



Cheryl
the Christmas
Tree Fairy

Special thanks to Rachel Elliot

*To Emile and Isabella,
with love*

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“Look at all the snow!” Kirsty Tate said happily.

She jumped into a powdery pile and squealed in delight.

“It’s so beautiful,” said her best friend, Rachel Walker. “I love it here already!”

“And you haven’t even seen the inside of the cabin yet!” said her dad with a

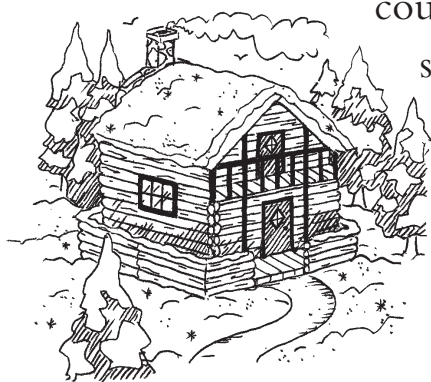




laugh. “Come on, you two. You can decorate the Christmas tree.”

“Oh, yes!” exclaimed Kirsty. “Each cabin comes with its own Christmas tree, doesn’t it?”

Kirsty’s and Rachel’s parents had been planning this Christmas trip for months. They had booked a big cabin in the



country for everyone to share. It was made of brown wooden logs that glowed in the winter sunshine, and a thick layer of snow

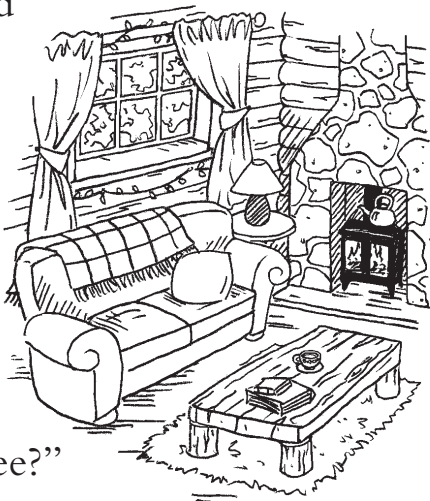
covered the roof. There was a sign on the door that read: CHRISTMAS CABIN.

The Walkers and the Tates carried their bags into the cozy cabin. A fire was





crackling in a woodburning stove. Large squishy couches and armchairs filled the room, and colored Christmas lights were draped around every window. It was beautiful! There was just one problem. . . .



“Where’s the tree?”
asked Rachel.

Mr. and Mrs. Tate checked the kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. Walker checked the dining room, and Kirsty and Rachel checked the bedrooms. But there was no Christmas tree anywhere in the cabin.

“That must be a mistake,” said Mr. Tate.
“Let’s go to the main office and clear





it up. I'm sure they'll have an extra tree for us!"



"Why don't you girls stay here and unpack your bags?" Mrs. Walker said to Rachel and Kirsty. "When we come back, we'll all have hot chocolate and

marshmallows by the fire!"

Rachel and Kirsty agreed happily and raced into their bedroom to unpack. Rachel put all her clothes into the closet right away, but Kirsty was distracted.

"Look at the frost on the windows!" she said. "It looks just like lace."

Rachel joined her best friend beside the window. The tiny panes of glass were decorated with icy patterns.





“Everything’s pretty here,” she said,
“even the ice!”

“I bet Jack Frost would love it,” Kirsty
said, smiling.

“He’s the kind of frost we *don’t* want
this Christmas!” Rachel replied with a
giggle.

Rachel and Kirsty knew they were very
lucky—they were friends with all the
fairies in Fairyland! Jack Frost and his
naughty goblins were always trying to
cause trouble, and Rachel and Kirsty had
often helped the fairies stop them.





Kirsty turned to finish unpacking, but Rachel kept gazing out the window. Suddenly, she noticed something fluttering on the other side of the glass. The frost and snow made it difficult to see what it was. Rachel leaned closer until her nose was touching the cold windowpane. Were those . . . wings?

“Kirsty!” Rachel cried in excitement. “Come and look at this!”

Kirsty rushed to join Rachel at the window. Suddenly, there was a bright sizzle of golden light. It looked like someone had lit a sparkler outside!





Then the frost on the window melted away. The girls saw a beautiful fairy hovering outside, smiling and waving at them. It was Holly the Christmas Fairy!

Rachel opened the window and Holly fluttered inside. Her long dark hair was sparkling with snowflakes, and she was wearing a hooded red dress with fuzzy trim.



“Hello, Rachel!” she cried in her pretty, tinkly voice. “Hi, Kirsty! I’m so glad I found you.”

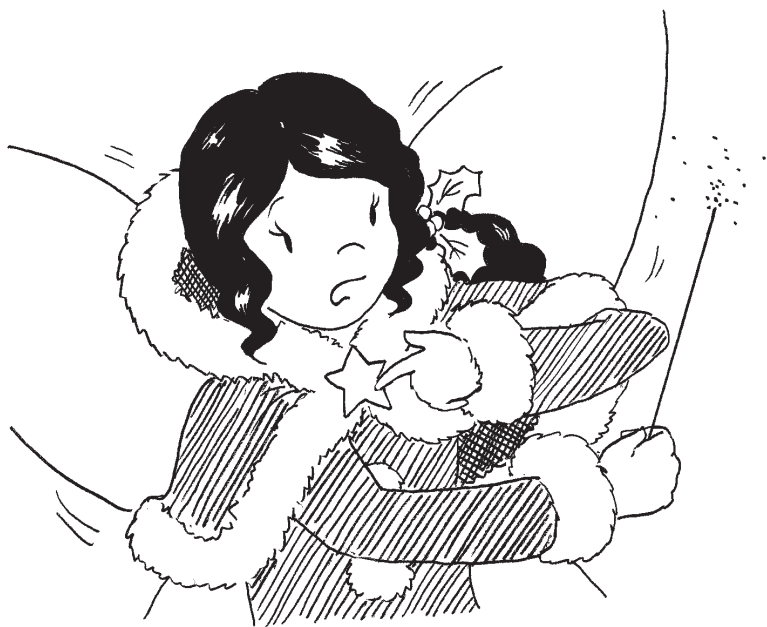
“Holly!” said Rachel in delight. They’d had a wonderful Christmas adventure with Holly once. They had helped





her save her Christmas magic from Jack Frost and his goblins.

“It’s so good to see you again,” Kirsty added. “But what are you doing in here?”



“I came to find you,” said Holly. “I really need your help! Will you come with me to Fairyland—right now?”





“Of course!” said Rachel. “But what’s happened?”

“I’ll explain everything when we get there,” Holly promised. “But we have to go now—the other winter fairies are waiting for us!”

