

To Harriet Matthews, with love

Special thanks to Rachel Elliot

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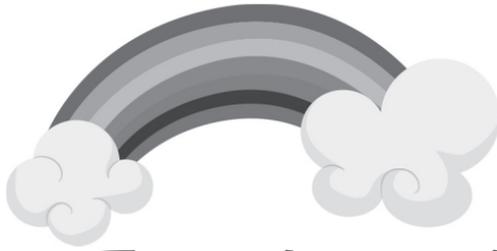
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Ruth
the Red Riding Hood
Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

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Fairy Tale in the Firelight



“There’s something so magical about a campfire,” said Kirsty Tate, warming her hands as the flames flickered.

“I love staring into the flames,” said her best friend, Rachel Walker. “If you look at them for long enough, you can start to see pictures in there.”





The girls leaned against each other, feeling happy, sleepy, and relaxed. They had spent a wonderful weekend at the Wetherbury Storytelling Festival, but now it was Sunday evening and the fun was nearly at an end. Together with the other children from the festival, they were sitting on logs in a circle around a campfire. Alana Yarn, one of their favorite authors, had helped organize the weekend, and she was sitting on a log, too. The girls had had a wonderful time getting to know her.





“So,” said Alana, looking around the circle at them all. “Have you enjoyed the Storytelling Festival? What was the best part?”

Everyone nodded and started to call out their favorite moments.

“The only bad thing about the whole weekend is that it has to end,” said Rachel.

Alana smiled.

“We still have one more storytelling session before you have to go home,” she said.

There was a large wicker basket in front of her, and she began to rummage through it.

