

“Look, Kirsty!” Rachel Walker said excitedly to her best friend, Kirsty Tate. It was a warm summer’s evening, and the girls were standing on the deck of a little red and white ferry as it chugged its way along the winding river. “I don’t think we’re far from Camp Stargaze now.”

Kirsty looked where Rachel was pointing and saw a wooden sign on the river bank. The sign was in the shape of an arrow pointing downriver and it said: *This way to Camp Stargaze.*

“Brilliant!” Kirsty beamed at Rachel. “I’m *really* looking forward to this holiday.”

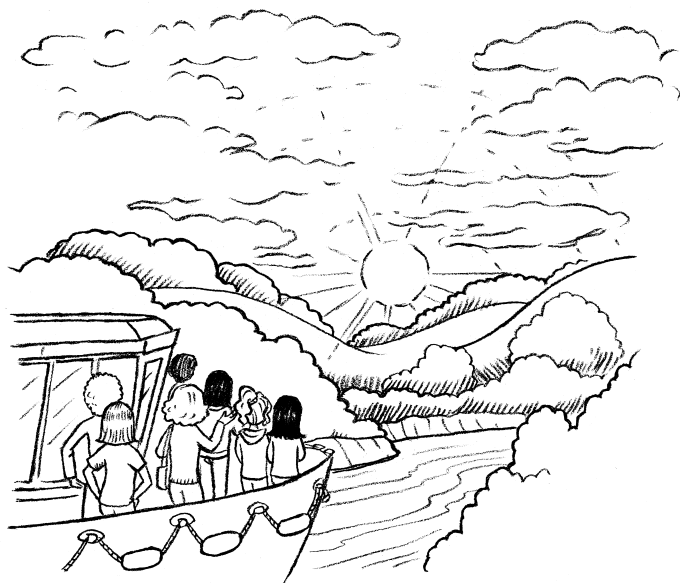
The girls and their parents were spending a week of the summer break at Camp Stargaze together. Kirsty and Rachel were thrilled because although they were best friends, they didn’t live near each other. So they loved meeting up in their school holidays whenever they could.

“Not far to go now, girls,” called Mr Walker, Rachel’s dad. He was leaning on the side of the boat with Mrs Walker



and Mr and Mrs Tate, watching the beautiful countryside pass by. The river was surrounded by open fields and gently rolling hills, with green woodlands here and there.

“Oh, look, girls!” Mrs Tate exclaimed, gazing up at the sky. “The sun is setting. Isn’t it lovely?”

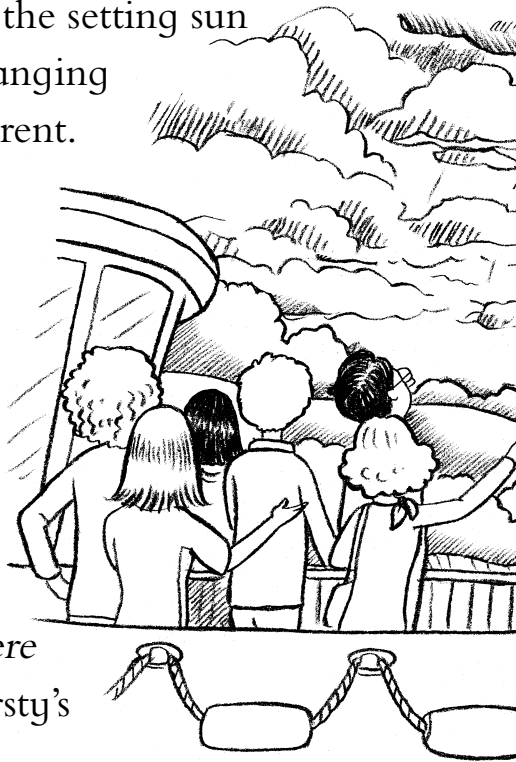


All the passengers on deck, including Rachel and Kirsty, looked upwards, too. The sun was just beginning to sink very slowly in the sky, streaking the blue with long ribbons of gold, orange and pink. The light reflected downwards onto the river and the fields, bathing everything in a soft glow and turning the water to liquid gold.



Suddenly Kirsty blinked a little. For a moment she'd thought the gold, orange and pink colours of the setting sun were fading and changing into something different.

*I must be imagining it,* Kirsty thought. But then she looked again and was horrified to see that she was right. The beautiful colours were changing before Kirsty's very eyes.



“What’s happening?” Rachel asked. She’d noticed exactly the same thing, and so had everyone else on board.

They were all staring up at the sky in surprise.

“Look at the sunset,” Kirsty cried. “It’s turning *green!*”

A few seconds later, all the gold, pink and orange had vanished completely. Now the light of the sunset was casting a strange, spooky green glow on the landscape around it. “Everything’s green!”

Kirsty went on in a shocked voice. “The sun, the fields, the ferry – everything.”



“And so are we!” Rachel pointed out, staring at Kirsty. All of the passengers, including the girls and their parents, were bathed in the same emerald-coloured glow.

“We look like Jack Frost’s goblins!” Kirsty whispered.

The girls’ parents and the other grown-ups on the ferry were discussing what could have caused the strange sunset.



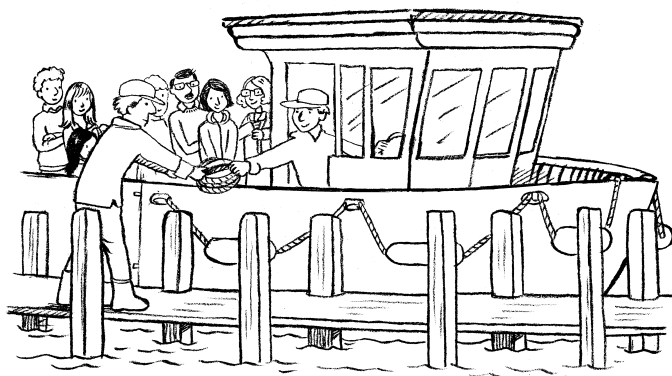
“Maybe it’s just a trick of the light shining through the clouds,” Mr Tate suggested.

“Or perhaps the sunset is reflecting off the river and the fields and picking up that green colour,” said Mrs Walker.

Looking puzzled, Rachel glanced at Kirsty. “I think there’s something very strange going on here, Kirsty,” she murmured.

“So do I,” Kirsty agreed. “I wonder if it could be something *magical*?”





“Here we are,” called the captain of the ferry as it came in to dock at a small wooden jetty. “Welcome to Camp Stargaze.”

Rachel and Kirsty stared eagerly at the pretty campsite as they waited for their turn to climb off the ferry.