“We are all fairies”, a grandmother said, “and you'll open out your wings once”.

The girl was no more looking stubbornly to her granny; two tight braids stopped shaking indignantly.

Since the winter came, the girl spent all the days after school in that light room, where her grandmother, not only kind and wise, but also cozy and homelike, used to sew and tell long tales.

This time, however, the child couldn’t keep calm. From the doorstep she yelled she wanted to be a queen.

“Mary told me she’s a princess”, the girl shouted excitedly. “But I also can be!”

The old woman only shook her gray-haired head with a lock on it and went on needling. Upset, the girl stamped and ran to the table. In a few minutes an album sheet got covered with a drawing of a young lady wearing a crown and an evening gown. Then the grandmother passed her the sewing. It was a pair of wings.

The girl, paintbrush in her hand, lowered eyes. “I promise to be a good fairy”, she said quietly.