

A colorful illustration of a circus stage. In the center, a hand with a red and white striped sleeve balances on a sword. A woman with long blonde hair and a blue necklace is upside down, holding the hand. The stage is framed by red curtains and a gold archway. The background is white with black silhouettes of circus acts. A yellow box is at the bottom.

Precious Little wanted to fly

but she was only a circus-hand.  
She worked for the Light Fantastics.



Every night  
she watched them  
flash through the air.

They walked the high  
wire and did swan  
dives and double  
somersaults way  
up in the big top.

They were  
brave and  
strong and  
they never  
looked  
down.

Precious  
Little practised  
on the ground.

She did wonky  
cartwheels  
and fall-over  
handstands.  
'You'll have  
to do better  
than that,'  
they told  
her.

Precious Little had to sew stars on the Light Fantastic's costumes. She also cleaned their special shoes and sifted through the sawdust at the end of each show looking for lost sequins.

'Join us,' said Knots-R-U's. 'We'll teach you to be a contortionist.' 'Or us,' said Flambé and the Infernos. 'We'll have you eating fire.'





But Precious Little didn't want to eat fire or tie herself in knots. She drew a line on the ground and walked along it with her eyes shut.

'That's the way,' said her friends, Fat Chance and Tough Luck. Precious Little sighed. 'Do you think I'll ever fly?' she asked. 'Who knows?' said Tough. 'Keep trying. You're a star to us.'