

“Secretly Special”
You May Be Special Too

by

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Chapter One

Laughter and whispers came from some of the kids in the hallway. Noma could hear rude comments, like big ears, button nose, and alien eyes once in a while on her way to class. She tried her best to act like she didn't hear them, but later in the day she would find herself having to choke back the tears.

Norma was a very small little girl. She was always stared at, left out of game and activities or just ignored mostly because she was shorter than everyone else or

maybe it was because she looked a little different.

Everyone she knew was taller than she was and looked different. You see Norma was only two and a half foot tall and what made things worse is that it seemed that everything in the world was made for right handed tall people.



One day Norma just couldn't take anymore teasing. She had to get away from everyone and everything that reminded her of the teasing and bullies and the ones that just wanted to be mean to someone. After getting off the school bus, she started running and didn't stop till she found a group of trees that looked friendly. In the middle of these trees was what looked like a really inviting rock. It was just low enough that Norma could climb up and sit on it and there was even room for her backpack. This place became her favorite place to be just to get away.

Norma was sitting in her favorite place by herself one day, just staring into space, not really focusing on any one thing or another. She had been crying because of being left out of things and she had no one to talk and to finally her emotions got the best of her and she just had to release it all.

Her focus was suddenly brought back to the present when a soft rustling sound of leaves caught her attention.



Maybe it would be better if I let her tell you her story.

‘I hear something in the bushes just to my left and behind me. I refuse to turn and look it’s more often than not some rude person wanting something to laugh at. So I’m just going to sit here very quietly and not moving a muscle except for my eyes.’

Off to my left almost out of view were two small hands holding a large leaf. Then the leaf moved again, a little closer this time and a small person stepped into full view.

“Wow!” trying to keep my excitement under control. “You are a very small person, even smaller than me. Why are you holding that leaf?”



“Hello Norma, Hello,” said the soft voice sounding almost like it was singing.

“Hello Norma, my name is Galeena. I am known as a fairy by those that still

believe, but not by all now. Once we were known to be real by all and life was good.”

“A fairy?” I asked to verify I was hearing things right, “I was always told that fairies were just a story and not true. And that is why they