

**Travis the Tent Book Series**



# **The Purple Pixie**

**by Sarah Tirri & Sally Gee**

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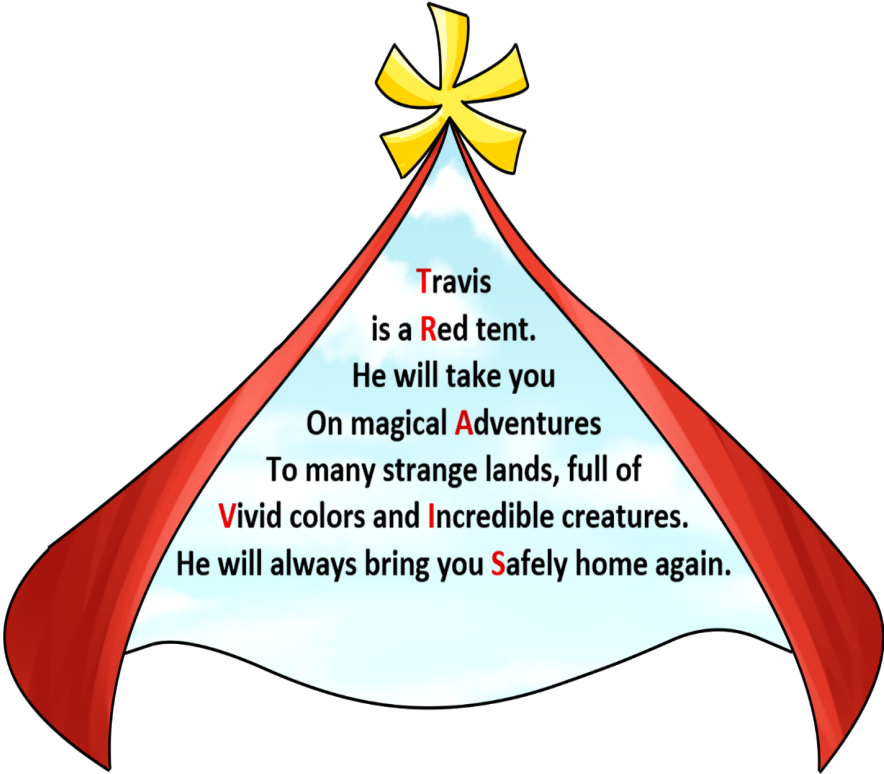
Artwork: [yago.soaresart@gmail.com](mailto:yago.soaresart@gmail.com)

Cover: Riman Ramli Contact: [Rimanramli89@gmail.com](mailto:Rimanramli89@gmail.com)

Layout & Design: Sally Gee & Aster

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Travis  
is a Red tent.  
He will take you  
On magical Adventures  
To many strange lands, full of  
Vivid colors and Incredible creatures.  
He will always bring you Safely home again.

# The Purple Pixie

Travis the Tent was a magic tent. Someone had given Joey the tent at his birthday party, but he couldn't remember who, and neither could his mom – who hadn't been able to send a thank you note.

Joey, his older brother, Charlie, and his younger sister, Samantha, liked to sleep in Travis on Friday nights. Their mom agreed – but *only* if the children had done *all* their homework and eaten *all* their vegetables.

“Goodnight my darlings, I love you,” Mom called, as the children ran to their tent. “Sleep well.”

“We will,” said the children. “Love you too, Mom.”

Charlie zipped up the tent. The tent shook, and then it stopped. Joey needed to get a drink of water from the kitchen. He unzipped the tent and looked outside.

He wasn't at home anymore. No. He was in a Strange Land.

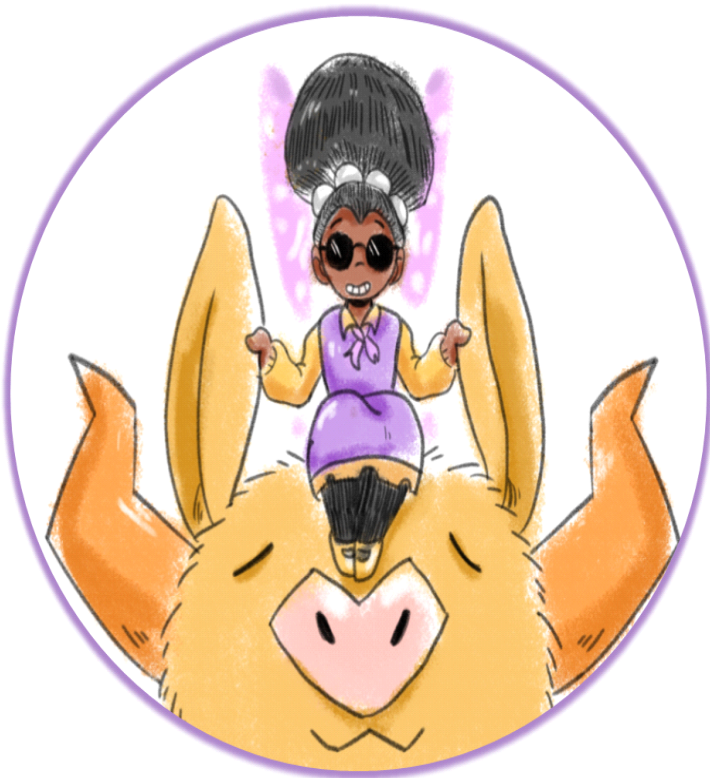
“Charlie,” he said in a quiet voice, “come here.”

Charlie climbed out of the tent, followed by Samantha. The children looked around and could not believe their eyes.

“Look at *that!*” said Joey, wide-eyed.

Samantha grabbed Charlie’s hand and stood *very* close to him.

The three children were in the middle of a field. Standing several feet away, staring straight at them, was a cow. On the cow’s head, between her ears, was a purple pixie.



The children walked slowly towards the cow and the purple pixie called, “Hi!”



She then gave them a cheery wave. “My name is Purpella and this is my cow; her name is Cowoline.”

“Nice to meet you,” said Joey politely, even though he was a bit scared. “Why are you standing on that cow’s head?”

“So I can see everything.”

“Oh. Are you friendly?” asked Joey.

“Sure, I’m friendly. I’m *very* friendly.”

Joey looked at his brother and sister and shrugged.

“Okay. Prove it.”

“Well,” said the purple pixie, stroking the cow’s silky ear, “I can give you anything you wish for. Anything at all.”

Joey grinned. He could have *anything* he wanted?

“Are you serious? Can you really ...”

Before Joey could finish his sentence, Samantha butted in:

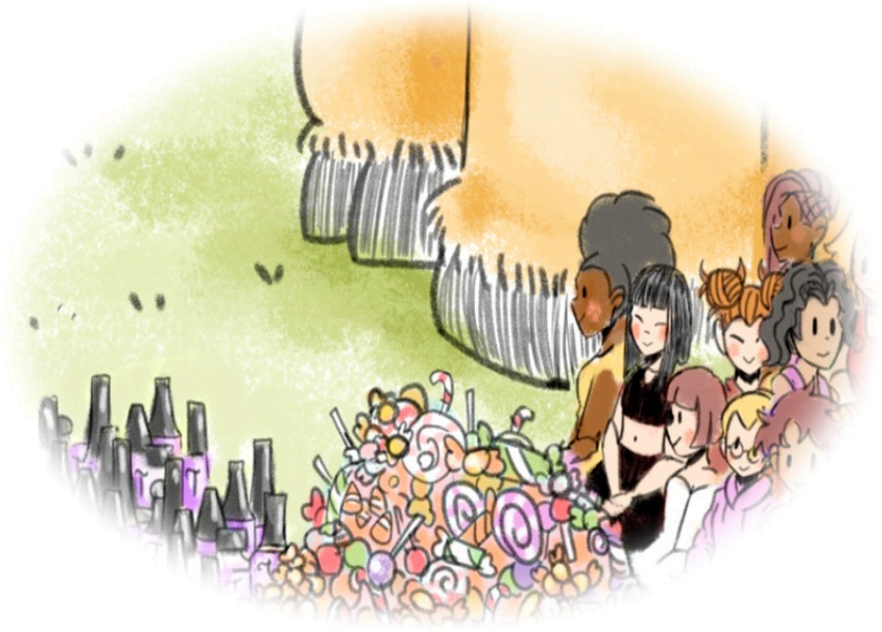
“Well, here’s *my* list. I wish for a hundred dolls, all different, with different outfits and different colored hair. I wish for a hundred bottles of purple nail polish!”

She had forgotten that she had been scared and was now very excited. “And candy, lots of candy – and *no* Joey, I am *not* going to share it with you.”

“Well, I don’t want your candy, thank you,” responded Joey. “I prefer vegetables.”

“No you don’t! You hate vegetables. You dumped them in the trash when you thought mom wasn’t looking. *You’re* the reason we have to eat our vegetables before we get to sleep in Travis. You wait, we’ll be eating brussel sprouts soon.”

Suddenly the purple pixie clicked her fingers, and right there in front of the cow *everything* Samantha had wished for appeared out of nowhere.



Samantha gasped, then jumped up and down, clapping her hands. She picked up one of her new dolls and kissed it, and then she began to count the nail polish – just to make sure there were a hundred bottles. She secretly wished she had asked for *two hundred*.

Joey did not waste any more time. “I want a BIG castle to live in, with a moat and a drawbridge and twenty horses.”



As soon as he had said that, the purple pixie clicked her fingers and everything Joey wished for magically appeared.

Joey gasped, and then jumped up and down, giving high fives to his brother.

The children watched with open mouths as twenty horses charged out of the castle.



The horses ran towards the children and stood very still, keeping a close eye on the cow.

“This is awesome!” cried Joey, “That’s *my* castle and I’m going to live in it! And those are *my* horses and I’m going to ride each one of them!”

“Really, Joey?” said Charlie. “You are going to live in that castle by yourself? What am I going to tell Mom?”

Joey rolled his eyeballs and said, “Well, tell her that *she* can come and live here too, and Dad. And you. And Sam ... antha ... uh ... if she shares her candy.”



Samantha laughed at her brother, who could be really funny sometimes. She then said, excitedly, “Charlie, you have a wish. It’s *your* turn. What are *you* gonna to wish for?”

“Yeah, Charlie,” said Joey, “What are *you* going to wish for?”

The purple pixie looked at Charlie and said, “It’s your turn. Choose carefully. What *are* you going to wish for?”

Charlie scratched his head, which he often did when he was deep in thought. He could have *anything* he wished for and it would magically appear – just as it had for Samantha and Joey. But if it had appeared so easily, maybe it would disappear just as fast?

Charlie thought long and hard; he felt everyone’s eyes on him.

“Come on Charlie,” said Joey. “Are you going to wish for some horses too? Or maybe an elephant – or a bear!”

“Wait a minute Joey, I have some more thinking to do,” Charlie said.

“Why don’t you wish for Mom and Dad to come here?” Samantha said.

“Oh, that’s dumb,” said Joey. “They’d need our tent to get here.”

Charlie frowned. Supposing their mom and dad did really come to this Strange Land? What then? Would they ever be able to get back home again?

Charlie felt homesick. He liked his life back home – but he also loved having adventures. Then he suddenly thought of a *really brilliant* wish, and he said:

“I wish to have lots of adventures with Travis the Tent and my brother and sister. We can be a bit scared sometimes, but *nothing* can *ever* hurt us. And Travis *has* to bring us home after every adventure – that’s really important.”

“Wow,” gushed Joey, “that’s awesome, Charlie!”

Samantha said, “Yeah, awesome,” though she secretly didn’t like the bit about being scared.

The purple pixie smiled. “You chose wisely, Charlie.”

“Thank you,” said Charlie, beaming.



“Well, it’s been really great meeting you charming little people,” said the purple pixie. “I hope you have lots of fun in the Strange Lands.”

“Oh yeah!” cried Joey. “Watch this.”

Charlie and Samantha watched their brother run over

to one of his new horses. The horse immediately knelt.

“Thank you, horsey!” laughed Joey, leaping on its back. And then, forgetting all about the purple pixie and her cow, and even Charlie and Samantha, he jiggled the reins and said, “Let’s go for a ride. Giddy-up!”

The horse neighed, and then turned towards the castle, heading straight for the drawbridge. Joey gripped the reins and held on with his knees as the horse galloped off.

Charlie and Samantha watched their brother gallop away and thought it would be fun to follow him, when the purple pixie spoke again:

“Well, I gotta go. I have to take my dog for a walk and put a casserole in the oven. Byeeee.”

Then the purple pixie and her cow, vanished into thin air, but all the things Samantha had wished for – her dolls, her purple nail polish, and her candy – were still there.

Samantha walked over to her pile of candy, picked up a barley sugar, undid the orange wrapper and put it in her mouth. She handed one to Charlie, who did the same.

They could see Joey in the distance, a tiny speck on the horizon, and they heard him going, “Yee-haw! Yee haw!”

Joey looked over his shoulder and could not see Charlie, or Samantha – or the cow, or the pixie. He could only see the turrets of his castle. Suddenly scared that he would get lost in this Strange Land, Joey turned his horse around and galloped back to his brother and sister.



Still munching their candy, they watched Joey get off his horse. The horse ran away to join the others.

Joey said, “Where did the cow go? And the purple pixie?”

“They vanished,” said Charlie, with a shrug. “Let’s go home.”

“I can get all my stuff in the tent,” said Samantha, smugly. “What about you, Joey?”

“I ... er ... I’ll have to leave the castle here for my next visit – but I can take my horse home,” said Joey, with a smug grin.

“Really? How are you going to do that?”

“Duh! He can go in the tent of course.”

“And then what?” asked Charlie.

“I’ll keep him in the field next to our house. There’s plenty of grass for him to eat.”

Joey grinned. Charlie grinned. Then Samantha grinned.

“Sounds like a plan,” said Charlie.

“Yee-haw!” cried Joey.

The children ran over to where the horses were standing.

“Which one shall we take, Joey?” asked Samantha.

“We?” said Joey. “It’s *my horse* – remember?”

Samantha rolled her eyes.

Then, one of the horses strolled towards Joey, tossing its head and neighing softly.

“That’s the one I rode,” said Joey. “Here, horsey.”

The horse stood in front of Joey and let Joey stroke his mane.

“See that? He likes me.”

“Why don’t you give him some barley sugar?” suggested Samantha. “Horses like sugar cubes, don’t they, so maybe they like candy?”

The horse whinnied hopefully.

“Okay,” said Joey. “Thanks Samantha.”

Samantha unwrapped a barley sugar and gave it to Joey, who fed it to the horse.

The horse crunched noisily.

“Right,” said Charlie. “Let’s get him into Travis, then we can figure out how to move him into the field without Mom seeing.”

“Easy peasy!” laughed Joey.



But he was wrong. Moving the horse was *not* easy peasy. The horse did not want to budge. The children heaved and pushed with all their might, but the horse would not go inside the tent.

The purple pixie reappeared with her cow and laughed at them.

“Quick,” said Joey, out of breath, “give him some more barley sugar.”

“Ooh,” said Samantha, “that’s *my* barley sugar – remember?”

“Come on, one more try,” panted Charlie.

They heaved and pushed with all their might but still the horse would not budge.





Finally, he turned around and stood in the entrance of the tent. He wasn't going anywhere.

The purple pixie laughed and laughed, and the cow stared.

“What, *you* again?” said Joey.

“Yep, me again,” said the purple pixie. “I came back because I need to tell you something.”

“What’s that?” asked Charlie.

The purple pixie smiled. “This adventure is over but always remember, there are *plenty* more Strange Lands waiting for you to visit next time you zip up that zipper!”

And with that, everything that Samantha and Joey had wished for disappeared – the castle, the horses, the dolls, the candy and the nail polish – along with the purple pixie and her cow.



The children looked at each other and started laughing. “This is one Strange Land,” said Joey.

“Yes,” giggled Samantha. “I’m sure that cow *winked* at me!”

“No way!” laughed her brothers.

Then Joey asked, “What was that pixie’s name? I can’t remember.”

Charlie scratched his head. “Me neither.”

They both looked at Samantha. “Sorry,” she said. “I can’t remember, either.”

“Ah!” cried Joey. “I’m *really* going to miss that horse.”



“Aw sorry,” said Charlie “We tried to get him in the tent – but I guess he wanted to stay here.”

Samantha looked miserable.

“All those dolls, and all that candy, and all those bottles of nail polish – *gone*. It’ll take *ages* to get all that back.”

Charlie grinned. “I know, but this was one of the best adventures we’ve ever been on in our lives, nail polish, or no nail polish. Come on guys, I’m exhausted.”

“Me too,” said Joey and Samantha at the same time.

The three children walked back to their tent and tumbled back inside.

Charlie zipped up the tent. The tent shook, and then it stopped. Slowly, Samantha unzipped the tent and looked outside.

“Wow!” said Samantha.

“Cool!” said Joey.

“Home,” smiled Charlie.

Mom came over when she heard them shouting, and said, “Guys! It’s time you were asleep!”

“But *Mom!*” they all said at once, and tried to explain how Joey had unzipped the tent to get a drink of



water, and how they had found themselves in a Strange Land, and ...

“Enough!” said Mom. “Enough. I know it’s fun using your imagination, but it’s sleep time.”

“But *Mom!*” they all cried.

“Sleep time, guys,” Mom smiled. “Goodnight, sweet dreams.”

Charlie, Joey and Samantha lay down quietly. They knew their mom did not believe them - but *they* knew it was real – very, *very* real.

Samantha had a bottle of nail polish to prove it.

The children



slept soundly.