




# Bailey the Babysitter Fairy



Special thanks to  
Mandy Archer

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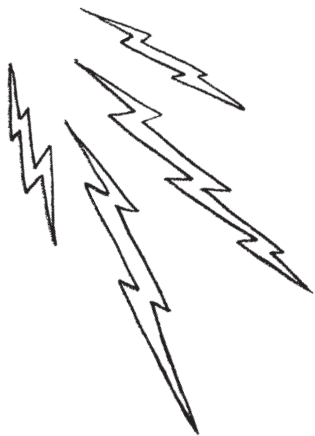
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### Jack Frost's Spell

Goblins botch and goblins fumble,  
Goblins shout and goblins grumble,  
Got to fix this naughty rabble,  
Stuck-out tongues and noisy babble.

*All babysitters should beware,  
I'll snatch the objects in your care,  
Precious things from precious tots,  
As they lie curled up in their cots.*

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





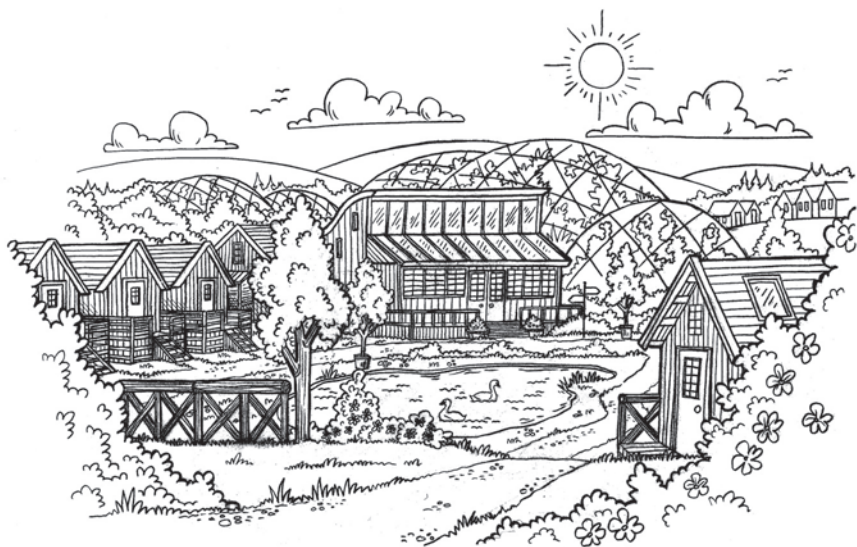
“Rachel, look!” Kirsty Tate gasped, peeking out of the lodge window. “We can see the butterfly house from our bedroom!”

Rachel Walker dropped her suitcase and ran around to the other side of the bed. As soon as she pulled back the polka-dot print curtain, her face lit up with a smile.





“I can see it!” she replied. There, almost hidden among the trees, was a cluster of cabins and greenhouses in all different shapes and sizes. The butterfly house was the one in the middle, next to the main eco-center. Inside, tropical plants and flowers curled up toward the sunshine, filling the dome with rainbow colors.





It was the perfect beginning to the girls' spring break. Kirsty and Rachel had only just arrived, but they loved it here already! Their families had organized this weekend away at the EcoWorld activity center—an amazing park set in the heart of a leafy forest. Mr. and Mrs. Tate's friends, the Robinsons, had been invited, too.

Everything at EcoWorld had been carefully designed to protect the animals and plants that lived in the countryside around it. The Tates, Walkers, and Robinsons were spending the weekend in a pretty eco-lodge built out of reclaimed wood. Everything in the park was recycled, even the water in the swimming pools!

Kirsty picked up her EcoWorld





brochure and started flicking through the pages. “Should we go exploring?” she asked. “It says there’s a climbing wall and a rain forest area and . . . wow! Rachel, the dome over the man-made lake has a roof that opens up when it’s sunny!”

Rachel couldn’t help but giggle—she’d grabbed her fleece already! She and Kirsty had only three precious days together and she wanted to make the most of every minute.

“I wonder what we’ll find today?” she mused.

Kirsty’s eyes twinkled. She and Rachel were used to discovering all kinds of







amazing, magical things. The lucky girls shared a secret—they were friends with the fairies! The pair had been on some incredible adventures. Jack Frost and his goblins were always stomping into Fairyland and trying to stir up trouble. If a fairy needed their help, they only had to wave their magic wand and Rachel and Kirsty would be there.



The girls slipped on their fleeces and scampered out into the yard. The lodge had large glass doors that opened onto a daisy-speckled lawn.





“Kirsty! Kirsty!” chimed a little voice.

“Play! Play!” piped up another.

Kirsty and Rachel beamed at each other. The friends moved aside the branches of a pretty weeping willow and spotted Tom and Lily, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson’s two-year-old twins. The toddlers were playing in a sandbox made out of recycled railroad ties.





“Hello, you two!” exclaimed Kirsty.

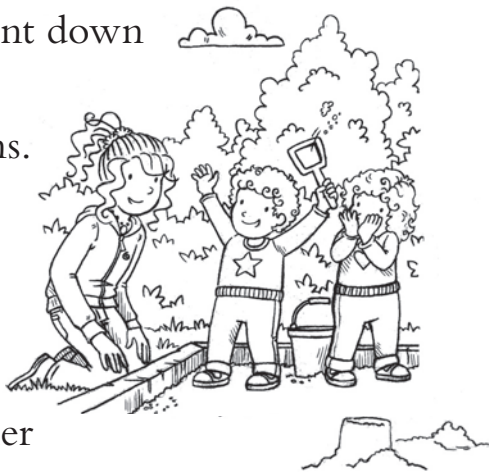
“This is my best friend, Rachel.”

“Ra-ra,” cooed Lily.

Rachel bent down  
to meet the  
excited twins.

Lily played  
peekaboo  
behind her  
hands, but

Tom gave her  
a wide smile.



Tom glanced at Lily, then shyly  
presented their new friend with a shiny  
orange shovel.

“We can’t play right now, Tom,” Kirsty  
said kindly, “but we’ll come back and  
build sand castles later.”

Rachel nodded. “We just want to see





what there is to do in EcoWorld.”

The adorable little boy clapped his hands. He’d spotted Mrs. Tate wandering up to the sandbox with his bottle. Kirsty’s mom pulled a crumpled list and some money out of her jeans pocket.

“Can you pick me up a few things from the supermarket?” she asked. “Just follow the signs. The park is totally enclosed, so you can’t get lost. Use the change to treat yourselves to a shake at the café afterward if you want.”

“Great!” Kirsty grinned.

She linked arms with Rachel, steering her toward a path at the bottom of the yard.





“Isn’t this amazing?” remarked Rachel, as the friends stepped onto a maze of boardwalks. Every so often, the walkway would turn a corner, revealing a building nestled in the trees.

The friends rushed to the supermarket and picked out Mrs. Tate’s groceries. Soon they were sitting in the Treetop Café, each clutching a tasty milk shake.

“I’ll get some straws,” offered Kirsty, spotting a container in the corner.

She lifted the lid and picked out two straws with glittering stripes. She took them back to the table.

Rachel blinked, then peered around the café. Was she imagining it, or did her straw seem to be sparkling more brightly than everyone else’s?

