

## **The final 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 final installment of a new book, *The Fairy Inspection Agency*, written by Ann Gregory James.

In collaboration with James, *Capital Parent Newspaper* has posted a new chapter of the book each month during 2009 at [www.capitalparent.ca](http://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 last chapter and don't forget to go to [www.capitalparent.ca](http://www.capitalparent.ca) to download all 12 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 TWELVE***

#### ***One Final Surprise***

Darwin awoke with a start. He sat bolt upright, trying to orient himself. "Oh yeah," he remembered, "I'm in the Old Pruitt house." He strained to see the far side of the large bedroom. Without his glasses it was almost impossible and the pre-dawn

light made it even more difficult. He could hear the distinctive song of a male cardinal. Aunt Ina had taught him that he was kind of telling other male cardinals to ‘buzz off’ this was his territory. Darwin sat for a few minutes trying to sort out in his mind the events of the last 36 hours. Then realizing that he was still exhausted, he slowly slumped back on the pillow and was almost asleep when he hit it.

Tap, tap, tap – there were three short knocks on Darwin’s door.

“Mister D, are you awake yet?” A voice said on the other side of the door. “I’ve brought up some breakfast for you.”

Darwin yawned and stretched. He rolled over on his left side and looked at the large, old-fashioned alarm clock on the side table. The black hands stood out clearly on the white face. “Eight-thirty,” said Darwin to himself, “I guess it’s time to get up.” He took one last snuggle under the blankets. “Boy,” he thought, “this is way better than that creepy cell I slept in last night. I wonder where Lillian and Solomon are. You’d think they’d have figured out I’m at the Old Pruitt house by now. And that Knock-Out Dolt guy, what a fart-brain.” Darwin continued snuggling under the very cozy down-filled comforter. “First he throws me in a cell and tells me all Corrigans are horrible and then the next morning he’s all sweet and nice, kind of like Lillian when she wants a favour, like cleaning Squeezer the cat’s litter box. It’s her cat, she should do it. Hey, thinking about farts, I wonder how she likes the new rings on her phone! Ha, that was so easy to do!” Darwin buried his face in the exquisitely soft pillow. “Now I can see why Solomon wants to sleep in all the time. This is really comfortable. The only thing he does better than sleeping is eating. Hey, I am hungry.”

“Mister D? I have breakfast for you.”

That finally got Darwin’s attention. He leapt out of bed and padded across to the door. “Wow, thanks Stan. This looks great,” he said as he opened the door.

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