



Rita the Frog Princess Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

SCHOLASTIC INC.

Special thanks to Tracey West

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ISBN 978-0-545-85197-8

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

16 17 18 19 20

Printed in the U.S.A.

40

First edition, January 2016



“There are so many fairy tales in the world,” Rachel Walker said. “Do you think we’ll ever read them all?”

“I’m going to try!” promised her best friend, Kirsty Tate. “And I’m excited to hear a new one today!”

The girls were walking to the garden at Tiptop Castle. They were there for the



Fairy Tale Festival. Every day, the organizers had fun fairy tale themed activities for the guests to do.

Both Rachel and Kirsty loved fairy tales—and fairies, too! They had first met each other—and real fairies—on Rainspell Island. They had been best friends ever since.

“Look, there’s the storyteller!” said Kirsty, pointing.

A woman in a long, pale-yellow dress stood in the middle of the garden.
She had dark, curly hair with a white flower in it and a frog puppet on





her hand. Rose bushes in bloom with tiny pink blossoms surrounded her. Colorful butterflies danced on the flowers.

Rachel sighed happily. “This whole place is so magical!”

The girls sat in white chairs set up in the garden for Fairy Tale Time. The other kids there for the festival looked just as excited as they were to hear the storyteller.

“I just thought of something,” Rachel whispered into Kirsty’s ear. “Jack Frost stole the magic objects from the seven Fairy Tale Fairies. He wants to be the star of every fairy tale. Does that mean that he’ll be in the storyteller’s fairy tale?”

“I didn’t think of that,” said Kirsty. “We’ll see, I guess.” She shrugged.





Jack Frost was always trying to cause trouble for the Fairyland fairies. A few days ago, he had taken the Fairy Tale Fairies' magic objects. Until the objects were returned to the fairies, the characters in those fairy tales wouldn't be in the right stories. The girls had helped the Fairy Tale Fairies find three magic objects so far. But four more were still missing.

The storyteller spoke up. "Welcome, everyone! Gather round. I am Sarah the

Storyteller. Today I will tell you the story of *The Frog Princess*, a Russian fairy tale.”

“I’ve never heard that one before,”
Kirsty whispered to Rachel.

The children in the garden quieted down as the storyteller began.

“Once upon a time, there were three princes, each looking for a wife. ‘Each of you will shoot an arrow, and where it





lands, you shall find your wife,’ ordered the king.”

“That is a strange way to find a wife,” Rachel remarked in a whisper.

“The first two princes shot their arrows, which landed by beautiful maidens,” Sarah continued. “But the third prince’s arrow landed by a frog. The king didn’t care. Rules were rules. So the third prince married the frog and she moved into the castle with him.”



“Then the king ordered a test to see which bride was the best,” said Sarah. “Each princess had to bake him a cake. ‘How can a frog bake a cake?’ the



prince wondered. But he did not know her secret.”

“What secret?” a boy in the crowd asked.

“The frog was really a princess under a spell,” Sarah explained. “Her name was Vassilisa. When night fell, Vassilisa transformed from a frog back into a princess. She called on her attendants to help her. And then . . .”

Sarah frowned. “And then, um, there were some green goblins. I think. But I’m not sure.”

She shook her head. “I’m sorry, everyone. I can’t seem to



remember the story. Can we try again later?"

The children got up and left the garden, disappointed. Poor Sarah looked very confused.

Rachel pulled Kirsty aside. "Oh no! I bet Jack Frost is around here somewhere, trying to take over The Frog Princess fairy tale!"

"We have to stop him!" Kirsty said.

