



Stella AND THE
Night Sprites
Knit-Knotters

By Sam Hay
Illustrated by Turine Tran

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For Alice and Archie, my own wee Sprites, who always see the magic in everything. - SH
For Emily. - TT

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Summary: Stella discovers that her new glasses are magic, allowing her to see the knit-knotters — night sprites that are flitting around town tying knots in children’s hair so they need haircuts — and when a conversation with one of them, Trixie, reveals the reason, Stella comes up with a plan to deal with the mischievous fairies.

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New Look

The bell above the door jangled as Stella and her mom stepped inside.

Stella tried to feel brave. But her tummy was doing somersaults.

This was Stella's second trip to the eyeglass shop. A few days ago, Dr. Bruce had done Stella's eye exam. She had made it really fun.

First, she'd asked Stella to read letters on a chart. The letters started **BIG** then got really small.

Next, Dr. Bruce had given her a pair of red-and-green glasses to wear. They made a few of the letters go *blurry*.

Then Stella had tried on a thick pair of glasses with lots of different lenses.

Some lenses made everything **wonky**.

Others made everything clear. Really clear.

So it wasn't the eye doctor Stella was worried about. Secretly, it had felt good to see better. But Stella wasn't sure she wanted glasses. Not even the pretty purply-pink ones that she had picked out with her mom.



“Hi, Stella,” said Dr. Bruce from the back of the shop. “I’m finishing up with another customer. Here are your glasses.” She gave Stella a hard purple box. “Take a look. I’ll be back soon to make sure they fit.”

Stella held the box in her hands. She felt too nervous to open it.



Mom looked at the clock. “While you’re waiting, I’ll go next door to make you an appointment at the new hair salon.” Mom ruffled Stella’s hair. “Too long. And too full of tangles!”

“Tangles?” Stella ran her fingers through her hair. Or at least she tried to. “Ow!” She winced. Mom was right. It was super-knotty.



Stella frowned. “But, Mom—” she began, a bubble of worry growing in her tummy.

Her mom was already out the door.

Stella stared at the hard box in her hands. *If I get glasses, she thought, AND new hair, no one—not even my own family—will know it’s me!*