

A Best Friend's Magic

Do you believe in magic? Join a very youthful Xena and Gabrielle in this children's tale about a fairy, faith, and the power of friendship.

"C'mon, Xeeena," Gabrielle whispered for the hundredth time, poking her bedraggled head out from beneath the quilt. "She'll never ever come if you keep doin' that!"

"I'm not doing anything. And she's not real. That's why she won't come."

"Will too!" the little blonde protested, poking out her lower lip and rubbing tired eyes with the back of a balled up fist. "Don't you remember what your mama said when *you* lost a tooth? We gotta be athleep for her to come!"

"So go to sleep," Xena whispered impatiently from her hiding place in the corner. Gods! Why couldn't Gabby understand this was just like going fishin'? If she talked too much she might scare her away! Of course, that was if she existed in the first place, which Xena was sure she didn't. Well... *almost* sure.

Gabrielle crossed her arms over her chest. "Not without you."

Xena tried to arch an eyebrow. Her mother did it all the time, and even her older brother Toris could do it. But for some reason, she just couldn't manage it. Yet.

The silvery moon lit up Xena's face, and Gabrielle looked on as her friend failed again. "Good try. You're getting a lot closer, Xe," the little girl encouraged between giggles.

"Jus' a stupid trick anyway," Xena muttered to herself, doing her best to ignore Gabrielle. Gabrielle smiled at her very best friend. She knew Xena wasn't really mad. It was okay to tease best friends. That was just one of the reasons they were so special.

Rolling onto her tummy, Gabrielle burrowed back down into the blankets and propped her chin up with a fist. She was trying to wait for Xena to finally come to bed before going to sleep, but her eyelids were beginning to droop and the mostly dark room was getting all blurry. "Are you gonna waste a good sleepover hiding in the corner, holding that thack?" Gabrielle wondered aloud, shaking her head at her friend. "You can't catch her, Xe. She's a fairy! Nobody can catch a fairy. They're magic."

Xena's eyebrow twitched for several dramatic seconds. But in the end, it still stubbornly refused to lift. Grumpily, she marched over to Gabrielle and yanked the pillow out from under her elbows, causing Gabrielle's head to flop onto the feather-filled mattress with a muffled thump. "It's still there." Xena pointed to the bed. "I *knew* she hadn't snuck past me," Xena announced proudly, straightening her shoulders.

Gabby smirked. "I thought you said only *babies* believed in fairies."

Xena made a face.

Sleepy green eyes rolled and Gabrielle snatched her pillow back, tucking it under her chin.

"And 'course it's thill there, thilly." She had mean to say 'still' and 'silly' but the words came out all wrong. Gabrielle poked her tongue in the hole where one shiny white tooth *used* to live, feeling around the empty spot. Those 's' words were going to be hard for a while. "We haven't gone to thleep yet!"

Xena blew out a frustrated breath. "Okay, Pumpkin Face. I'll come to bed," she relented, climbing into the tall bed and snuggling up to her friend. But Xena kept her empty burlap sack on the nightstand, within easy reach. Just in case. It never hurt to be prepared.

Gabrielle frowned. A couple of other kids had laughed at her today, calling her that very same thing. But she was sure they were just jealous that *she* would be getting a very special visitor that night. "Do you *really* think I look like a pumpkin?" she finally asked Xena, sounding a little bit worried.

"Course not, Gabby," Xena promised solemnly, crossing her fingers behind her back. Well, it wasn't a lie. After all, Gabby wasn't orange!

Gabrielle yawned and curled her arms around her pillow, fluffing it a bit. Then her eyes finally slid closed. "Whatcha gonna do with her if you catch her, Xe?" she murmured softly, almost asleep already.

Xena's blue eyes focused on the darkest corners of the room. Who knew what was hiding in the shadows? No fairy would get past her tonight! "Dunno. Haven't thought 'bout that part yet. Night, Gabby."

Gabrielle's gentle snore was her answer.

"Please don't be upset, Gabby," Xena pleaded. She couldn't think of anything worse than seeing Gabrielle unhappy.

"But I don't understand!" Gabrielle said frantically, digging through the sheets. "The tooth is still here. And there's no quarter-dinar!"

"Well, of course not." Xena gave her friend an impatient look. "I tried to tell you before that the Tooth Fairy isn't..."

"Good morning, girls," Xena's mother, Cyrene, greeted from the doorway, stirring a large bowl of golden batter with quick, strong strokes. But when Cyrene saw Gabrielle, she stopped her stirring and examined the little girl curiously. "What in Elysia's name are you doing, child?"

"Mornin' Cthhhyrene," Gabrielle answered absently, still hoping her quarter-dinar had somehow just been misplaced. "I'm lookin' for money," she replied without looking up from her task.

"And you think there's money in the bed?" Cyrene questioned, still very confused.

"She put her tooth under her pillow last night, but the Tooth Fairy never showed up," Xena jumped in and explained.

Cyrene chuckled. "Oh! I thought you sounded a little different. Let me see." The older woman crossed the room and stood alongside the bed. Balancing the large bowl on one hip, she cupped Gabrielle's chin, tilting the blonde's jaw upward.

Gabrielle gave Cyrene an enormous bright smile, proudly showing off her tooth's former home.

"Don't you look adorable!" Cyrene exclaimed, smiling back at the little girl. But looking a little less than pleased, she turned to her daughter. "And Xena, why didn't you tell me that Gabrielle had lost a tooth?"

"Well, I... um... I..." Xena stammered.

Not waiting for an answer, Cyrene gave her pancake batter another good stir and began walking out of the room to start breakfast. When she reached the doorway, she looked back at Gabrielle. "I'm sure the Tooth Fairy just didn't know you were spending the night at our house, honey. That's why there was nothing under your pillow this morning," Cyrene assured the small blonde, noting that her words made Xena scowl but Gabrielle grin brightly. "Why don't you spend the night here again? I'm certain the Tooth Fairy would never get confused two nights in a row."

That idea made both little girls smile. They loved sleepovers!

And that night Gabrielle went to sleep dreaming of fairies. While Xena was determined to stay up *all night* and catch one.

"I can't believe I fell asleep!" Xena grumbled as she wiped the sand from the corners of her eyes. She was sure it had only been for a moment or two. But you couldn't be too careful when it came to fairies.

The morning sun was streaming through her bedroom window and Gabrielle was curled up in a little ball on the other side of the bed, still happily snoring away.

Carefully, Xena lifted up the corner of Gabrielle's drool-stained pillow. Her eyes widened slightly, and her lips turned down into a frown. Ever so quietly, Xena searched the quilt, and sheets, even checking under her own pillow for good measure.

But there was not a single quarter-dinar to be found.

OH NO!! The tooth was still there. "I knew the Tooth Fairy wasn't real!" Xena said in a hushed voice, feeling a little sad now that she knew for sure.

Yesterday, Toris had explained that the Tooth Fairy was nothing more than a trick grown-ups played on kids. He told Xena that it was their mother who had always taken the tooth stowed carefully under her pillow and replaced it with a quarter-dinar. And all this happened while Xena was asleep! Deep down inside, she hadn't wanted to believe it. But as Xena looked at Gabby's tiny white tooth, still lying on the bed, she knew what her brother had said was true. Why did Toris have to pick THIS time to be right?

Slowly, Xena pulled back the covers and dropped her bare feet onto the cool wooden floor.

Slipping out of her nightgown, she pulled on a clean red tunic, and went in search of her mother. How could Mama forget poor Gabby?! And with her very first tooth, too!

Xena's frown turned into an outright scowl. Gabrielle still believed in magic and Xena suddenly decided that she wanted to keep it that way.

Gabby always slept late, so there would be plenty of time to get a quarter-dinar from her mother and hide it under Gabby's pillow before she woke up. Only for her best friend, Xena would be the tooth fairy.

"What are you doin' up so early?" Toris asked from his seat in front of the fireplace. He was eating a steaming bowl of oatmeal, and some crisp bacon, and gulping down a tall glass of fresh milk.

UH OH! Xena thought. The smell of food was sure to wake up Gabby! "What are *you* doing up so early?" she questioned suspiciously, her eyes narrowing. Toris was the only person who loved to sleep even more than Gabby.

Toris looked up from his bowl and answered, "There was an emergency last night. You missed it all, Xe," he said excitedly. "Mama had to go to the Widow Ronan's house a few hours ago. The widow's real sick and Mama's gonna help take care of her. She took Lyceus with her... him bein' so little and all."

Xena's eyes widened. "Is the widow gonna be okay?"

Toris nodded. "Mama thought so."

"Well... um... how long until she gets back?" Xena crossed her fingers and toes hoping her brother would say 'any minute'.

"Tomorrow or maybe the next day." Toris lifted his chin proudly. "The neighbors are gonna look in us, but Mama said *I* was in charge." He was, after all, nearly eleven years old.

AHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! This would never do. What was she going to tell Gabby? "Toris, ya got any dinars?"

"Right, Xena," the boy snorted. His sister was always kidding around.

"Nevermind," Xena said dejectedly, making her way to her bedroom before the smell of Toris' breakfast could drift all the way to the back of the inn.

Creeping back into her bedroom, Xena had sat down on the bed just as Gabby's nose began to twitch and the little girl drew in a deep sniff.

"Mmmm... bacon..." Gabby mumbled sleepily, her hair sticking up wildly in all directions, making her look like a scruffy blonde porcupine. Her face stretched into a gigantic yawn. "Hey, whatcha doin' dressed already, Xe?" Then she blinked, remembering her tooth. Bright eyes went round with excitement as she scooted to her knees and gently lifted up her pillow... only to see her tooth sitting in the exact same spot where she'd left it the night before.

"Did you take my money?" Gabrielle accused her friend, her eyebrows scrunching together in confusion. What could have happened this time?

"No," Xena immediately protested. She would never do a thing like that!

OH NO! Xena must have been right. Tears welled in soft green eyes. There was no such thing as fairies.

Xena felt her stomach drop. Unable to stand the sad look on her friend's face she blurted out, "I stayed up all night waiting for her."

"But... but..." Gabrielle let out a relieved breath. So that's what happened. She was really worried there for a minute. "Xeeee! You were 'posed to go to thleep. 'Member what your mama said?"

Xena nodded. "I'm sorry, Gabby. I must have scared her away. You can stay over again tonight, and this time I'll go to sleep for sure."

Gabrielle carefully picked up her tooth, thinking it had looked much better in her mouth than it did in her hand. She pointed a pudgy finger at Xena. "Promise you'll go to thleep and not try to catch her?"

"Promise," Xena assured. "Tonight she'll come, Gabby. I'm sure of it."

Gabrielle threw her arms around Xena and hugged her, squeezing as tightly as she could. "I *knew* you believed in her!" the little girl exclaimed delightedly. If Xena believed in fairies, they *had* to be real!

Money. Cold hard cash. Loot. Dinars. That's what Xena needed. But like always, she was broke.

Her mother had taken their donkey, Matilda, to the widow's house. And Xena knew that it was much too far away for her to walk. With her eyes screwed tightly shut, she thought... and thought...and thought some more, finally coming up with the perfect solution. She'd just have to earn some dinars herself. She was strong and a hard worker. She could get the money herself and slip it under Gabrielle's pillow tonight. Believing in magic fairies made Gabby happy. And Xena wanted more than anything for her friend to be happy.

"What should we do today, Xe?" Gabrielle asked as they walked out of the inn and into the crisp morning air. "We could play dolls," she offered hopefully knowing Xena hated to play dolls, even if they did have fun once they started.

Xena shifted uncomfortably. "I can't today, Gabby. I gotta do... um... stuff."

"Whaddya mean 'thuff'?"

Xena shrugged, hoping Gabrielle wouldn't ask any more questions.

"Okay, no dolls. How about we go fishin'?" the small blonde tempted. She knew Xena could never resist an offer to go fishin'.

Xena's mouth dropped open in shock. Gabby was offering to go fishing and she couldn't go? Rats! "I can't, Gabby. Um... I got some chores I have to do."

Gabrielle looked surprised, then sad. Xena quickly added, "But you're coming back to my house tonight, right? Don't forget," she reminded carefully.

"I won't!" Gabby exclaimed, her face forming a happy grin. Even though Xena was older than she was and could run much faster and knew all her multiplication tables by heart, it didn't seem matter. They were still *best* friends. And anything they could do alone was always more fun together.

"I'm supposed to visit my Aunt Freda today, anyway," Gabby remembered. "I promised I'd help her with her knitting. I'll see you after supper." And with that, she scampered off in the direction of her Aunt's house.

Xena had checked at least ten houses, but no one had any jobs for her. Walking down to the end of a dusty street, she stopped in front of an old house with a flowerbed underneath the front window. The flowerbed was large, about the size of her bed, and filled with beautiful, brightly colored flowers. But it was also filled with something else. Weeds.

Xena knocked on the door and waited.

"Why Xena," an old woman answered as the door creaked open. "I haven't seen you in ages. My, but aren't you getting tall!"

"Hullo, Grandma," Xena answered. The old woman wasn't really Xena's grandmother. But she was so old that everyone called her grandma. Even other old people called her grandma!

"What can I do for you today?" the white-haired woman asked as she scooted Xena into the house for some cookies that were still warm from the hearth.

Xena explained that she was looking for some chores to do because she needed to earn at least a quarter-dinar. She also pointed out to Grandma that her garden needed weeding and that she was willing to work very cheap.

Xena said she would do all the weeding for a quarter-dinar. But Grandma insisted that two quarter-dinars would be a much fairer price. After all, it *would* be a lot of work. Xena grasped the old woman's hand and with a firm shake sealed their bargain. Anxious to get started, so she could find Gabrielle and they could actually go fishing, Xena headed for the front door and was nearly out of the house when Grandma stopped her.

"Where are you off to, Xena?" the old woman asked. A gnarled finger pointed to the back door. "The garden is out back."

"But... But..." Xena stuttered as she was led out to the vegetable garden behind the house.

"Call me when you're finished so I can inspect your work," Grandma told Xena.

Xena's eyes went round and wide when she saw the garden. It was bigger than the entire house! "Zeus!" she exclaimed, earning a swat on her backside from the wooden spoon that seemed to magically appear in Grandma's hand, no matter where she was or what she was doing. Xena rubbed her bottom, scowling the entire time and wondering if Grandma actually slept with the wooden spoon. "Sorry," she apologized sheepishly. It really didn't pay to curse. Especially around Grandma.

The afternoon sun was high in the sky when, with a mighty grunt, Xena pulled her last weed. She was grimy and grungy, and her once bright tunic was stained with dirt. But this was for Gabrielle. And that made it worth it.

Gabrielle was cheerful and funny. She could remember all the words to a story after hearing it just once and was an excellent listener. Xena knew she wasn't any of those things, but that didn't seem to matter to Gabrielle. They were still *best* friends. And anything they could do alone was always more fun together.

Grandma looked over the large garden with a proud glint in her eye. Xena was such a good girl. "Xena, it looks wonderful!" the old woman praised. "Come back tomorrow and I'll have your two quarter-dinars."

Xena's jaw dropped. "But Grandma, I need them today!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, dear. Did I forget to mention that I wouldn't have the money until tomorrow?" Grandma patted the top of Xena's head. "Xena, I have to wait until my son comes home with the money from selling our vegetables before I can pay you."

"S'okay," Xena groaned, trying not to sound too disappointed. It was only lunchtime. She still had all day to earn the money, even if she was pretty tired. Next time she would just have to be more careful.

Xena's stomach rumbled loudly.

Patting the girl on the cheek, Grandma promised Xena a hearty lunch. *After* she washed up.

A half-dozen quail eggs. That's what Xena had to collect in order to earn to a quarter-dinar from the blacksmith. She had been wandering around in the fields behind her mother's inn for over 2 hours and only come across two quail's nests. One contained one egg and the other had two eggs. If she was lucky, the next nest she found would contain three eggs and there would still be plenty of time to go fishin'.

Xena's arms itched from all the mosquito bites she'd gotten tromping through the high grass. Just as she was giving them a good scratch, she saw something out of the corner of her eye. It was a quail! Unfortunately, the quail was still sitting on its nest.

Xena walked up and stopped directly in front of the nest. The little girl put on her most serious face, wishing that darn eyebrow would move, just once! "Move," she commanded the bird.

The quail simply looked at her, not moving a single feather.

Xena ran up to the bird and yelled, "Boo" as loud as she could. Nothing.

"BOO BOO BOO BOO BOO!!!" Even MORE nothing happened.

"Move," Xena demanded again, jutting out her chin and pointing an irritated finger at the terribly stubborn bird. And again, the bird simply stared at her with dark, grumpy eyes. It did not want to move.

"Please," Xena finally added sadly, beginning to run out of ideas. "Don't make me reach under you to get those eggs," the little girl growled, trying to sound like her mother. But that didn't work either. Ê

Xena was just about to give up and look for another nest, when the quail appeared to change its mind. Xena smiled broadly as the plump bird hopped out of its nest. She just knew that she and Gabrielle would be fishing in no time. But her smile disappeared when the bird began marching at her... not stopping.

Then without warning, the mama bird launched itself at Xena, tangling its feet in Xena's dark hair and flapping its wings wildly. Xena began to scream and spin in circles as the quail continued to flap and peck her.

It was not pleased that Xena had decided to disturb its nest.

Xena's heart was pounding so wildly that she didn't even hear the bird's angry crowing.

Neither the girl nor the quail had ever been this afraid in their entire lives!

Finally, screeching the entire time, Xena was able to untangle the bird from her hair, tossing the unhappy quail to the ground.

Xena looked down at the out of breath quail and concentrated with all her might, giving the bird her most intimidating, fierce stare. And then it happened. That slender dark eyebrow twitched once before forming the most amazingly, undeniably frightening, arch.

The bird gulped loudly and immediately flew away. The quail realized that it probably wasn't the best idea to mess with this particular little human.

Xena squared her shoulders and puffed out her chest proudly. Gabrielle was right. If she kept trying long and hard enough she could do anything!

Once the bird was out of sight, Xena went over to the nest. To her delight, snuggled neatly together were three large quail eggs. Xena carefully added the eggs to her basket, counting them again just to be sure she had six.

She did.

Smiling, Xena made her way back into town. She felt surprisingly good considering she was filthy, bug bitten, sunburned, tired and quail scratched. But she would get her quarter-dinar. And that was the most important thing.

"Xeeeeennnnnaaa!"

Xena turned her head toward the sound of her name being called. NO! She couldn't see Gabby now. She hadn't given the blacksmith the quail eggs! Xena hid behind a cart when Gabby walked by calling her name.

"I cudda swthorn I thaw her," Gabrielle said to herself, scratching her jaw. "Ohhhh, nutbread!"

"Whew!" Xena came out from behind the cart just as Gabrielle slipped into the bakery to watch them make her favorite treat.

Unfortunately, as Xena was just sneaking by the bakery door, Gabrielle saw her friend through the store window, and rushed out to meet her.

Uh Oh! Xena tried to dart back behind the cart before Gabrielle could see her, only to lose her footing. Wildly swinging the arm that wasn't clutching the basket, she tried to keep her balance but she was already falling.

THUD! SQUISH!

Xena looked down at her formerly red tunic, now covered with runny, scrambled eggs.

"Hi, Xe," Gabrielle greeted brightly, spotting her friend lying in the road. Then she got a good look at Xena's clothes. "Gosh! What happened?!"

Xena opened her mouth to tell Gabby it was all her fault. But stopped when she saw the genuine concern shining in the little blonde's eyes. "Jus' clumsy, I guess," Xena sighed.

Gabrielle nodded. Xena did get dirtier than any girl, or boy for that matter, that she'd ever met. "C'mon, let's go to the well tho you can wash off." Gabby grabbed Xena by the arm and began dragging her across the courtyard. "Can you come play yet?"

"Nope." Xena shrugged. "I've still got a few more chores." The older girl dug her heels into the dirt, stopping her determined friend. "Dunno exactly when I'll be finished so there's no use in gettin' all clean, just to get dirty again. You're still comin' over tonight, right?"

"'Course, thilly. I thaid I was, didn't it?"

Xena smiled.

"But, Xe... for goodness sake..." Gabrielle, pulled a twig out of her friend's hair. "Try not to be tho mesthy!"

"That's looks wonderful, Xena!" Farmer Jonas said excitedly. "My stables haven't been this clean in years." He wrinkled his nose. What was that horrible smell?

Xena noticed the man sniffing the air. "Umm... that smell would be me," she sighed. Xena was the worst smelling thing on the entire farm. Including the pigs!

The kindly man chuckled, giving Xena a stiff pat on the back. "Well, Xena, you've certainly earned your money this evening." Reaching down to his belt, he opened his worn leather money pouch and pulled out a sparkling quarter-dinar. "Here you go." He handed the coin to Xena. "Now you're not going to spend this all on candy, are you?" the man teased, remembering that he had once done that very thing as a boy. The farmer rubbed his tummy, recalling the wonderful ache all that candy had caused.

"No, sir," Xena promised. "I got something special in mind for this money." Although Xena was pretty sure Gabby would buy some sort of goodie with it. Her little friend loved sweets! Nodding, Farmer Jonas led the Xena out of the barn. It was almost sundown and Xena knew that Toris would have supper ready soon. He might be a boy, but Toris was still one great cook!

Xena waved at the farmer and began walking home, tossing a silver quarter-dinar high into the sky and catching it neatly in her palm as she walked. After one particularly spectacular toss, Xena brought the coin to her mouth and bit down hard, testing to see whether it was real silver the way she'd seen so many men in the tavern do.

"Ouuuuuuuuch!"

"Hold thtill Xe, I can't look if you keep wiggling like that!"

Xena sighed loudly, adjusting her position on her chair and opening her mouth again so Gabrielle could take another peek inside.

"Wow, I didn't think you thill had any of your baby teeth," the little blonde said, bringing her face right up to the spot where Xena's tooth used to be.

Xena tried to answer, but Gabrielle's head was practically in her mouth. So she waited patiently while Gabrielle satisfied her curiosity. "I guess the coin was real thilver, huh?"

"I guess," Xena answered grumpily once Gabrielle finally backed away. She knew that only food went in her mouth. But somehow Xena had forgotten!

"Does it hurt?" the blonde asked sympathetically, her green eyes already tearing up at the thought of her friend in pain.

"Nah," Xena assured bravely. "It didn't hurt."

Gabrielle narrowed her eyes "Really?"

Xena nodded.

Gabrielle climbed into Xena's bed. "Aren't you going to put your tooth under your pillow?"

"Nah."

"Please, Xe," Gabby begged.

Sky-blue eyes rolled. 'Please' was all Gabby ever had to say to get Xena to do pretty much anything. "Okay, but since it happened right 'fore supper, the Tooth Fairy might not have heard about it yet. Don't be surprised if there isn't a quarter-dinar under my pillow in the mornin'."

"Okay, I understand. But you should thill put it under there juth in cathe."

"Is yours under your pillow?" Xena checked, pulling the covers up under her chin. Clutched tightly in her fist, hidden well out of sight, was a shiny quarter-dinar.

Gabrielle blew out the candle on the nightstand next to the bed. "It thur is." She shook her head sadly. "But there's always a chance that the Tooth Fairy was too busy today to figure out that I was thill thleepin' over at your house."

"She'll come, Gabby. You'll see," Xena said, watching as the little blonde's eyes slid closed and her breathing grew deep and steady.

When she was sure Gabrielle was asleep, Xena snuck her hand under Gabby's pillow and deposited a quarter-dinar right below the girl's head. Her friend never felt a thing. Xena yawned. She couldn't ever remember being this tired! It was only a few more seconds before Xena drifted off to dream land.

"Xe?" Gabby whispered after several quiet moments. "Are you awake?" Hearing no reply, Gabrielle slipped out of bed and made her way to her tunic, which was folded neatly on Xena's dresser. Reaching inside a small pocket, Gabrielle withdrew the quarter-dinar that her aunt had given her for helping with what had to be mountains of knitting.

The coin sparkled in the moonlight and Gabrielle looked at it for several seconds before turning back to her best friend. She thought about what Toris had told her earlier that evening when Xena had gone to fetch some wood for the stove. He had said the Tooth Fairy wasn't real and that neither she nor Xena would have anything under their pillows in the morning other than their baby teeth. Gabby grinned and shook her head. Toris didn't know everything.

Tiptoeing across the room, the little girl reached underneath Xena's pillow and slid her coin onto the feather-filled mattress. Xena wasn't too old to believe in fairies and magic. She just needed a little convincing from her best friend.

Placing a light kiss on Xena's cheek, Gabrielle crawled back into bed and promptly fell into a deep sleep.

The Tooth Fairy, who was already waiting in the room's most hidden shadows, chuckled and smiled a beautiful, gleaming smile. With a lightning speed that only a fairy could possess, she darted under Gabrielle and Xena's pillows, removing each girl's tooth and tucking them safely into a little sack on her back, but leaving the coins they had given each other.

The fairy was glad that Xena had finally decided to go to sleep! That little girl was so stubborn! She had tried to visit Gabrielle for the last two nights, but each time she got close the bed, Xena was still awake.

Cyrene had been absolutely right. The Tooth Fairy only comes when you're asleep.

The tiny pixie flew to the window, stopping at its ledge to turn back and look at the girls one last time before disappearing into the night. She almost wished that she could be there in the morning to see their delighted faces when they discovered that fairies were most certainly real.

Sneaking through the tiniest of cracks the little fairy made her way into the cool night air, wishing that more people understood what Xena and Gabrielle already knew.

Best friends make their own magic.