



Angelica the Angel Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

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Special thanks to Mandy Archer

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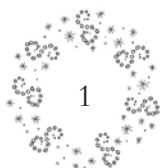
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“The Winter Fair opens in five minutes,” said Rachel Walker, her eyes dancing with excitement. “Are we ready to turn on the twinkle lights?”

“Definitely!” exclaimed her best friend, Kirsty Tate.

Kirsty was staying at Rachel’s house for a few days of vacation. The pair



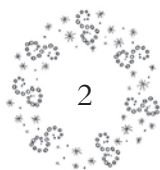


had enjoyed a wonderful week ice-skating, drinking hot chocolates, and baking cookies. Time always seemed to fly by when Kirsty and Rachel were together!

Now it was Saturday afternoon and the friends were dressed in their Brownie uniforms. The girls in Rachel's troop had been working hard all morning — today was the day of the Tippington Brownies' Winter Fair! Kirsty and Rachel had volunteered to run the “winter woolies” stall, a tabletop stacked high with mittens, socks, and scarves knitted in rich, festive colors.

Rachel ran to the back of the hall. When one of the leaders gave the signal, she dimmed the main lights.

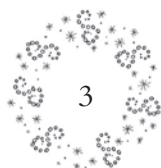
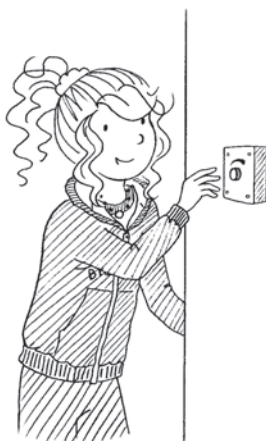
Everyone closed their eyes in the



darkness and counted down together. “Three, two, one . . . go!”

Flash!

There was a thrilled gasp, then an explosion of clapping and cheering. The Brownies had transformed Tippington’s plain old town hall into a magical winter wonderland! Stalls lined every wall, each one decorated with fake snow, gold balls, and shiny bows. Strings of glittery lights twinkled from the ceiling. In the kitchen, Mrs. Walker and the other Brownie moms had been busy making hot chocolate and arranging treats, filling the air with the smell of warm cookies.





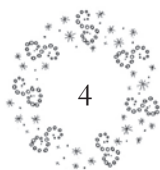
The girls had come in the day before to help deck the hall with lights, ribbons, and paper snowflakes.

Kirsty squeezed Rachel's hand and smiled. The friends shared a very special secret. From the very first day they met, the pair had been going on trips to Fairyland! They had shared some wonderful adventures with their magical friends. Both girls had made a promise to protect the fairies from Jack Frost and his grumpy goblins.

"Everybody to their positions, please," called their Brownie leader. "It's time to open the doors."

There was an excited hustle and bustle as the Brownies rushed to their stalls.

"We should raise lots of money today,"



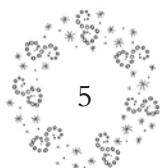


said Kirsty hopefully. “Look at all these wonderful things!”

This year, the Brownies had decided to celebrate the true spirit of the holiday season. Instead of spending money on new equipment for the troop, they had chosen to buy gifts for people who weren’t as lucky as they were. Giving to others was what this time of year was really all about.

“I can’t wait to take a big sack of presents to Tippington Children’s Hospital.” Kirsty smiled. “It must be terrible to be sick at this time of year.”

Rachel ran over to help another Brownie named Claire unpack the last few ornaments for her Christmas decoration stall.





“Don’t forget the retirement-home visit, too!” she called back.

The Brownies had voted to spend half of the money on gifts for the children’s hospital and the other half on

the residents of the

Greenacre Retirement Home, which was just around the corner from Rachel’s house.

“Smile, everyone, please,” called the Brownie leader, unbolting the hall doors.

Kirsty and Rachel swapped thrilled glances as the first shoppers trooped in



from the cold.
Soon there
were customers
wandering up
and down the
aisles, picking
up trinkets
and treating
themselves
to yummy
things to eat.



“You can be in charge of the money, Kirsty,” suggested Rachel. “I’ll put things in paper bags.”

Both girls felt a little nervous at first, but soon they got the hang of things. Before long, the hall was full of people. If the afternoon continued like this, the fair would be a huge success!





When the line at their stall had calmed down a little, Kirsty walked across to Claire's decoration table.

"Claire, could I have some change," she whispered. "Claire? Oh!"

Kirsty's face flushed. Instead of selling

decorations,

Claire was swinging a piece of garland around. Passing shoppers had to duck out of her way, but their confused faces only made the Brownie burst into giggles.





“Look at me!” She laughed, knocking a tray of painted ornaments onto the floor.

Kirsty knelt down to pick them up.
What was Claire doing?

Rachel rushed over to help.
“Something’s wrong,” she whispered.
“Come with me . . .”