



Phoebe
the Fashion
Fairy

To Charlotte Ingle,
a real fashion fairy, with love

Special thanks to
Sue Mongredien

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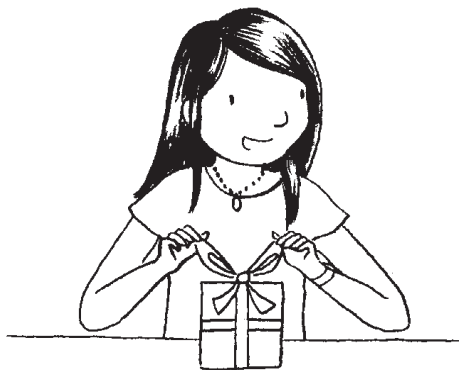
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Kirsty Tate and Rachel Walker were busy wrapping a birthday present for Kirsty's friend, Charlotte.

"There," said Kirsty, tying the ribbon. "Charlotte's going to love this silver headband. It's so pretty!"

"Are you almost ready, girls?" Mrs. Tate called up the stairs. "Dad and I





have to leave in two minutes!”

“We’re coming, Mom,” Kirsty replied. Then she turned to Rachel. “I can’t believe we’re going to another party, can you?” She grinned.

Rachel shook her head. “I wonder what’s going to happen this time,” she said excitedly.

The two girls shared a secret. They were friends with the fairies!

And while Rachel had been staying with Kirsty’s family, the girls had been helping the Party Fairies. Jack Frost had sent his goblins into the human





world to cause trouble at parties. When a Party Fairy arrived to set things straight, a goblin would try to steal her magic party bag and take it back to Jack Frost! Rachel and Kirsty had been helping the fairies keep their party bags safe — so all the parties that week had been especially exciting.

Kirsty and Rachel put their party dresses into a bag with Charlotte’s present, then rushed downstairs.

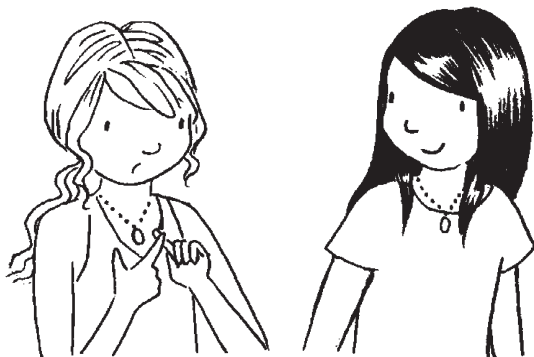
Kirsty’s parents had to go out that afternoon, so Mrs. Tate had arranged for the girls to go to Charlotte’s house a little early.

“We’ve helped almost all of the Party Fairies now,” Kirsty said, as she and





Rachel walked along the road.



Rachel counted them off on her fingers. “Cherry the Cake Fairy, Melodie the Music Fairy, Grace the Glitter Fairy, Honey the Candy Fairy, and Polly the Party Fun Fairy,” she said. “So the only two we haven’t helped are . . .”

“Phoebe the Fashion Fairy and Jasmine the Present Fairy,” Kirsty finished. “I wonder if we’ll see one of them today.”



Rachel couldn't help smiling as they walked up Charlotte's front path.

"I bet we will," she said.

"Those goblins won't be able to resist another chance to try to steal a magic party bag. One of them is bound to cause trouble! Then Phoebe or Jasmine will have to come and fix everything."



The girls knew that Jack Frost had sent his goblins to steal the party bags because he wanted to use fairy magic at a party of his own. He wanted his party to be better than the fairy king and queen's surprise anniversary party, which had been planned by the Fairy



Godmother to take place at the end of the week. Kirsty and Rachel had both been invited to the anniversary celebration as special guests. They were determined to make sure that Jack Frost and his goblins didn't ruin everything by stealing the Party Fairies' magic.

Kirsty rang the doorbell. A few moments later, Charlotte answered the door.

“Happy birthday!” cried Kirsty and Rachel together.

But then Kirsty noticed how sad her friend looked. “Is everything all right?” she asked, concerned.





Charlotte didn't seem to be in a birthday mood. She wasn't wearing a party dress, and she wasn't even smiling. "No," she wailed. "Everything is *not* all right. My favorite dress is ruined!"

"Ruined?" Rachel echoed. "What happened?"

Charlotte held the front door open. "Come upstairs and see," she said miserably.

Kirsty and Rachel gasped when they saw Charlotte's white-and-gold party dress hanging on the door of her closet. It had messy splotches of what looked like green paint all over it.

"Oh, no!" Kirsty gasped. "How did that happen?"

Charlotte looked close to tears.

"I don't know," she said. "This





morning, it was totally clean!”

Charlotte’s mom, Mrs. Ingle, came in. Her mouth fell open when she saw Charlotte’s stained dress. “Charlotte!” she exclaimed. “You haven’t been painting in your best dress, have you?”

“No,” Charlotte cried. “I just came upstairs and found it like this!”

Mrs. Ingle frowned. “I hope your brother didn’t have anything to do with it,” she said, marching over to open the window. “Will!” she called down to the yard. “Come here!”





Charlotte's little brother, Will, scampered into the bedroom a few minutes later. He was covered in mud and looked very pleased with himself. "I found tons of worms," he told the girls happily, holding up a small muddy shovel.



"Will, your sister's party is starting soon." Mrs. Ingle groaned. "You were supposed to be getting ready."

Will glanced over at Charlotte. "Well, Charlotte isn't ready yet—and it's her party!" he protested.

"Speaking of which," Mrs. Ingle went on, "do you know anything about this?"

She showed Will Charlotte's party dress,





and he shook his head. “I’ve been outside all morning!” he insisted.

Charlotte nodded. “It’s true, Mom,” she said. “I saw him.”

Mrs. Ingle sighed. “Well, I guess the dress must have brushed against something,” she said, looking confused.





Rachel and Kirsty glanced around the room uneasily. They were both wondering if the dress really had brushed against something—or if somebody had ruined it on purpose.

Both girls knew it was just the kind of thing a goblin would do! And the green paint on the dress was an unmistakable goblin green.

Rachel caught Kirsty's eye and realized that they were both thinking the same thing—a goblin must be hiding somewhere very close by!