

Special thanks to Tracey West

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Rita
the Frog Princess
Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

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“There are so many fairy tales in the world,” Rachel Walker said. “Do you think we’ll ever read them all?”

“I’m going to try!” promised her best friend, Kirsty Tate. “And I’m excited to hear a new one today!”

The girls were walking to the garden at Tiptop Castle. They were there for the





Fairy Tale Festival. Every day, the organizers had fun fairy tale themed activities for the guests to do.

Both Rachel and Kirsty loved fairy tales—and fairies, too! They had first met each other—and real fairies—on Rainspell Island. They had been best friends ever since.

“Look, there’s the storyteller!” said Kirsty, pointing.

A woman in a long, pale-yellow dress stood in the middle of the garden. She had dark, curly hair with a white flower in it and a frog puppet on





her hand. Rose bushes in bloom with tiny pink blossoms surrounded her. Colorful butterflies danced on the flowers.

Rachel sighed happily. “This whole place is so magical!”

The girls sat in white chairs set up in the garden for Fairy Tale Time. The other kids there for the festival looked just as excited as they were to hear the storyteller.

“I just thought of something,” Rachel whispered into Kirsty’s ear. “Jack Frost stole the magic objects from the seven Fairy Tale Fairies. He wants to be the star of every fairy tale. Does that mean that he’ll be in the storyteller’s fairy tale?”

“I didn’t think of that,” said Kirsty. “We’ll see, I guess.” She shrugged.

