



“It looks like another magical morning, Kirsty,” Rachel Walker said, gazing out the window of Daffodil Cottage. Even though it was still early, the sun was already shining. Rainspell Island looked green and beautiful with the morning light glimmering on the sea.





“Are you talking about the weather or our adventures with the Magical Crafts Fairies?” Kirsty Tate asked, her eyes twinkling. They’d arrived on Rainspell Island two days earlier and the girls were spending every other night in Kirsty’s little attic bedroom at the b and b with the Tates, and alternate nights with Rachel’s parents at a nearby campsite. The girls loved going to Rainspell Island for vacation because it was where they’d first met and become friends with the fairies.

“Both!” Rachel replied. Then she sighed. “Wasn’t it mean of Jack Frost to steal the Magical Craft Fairies’ objects?”

Kirsty nodded. “It was terrible,” she agreed, “especially with Crafts Week here on Rainspell *and* Magical Crafts

