

**JAZMIN OF JINGLEWOOD: TALES OF WONDER**

***JAZMIN & THE PIXIE DUST***

**By**

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In a tiny village called Knogg  
Stood a house of brick and log  
Here lived a family of four:  
Flora, Jazmin, Mr. and Mrs. More

Julian More had a mystical mind  
His wife Lilian, gracious and kind  
Baby Flora lit up their world  
Jazmin kept it in a twirl

On the day Jazmin turned nine  
She decided that it must be time  
To procure her most favourite treat  
From the makers themselves to eat

But this was no easy task  
For Jazmin loved a Maizin flask  
Butter-cream and yoghurt in honey  
Made Maizin for lots of money

One tribe in all of JingleWood  
Made Maizin tubs in the Hood  
They were the shrewd Pixie clan  
But Jazmin already had a plan

She traced her steps to the Hood  
On to where Pixie-land stood  
She didn't have to go very far  
To find herself a full Maizin jar

Up some walls, down some halls  
She found more hidden in stalls  
Her rucksack jingled with merry glee  
Full of Maizin set to flee

But as she shimmied down a tree  
On her way out to be free  
Something else gleamed up high  
A coloured powder caught her eye

A moment's decision changed it all  
For Jazmin couldn't resist its thrall  
That fine powder have she must  
Magical and rare, t'was Pixie Dust!

She hastened back to her trodden path  
But alas! The Pixies unleashed their wrath  
They scooted after with spry wings  
Thin, little, pointy, crafty things