



Honey
the Candy
Fairy

For Roisin and Alfie Starky-Oakley,
with love

Special thanks to
Sue Mongredien

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It was a beautiful, sunny day, and Mr. and Mrs. Tate had set the table for lunch outside in the yard. As Kirsty and her best friend, Rachel Walker, sat down to eat, Mrs. Tate suddenly groaned.

“I knew there was something else I meant to get from town this morning,” she cried. “Toffees for Gran! I promised I’d take her some tonight, and I





completely forgot to buy them.”

Kirsty put down her sandwich. “Don’t worry, Mom. We can go to Mrs. Twist’s Candy Shop after lunch for you,” she suggested. She glanced at Rachel. “What do you think?”

“Sure,” Rachel said. “I always have time to go to the candy store!”

The two girls smiled at each other. Rachel was staying with the Tates





for a whole week. She and Kirsty had met when their families vacationed on Rainspell Island, and they had been best friends ever since. Somehow, whenever the girls got together, they always seemed to have the most wonderful adventures—fairy adventures!

“That reminds me,” Mr. Tate said. “I saw in the local newspaper that Mrs. Twist is retiring. Her daughter’s taking over the candy store starting tomorrow. Since this is her last day, Mrs. Twist is throwing a party for all her customers.” He winked at Kirsty and Rachel. “I read something about there being lots of free candy, too!”





Kirsty nudged Rachel.
“Candy *and* a party,”
she repeated. “How
exciting!”

“We love parties,”
Rachel agreed, with a grin.



The two friends shared a special secret. They had been busy all week helping the Party Fairies of Fairyland! The fairies were preparing a surprise celebration for the fairy king and queen’s 1000th anniversary—but mean Jack Frost had plans to throw his own party the same day. All week, he’d been sending his goblins into the human world to ruin people’s parties. Whenever a Party Fairy zoomed in to save the day, a goblin would try to steal



her magic party bag and take it to Jack Frost.

Kirsty and Rachel had been helping the Party Fairies outsmart the goblins, but they knew their work wasn't done yet. Not if Jack Frost had anything to say about it!

After lunch, Mrs. Tate gave the girls some money for the toffee, and they set out for the candy store.

As they turned onto High Street, they saw that a few kids were already crowded outside Mrs. Twist's shop. But as they came closer, Kirsty and Rachel realized that something was wrong.

A boy was making a





face as he licked a lollipop. And one little girl started to cry.



“This candy tastes funny!” she wailed. Kirsty and Rachel went into the shop, wondering what was

going on. The tiny store looked very festive. Colorful balloons hung from the ceiling, and party streamers were twisted around the big jars of candy that lined the shelves. Mrs. Twist stood behind the counter as usual—but Kirsty noticed immediately that she didn’t look as cheerful as she usually did.

“Hello, Mrs. Twist,” Kirsty called. “Is everything all right?”





Mrs. Twist shook her head sadly. “Not really,” she replied. “It’s my last day. I was hoping to have a wonderful party, but all my candy is spoiled!”