

# DRAGON GIRLS

**Rosie the Twilight Dragon**

**by Maddy Mara**

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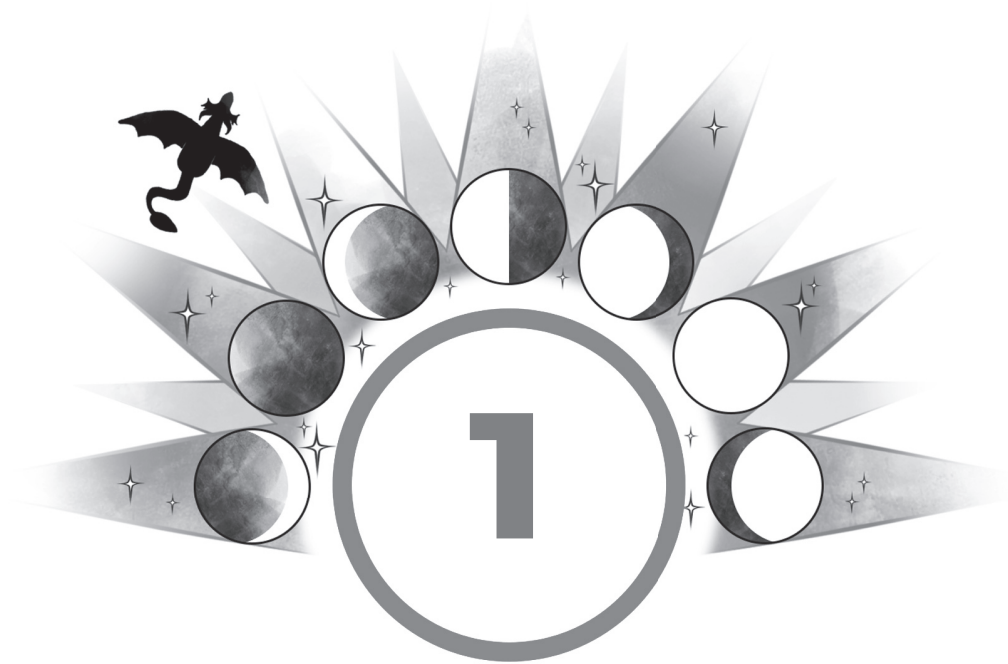
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Rosie rolled out her sleeping bag. The best night of the week had arrived—Friday night was Sleepover Club for Rosie and her best friends, Phoebe and Stella. Rosie woke up every Friday with a quivery feeling bubbling away in her stomach. And the happy bubbles just grew and

grew throughout the day. On Sleepover Club nights, anything felt possible.

Today that feeling had been even stronger than usual. Rosie wasn't sure why. She just felt certain that something special was going to happen tonight. It was like the time her friends had thrown a surprise midnight feast for her birthday.

But it wasn't anyone's birthday now. So why was she feeling so excited?

Rosie often found it hard to concentrate at school, but today had been extra hard. She kept thinking about how fun it was going to be tonight. The girls usually baked cookies, and often Rosie would make up a silly bedtime story.

Tonight's sleepover was at Phoebe's house. They stayed at Phoebe's house more often than at Rosie's or Stella's. Phoebe sometimes got homesick, even at friends' houses. So she preferred to be the host. That was fine with Rosie. She loved sleeping at Phoebe's!

Phoebe's family room had a big window with a seat, facing west. The three friends often sat in the window seat, loaded up with bowls of snacks, and watched the sun set. They called it "twilight TV."

Rosie loved watching the sky turn pink, purple, and orange before fading into the rich blues of evening. Her favorite sunsets were when puffy clouds sat low on the horizon. She



often daydreamed about chasing beams of sunlight, or bouncing from cloud to cloud.

“Rosie!” called Phoebe from the family room. “It’s almost twilight TV time! Are you coming?”

“Oops, I got distracted!” Rosie called back. “I’ll be there in a minute!”

This happened a lot. Rosie would be doing one thing, but then her mind would wander off and she would forget all about what she was supposed to be doing. She hadn’t planned

to set up her sleeping bag right now. She had been heading to the bathroom to wash her hands!

Rosie glanced outside. There was just the faintest trace of pink in the sky. She jumped up. Twilight was always gone so quickly. She would have to hurry! The bathroom was near Phoebe's bedroom. Rosie liked the bathroom at Phoebe's. It had a soft white mat on the floor and it was filled with plants, including a fern in a macramé pot hanger Phoebe had made herself.

Rosie turned on the taps and picked up the fancy bar of soap resting on the side of the sink. At her house they only had boring, unscented liquid soap. She much preferred the fancy, sweet

smelling soap at Phoebe's. It smelled like roses and floated on the water like bubbly clouds.

Rosie looked at the soapy clouds dreamily. Imagine if clouds really did smell like roses! She trailed her finger through the water. And imagine if you could fly around them, like a bird!

As she was daydreaming, Rosie heard a strange sound. It was some sort of song. She had never heard anything so beautiful.

*Magic Forest, Magic Forest, come explore ...*

The voice was very soft and sweet.

“Phoebe? Stella? Is that you?” she called.

No one replied. Maybe it was Phoebe's mom?



But Rosie knew it wasn't her, either. The voice was somehow familiar and completely new at the same time.

*Magic Forest, Magic Forest, come explore . . .*

The singing was getting louder. It seemed to be coming from the bubbles in the sink. But that was impossible, right? Rosie looked carefully at the water and noticed something very strange. The pink, foamy soap clouds were getting bigger and puffier.

Then they began to rise up out of the sink!

Rosie glanced around the bathroom. The potted plants were growing bigger, too. Soon they

looked more like trees. Rosie's heart began to beat double time. The fizzy feeling in her stomach had been right! Something very special WAS happening.

As the soapy clouds floated into the air, they grew and stretched. The air filled with that delicious rose smell. And even though it was impossible, Rosie was sure she could feel a gentle breeze. She could hear a new line to the song, too.

*Magic Forest, Magic Forest, hear my roar!*

Rosie did feel like roaring. With excitement! The bathroom was filled with swirling pink

clouds. They were so thick that she could not see the bathroom walls. The breeze grew stronger, and the smell of raspberries mixed with the rose scent.

Rosie closed her eyes and stretched out her arms. The breeze wrapped around her, lifting her up into the air and spinning her around. Rosie laughed. It felt a bit like flying! A moment later, the breeze returned her to the ground.

The clouds were still thick, but one thing was very clear. Rosie was no longer in Phoebe's bathroom. But where exactly was she?