



# irish edges

BY LEE RYDER

“Mollie Girl!” Da calls from the front of the small tin fishing shanty. “Time to be goin’, lass, or yer ma’ll be spittin’ embers.”

Mollie gets up, taking a last look at the little fairy house she’s been working on most of the afternoon. “Okay, little fairies, yer house is ready fer ye.” She calls smiling and patting down the ground in front of it. “Have a good night’s rest before ye paint tha leaves tomorrow.”