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**F**AIRY GODMOTHER HAD RISEN to rock-star celebrity among the Disney community over the past several years. First, there had been a Disney film about her early years and how she became so powerful and good. Then rumors—and some social media video—surfaced of her using her wand to rescue and save two drowning puppies in the Rivers of America. The video grew in popularity. Late-night television hosts mentioned it. Various politicians tried to associate themselves with the “infamous FGM.” Music and fashion celebrities shared photographs of their meetings with the good fairy at Disneyland and Disney World. Baseball caps bearing her initials sold out. T-shirts. Colleges and high schools hosted FGM cosplay events and dances that became all the rage.

Eli could hardly believe he was standing five feet from her.

Fairy Godmother sat down on a chair that materialized out of nowhere. She brushed her dress, folded her hands, and blinked.

“Who have we here?” FGM said in her lilting voice.

The two introduced themselves.

“Oh yes! I know your parents, too!” she said. “I helped organize a gathering of my friends for them back when there was a wee bit of trouble in the parks. And now, here you two are.”

“So, please explain the situation,” Cinderella said. “To the both of us.”

Blair described the possibility of a spell having been placed on a top Disney executive. She told them how their parents felt it important to remove the spell.

“Super important,” Eli said.

“The executive works in the Disney Studios in Burbank, California,” Blair said.

“If the Children of Light believe it’s important, it must be.” Cinderella’s eyes were wide and earnest as she said, “Would you do that for me, Fairy Godmother?”

“Remove a spell? Disenchant? Depends on the spellbinding,” FGM said. “Burbank is a good few thousand miles away. A long-distance disenchantment is

always difficult, even for a magical being with my abilities.” She giggled brightly. “You say this executive may have been enchanted despite the weekly testing for such things?”

“It appears that way,” Blair said.

“Well, I never believed in those tests anyway, to tell the truth.”

“Could you have her do it for our parents?” Blair asked Cinderella.

“Well?” Cinderella asked the fairy.

“I suppose there’s no harm in trying,” said Fairy Godmother. “Name and occupation, if you please.”

“Mr. Walter Wright,” Blair said. “I don’t know what exactly he does for—”

“It’s all good. Walter and I are old friends. My goodness. You say someone got to Walter?”

“It seems that way,” said Eli.

“What a bunch of gobbledygoop. Nonsensical senselessness. Walter’s the chieftain, the commander, the governor. Bad play, says I, to anyone spelling the boss. Should be off-limits.”

Eli and Blair looked to Cinderella, who smiled.

“Now, do not get crochety, if you please, Fairy

Godmother. These children have come here after closing, at some risk, I imagine.”

Fairy Godmother, resplendent in her pink cravat and white hair, removed her hooded cape. FGM raised her wand, mumbled something incoherent, and closed her eyes.

A man appeared—or at least the image of one. He wore a fine suit. His silver tie carried a subtle pattern of dozens of Mickey Mouse ears in black silhouette to where they were hard to recognize. His brown shoes were as shiny as a newly minted penny. The thing of it was, he was in a sitting position with no chair beneath him. His arm stretched forward, the fingers of his right hand pinched in a familiar grip, but there was no pen there. It took Eli a moment to realize the man was working at a desk.

FGM slowly opened her eyes. A slight smile overtook her face, signaling pride over her accomplishment. “Well, the old lady still has it,” she said, giggling again. “Who might have known?” She circled the wand. A blue shimmering light surrounded the man like an eggshell, and he the yolk. “My goodness, but it has been years since I have seen this enchantment.” She wasn’t

speaking to Eli or Blair or even Cinderella. Only to herself. “Which was it now?” She looked above as if summoning help or listening for a voice. “Fiddly-middly-timidly-two. Onezie, donezie, through and through.” She waved the wand and aimed its point toward the man’s image.

The blue glimmer dented like a giant bubble, not a shell at all. It did not break or pop. FGM did not look pleased.

“I am quite sure that was the one,” she said, her voice tighter and lower. She tried for a second time. “Fiddly-middly-timidly-two. Twozie, woozie, not for you.” The wand pointed. The bubble dented. Nothing. No change.

“Well, no great surprise,” she said. “Virtual spell-binding will never replace the real thing. I am afraid we must be in-person if I am to have so much as a smidgeon of success.”

“You have to see him?” Blair asked.

“Is that so difficult to arrange?” FGM inquired. “You both sound a bit put off by the notion.”

“It’s just—” Blair said. “He is a very long way away from here.”

“And he’s an important man,” Eli said.

“I am who I am, you know,” said Fairy Godmother. Cinderella stifled a laugh. “I must see him alone, you understand? This is not a stage show. It is years of training. It requires concentration. Focus. A modicum of privacy. I can travel at the flick of a wand from park to park by Fairy Light if that’s what Cindy wants. I could bring you two with me for that matter. But can the meeting be arranged? Yes or no? Because to be quite honest, the digestion suffers greatly at the moment. Sinuses, too.”

Blair said, “We can ask if something can be arranged.”

“Then ask—so long as it pleases you, Princess?” FGM looked at Cinderella.

“Yes, dearest Godmother, I wish for you to help these two. You will consider their requests, my requests. Should anything give you pause, a wink should do it. I’ll be with you in a flash, and we may discuss the matter. Do you find that an agreeable plan?”

“Most unusual, Princess, but not disagreeable.”

“I will leave it up to the three of you, then.” She addressed the two children. “You ask if the meeting can be arranged. It is not difficult for you to find the Fairy Godmother within the Magic Kingdom, so when you know the answer, seek her out. Wonderful meeting you

both. Do pass along my felicitations to your parents. I wish them well.”

“Uh . . . yes!” Eli said. “Of course!”

“Thank you! Thank you so much!” Blair said, once again curtsyng but this time with a wry smile curling her lips.

*Success!*