



“It’s another beautiful day, Kirsty!” Rachel Walker exclaimed happily as she and her best friend, Kirsty Tate, hurried along the winding country lane. The blue sky above them was dotted with fluffy white clouds, and the sun was warm on their faces. “Isn’t Rainspell Island just the most *magical* place?”





“I can’t think of anywhere I’d rather go on vacation,” Kirsty replied, gazing over the lush green fields. The aquamarine sea sparkled in the distance and seagulls wheeled through the crisp, salty air.

