



Ashley
the Dragon
Fairy

For Isabelle Hudson,
with lots of love and fairy sparkles
Special thanks to Sue Mongredien

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“Bye, Mom! Bye, Dad!” Kirsty Tate yelled, waving as her parents’ car pulled away.

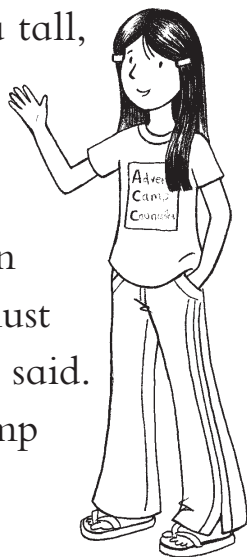
Her mom, who was in the passenger seat, rolled down the window. “See you next week,” she called. “Have a great time, girls!”

Kirsty grinned at her best friend, Rachel Walker. “We will!” both girls



said together. A whole week away at an outdoor adventure camp—it was going to be just perfect!

“Hi, guys,” came a voice from behind them. They turned to see a tall, smiling girl with long brown hair. Her red T-shirt had ADVENTURE CAMP COUNSELOR printed on it in yellow letters. “You must be Kirsty and Rachel,” she said. “I’m Lucy, one of your camp counselors. I’ll take you to your cabin, OK?”



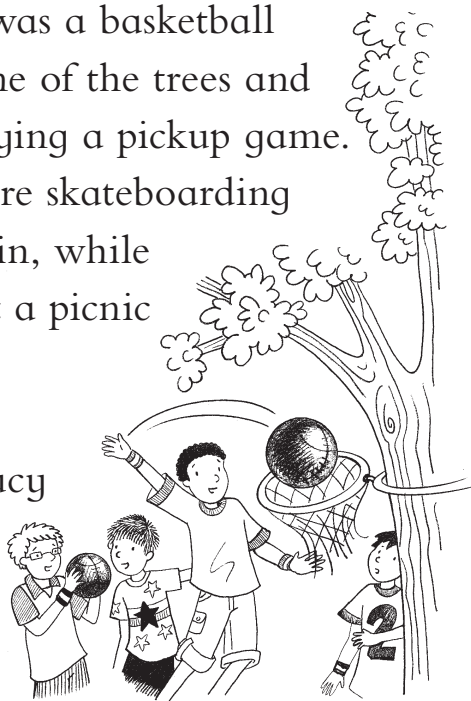
Kirsty and Rachel followed Lucy along a path, feeling very excited. They passed through a small wooded area where Rachel spotted a squirrel bounding up one of the pine trees.





Then they headed out to a sunny meadow with rolling hills beyond it. There were wooden cabins scattered around, each with colorful curtains in the windows, and front doors painted in bright hues. Music rang out from some of the cabins, and Kirsty and Rachel could see clusters of campers having fun. There was a basketball hoop attached to one of the trees and some boys were playing a pickup game. A couple of girls were skateboarding outside another cabin, while a small group sat at a picnic table, laughing and chatting.

“Here we are,” Lucy announced as she stopped at a cabin





on the right. It had a light blue door and blue-checked curtains in the windows.

“I’ll let you unpack. After that, you might want to explore the camp.

There are maps everywhere, so you won’t get lost.

We’ll all be going on a cave trip in about an hour, OK?”

Kirsty and Rachel thanked Lucy, then entered the cabin feeling curious and excited about their home for the next week. There was a bunk bed and four single beds, a separate bathroom, and





a bulletin board on the wall. Rachel plopped down on the lower bunk and Kirsty threw her cardigan on the top bunk to claim it.



“Wow, look at this,”

Kirsty said, reading the schedule for the week.

“Canoeing, horseback-riding, swimming . . . there’s so much to do here!”

“I can’t wait to meet our bunkmates,”

Rachel said, smiling. “And you never know—we might even make some new fairy friends while we’re here, too!”

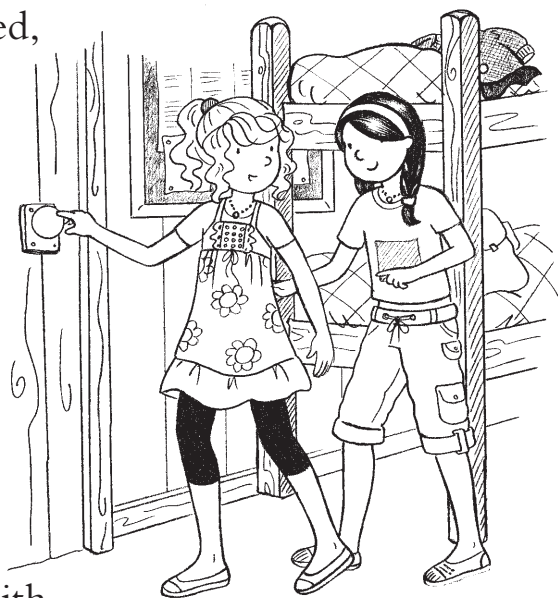
Kirsty smiled at the thought. She and



Rachel were good friends with the fairies, and they'd had lots of adventures with them. Magical things just seemed to happen whenever the two girls got together! "Come on, let's explore," she suggested. "We can unpack later. I can't wait to look around!"

Rachel agreed, so the girls left their bags and headed out into the sunshine again.

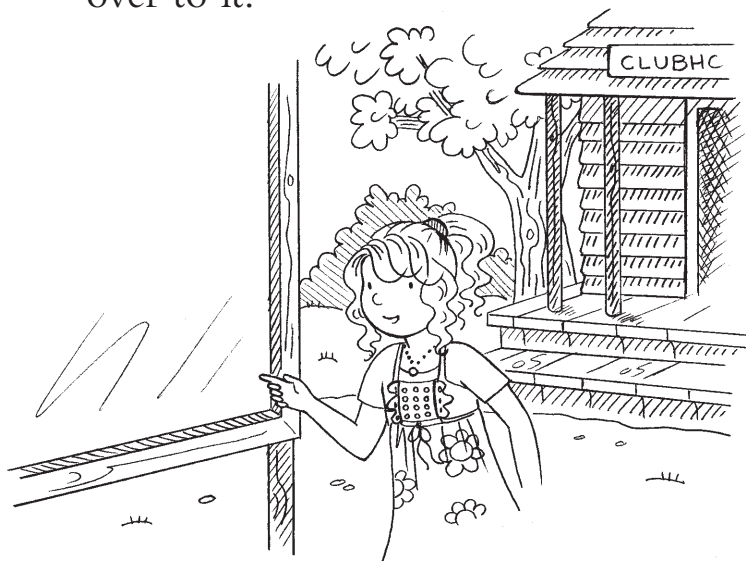
There was a big building in the center of the camp with a sign above the double doors that





read CLUBHOUSE. Close by was a large, wooden sign with posters behind a glass case. One was a map with arrows pointing in different directions—to the Mess Hall, the sports fields, an outdoor amphitheater, and more.

“Look, here’s a map,” Rachel said, pointing to the colorful sign in the glass case. She and Kirsty walked over to it.





“Ooh, a waterfall,” Kirsty said, pointing it out to Rachel on the map.

“And there are the stables,” Rachel noticed. She blinked. The sun was shining very brightly. As it reflected off of the glass case, it seemed to sparkle. Rachel shielded her eyes. The light was dazzling!





Kirsty was covering her eyes, too.
“The sun is so strong,” she said. “I wish I had my sunglasses!”

Rachel was about to reply when she heard another voice. “Kirsty! Rachel! This is King Oberon. The fairies need your help. Please use your magic lockets to come to Fairyland as soon as you can!”

Rachel gasped. So the glass case really was sparkling with fairy magic! Rachel grabbed Kirsty’s hand and pulled her to the side of the clubhouse, where nobody could see them.





“Come on,” she said, fiddling with the latch of the special locket she always wore around her neck. “Oh, I hope the fairies are all right!”





Kirsty was busy with her own locket. Inside was some magic fairy dust, given to them by the fairy queen herself. Each girl took a pinch and sprinkled it over herself. Then the two held hands as a magical, sparkly whirlwind spun around them. Another fairy adventure had begun!

