



Julia the Sleeping Beauty Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

SCHOLASTIC INC.

To Tabitha, Verity, and Thalia, from the fairies

Special thanks to Rachel Elliot

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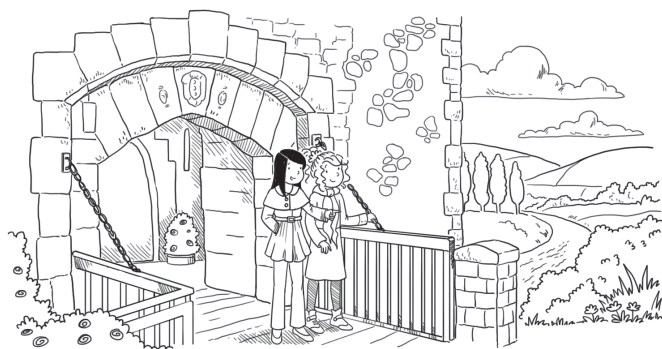
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Rachel Walker rested her hand on the drawbridge chain of Tiptop Castle and looked down at the moat below. Her best friend, Kirsty Tate, was standing beside her, gazing at the green lawns and flower gardens that surrounded the castle. They had paused halfway across the drawbridge to admire the view.





“I feel like a princess standing here,” said Kirsty in a dreamy voice. “It’s just like something out of a fairy tale!”

“We’re so lucky to be able to stay here for the Fairy Tale Festival,” said Rachel, as the spring breeze ruffled her blond hair.

It was spring vacation, and Kirsty was staying with Rachel for a very special reason. Tiptop Castle was a beautiful old castle on the edge of Tippington, and this year it was hosting the famous Fairy Tale Festival.

“I can’t wait to see all the people dressed up as fairies and fairy tale characters,” said Kirsty.

“I wonder if we’ll meet any *real* fairies,” said Rachel.

The girls shared a happy smile. They





had been friends of the fairies ever since they met on Rainspell Island, and had shared many amazing adventures.

“Come on,” Kirsty said. “Let’s go inside.”

The castle gatehouse was decorated with twinkling white lights. Inside was a festival organizer dressed as Puss-in-Boots. He waved his paw at Kirsty and Rachel, and then stroked his whiskers.

“Welcome to Tiptop Castle!” he said in a deep voice. “What are your names?”

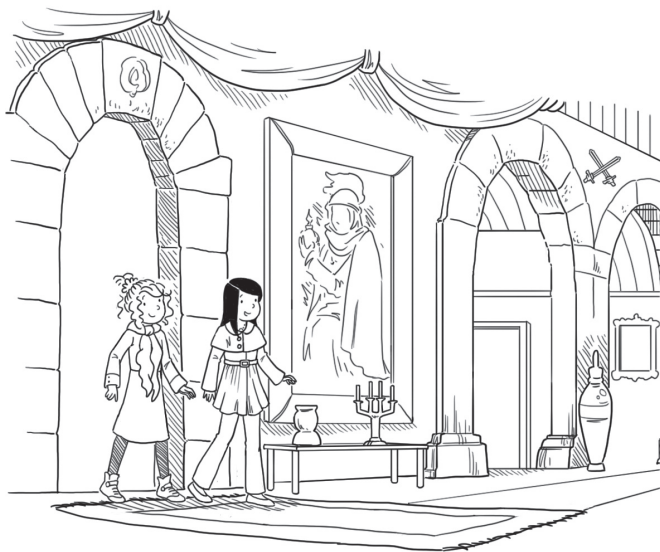




The girls told him, and he checked them off on his list. Then he gave them a big smile.

“Please enter the castle and explore with the other children until lunchtime,” he said. “You can go anywhere you like and look at everything. Have fun!”

“This is going to be amazing!” said Rachel, hurrying inside and gazing around the large entrance hall.

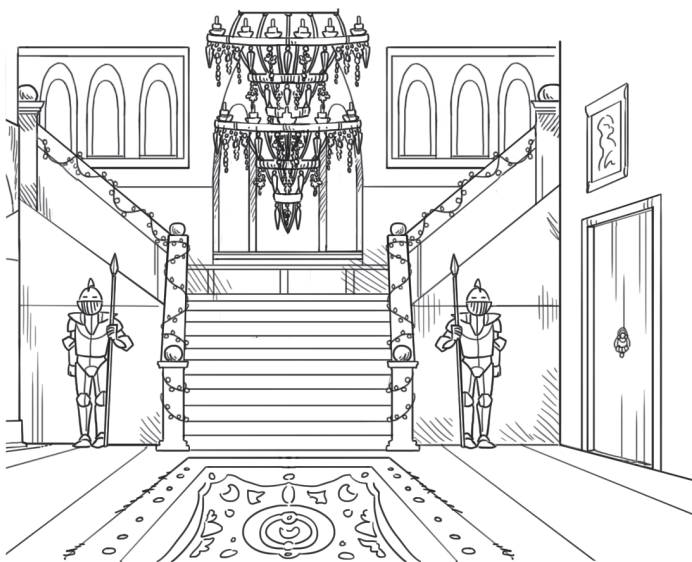




A chandelier hung from the ceiling, glittering with dangling crystals. More twinkling lights were wrapped around the banisters of a wide staircase, and suits of armor stood on each side.

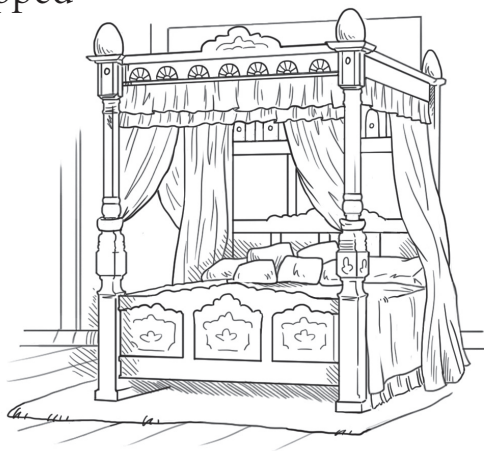
“Where should we look first?” asked Kirsty.

“Let’s go upstairs,” said Rachel, taking her best friend’s hand. “I want to see what a princess’s bedroom looks like!”





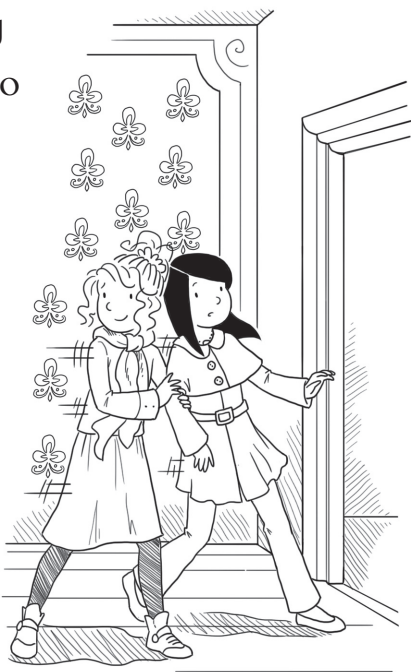
The girls quickly ran up the staircase and discovered a long, wide hallway. All the doors were open, and they looked inside each of them, gasping at what they saw. Every room was decorated in a different way. Rachel's favorite had golden furniture and red velvet curtains. The one Kirsty liked best had a silver four-poster bed in the middle. It was surrounded by white drapes and topped with a thick canopy of shiny satin. Pretty blue curtains hung from the tall windows.





“It looks like a mermaid’s bedroom,” she said with a happy sigh. “Look—the mirror is decorated with tiny silver seashells!”

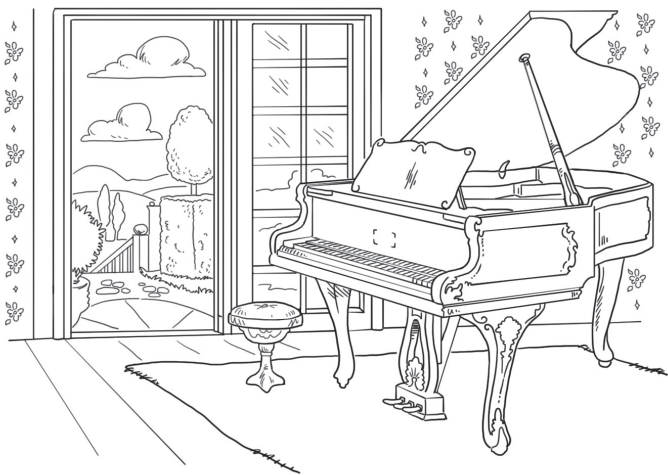
All of the bedrooms were so beautiful! When they reached the end of the hall they could hardly wait to see the rest of the castle. A second staircase led them back down to the ground floor, where they skidded across a polished oak floor into the music room.





“Look at the piano!” exclaimed Rachel.

A beautiful white grand piano stood on a blue rug. A huge mirror over the fireplace made the large room seem even bigger. Two big couches with clawed feet stood beside the fireplace. There were tall white lilies on every table.



“I wonder what’s in there,” said Kirsty.





She pointed to a set of double doors that led into another room. When they walked through, the girls discovered a long dining room. A huge wooden dining table sat in the middle. Silver candle holders topped the table, and paintings of kings and queens filled the walls.

“This is just what I imagined a fairy tale castle would be like,” said Rachel. “They must have amazing feasts in this room!”

Just then, they heard the sound of laughter outside the room.

“That must be some of the other kids who are here for the festival,” said Kirsty. “Let’s go and say hello.”

She went to the door of the dining room and stepped back out into the





hallway, but no one was there. Rachel joined her, and they heard footsteps running up the staircase.

“They must have gone to explore the bedrooms,” said Rachel. “Never mind—I’m sure we’ll meet them later. Let’s see where this door leads.”

She turned the handle of the nearest door, and they walked into a cozy reading room. Large, soft armchairs were arranged around the room next to polished side tables filled with snacks and jugs of water. The walls were lined with shelves of books that reached all the way to the high ceiling, and the girls gazed up at them in wonder.

“Look, there are ladders so you can reach the highest shelves,” said Kirsty.

“Those reading chairs look really





comfy,” said Rachel. “Let’s choose some books and snuggle up in them.”

She turned to the nearest shelf and gave a cry of surprise.

One of the books was glowing! Feeling excited, Rachel pulled the book off the shelf and out fluttered Hannah the Happily Ever After Fairy!

