



# Lindsay the Luck Fairy

Special thanks to Kristin Earhart

To Sarah. I'm so lucky to have you as a friend.

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# Trip to Toberton



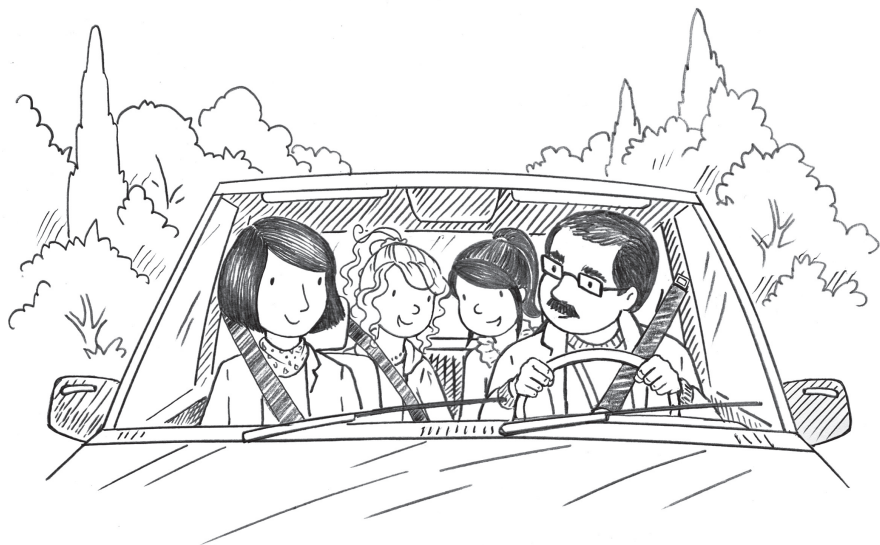
“I’m so glad you could come with us,” Rachel Walker said to her best friend, Kirsty Tate. “I always have more fun when we’re together.”

“Me, too,” Kirsty said. She grabbed Rachel’s hand in the backseat of the car and smiled. The girls always shared such amazing adventures!



This time, they were headed to Toberton, a small village several hours from Rachel's house. Mrs. Walker was going to a convention at the Toberton Hotel over the weekend for work, and everyone else was coming along to enjoy the country air.

"You'll find a lot to do around Toberton, girls," Mrs. Walker said from the front seat. "When I was little, I stayed in a cottage there with my family. It's beautiful."





“That’s not what you said when you first read the invitation to the convention. You said Toberton was spooky!” Mr. Walker remarked with a laugh.

“That’s not exactly true,” Mrs. Walker corrected him, smiling. She turned and looked into the backseat. “My brothers, who were much older, told me the woods were haunted with fairies, goblins, and leprechauns. I was so young that I believed them. I even imagined seeing green shadows hiding in the trees. It’s silly, I know.”

Rachel and Kirsty didn’t think it sounded silly at all! The two girls *knew* that fairies and other magical creatures were real. In fact, they were friends with the fairies! The girls had assisted the fairies on many occasions. Whenever Jack Frost



and his naughty goblins had evil plans, the king and queen of Fairyland asked Rachel and Kirsty for help.

“While Mom is in her meetings, we can explore the town and the nearby landmarks,” Mr.

Walker said from the driver’s seat. “I’ll bet there are some great wildflowers in the woods, too.”



Kirsty and Rachel smiled at each other. Mr. Walker really liked flowers and wildlife.

“Don’t forget that I have tomorrow afternoon off,” Mrs. Walker added. “And



if everything goes as planned with my speech, I can join you for the festival on Sunday.”

Today was only Friday, but Sunday was St. Patrick’s Day, and there would be a festival in the center of town to celebrate. The girls couldn’t wait!

“It sounds like we’ll be busy,” Kirsty said, grinning with excitement.

“How long until we get there?” Rachel asked.

“Well, we would be there already, if we hadn’t had to turn around,” said Mrs. Walker.

“Don’t worry, dear. We should still make it on time,” Mr. Walker said.

Rachel bit her lip. Her mom had lost her glasses, and they’d had to go back home to get her other pair. Then they



had run into a lot of traffic. Now they were running really late. What bad luck!

As soon as they pulled into the hotel's circular driveway, Mrs. Walker jumped out of the car and rushed inside. Mr. Walker opened the trunk and handed each girl her own duffel bag. Then he grabbed the bag that he and Mrs. Walker shared. As he slammed the trunk closed, Rachel thought she saw something flash by in a shimmery glow.





“Did you see that?”  
Rachel  
whispered  
to Kirsty.

Kirsty  
looked around  
and shook her head. “No,” she answered.

Rachel frowned. “It was probably nothing.”

They walked into the hotel lobby, which had high ceilings and deep red curtains and carpets. “I’m excited to stay





here. It's so fancy," Kirsty said, looking around with wide eyes.

"Yeah, but look at those dirty footprints," Rachel said, giggling. There was a muddy trail right in front of the check-in desk.

Before Kirsty could say anything, Mrs. Walker approached them. "Sorry, girls. The hotel lost our reservation,





and there aren't any open rooms here,"  
she said with a frown.

"We'll have  
to go to the inn  
across town," Mr.  
Walker added.

Rachel  
thought for  
a minute.

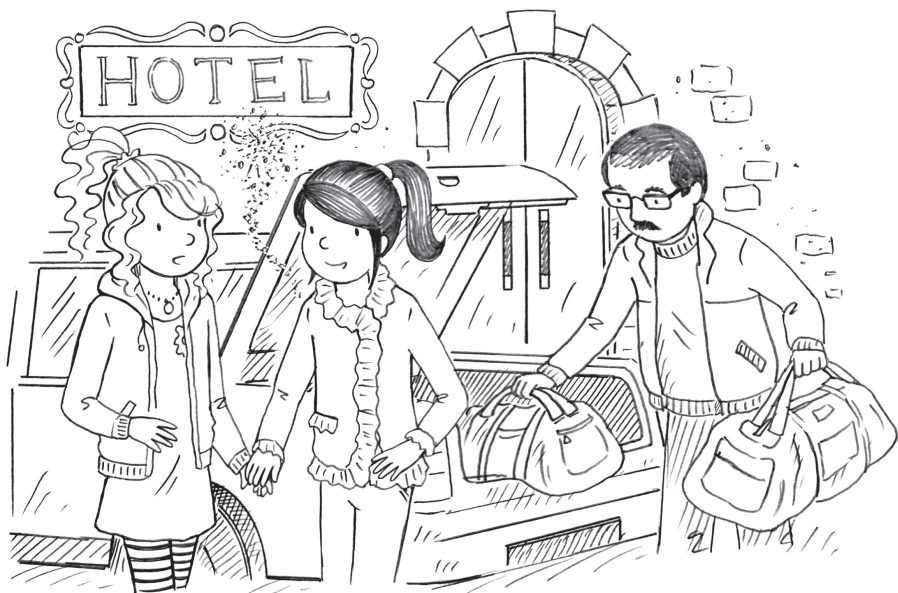
"But the  
conference  
is here."

"I know. It's  
very unlucky,"

Mrs. Walker  
agreed.



They all took their bags back out  
to the car. As Mr. Walker opened the



trunk, Rachel saw the same shimmer again.

Kirsty grabbed Rachel's hand. "I saw it, too," she whispered, pulling her friend to the side. "Rachel, I think it was a fairy!"