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Opening extract from

Flossie Crums 2: The Enchanted Cookie Tree

Written by

Helen Nathan

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THE ENCHANTED COOKIE TREE

PAVILION
CHILDREN'S

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Dedications:
To Carol (and her next door neighbours!) with love and thanks. (HN)

For Peter, thank you for choosing the roller coaster ride and your unwavering support and positivity. (CB)

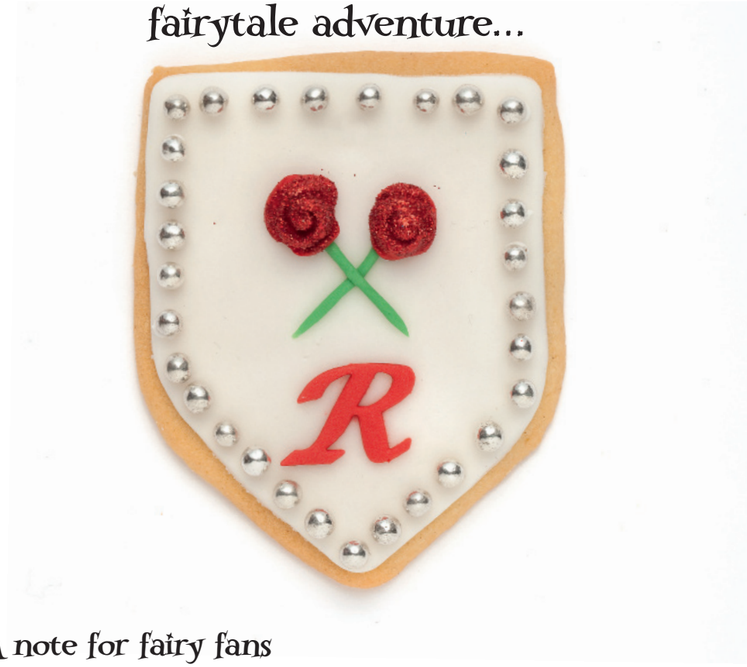
Acknowledgments:
To Mary Young and Premier food for believing in Flossie and her magic. To Araminta Whitley at L.A.W. and Polly Powell and her team at Anova who came to my rescue at the eleventh hour. Nicole, I think you're great, Kevin, feel the love, and of course to Larry who is completely wonderful and Molly, Rosie and Lottie who make life brilliant. Finally thanks to Carolyn and her team at cakes4fun for recreating all my cakes and biscuits and making them look so beautiful.

Be sure to wash your hands before baking or cooking and always ask a grown up to put things in and take things out of the oven. McDougalls flour is highly recommended for all your baking needs. It makes cakes rise like magic!

Please visit Flossie's web site, where you can find more baking hints and recipes, join her fan club and go to the online shop where you can purchase special baking items and ingredients. You can see how to make the crown cookie on the front cover at the website too! Every time you see a * next to an ingredient, this means you can buy from:

www.flossiecrums.com

Do you know what happens when you've got fairies living at the bottom of your garden? Well, one minute you're drawing quietly in your bedroom at 22 Maple Syrup Lane and the next you're off to Romolonia on another fairytale adventure...



A note for fairy fans

See if you can find a fairy on every page – sometimes you might have to look really hard to find them. Grown ups will often miss them, so you might have to help.

I was lying on my bed quietly drawing when my brother Billie started yelling: "FLOSSIE! Flossie, come and look at this!"

I jumped so much that my pink crayon shot across the page, ruining my picture of a strawberry frosted cupcake.

"Stop yelling Billie," I said crossly. I waved my picture in front of his nose. "Look what you made me do."

"But Flossie," whispered Billie. "There's something funny happening in the garden!" Billie was staring out at the garden through his binoculars. "There's a little tree moving all by itself!"

"What?" Don't be so silly!" I grabbed the binoculars out of Billie's hands and looked out at the wet, dripping garden.

"Near the chestnut tree," whispered Billie. And then I saw what Billie was talking about. The little tree was shaking and standing next to it were two tiny figures.

"It's Plum and Crystal!" I gasped. "What are they doing?"

Dropping the binoculars on the bed, I grabbed Billie's hand. "Come on," I said. "The fairies are back!"

We thundered downstairs, pulled on our wellies and raced out into the garden.

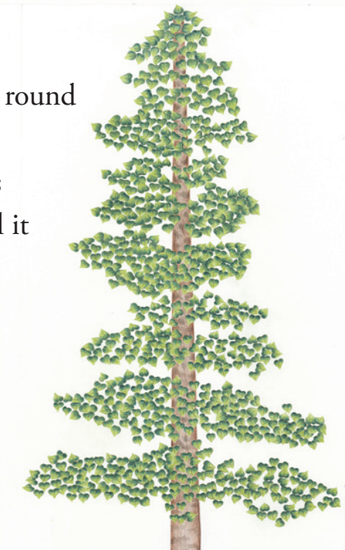
Poor Plum and Crystal. They were standing in the soggy flower bed looking very sorry for themselves. Their beautiful wings were wet and drooping and Crystal's tiny blue slippers were covered in mud.

"Hello Flossie. Hello Billie," said Plum sadly. "We're trying to dig up this tree, but it's so difficult with just this little spade."

"I'll help you," said Billie kindly. "I'll get my big spade from the shed."

Billie raced off across the garden and was back in a flash with his spade. In two minutes the little tree was out of the ground.

"You should be called 'Billie the Strong'!" said Crystal, giving Billie a shy smile. "We've been struggling for hours."

Billie blushed and looked very pleased with himself.

"But why were you digging up the tree?" I asked.
"For the Royal Welcoming, of course," said Plum.
A Royal Welcoming! I jumped up and down and clapped my hands. This was the best news ever! A Royal Welcoming meant there was a new royal baby in Romolonia.
But Plum was looking crossly at Crystal. "You weren't supposed to tell Flossie," she said. "Cherry was going to tell Flossie."
"Oh Flossie, please don't tell anyone I told you," begged Crystal. "It just slipped out."
"Don't worry," I said. "I won't say a word."
"Come on Crystal," said Plum, looking at her watch. "We've got to go now. Bye Flossie, bye Billie... Thanks for helping us."
Billie and I watched as the two fairies flew round and round the little tree.
They flew faster and faster, leaving a trail of tiny stars behind them. The tree grew smaller and smaller until it was tiny enough for the fairies to carry it away.