



# Chapter One

## Waiting for Rachel



It was a sunny morning in Wetherbury, and Kirsty Tate had been bouncing around her house since she had woken up. Her best friend, Rachel Walker, was coming to stay for the weekend. Kirsty skipped into the kitchen, twirled around three times and gave her dad a big hug.

“Calm down,” said her dad, laughing and hugging her back.

“I can’t,” Kirsty said, glancing at the wall clock. “Rachel will be here any minute.”

“It’s been quite a long time since you last saw each other,” said her mum. “I expect you’ll have lots to talk about.”

Kirsty smiled. Her mother had no idea that the girls had seen each other not long ago. They were secretly friends with the fairies, and when Jack Frost had stolen four magical objects that belonged to the Festival Fairies, Rachel and Kirsty had promised to help get them back.

On the night of the new moon, they had been transported to Fairyland and had saved Elisha the Eid Fairy’s pelita lamp from Jack Frost and his mischievous



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goblins. Altogether, they had now rescued three magical objects. However, Bea the Buddha Day Fairy's special candle was still missing, and today was Buddha Day. Time was running out.

A car door slammed outside and Kirsty raced to the door. Was it her best friend at last?

“Yes!” she exclaimed.



Rachel was running up the path towards her, followed by Mr and Mrs Walker. The girls shared a happy hug.

“Let’s go upstairs and unpack your bag,” said Kirsty.

While their parents went to have a cup of tea, the girls hurried up to Kirsty’s room. Rachel shut the door behind her and leaned against it, smiling.

“Happy Buddha Day,” she said. “I’ve been thinking about Bea all morning.”

“Me too,” said Kirsty. “Wasn’t our adventure with Elisha exciting?”

“Yes, and I was so surprised when you turned up at my window,” said Rachel, laughing as she remembered. “Thank goodness we found the pelita lamp. I just hope that we can find Bea’s magical candle too.”





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She started to unpack her bag. Kirsty always kept one of her drawers empty, ready for Rachel's visits.

"I hope Bea arrives soon," said Kirsty, longingly. "Buddhists all over the world are celebrating the birth of Buddha today. It's called the Vesak Festival. I can't bear to think of Jack Frost spoiling that, just so he can create his own festival."



“Don’t forget what Queen Titania told us,” said Rachel. “The magic will find us.”

“So we don’t have to go looking for it,” Kirsty added. “OK, what shall we do this morning?”

The door opened and Mrs Tate came in, holding a leaflet.





“This has just arrived,” she said. “I thought you two might be interested. There’s a new Buddhist temple on the outskirts of Wetherbury. They’re having an open day today, and they have invited everyone to go along and learn something about Buddhism. Would you like to go?”

The girls shared a delighted smile and nodded. Perhaps the magic was already at work!

“Do you think Bea has arranged this?” Kirsty asked as soon as her mother had left the room.

“I don’t know,” said Rachel. “But it sounds like a great way to understand more about Buddhism.”

The girls ran down the stairs, thrilled to think that another magical adventure



might be on the way. They made a little picnic of sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, carrot sticks and blueberries, and divided the packets between their rucksacks.

“Let’s go on our bikes,” Kirsty suggested.

Luckily, Rachel had brought her bike to Wetherbury. Mrs Walker took it off the rack on the back of the car, while the girls filled their bottles with cool, fresh water.

“Be home in time for tea,” said Mrs Tate.

“We will,” called Rachel and Kirsty as they rode off down the street. “Goodbye!”

They chatted as they pedalled past the little shops and the church, towards the edge of the village. It was lovely to be together again, sharing stories and jokes. Soon they had left the houses behind.



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Hedges rose up on either side of the lane.  
They stopped and perched on a wooden  
stile to have their picnic.

“It can’t be much further,” said Kirsty,  
checking the leaflet that her mum had  
given them. “Yes, I think it’s around the  
next bend in the road.”



When they had eaten, Rachel jumped back on to her bike, sped down the lane and peeped around the bend.

“Yes, I can see it,” she called.

Kirsty whizzed after her.

“WHEEEEEE!” she shouted, sticking her legs out and letting the bike freewheel.

She skidded to a stop beside Rachel, giggling. In a break in the hedgerow, an arched iron entrance had the words ‘Wetherbury Buddhist Temple’ written in gold letters. Through the archway was a long, low building made of honey-coloured stone. The girls parked their bikes and walked along a winding path towards the front door.