things.

What great things?

That is what scared them.



Pip loved animals. Not just animals — she loved all creatures. The birds in the branches. The reptiles in the warm stones. The insects in the grass.



Even the mighty grub.



When Pip's friends, the other young fairies, went off to learn the fairy trades — gathering, and harvesting, and tending to the wildlife —



Pip did not.



Pip was born with the music inside of her. Just waiting to escape.



Pip was the first one to hollow out a log and beat on it with sticks, just to make noise.

Boom. Boom. Boom.



Music was always in Pip's blood. But it wasn't the playing she loved most.

It was the singing.



La la la la la la —

every note worse than the next.



But she sang anyway.



Because in her heart, it was the most beautiful thing that she had ever done.



Pipperton and Pipperdilly still didn't know what the great things would be.

But every morning, their daughter woke the whole wood with a song —



— and whatever the great things turned out to be, they were fairy sure she would meet them singing.

You made it to the end — thank you for reading. If the story kept you turning pages, please leave a review, or a comment with the moment that stayed with you. It's the single best way this book finds its next reader. More are waiting at christophwoods.com. — Christoph Woods