The worlds rarely collided. I was stuck between realms; the realm of humans and the realm of fairies.

I was the first of my kind, both a fairy and a human and I desired nothing more than to travel to the land of the fairies and live among them. I felt it was my right to do so, I felt constrained in the human world even though it was half of my heritage. How could I truly know who I was if I did not experience life as both a fairy and a human, for that is what I am; a duality, an anomaly to those around me. Of course, my parents were not the first to cross-breed, I’m just the only one who survived past the first year of life.

The fairies practiced rituals that I could not participate in.

Misconceptions about fairies in the human world were very amusing to me.

“This is who we are.”

Your father chose to stay in the human world for a reason. He felt more a part of their world than he felt a part of ours.