



Natalie
the Christmas
Stocking
Fairy

Special thanks to Rachel Elliot

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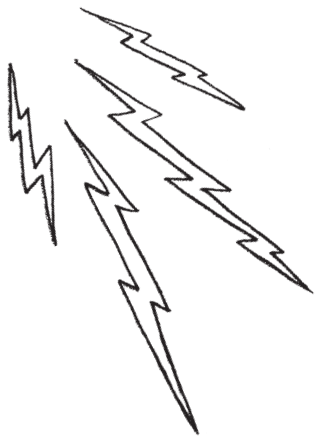
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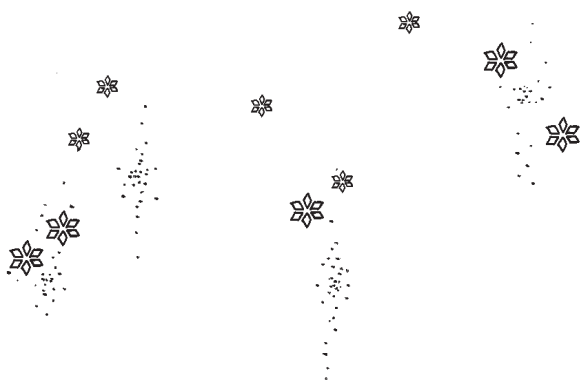
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I'm fed up with Christmas and tinsel galore.
This sweet festive fuss is a drag and a bore.
The fairies have fooled me and made me look bad.
But this year I'll make them feel silly and sad!

This Christmas no stockings will fill up with toys.
No cookies or candy for good girls and boys.
I have a plan that will take all hopes away
And leave stockings empty this dark Christmas Day.

**Find the hidden letters in the stars
throughout this book. Unscramble all 8 letters
to spell a special Christmas word!**



Butter and Bother



“I love making pies at Christmastime,” said Rachel Walker, sifting flour and salt into a heavy mixing bowl.

“Me, too,” said her best friend, Kirsty Tate, opening a jar of cinnamon and taking a deep sniff. “The ingredients have such a Christmassy, spicy smell!”

She put the lid back on the jar and the

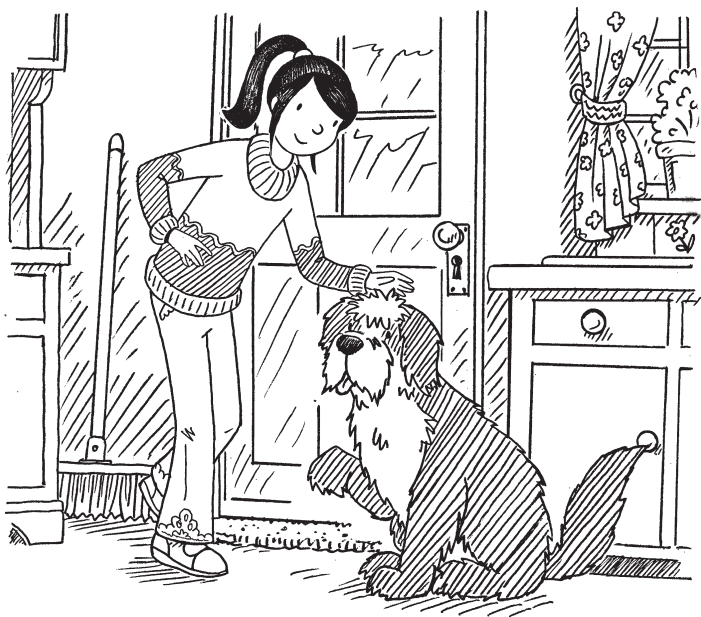




girls smiled happily at each other. It was the day before Christmas Eve, and they were staying in a cozy holiday cottage in the country with their families.

“Woof!” said Rachel’s dog.

“You’re looking forward to Christmas, too, aren’t you, Buttons?” said Kirsty, leaning down to pet his shaggy head.





“What does the recipe say next?” asked Rachel, as Kirsty washed her hands.

Kirsty turned the page of the cookbook that was propped up on the kitchen counter.

“Rub the butter in with your fingers until the mixture looks like fine crumbs,” she read.

Rachel opened the fridge and then frowned.

“Kirsty, did you already take the butter out of the fridge?”





“No,” said Kirsty in surprise.

“That’s funny,” said Rachel. “I was sure we had some.”

“Maybe we put it somewhere else,” Kirsty suggested. “Let’s look around.”

They searched high and low, but the butter was nowhere to be found.

“We’ll just have to go to the store again,” said Rachel.

“But we’re miles from anywhere,” Kirsty said with a groan.

“And it’s almost closing time.”





Just then, Mr. Tate walked into the kitchen, looking puzzled.

“Hello, girls,” he said.
“I just found this carton of butter on Buttons’s bed. Don’t you need this to make the pies?”

“Yes!” exclaimed Kirsty, giving him a delighted hug.

“Thanks, Dad!”

“Greedy dog,” said Mr. Tate with a chuckle, patting Buttons’s head as he left the kitchen.

“That’s odd,” said Rachel, looking down at Buttons. “He doesn’t even like butter.”





Rachel rubbed the butter into the flour and then added a little water.

Soon she had a ball of golden dough. She wrapped it in plastic wrap and put it in the fridge to chill.

“Should we add the secret ingredient to the pie filling now?” Kirsty suggested.

Rachel nodded eagerly.

“It’s an old family secret,” she said with a smile. “Our own kind of magic!”

The girls giggled happily. They knew more than most people about magic. They were secretly friends with the fairies and had had many adventures in Fairyland.





Kirsty picked up the jar of cinnamon and tried to unscrew the lid.

“Oh!” she said in surprise.
“It’s stuck! I must have tightened it too much when I put it back on earlier.”



Rachel tried to open the jar, but it wouldn’t budge.

“Let’s ask my dad,” she said.
“He’s really strong.”

They hurried to the living room. Their parents were playing cards and listening to carols on the radio.

“Dad, can you undo this?” asked Rachel, holding out the spice jar. “We think Kirsty tightened it too much earlier.”

Mr. Walker had to use all his strength





to open the jar. At last, it popped open and he handed it back to Rachel.

“You must be stronger than you look, Kirsty!” he said with a laugh.



The girls hurried back to the kitchen, eager to add the secret ingredient. But when they reached the doorway, they stopped in amazement.

“What happened?” Kirsty cried.

All the drawers and cupboards were open and there was flour all over the kitchen. The dough was sitting on the kitchen counter, and it was covered in dirty fingerprints!





Suddenly, Rachel saw the top of a green head poking up from behind the kitchen counter.

“Look!” she exclaimed. “It’s a goblin!”

Kirsty gasped. “What is he doing here?”

