

2019 MCC Creative Writing Contest

First Place - Creative Non-Fiction Category

"Obituary" by Nichole Huff

Ms. Tooth Fairy

The Tooth Fairy tragically wiggled her wings for the last time August 5th 2019 as she died in the heart of a ten year old boy, near Greenville, Michigan after reality harshly crushed his previously longstanding belief in her fairy magic. Her funeral service will be held this Friday at The household, on Woodvale Court, in Greenville,

Michigan followed by a celebration of her life that will take place at the family's dinner table. Teeth, small prizes, and money which was discovered the morning after a tooth wiggled itself lose will be on display in memory of her greatest fairy accomplishments.

Ms. Tooth Fairy was probably born around 1927. At least that is what family lore has long held. It was shortly after her birth that she first made an appearance in a playlet for children. She gained a first class fairy degree in Fantasy at the University of Orthodontics and Magic in 1928 and has had one of the most successful fairy careers to date, rivaling the less-believable Tinkerbell but not receiving as many pleading requests for help as the famous fairy godmother. Following her graduation, she married her work and spent the next several years flying all over the world. Ms. Tooth Fairy was deeply involved in the local community working to bring numerous sparkling smiles to hundreds of millions of children across the globe. The thought of her iridescent and sparkling wings have been filling children's hearts with hope and joy ever since. In her spare time, she enjoyed reading all her fan mail, which included endearingly earnest promises of better brushing in the near future.

Ms. Tooth Fairy spent her sleepless nights sneaking into the rooms of children, where she would leave her imprint of magic. During these special encounters her enchanted wings would sparkle, like freshly fallen snow on the ground, as she drifted across the rooms buoyed by the joy she knew young children would experience when they would awaken to find the tokens their teeth had been converted into a celebratory reward. As she approached the bedside of each sleeping child, she would delicately reach her Barbie doll size hand under the pillow to remove the child's bit of ivory. Her movement could be described as being as graceful as a mother's soothing touch. After completing her task, she would drift out of the room. Had she not left crisp green bills under the pillow of the young man or woman, there would have been no trace of her visit.

Over the years, the Tooth Fairy's magic had been passed down from generation to generation. Parents around the world have carried this magical ritual close to their hearts. One dedicated mother, , shared her memories of the late Ms. Fairy.

Ms. Tooth Fairy re-entered my life after a long slumber following my childhood when my son, Wade, was just five years old. I was in the kitchen preparing dinner when I heard a whale of excitement rise from the living room. I still remember the sound that instantly filled my heart

with anticipation. As I turned the corner, there my growing boy stood, his hand extending toward me holding his first fallen baby tooth. His smile lit up the room, and I could see the faintest hole in his excited, proud, white beaming young child smile. His eyes sparkled, much like they did a few months prior when he gazed into his candle lit birthday cake and reflected back the tiny flames with his glowing face. "Mommy, I get to meet the Tooth Fairy!" he said. As a parent, it was a moment which tugged at my very full heart. In following years, I would sit at the table and smile as he wrote a letter to Ms. Tooth Fairy to accompany his slightly dingy tooth, asking for the greatest of great rewards. Then, he would anxiously lay in bed, anticipating the mystic visit of his sure-to-come evening guest. During these nights, I tossed and turned as I waited for Wade to fall fast asleep wondering, "Would the Tooth Fairy remember to visit?" "What if she couldn't find his tooth?" Of course, these thoughts paled in comparison to the sweat inducing, anxiety causing, deepest fear of any parent, "What if he awakes during the Tooth Fairy's exchange?" Despite my deepest fears, she never failed to deliver her fairy magic.

Over the next five years, mornings following Ms. Tooth Fairy's visits were filled with an exhilarating energy, the energy that only a child who is pleased to discover new treasures can bring at 7:00 am. My son would excitedly awake to find his baby tooth was gone. Better yet, overnight, one of life's great mysteries had occurred as the tooth had been replaced with a letter, and better yet, money. I would rush to find Wade, so that I might soak in the happiness and wonder the Tooth Fairy brought to him.

Like most things, as he continued to mature, he started to question Ms. Tooth Fairy's existence. I would meet his deep, brown eyes as they looked up with me and provide the simplest form of reassurance. "What do you believe, Wade? Because all that matters is what is in your heart." As a mother, you want your child to hold onto his beautiful innocence, for as long as his ever growing mind will allow it. This reverse approach worked well into his adolescent years. Nonetheless, like most phases of childhood, one morning innocence will come to an end.

On an appropriately rain soaked, grey morning, Wade's moment of legitimate questioning and adolescent enlightenment came. Wade no longer carried his magic innocence and Ms. Tooth Fairy met her dramatic, tragic, yet timely demise. The Tooth Fairy lost her fantasy form and became a mother, forced to comfort her troubled son whose increasing maturity and awareness took from him the innocence of overnight visits.

The Tooth Fairy provided magical memories in our family's life. Through her, we shared a small slice of the magic that every parent craves experiencing with his or her child between mud caked soccer cleats, grass-stained jeans, homework filled evenings, and hectic Saturday mornings filled with youth sports. The magic Ms. Tooth Fairy brought to Wade's early years will always be treasured. She is survived by her long-lost uncle, St. Nicholas, and her trusty hop-along pet, the Easter Bunny, although one suspects they too will soon transform to a mother who will need to comfort the passing of childhood joys as their reality is replaced by nostalgic memories of happy childhood fantasies.