

The next installment of the Fairy Inspection Agency

By Jane Whiting

At 14 going on 15, Lillian has better things to do than look after her two younger brothers. But when she finds that her little brother Darwin has gone missing, Lillian begins to feel uneasy. Imagine her horror, when Lillian discovers Darwin inside a computer game, played by their 13-year-old brother Solomon!

Not all is as it seems in the quaint village of Derry Dell. Who else is missing and can the strange little person Gladly Yarble help? Sounds like a job for the Fairy Inspection Agency – don't you think?

To find out what's happening, you'll have to read the next installment of a new book, *The Fairy Inspection Agency*, written by Ann Gregory James.

In collaboration with James, *Capital Parent Newspaper* will be posting a new chapter of the book each month during 2009 at www.capitalparent.ca. Kids can visit the site monthly to download each new chapter. As well, they can chat directly with the author by logging on to The Fairy Inspection Agency blog at <http://thefairyinspectionagency.blogspot.com>.

Final details are still in the works, but James and *Capital Parent* will be inviting kids to enter a contest that will see the lucky winner designing artwork for the book. Of course, with only a chapter a month, it will take several months for contestants to form their mental picture of Derry Dell and its unusual residents. Some of the net proceeds from the eventual book sales will be donated to CHEO.

Take a peek at the beginning of the eleventh chapter and don't forget to go to www.capitalparent.ca to download all ten chapters. The author has already started writing Book Two – so go online with your thoughts and they may help shape the story of the next book:

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Everyone Gets Caught

“Do you have any idea where we are?” Martin wheezed as he trailed behind the Coach and Stink.

“Yes, yes absolutely!” Stink chimed as he flitted along the mine tunnel. His blinking Dewberry device was held out in front of him. “And we’re getting very close to my little beetle friend.”

“Good, maybe we could stop just up ahead and grab some water; it’s really warm in here.” The Coach slowed to take off his sweat-suit jacket and tie it around his waist. Underneath he had on a Budgie Hammers t-shirt. The t-shirt featured the bodies of budgies with various types of hammers – sledge hammers, tack hammers, and regular hammers - as their heads. The budgies were striking typical rockband poses.

“I had no idea you were a fan,” Martin said, smiling, obviously amused, as he caught up to the Coach.

“Yeah, I’ve known Din for years. This t-shirt was from their last road show.” The Coach was obviously proud of his piece of rock and roll memorabilia.

“Darn. Fairy feathers and Pixie pits!” Stink tinkled. He was further ahead in the tunnel than the Coach and Martin.

“What? What is it?” Said Martin and the Coach in unison as they hustled up to where Stink was standing.

“Pardon my language, but look!”

This article originally appeared in the November 2009 issue of Capital Parent Newspaper