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SPECIAL EDITION



Blossom
the Flower Girl
Fairy

MORE
FAIRY
FUN THAN
EVER!

by Daisy
Meadows

 SCHOLASTIC



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the Flower Girl
Fairy

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SCHOLASTIC INC.

- For Emmett and Theo

Special thanks to AnnMarie Anderson



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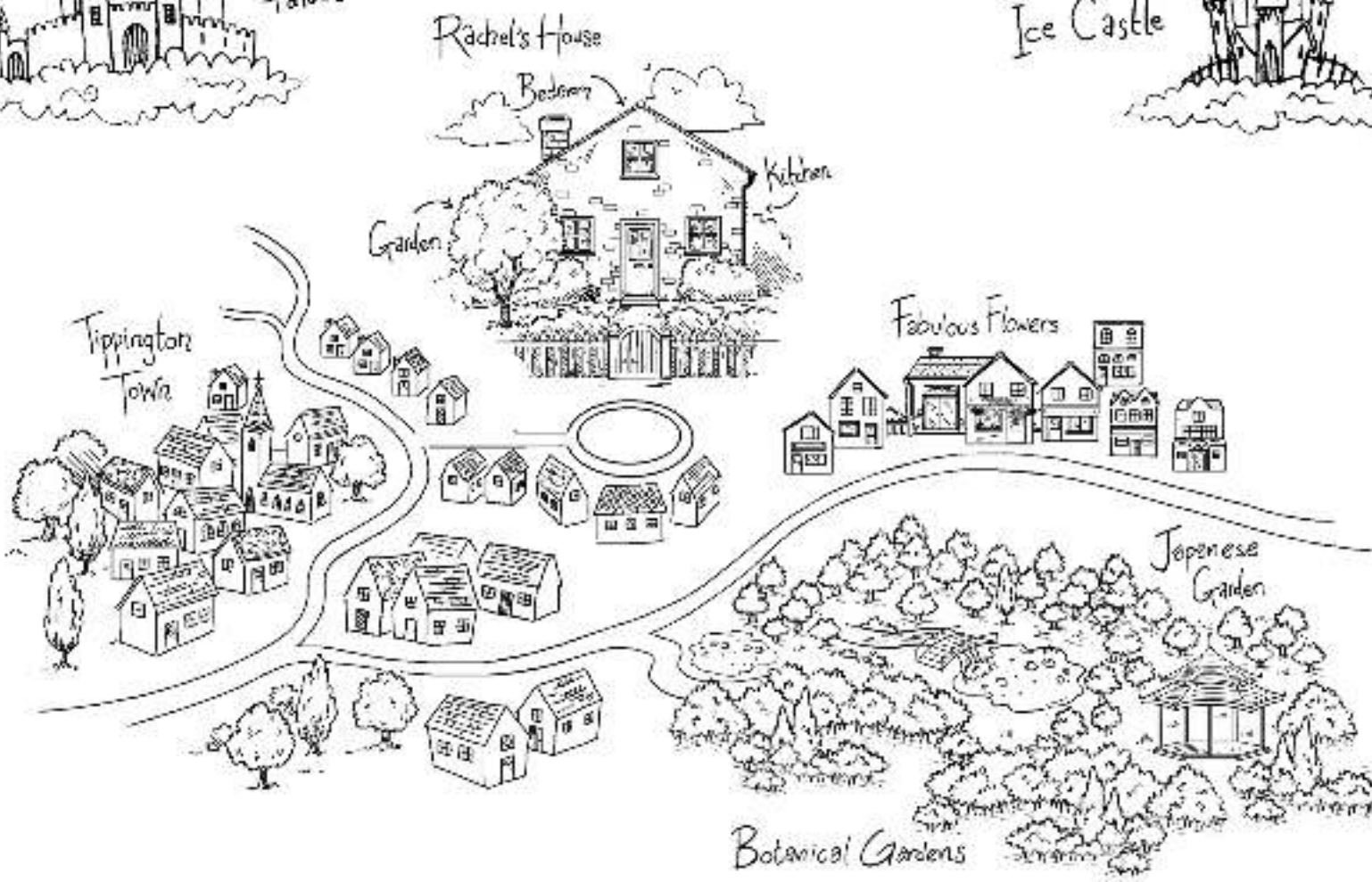
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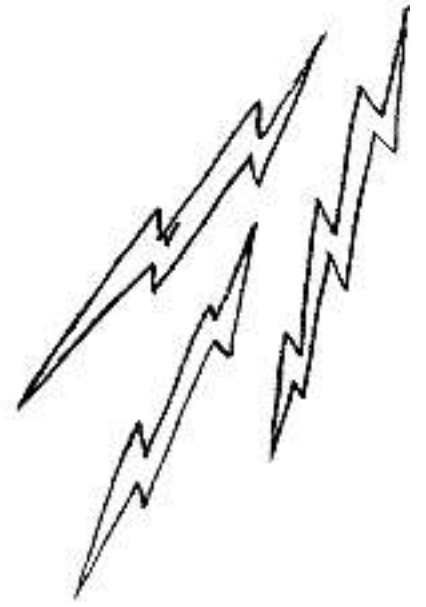
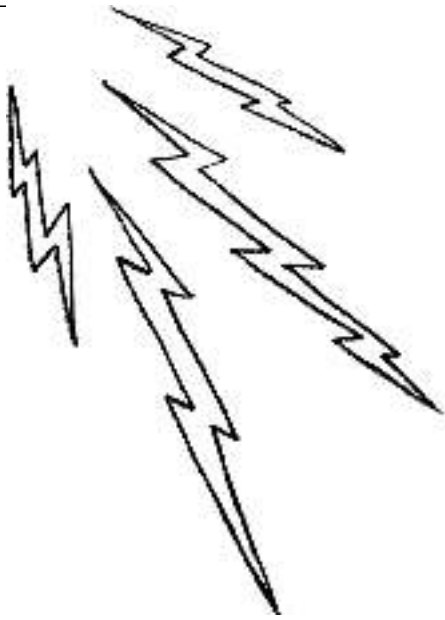
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Happily Ever After

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*Weddings, flower girls, cakes galore,
Royal weddings are such a bore.
I'll do my best to spoil this one,
Those fairies won't have any fun!*

*When I steal Blossom's magic things,
Say good-bye to vows and rings.
No one will get married today,
If Jack Frost has his frosty way!*

Find the hidden letters in the stars throughout this book. Unscramble all 7 letters to spell a special wedding word!



A Tisket,
A Tasket



A Fairy Godmother



“Isn’t it the most beautiful dress you’ve ever seen?” Rachel Walker said with a sigh as she tucked a blond curl behind her ear.

Her best friend, Kirsty Tate, nodded dreamily. “Oh, it is!” she exclaimed.

The dress was a magnificent white wedding gown covered in sparkling rhinestones and delicate lace. Rachel’s aunt Angela held it in front of her as she twirled around playfully.

“You look just like a princess!” Rachel told her aunt.



Aunt Angela laughed. "I'm no princess," she told her niece. "I'm more of a fairy godmother. I make dreams come true!"



That was the truth. Aunt Angela was a wedding planner. It was her job to organize weddings down to the tiniest detail, and she was very good at it. Her company, Fairy Tale Weddings, was incredibly successful.

Rachel and Kirsty exchanged a smile at the mention of fairy godmothers. The two friends knew a lot about fairies. They had first met fairies while vacationing on Rainspell Island. Now they had many fairy friends and had visited Fairyland lots of times. Jack Frost and his mischievous goblins caused a lot of problems there, and Rachel and Kirsty were the fairies' secret helpers.



In fact, that's what the girls were doing today—being helpful! Aunt Angela had hired them to be her wedding planning assistants. Today they were at the hotel where the wedding party was staying, in case Aunt Angela needed two extra pairs of hands.

The next day's wedding was to be Tippington's largest of the year. The wedding was so big there were going to be six flower girls. Rachel and Kirsty weren't as experienced as Aunt Angela, but the girls had been bridesmaids in Kirsty's cousin Esther's wedding, so they knew a thing or two about brides and bouquets.

"This wedding is going to be amazing, Aunt Angela," Rachel said happily. "I just know it!"

"Thank you, dear," Aunt Angela replied as she gently hung up the bride's gown. Then she ran her hand over the other dresses and suits on the clothes rack. "The clothing is all ready for tomorrow. But I really should go over the flower order. Then I need to talk with the caterer about the food, call the party rental company, double-check that the band will be there on time, and confirm the address for the photographer."



“Whoa!” Kirsty murmured, her eyes wide. “It sounds like you have a lot to do. We’re happy to help.”

“That would be great,” Aunt Angela agreed. She opened a thick blue binder and read over a few pages thoughtfully. Finally, she removed a sheet of paper.

“First, let’s focus on the flowers,” she said. “Here’s the receipt.”

She studied it closely, her brow furrowed in concentration.

“Wait a minute,” she mumbled as she looked at the paper more closely. “There’s something wrong.”



“Oh no!” Rachel cried. “What is it?”

“Well, there are six flower girls,” Aunt Angela explained. “There’s Talia and Tamara—they’re twins. Then there’s Ashlyn and Avery. They aren’t twins, but they are sisters. And finally, there’s Mila and Sasha. That means there should be six baskets of rose petals on the order form, but I only see five. I’d better call the flower shop right away.”

Rachel and Kirsty waited anxiously while Aunt Angela made the call. But a moment later, she hung up the phone without saying a word with a puzzled look on her face.

“There was no answer,” she told the girls. “But I’m certain the flower shop is open today. I’m afraid I don’t have time to go there myself, but maybe you girls can?”

“Of course!” Rachel said.

“Yes, we’d be happy to,” Kirsty agreed.

“Thanks so much!” Aunt Angela replied as she gave Rachel a quick peck on the cheek. “I knew there was a reason I hired you girls!”

Rachel and Kirsty headed outside. The flower shop was just a few blocks away from the hotel, so it was an easy walk.



“I wonder why no one answered the phone,” Kirsty mused. “That seems odd, especially when they have such a big wedding coming up tomorrow.”

Rachel just shrugged. “Maybe that’s exactly why no one answered,” she said. “Everyone at the shop must be busy getting ready for the wedding!”

But when the girls got to Fabulous Flowers, the store was dark inside. Kirsty tugged on the door handle, but it didn’t budge. Rachel noticed a sign was posted on the door with the store’s hours.

“That’s strange,” she said. “According to this, the store should definitely be open now.”

Kirsty and Rachel weren’t sure what to do next. If the flower shop was closed, how would the flowers be ready in time for the wedding the next day?



“What should we do now?” Kirsty wondered aloud.

“I don’t know,” Rachel replied. “If there are no flowers tomorrow, the wedding will be ruined!”



The girls stood in front of the flower shop, trying to figure out what to do next. Then Kirsty noticed something moving inside the shop.

“Hey!” she said, nudging Rachel. “Look! Someone’s inside.”

The girls pressed their faces against the windowpane. Sure enough, there was a figure sitting in the shop in the dark. From her long hair, it looked to be a young woman. But she didn’t look happy. She was hunched over, and her shoulders were shaking.



Kirsty and Rachel knocked gently on the door. The girl inside looked up suddenly, wiping her eyes. Then she came to the door and unlocked it, pulling the door open.

“Can I help you?” she asked Rachel and Kirsty. The girls noticed that her eyes were red and rimmed with tears.

“I hope so,” Rachel said softly. “But is the shop open?” She pointed to the sign in the store window.



“And are you okay?” Kirsty added, looking genuinely worried. The poor girl seemed very upset. The girl seemed confused for a moment, and then her face grew pale.

“Oh my goodness!” she cried. “I didn’t realize it was time to open the shop. I’ve been so distracted and upset all morning. Please come in.”

The girls stepped inside as the sales girl hurried to turn on the lights. Then she grabbed a green apron with flowers stitched on it and tied it on over her clothes.

“Please forgive me,” she said. “What can I do for you?”



“We have a question about the flower order for tomorrow’s wedding,” Rachel said.

But at the word *wedding*, the girl burst into tears again!

Rachel and Kirsty glanced at each other, unsure of what to do.

“Can you tell us what’s wrong?” Kirsty asked gently. “Maybe we can help. We’re good problem solvers.”

“That’s very kind of you,” the girl replied with a sigh. “But I don’t think you can help me. Today’s my birthday, and my fiancé and I had a big fight this morning. He came over this morning to drive me to work and give me my birthday present. But it was the worst gift ever! He gave me a baseball glove and baseball tickets, but I hate baseball! I was so surprised, I burst into tears. And now I’m getting cold feet about our wedding! How can I marry someone who doesn’t understand me at all? I’m not going to be able to get any work done today.”

“Wow,” Kirsty replied. “That’s a tough one.”

Rachel nodded sympathetically. Then she noticed a sparkle in the flowerpot on the counter

behind the sales clerk. The pink peonies seemed to be glowing!



At that moment, the phone rang, and the girl excused herself. She headed to the back of the shop to answer the call.

“Oh, Kirsty, look!” Rachel said, pointing to the flowerpot just as a tiny fairy with gossamer wings peeked her head out of the basket.

“Hello,” she said sweetly. “I’m Blossom the Flower Girl Fairy.”

Rachel and Kirsty gasped in delight.

Blossom had brown skin and curly hair piled into a bun on top of her head. She wore a crown of flowers and leaves wound around her curls. Her pink taffeta dress was decorated with pink peonies and lace, and she wore a beautiful corsage on her wrist. She was lovely.



Rachel and Kirsty loved meeting new fairies.

“Hello!” Rachel said brightly. “I’m Rachel, and this is Kirsty.”

The fairy smiled at the girls, but her mouth quickly turned into a tiny frown and her wings drooped.

“Nice to meet you both,” she said. “I’m afraid I need your help. There’s a royal wedding tomorrow, but Jack Frost’s goblins stole my basket of rose petals. If I don’t get it back soon, both the royal wedding *and* your wedding will be ruined!”

“Oh no!” Kirsty said with a gasp.

“That’s terrible,” Rachel agreed.

“I know,” Blossom replied. “My magic protects all flower girls. It’s my job to work with Mia the Bridesmaid Fairy to make sure all weddings are happy and magical. But I can’t do that without my magic items! My basket of rose petals helps prevent misunderstandings between couples.”



Rachel and Kirsty glanced at each other. They seemed to be having the same thought.

“That must be why the sales clerk had that argument with her fiancé!” Kirsty exclaimed. “It’s because Blossom’s enchanted basket is missing!”

“That’s just what I was thinking,” Rachel agreed.



The girls turned back to Blossom.

“How can we help?” Kirsty asked.

Blossom fluttered her wings hopefully.

“We’ve got to get to Fairyland as quickly as possible,” she told them. “Will you come?”

“Of course!” Rachel agreed.

Kirsty nodded her head as well.

“Here we go!” Blossom said, pointing her wand at the girls. A second later, a burst of tiny sparkling flowers and butterflies shot out from the tip of the wand. They swirled around Kirsty and Rachel, and the girls quickly shrunk down to fairy-size, complete with silvery wings on their backs.



Rachel and Kirsty fluttered their wings happily. No matter how many times they became fairies they still loved it! The girls flew after Blossom, heading straight for Fairyland.

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