

The Tale of Pregnant Tinkerbelle

by Samantha Memi

Everyone was shocked when they heard Tinkerbelle was six days gone and had got so heavy she couldn't fly. Who could have done it, everyone asked, but Tinkerbelle wasn't telling. So no one knew.

That isn't true. I knew, and in this Declaration I swear I will tell the truth of the matter. Well, first let me tell you, Tinkerbelle was no virgin. I don't mean she was on the streets, strutting her stuff every night, that wasn't her way, but she's had more than a few fun partners in her life. I just want to make that clear: I'm not saying she was a slut, just that she was not a virgin — and her not married neither. Well, I don't know how to put this, but when she was doing — you know, the naughty — she couldn't do it lying down. Her wings got in the way. So she always did it doggie style. She preferred beetles who found wings sexy. But her favourite partner, was Gerald the grasshopper. While he was pumping away he'd stroke her wings gently. They'd regularly meet in the woods where they would give each other a good seeing to. But Gerald isn't the father of her unborn baby.

I know all this may seem a bit 'what's this got to do with the story' but I'm just setting the scene to let you know what Tinkerbelle was like. Most people think fairies are all sweetness and light, and Tinkerbelle could be like that, but she had a darker side. I think she was a bit bipolar. I remember once at a party, I was with my husband, we're very well regarded ladybirds in our local meadow, although he prefers to be called a Lady boy, which I think is a bit perverse, and Tinkerbelle was there, high on coke and smack and shagging everyone in sight. I'm sorry I have to use that word but that's what she was doing, and I have to tell the truth. She had no shame at all. And with everyone watching as well.

Anyway, the baby, yes, whose is it. Well, she'd had a row with Gerald, he couldn't get it up one day and she went berserk, called him every name under the sun. I mean, he's only a little grasshopper. So she stormed off and flew into the forest. Now, in the forest are a bunch of goblins and they can be so naughty. I know for certain they're at the centre of drug smuggling, money-laundering, prostitution with underage butterflies that a few hours before were still caterpillars. I mean these guys are disgusting. So they caught Tinkerbelle and gang raped her. When she came out of the forest she was shaking like a leaf in a hurricane. But that wasn't what got her pregnant, no, but I just wanted to point out that she could have escaped being treated like that. She could have avoided going into the forest in the first place which is what anyone sensible would have done. And even if she did go in the forest she could have avoided the goblins, then she would have been safe. I think she wanted to get gang banged to make Gerald jealous. That's what she was like.

Well I have to explain my reasons for writing this and telling the truth about the nature of Tinkerbelle and how she seduces insects no matter how low class they are. And that's what she did with my husband, I don't mean he's low class because he's not. He's from one of the best ladybird families around. But Tinkerbelle seduced him, she used her fairy wiles on him, and that's how she got pregnant. It wasn't his fault. You can see what sort of fairy she is. Her baby could be anybody's. It all happened when I was out for a fly around. She went to see my husband, drugged him and seduced him in order to have a ladybird baby. My poor husband — he was so shocked. If I could take her to the Fairy Court I would, but ladybirds aren't recognized, so I'll have to find some other way to show polite society what she is really like. And that's what I will do. Cheapskate harlot. As you have already observed from my honest and truthful account Tinkerbelle is no sweet 'honey wouldn't melt in my mouth' innocent little fairy. No. She would make the whore of Babylon blush, whereas my husband, well I can truthfully say that there has never been a more honest and upright insect ever. He couldn't break a rule or fly

in the face of custom. His weakness is to always want to help others in need. So obviously when Tinkerbelle had her way with him for — you know — the dirty thing — he was unable not to oblige and, in so doing, brought such disgrace on our family that I had to settle down and write a right and truthful chronicle of events for your most worshipful lordship judges of The Forest Court, so you would understand the predicament my hubby was in and not look upon him as a perv and banish him from Highbury Fields. All I want to do is clear our family name, and free my husband from malicious gossip. I bear no ill will against Tinkerbelle, even if she is a whore.

Written down by Alexander Beetle for the Forest Court (Petition no. 346TY782B2)

Signed X, for Samantha Memistopheles, Five Spot Ladybird of Lavender Meadow

Dated, 142/65/3024

