



Florence the Friendship Fairy

Special thanks to Sue Mongredien

For Hannah Powell, who gave
me the idea for Florence in
the first place. Thank you!

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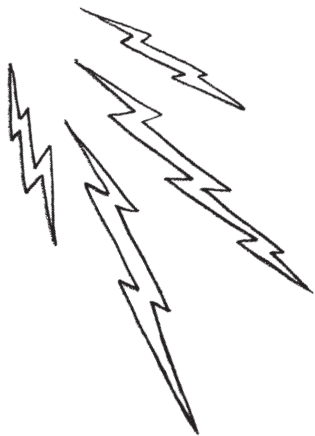
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The fairies are planning a Friendship Day
But I'll soon take their smiles away.
I'll ruin it all, I'll wreck their fun,
I'll break up the friendships one by one!

I'll steal Florence's magic things
And laugh at the misery that this act brings!
A ribbon, a book, some bracelets, too —
She really won't know what to do.

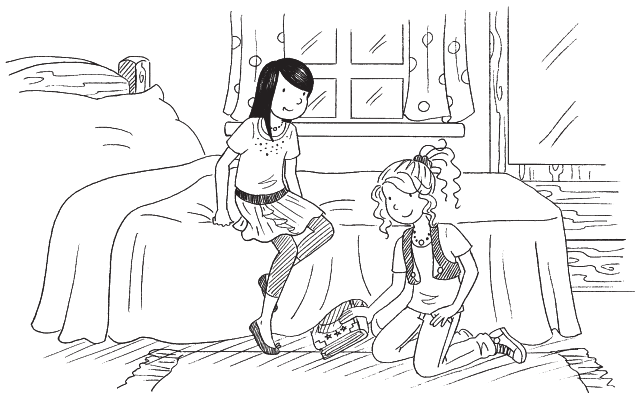
Friendship will be finished, wait and see.
Soon everyone will be friendless, just like me!

**Find the hidden letters in the stars
throughout this book. Unscramble all 10 letters
to spell two special friendship words!**





Magic Memories



Rachel Walker pulled a large scrapbook from underneath Kirsty Tate's bed, and the two best friends opened it between them. It was their memory book, full of souvenirs from all the exciting times they'd shared together.

"That vacation on Rainspell Island was really special," Rachel said, pointing





at the ferry tickets and map that had been stuck into the book.

“I know,” Kirsty replied, smiling. “It was the first time we met each other — and the first time we met the fairies, too!” She lowered her voice. “I wonder if we’ll have a fairy adventure this week.”

“I hope so,” Rachel said, feeling her heart thump excitedly at the thought. She and her parents were spending her school vacation with Kirsty’s family, and she had been wondering the same thing



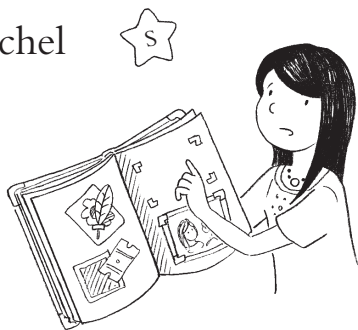


herself. Somehow, extra-special things always seemed to happen when she and Kirsty got together!

The girls kept looking through their book. There was the museum pamphlet from the day they'd met Storm the Lightning Fairy; tickets to Strawberry Farms, where they'd helped Georgia the Guinea Pig Fairy; plus all sorts of photos, postcards, maps, petals, and leaves. . . .

Kirsty frowned when she spotted an empty space on one page. "Did a picture fall out?" she wondered.

"It must have," Rachel said. "You can see that something was stuck there before. I think it was a





picture of the fairy models we painted the day we met Willow the Wednesday Fairy. I wonder where it went.”

As the girls turned more pages, they realized that photo wasn’t the only thing missing. A map of the constellations that Kirsty’s gran had given them the night they’d helped Stephanie the Starfish Fairy had vanished, and so had the all-access pass they’d had for the Fairyland Games. Each time they turned a page, they discovered something even worse.

“Oh, no! This photo of us at Camp Stargaze is torn,” Rachel said in dismay.





“This page has scribbles all over it,” Kirsty cried. “How did that happen?”

“And where did *this* picture come from?” Rachel asked, pointing at a colorful image of a pretty little fairy. She had shoulder-length blond hair that was pinned back with a pink star-shaped clip. She wore a sparkly lilac top and a ruffled blue skirt with a colorful belt, and pink sparkly ankle boots. “I’ve never even seen her before!” She bit her lip. “Something weird is going on, Kirsty. You don’t think —”



Before Rachel could finish her sentence, the picture of the fairy began to sparkle and glitter with all the colors of the rainbow. The girls watched, wide-eyed,



as the fairy fluttered her wings, stretched, and then flew right off the page in a whirl of twinkling dust!

“Oh!” Kirsty gasped. “Hello! What’s your name? How did you get into our memory book?”

The fairy smiled, shook out her wings, and flew a loop-the-loop. “I’m Florence the Friendship Fairy,” she said in a sweet



voice, her bright eyes darting around the room. “You’re Kirsty and Rachel, aren’t you? I’ve heard so much about you! I know you’ve been good friends to the fairies many, many times before.”

“It’s so nice to meet you,” Rachel said. “But, Florence, do you know what happened to our memory book? Things are missing from the pages, and some things have even been ruined.”

Florence fluttered over and landed on the bed. “I’m afraid that’s the reason I came here,” she said sadly. “Special memory books, scrapbooks, and photo albums everywhere have been ruined and stolen — so I need your help!”

