A gift from the fairies to Lois Burrows

Special thanks to Mandy Archer

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Lacey the Little Mernaid Fairy

by Daisy Meadows



"I'm sure it's this way," said Rachel Walker, pointing to a twisty stone staircase. She lifted a rolled-up banner onto her shoulder and began to tiptoe down the steps.

Kirsty Tate followed behind her best friend. In her arms she was carrying a large cardboard box.



"This must be the east tower," she decided, stopping to peek out of an arched window. Rachel paused to look, too. From where they were standing the girls had a perfect view of Tiptop Castle's courtyard.

Kirsty beamed—it was like a scene from a fairy tale! A fountain carved in the shape of a shell bubbled merrily





in the middle and sweet-smelling pink roses curled up the columns around the sides. She wouldn't have been surprised to glimpse a royal princess wandering along the walkways or a knight ride in on a glossy white horse.

"What a magical place," declared Rachel. "We're so lucky to be staying here!"

