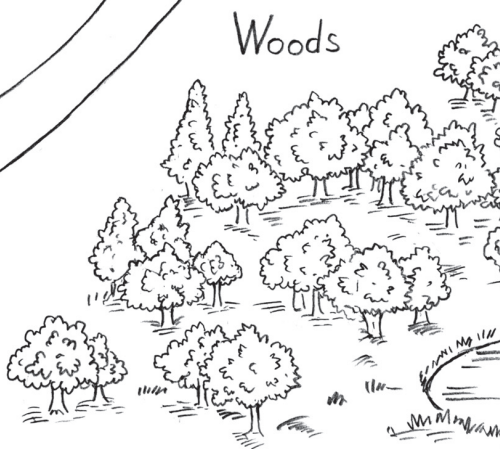




# Skylee the Fireworks Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

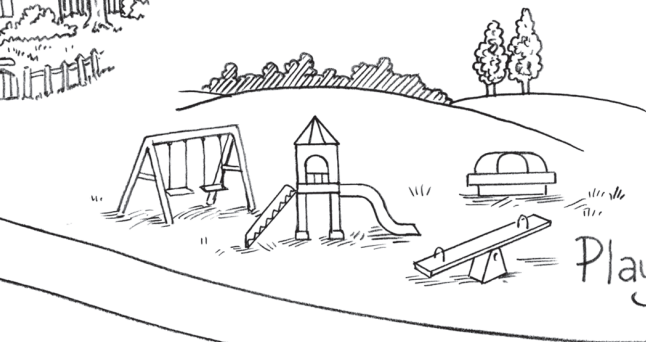
SCHOLASTIC INC.



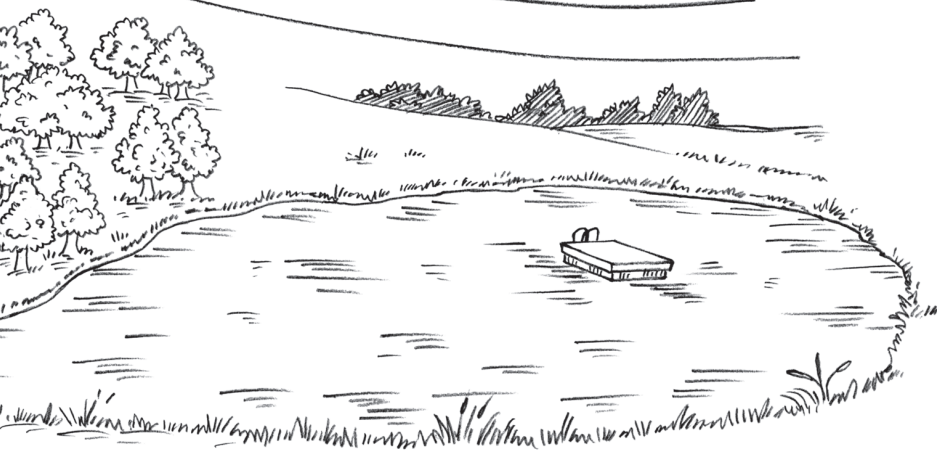
Cottage



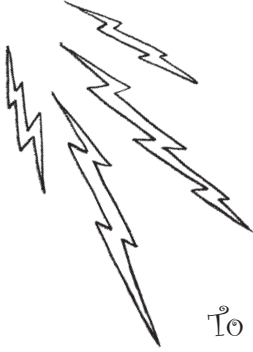
Jack Frost's  
Ice Castle



Playground



Honeydown Lake



Everyone likes to get away,  
To escape for a vacation or holiday.  
They go to a place that is sweet.  
They take it easy, have a well-earned treat.

But I, Jack Frost, work day in and day out.  
It's enough to make a dark wizard pout.  
Evil magic is not always easy for me.  
I want to relax and be leisurely.

I'll ruin people's customs and the joy will be mine.  
Then I'll take a vacation and life will be fine.  
I won't stop until the fairies all see,  
That no one deserves a break more than me, me, me!

**Find the hidden letters in the stars throughout  
this book. Unscramble all 9 letters to spell a  
special fireworks word!**



# Cupcake Catastrophe







Cross Your Fingers 1

*BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!* 13

The Missing Magic 25

Cupcake Crazy 35

Super Delicious 45







# Cross Your Fingers



“Quick! Cross your fingers,” Kirsty Tate declared. She gave her best friend, Rachel Walker, a meaningful glance. They were sitting in the backseat of the Tates’ family minivan. “You don’t want to jinx it.”

Rachel nodded and they latched their fingers together. She knew Kirsty was





right. Just because the two friends were going away together did not mean that they would get to have a fairy adventure. It was true that Rachel and Kirsty had been very lucky on vacations in the past. Together, they had shared a lot of fairy fun! Ever since they first met each other on Rainspell Island, they had met all kinds of fabulous fairies. They were even friends with Queen Titania and King Oberon, the kind and wise rulers of Fairyland. The queen and king often asked Kirsty and Rachel for help when things went wrong in the magical realm.

“All crossed,” Rachel said with a smile, thinking about how fun it would be to meet a new fairy on their trip to see Kirsty’s grandparents. “I know it’s never a sure thing, but we can always hope.”





“Hope for what?” Mrs. Tate asked from the front seat of the car.

Rachel and Kirsty looked at each other again.

“You know, Mom,” Kirsty answered. “We’re just hoping for good weather while we’re staying with Gran and Gramps.”

Even though Kirsty and Rachel had helped all kinds of amazing fairies, they couldn’t tell anyone about them. Kirsty didn’t like to keep the truth from her parents, but the safety of Fairyland depended on it staying a secret.

Both girls were hoping to make new fairy friends, but there were lots of other





reasons to be excited for their upcoming stay with Kirsty's grandparents. First of all, it was a chance for the girls to be together. They were best friends, but they did not live in the same town or go to the same school. Also, the town of Honeydown, where Kirsty's grandparents had a country cottage, was a fascinating place with a lot of interesting history.

"Even if the weather isn't great, there are still lots of fun things to do," Kirsty's mom assured the girls. "I could spend

days in the Fireworks  
Factory Museum."

"Mom, you  
could spend days  
in any museum,"

Kirsty replied  
with a loving smirk,





“but that one is pretty cool. There was a famous old fireworks designer who lived in Honeydown, and the town turned his old workshop and factory into a museum,” Kirsty explained to Rachel.

“Oh! I love fireworks,” Rachel said. “I love the booming sound and the way the explosions vibrate in your stomach. And I love all the dazzling colors and shapes.”

“Well, Rachel,” Mr. Tate said, “this will be a real treat for you, because the town’s birthday is this week, and there is a ton of stuff planned. There will be a cupcake social, a parade, and then a huge fireworks display on the last night.”

“I can’t wait!” Rachel exclaimed.

Mrs. Tate turned around and looked at them from the front seat. “You two will





have a wonderful time. I wish we could stay the whole week, but Gran and Gramps will take good care of you.”

“You’ll be back for the fireworks, won’t you?” Kirsty asked.



“We wouldn’t miss it,” Mr. Tate promised. “I remember the Honeydown fireworks from when I was a kid. They’re the best!”

The next thing they knew, everyone was piling out of the Tates’ minivan and heading to the door of a beautiful cottage. There was a walkway with large stepping-stones, and an ivy-covered arch over the doorway. The roof was even covered in grass! Rachel couldn’t help





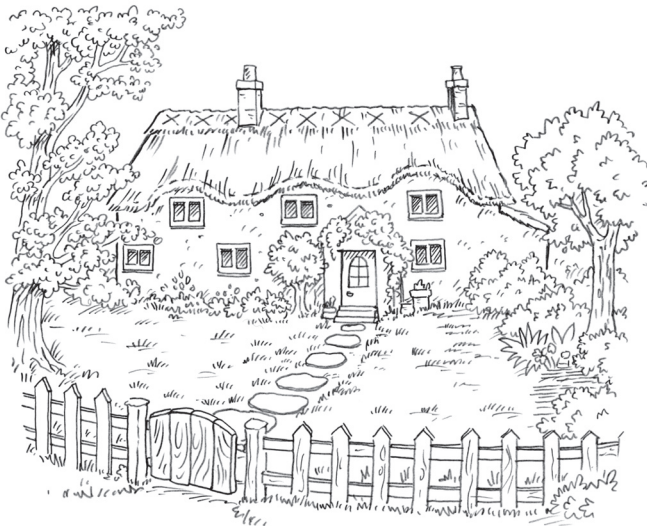
but think that it looked like something straight out of Fairyland. She was so excited to be there, it was as if tiny fireworks were going off inside her brain!

Then, as soon as she closed her car door, she thought she heard a real firework. Very tiny, but very real.

“Did you hear that?” Rachel asked Kirsty, looking around.

Kirsty shook her head.

“It sounded like a firework,” Rachel whispered.





“They might be testing some, before the big celebration this weekend,” Kirsty explained. She didn’t seem to think it was a big deal.

Rachel nodded, but she didn’t think that was it. The noise had not sounded like a large firework. It had sounded small, but very close. Something about it gave her goose bumps.

“Well, hello!” Gran and Gramps called from the open door.

“Welcome!” They waved, their faces creased with bright smiles.

As Rachel went to greet Kirsty’s grandparents, she convinced herself







that her ears were playing tricks on her. After all, she hadn't been able to get her mind off of fairies all morning.

Kirsty's grandparents led everyone inside. They had laid out a lunch of turkey sandwiches and potato salad, with chocolate cake for dessert.

After lunch, Rachel fiddled with her napkin, distracted. She had heard tiny explosions all through lunch. She was having a hard time concentrating, and Gran and Gramps kept asking her lots of questions.

"We are thrilled to be sharing this special week with you girls," Gramps said as he dished out some extra-tall pieces of triple-chocolate cake.

"None for me, thank you," Rachel





said. “The lunch was delicious, and I’m full right now.”

Kirsty looked at her friend, concerned. Rachel had a faraway look in her eyes. Kirsty was confused. It wasn’t like Rachel to turn down dessert! They both



loved tasty treats, especially after a healthy meal.

“Could we please be excused?” Kirsty asked, glancing from her grandparents to

her parents. “We still need to bring in our suitcases, and I’d love to show Rachel where we’ll be sleeping.”





“No cake for you, either?” Gramps asked, looking disappointed. “It’s our favorite family recipe.”

“Maybe we could have some this afternoon? It will taste especially good after we get settled in,” Kirsty said. She absolutely loved chocolate cake, but she had a feeling she and Rachel should have a talk, in private.

“Of course, dear,” Gran said with a sweet smile. “We’re about to talk about lots of people you don’t know, anyway. You know, adult stuff.”

“Thank you,” Kirsty said, scooting out her chair. She tapped Rachel on the shoulder, and Rachel also scooted back. “We’ll be outside.”

“Don’t go too far,” Mrs. Tate called





after they'd left the room. "Your dad and I will have to head back before too long."

"We won't," Kirsty assured her mom, but then Rachel grabbed her hand, tugged her through the door, and ran toward the garden at full speed.

