Book: Juliet the Valentine Fairy

A Weekend Guest

Kirsty Tate paced from the front hall to the kitchen and back gain. Pulling aside the curtain, she looked out of the window. There was still no sign of her best friend, Rachel Walker. Kirsty glanced at the grandfather clock in the corner.

The Valentine's card workshop would have already started. She hoped her friend wouldn't be much longer or they would miss it.

Anxiously, Kirsty stared out of the window, hoping the Walkers' car would magically appear – but she knew that she couldn't just make it happen. The truth was, she and Rachel knew a lot about magic!

They had learned about it from their friends, the Rainbow Magic fairies. The two girls had first met on a trip to Rainspell Island when they had helped the seven Rainbow Fairies, who had been sent away from Fairyland by wicked Jack Frost. The king and queen of Fairyland had come to rely on the girls whenever Jack Frost and his goblins were causing trouble.

Kirsty felt happy thinking about her fairy friends, and even happier when she saw Rachel's car turning into their road.

As it pulled into the Tates' driveway, Rachel waved cheerfully to Kirsty, who hurried out to help with her friend's bag.

"You must come in for a cup of tea." Kirsty's mum had appeared at the door to speak to Rachel's mother.

"I'd love to," smiled Mrs Walker.

"I'm so glad you're here," Kirsty said, hugging her best friend. "I was starting to worry. We'll just put your bag in my room and go straight to the Village Hall."

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“But I thought the Valentine’s workshop was this evening,” Rachel said, looking confused.

“No, it’s already started,” Kirsty replied. “But we should still have time to make some great Valentine’s things,” she added with a smile. “Come on, let’s tell my dad we’re ready to go.”

The two friends dropped Rachel’s bag upstairs and headed to the kitchen. Through the window over the sink, they could see Kirsty’s father working in the back garden.

Kirsty poked her head out of the back door. “Dad, can you take us to the Village Hall now?” she asked. “Rachel’s here.”

Mr Tate looked up from a pile of wood and chicken wire. “Hi, Rachel!” he called.

Then he wiped his forehead with his sleeve and looked at Kirsty. “I completely forgot that I was supposed to take you girls to the class. It’s such nice weather today, I started making the new compost bin for your mum.” He glanced down at the pile of building materials and his brow creased. “I still have a lot to do, and I’ve made a bit of a mess. Do you think you girls could cycle over to the Village Hall?”

“Of course,” Kirsty smiled. “And it is very nice out after all,” she said, looking up at the blue sky.

“I’ll pick you up afterwards. We can put the bikes in the boot,” Mr Tate said.

“Thanks, Dad – the workshop finishes at 6.30,” replied Kirsty. “See you then!”

Mr Tate gave his daughter a warm smile and watched as she grabbed her friend’s hand and ran back inside the house.

“Bye, Mum,” Rachel put her head round the sitting-room door.

“Bye, sweetheart,” said Mrs Walker. “Give me a call and let me know what time I should pick you up on Sunday.”

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Rachel gave her a hug and then hurried outside after her friend.

“You can ride my new bike,” Kirsty offered as they ran down the garden path, pointing to a purple bike with a basket on the front.

Kirsty grabbed her old blue bike and once Rachel was on the old one, they set off. “This bike was my cousin’s once upon a time. It’s a little small, but I can still ride it,” Kirsty grinned. “And I bet I can beat you there!”

“You’re on!” laughed Rachel.

Read the rest of Juliet the Valentine Fairy and discover what magic happens next!

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