

Josie the Jewelry Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

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Special thanks to Rachel Elliot

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Rachel Walker sat up and yawned, then smiled as she remembered where she was. It was early in the morning, but the warm sun was already soaking through the canvas of her tent. She looked over at her best friend, Kirsty Tate, who was still curled up in her sleeping bag. So far, their vacation on Rainspell Island had been full of adventure!





“I wonder what today will bring,” she whispered to herself.

Rachel leaned back on her pillow and thought about everything that had happened since they’d arrived. It was Crafts Week on the island, and so far the girls had tried pottery, drawing, and sewing. There were lots more crafts left to try, plus a competition and exhibition at the end of the week.

Things had gotten even more exciting when they met Kayla the Pottery Fairy, though. Rachel and Kirsty were secret friends with all the fairies. Now they were spending spring break together on their favorite island, *and* they were in the middle of a magical adventure!

Kirsty stirred in her sleep and rolled over. Rachel sat up and unzipped the





tent flap. Sunlight spilled into the tent, turning everything golden. Kirsty yawned and opened her eyes.

“Good morning,” she said, stretching her arms. “I was having a great dream. I think I sleep even better in the tent than I do in the bed and breakfast!”





Kirsty's family was staying at a little b and b in the village, and Rachel's family was camping. The girls had decided to spend every other night at each place all week, and it was turning out to be a lot of fun!

“I think I can hear Mom making breakfast,” said Rachel, wriggling out of her sleeping bag. “Come on, I'm starving!”

The girls got dressed and pulled on their sandals.

“What crafts should we do today, Rachel?” asked Kirsty.

“Well, you know it's my mom's birthday,”





Rachel said. “I’d love to make something to give her later at the party.”

Mr. Walker had organized a surprise party for his wife, and the girls could hardly wait. Just then, there was a tap on the tent flap.

“Come in!” said Rachel and Kirsty together.

Mr. Walker came into the tent and put a finger to his lips. He looked very excited.

“I just want to show you the present I got for your mom,” he whispered to Rachel. “I had them handmade by Carrie Silver, who runs the jewelry shop down by the water.”





He held out a tiny velvet box. Rachel took it and opened the lid. Sitting on a bed of ivory silk was a pair of gold earrings, shaped like seashells.

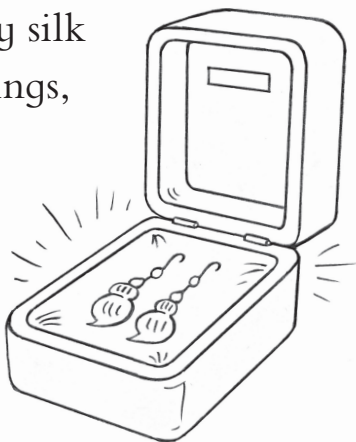
“They’re beautiful,” she said in a soft voice.

“Really pretty,” Kirsty agreed.

Rachel picked up one of the earrings—but then something awful happened. The seashell fell off of the rest of the earring. It was broken!

“I’m sorry!” cried Rachel, feeling guilty. “I was trying so hard to be careful!”

“It wasn’t your fault,” said Mr. Walker, examining the earrings. “Look—they’re





both broken. It must have happened while the box was in my pocket.”

He looked sad, and Rachel gave him a big hug.



“Don’t worry, Dad,” she said. “I have an idea. Carrie Silver is running a jewelry-making class in her shop. We





could go down there and make something for Mom's birthday ourselves."

"That's a great idea," Kirsty chimed in, giving Mr. Walker a reassuring smile. "We can take the earrings back to be fixed at the same time."

Mr. Walker agreed. Just then, they heard Mrs. Walker's voice.

"Breakfast's ready," she called. "Come and get it, everyone!"

They hurried out of the tent and filled their plates with bacon, eggs, potatoes, and fruit. The girls wished Mrs. Walker a happy birthday and ate their breakfast as fast as they could.

"What's the rush?" asked Mrs. Walker with a laugh.

"We're just excited to get to the craft workshop in town," said Rachel with a





grin. “Come on, Kirsty, let’s go!”

The girls waved good-bye and hurried off before Mrs. Walker could ask what sort of crafts they were going to be doing. They didn’t want her to guess that they were making jewelry for her birthday!

