

FAIRY. Young man, take care.
A poor old woman has no teeth to spare.

NOBODY. I'm only practising.

FAIRY. Well, spare your blows,
(*Meaningly.*) Perhaps you'll want them for the Ogre's
nose.

TIM. (*Aside.*) The Ogre's nose! She knows the Ogre!
Pray

Ma'am who are you? Can you assist us? Say.

FAIRY. I am your fairy godmother.

TIM. How queer!

I didn't know I had one.

FAIRY. Yes, my dear.

I know your wish, the Princess you would gain,
But first of all the Ogre must be slain.

(*Produces big pair of goloshes from under cloak,
one with a great tear in it.*)

See the goloshes of your sire! You won't refuse,
I'm sure, to step into your father's shoes.

Once on, they'll take you off, a mile a minute.

TIM. They're rather old! (*shows rent*) A tear!

FAIRY. Well, you can pin it.

TIM. These venerable relics should, I think, be *sold*.

NOBODY. Well, Nobody will buy them. Come, Tim!

FAIRY. Hold!

Here, take this magic flute, which, when you play,
Sends all who listen fast asleep.

TIM. Hooray!

I see! When they're all fast asleep we'll fly.

FAIRY. Whatever happens, I shall be close by.
Don't be afraid; if he should wake, just call.