

THE FGB



Story by **HEATHER ATKINSON**
Illustrated by **PATRICK LEPAGE**

Copyright © 2021 Heather Atkinson. All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book or parts thereof in any form.

Also available as an audiobook.

Contents

The Dream - 3 -
The Worrywart - 5 -
A Very Special Visitor - 12 -
Very Special Tickets - 14 -
The First Ticket - 17 -
Calling FGB - 23 -
The Second Ticket - 27 -
Bad Behaviour..... - 32 -
The Third Ticket - 37 -
The Real FGB - 46 -

The Dream

Grammy, Kaylah screamed. I think I'm drowning! Help!

Kaylah's kayak had just flipped over.

She'd been having fun teaching herself to steer it until she leaned over to admire the moon's reflection in the glittering dark water.

But she'd leaned too far and fallen into the water just beyond Grammy's dock where the river took a turn toward town.

Now Kaylah was struggling to stay afloat. She remembered what Daddy B told her about staying calm. She took a deep breath and started to tread water.

Daddy B had just taught her to swim last week.

Kaylah sucked in a big breath of air and called out again, *Grammy, please help!*

Kaylah listened attentively but all she heard was her breath going in and out and the lapping of the river as it slid by Grammy's dock.

Suddenly the old owl who lived in the tall pine at the top of the hill called out *Hoo Hoo*.

Kaylah took another deep breath and called back: *Me, Mr. Owl, it's me, me, Kaylah!*

Daddy B had explained how the owl from its perch in the tall pine could use its magical eyes to spot a tiny mouse and how with its talons the owl could grab the mouse in one quick swoop and carry it away.

Maybe the owl could see Kaylah! Maybe the owl would save her!

Luckily that is exactly what happened.

The owl suddenly appeared. It hovered for a few moments over Kaylah's head as if considering what to do. Its wings, stretched out wide, gleamed in the moonlight.

Hurry Mr. Owl, said Kaylah. I'm tired of swimming. I want to go home. I want to go back to bed.

That's when Kaylah's eyes snapped open and she realized she was no longer swimming. At first she was puzzled.

The owl must have swooped down and scooped her out of the river. But she wasn't wet.

It took her a few moments to figure out where she was.

I'm not in the river. I'm back in bed! Kaylah breathed in deeply and let out a big *whoosh* of air.

As her eyes got used to being open in the dark she watched familiar objects take shape. The first thing she noticed was her Beauty dreamcatcher. It was wiggling more than usual. The face of School Teacher Beauty was stitched into the cloth part of the dreamcatcher, which was encircled by fluttery pink feathers.

Kaylah looked slowly around her room to confirm that she was indeed safe and sound in her Beauty bed, tucked under her Beauty canopy, with 52 of her favourite Beauty dolls watching over her.

It was a scary dream, she thought with relief. Only a dream. Everything seems to be back to normal.

But of course that wasn't so as Kaylah was about to find out.

The Worrywart

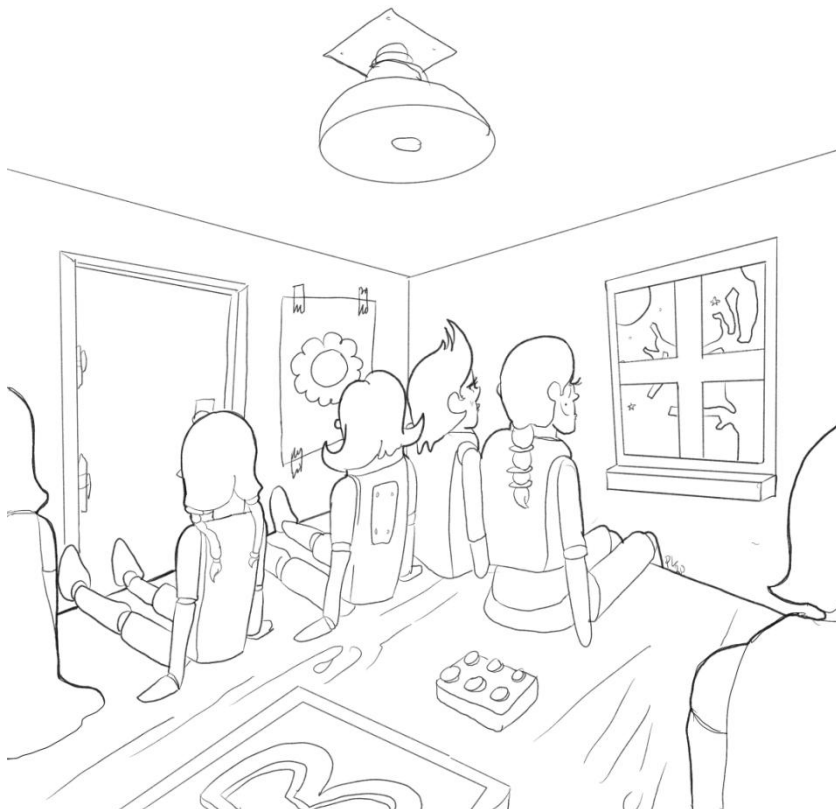
Kaylah was a worrywart.

A worrywart is someone who worries about almost everything.

That's why after she returned safely from her dream Kaylah was glad to see her Beauties were still arranged exactly where they were supposed to be.

Had it been otherwise Kaylah would have worried.

Kaylah had positioned the Beauties in their usual fashion. She had lined them up in a neat row on top of the white chest in the corner of her room. It was her custom to turn half of the dolls to face the bedroom door (which she'd decorated with a poster of Veterinarian Beauty). The rest she turned to face the window.



She conducted this ritual every night before bedtime.

The Beauties were supposed to watch for scary things. That was their nighttime job. Kaylah was pretty certain they would wake her up if they saw something scary. But so far, they never had.

She figured she could count on her Beauty dolls because their eyes were always open. Her Beauties were her guardians. They never slept.

Kaylah imagined her Beauty guardians worked the same way the owl did. A Beauty's wide-open eyes would home in on the smallest night creature. And a Beauty's fingernails, sharp as an owl's talons, would grab a small night creature before the night creature could grab Kaylah.

Now you would think that knowing her 52 Beauties were watching over her would make Kaylah worry less.

But sadly, it did not. Kaylah continued to worry.

Her worries often kept her awake long past bedtime.

For example, Kaylah now felt her tummy turn queasy. It felt like butterflies were fluttering around inside. She felt exactly the way she did when she was car sick. Or when she'd stuffed herself with a big bowl of strawberries and whipped cream shortly after she'd eaten a Family Size order of poutine.

Perhaps she'd eaten too many of Daddy B's hamburgers before she went to bed. Now Kaylah worried the butterflies in her tummy would keep her awake all night.

The butterfly feeling reminded Kaylah of the Evil Dog.

The Evil Dog worried Kaylah. It lived in a house by the river next door to Grammy's house. It had strange blue eyes, wolf teeth and sticky-up fur on its neck. Grammy said that kind of fur meant the dog was unfriendly.

Kaylah continued to worry about the Evil Dog. You could never be completely certain what it would do. It might even come into her room while she was sleeping.

Kaylah breathed in another big balloon-sized gulp of air and slowly let it out. She pulled her Detective Beauty flashlight from under her Deep Sea Diver Beauty pillow, switched it on and moved the light slowly around the room.

There was no sign of the Evil Dog.

Relax, Kaylah told herself, *relax*.

She soon became aware of her Pediatrician Beauty nightie. It had wrapped itself tightly around her legs, the way the horrible squeezey snake did to that poor little mouse on a nature show Kaylah and Daddy B had watched together. Kaylah could hardly move, and to make matters worse her legs were getting sweaty. They were also getting itchy. Kaylah carefully unwound the nightie and scratched her legs.

Then Kaylah felt the bug bites on her arm start to tingle. She tried not to scratch, but the itch grew so itchy she couldn't help herself. She scratched so hard bright rubies of blood bubbled onto her arm.

Kaylah stopped worrying about the Evil Dog.

Now she worried about her bug bites.

What if they became infected and she needed to go to the hospital?

Kaylah thought about going downstairs to complain to Daddy B about the bug bites. It was his fault she'd been bitten because he'd forgotten to buy a new can of Nurse Beauty bug spray. Kaylah was about to get out of bed when she remembered that outside her Beauty canopy she'd be totally unprotected from larger scary things that only came out at night.

Daddy B once told Kaylah to think of the canopy as a protective shield. It was designed to repel the large scary things as well as any small night creatures that managed to sneak past her Beauty guardians. Daddy B had hung the canopy above Kaylah's bed. It was made of some sort of super special sparkly pink mesh netting. Every night after Daddy B playfully tossed Kaylah into bed and kissed her

forehead, he made sure he tucked every inch of netting tightly under her Beauty mattress.

Of course, Kaylah found the whole notion of scary things worrisome.

And so she threw off her Beauty blanket intending to check that all four corners of the canopy were securely tucked in.

As an added precaution, Daddy B had hung the small Beauty dream catcher above Kaylah's bed. Daddy B told Kaylah the pink feathers would collect the scary dreams before they reached her.

But now Kaylah worried that the dream catcher wasn't working properly. True, it was wiggling the way it was supposed to, ready to catch whatever came its way, but it hadn't caught the scary dream she'd been having just before she woke up.

On the other hand, Kaylah told herself, the dream could have been worse. It could have ended in one of those super scary dreams Daddy B calls nightmares.



So perhaps the dream catcher was working after all. It was wiggling vigorously because it had trapped a nightmare.

Once again, Kaylah filled her tummy with air and let the air out. She decided to wait until morning to show the bug bites to Daddy B.

Be calm, Kaylah told herself. Stop worrying.

She lay still for a few moments, listening to the thump thumping of her heart and the tick ticking of the clock on the nightstand beside her bed.

She pointed her flashlight at the clock. The small hand on the clock seemed to be stuck halfway between the 11 and the 12. The big hand was pointing to the 9.

Kaylah forgot what this meant. She had been daydreaming when the teacher taught the rest of the class how to tell time on old-fashioned clocks.



Meanwhile, the jumpy little green second hand was making its way around the clock face. The face on the clock was smiling. It was the face of Dentist Beauty. The second hand ticked all the way down Dentist Beauty's long golden ponytail to the 6, then across Dentist Beauty's perfect white teeth to the 7, then up through Dentist Beauty's tiny perfect ear to the 9 and *tick ticked* its way up and across the twin arches of Dentist Beauty's eyebrows to the 12.

Now Kaylah worried that it was way past her bedtime.

I want to go to sleep, she thought, but I don't feel the least bit sleepy.

I feel the way I do when I'm waiting for someone like Santa Claus or the Easter Bunny or the Tooth Fairy.

The house was completely silent. Kaylah worried when things were completely silent. She worried about the creatures that might lurk in the silence.

Suddenly Kaylah was startled by an unexpected noise. The noise was coming from the kitchen below. Kaylah knew it couldn't be Daddy B. It was long past his bedtime too. She told herself it was only the mice families chattering amongst themselves as they scampered across the supper dishes in the sink. They would be looking for hamburger crumbs. She often heard their squeaky chattering voices coming from the wall behind the sofa in the living room.

Then the chattering stopped abruptly and became a new sound.

Maa!

The sound reminded Kaylah of Farmer Green's lambs. Farmer Green lived in the big house next door.

Kaylah remembered that yesterday Farmer Green's lambs had suddenly vanished. When Kaylah got off the school bus in the rain, she hadn't heard a single *maa*. The lambs were nowhere in sight.

The fields once speckled with fluffy white *maa-ing* lambs munching grass beside their mommies and daddies were empty. Where had the lambs gone?

Of course, Kaylah started to worry about the lambs.

It wasn't long before the missing lambs reminded Kaylah of her fish, Smeagle and Carrot. She worried the day would come when her beloved old fish would vanish too, joining long lost Lilyfish wherever it was that good fish go when they turn upside down because they've forgotten how to swim.

Since she was already worrying about Smeagle and Carrot, Kaylah decided she might as well worry about Meggin and Layla too. Meggin and Layla were her two favorite chickens. What if The Weasel finally dug his way into the coop and grabbed Meggin and Layla?

Thinking of The Weasel always worried Kaylah. She had once seen a picture of a weasel in her Big Book of Mammals. She did not like the look of them with their long snaky bodies, tiny sneaky eyes and worrisome pointed teeth. You could never be completely certain what a weasel would do. A weasel was as scary as a night creature.

She sucked in a balloon-sized breath of air and let it all out.
Whoosh.

Kaylah moved her fingers slowly around the edges of the bed. She made sure that every inch of the canopy was tucked in tight. The smallest gap would be a possible entry point for an alert night creature or scary thing. Even the tiniest ones could cause trouble.

Suddenly Kaylah felt a puff of warm air against her skin. She put her hand to her cheek. More warm puffs followed.

Kaylah gasped. *Something is out there, she murmured, and it's breathing on me!*

Kaylah looked up at the dream catcher. The pink feathers were flapping wildly like laundry on Daddy B's clothes line.

Kaylah worried that something peculiar was about to happen.

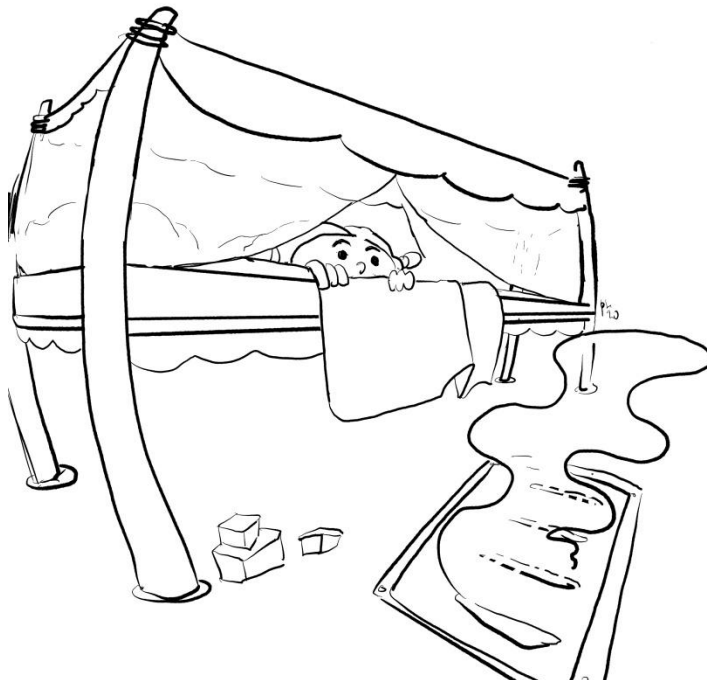
She squinted through the mesh of the canopy.

Kaylah thought she saw something move though she wasn't completely sure.

She squinted harder. Something was definitely wafting up through the metal grill that covered the hole in her bedroom floor. The grill covered the space where the stove pipe used to come up from the kitchen in olden times.

Who's there, Kaylah whispered. The butterflies in her tummy were fluttering again.

There was no answer.



A Very Special Visitor

Kaylah stopped worrying about her bug bites, her twitchy legs, the Evil Dog, Smeagle and Carrot, Meggin and Layla and the missing lambs.

The only thing Kaylah was worrying about now was the something that was coming up through the hole in her floor.

Kaylah tried again. *Who's there?*

Still no one answered.

Though Kaylah wanted to hide under her covers she told herself to be brave and stay alert. She knew her Beauties would also keep their eyes wide open.

Now Kaylah could see that the something seemed to be made of smoke. The smoke wavered for a moment as if considering how to proceed and then began to arrange itself slowly into a definite shape, the way smoke from a chimney makes particular shapes as it rises.

But that's impossible, Kaylah told herself. There is no stove below to make smoke.

But it *was* smoke rising in a column through the metal grill in the floor. Now the column was shifting its shape into something else.

Kaylah forced herself to take a long deep breath. She let it all out in a *whoosh* while the strange smoke continued to form itself into something she felt she'd seen many times before.

But where?

Kaylah stared. The column of smoke was now dividing itself into two tall pillars, which curved into legs, which curved into a giant heart shape, which curved into hips, topped by a tiny waist no wider than Kaylah's two hands put together. Wisps of smoke shaped themselves into arms and then unfurled a short neck.

Tendrils of smoke coiled into a crown of fluffy white hair, a pair of sparkly blue eyes, a plump nose that reminded Kaylah of one of Grammy's pincushions, a pair of smiling lips and two perfectly round cheeks that looked a lot like Grammy's tea biscuits.

Kaylah was puzzled. She was sure she'd seen this face somewhere before although the face had been attached to a completely different body. Kaylah held her breath as she waited to see what would happen next.

At that point, the smoke did something even more unexpected.

It grew a tall pointed headdress and a veil and then it spread itself into a long gown. The smoky gown floated above Kaylah's bedroom floor the way the morning mist hovered over the river by Grammy's house.

Now the smoky gown was flowing toward Kaylah's bed. Kaylah was afraid her heart would thump itself right out of her chest.

I think I know you, Kaylah whispered.

Of course you do, said a voice that came from the smoke. Kaylah liked the voice. It was comforting and it tinkled like the tiny wind chimes outside Daddy B's back door.

The voice was also familiar.

I'm your fairy godmother, Kaylah.

I'm your very own Fairy Godmother Beauty.

Very Special Tickets

Kaylah was stunned. She was also excited. Like the time she was pretty sure she'd seen the Easter Bunny rummaging in Daddy B's fridge.

She had never heard of Fairy Godmother Beauty. She'd seen every single Beauty movie ever made, and Fairy Godmother Beauty hadn't appeared in any of them.

Why have you come, Fairy Godmother Gooty? Kaylah asked, stumbling over the words.

I've come because Daddy B asked me to, said Fairy Godmother Beauty. And just call me FGB. It's much easier than trying to say my whole name. I know it's a mouthful.

Why does Daddy B think I need a fairy godmother? Kaylah asked. The FGB was now drifting around Kaylah's room looking at things. She seemed particularly interested in Kaylah's 52 Beauty dolls.

Ask him yourself, said the FGB. It was his idea.

Kaylah tried to think of all the things she knew about fairy godmothers. Cinderella's fairy godmother turned glass into shoes, mice into horses, rags into gowns and pumpkins into vehicles. Kaylah had no use for any of that. Her closet was already stuffed full of princess gowns Grammy brought back from the Thrifty Shoppers Emporium.

Kaylah wasn't sure what to do with a fairy godmother.

She sat still, quietly thinking.

After a few moments she sat up in bed. *FGB, can you make things turn into other things?*

Yes, said the FGB. But only six times.

Six? Kaylah asked. *Why six?*

Ask Daddy B, said the FGB.

OK, said Kaylah, *I will*. Kaylah lifted one section of her canopy and stuck out her left foot. She couldn't wait to go downstairs. She urgently needed to tell Daddy B about the FGB.

The FGB shook her head vigorously. *I wouldn't do that if I were you.*

The FGB moved a smoky finger toward the canopy. Kaylah saw tiny sparks fly up the moment the FGB's finger touched the pink netting.

Ow, said the FGB, drawing her finger back quickly. *Your canopy works. If I can't get past it, nothing can. You're absolutely safe inside.*

This was good news. Kaylah moved back inside the canopy and made sure to tuck it in tightly.

The FGB glanced at the clock. Both hands were almost on top of the 12. *I don't have much time, said the FGB, so pay attention and please don't interrupt.*

The FGB reached into her smoky gown. She drew out six pieces of pink paper.

These are your tickets, Kaylah, she said. If you want me to come, you must say 'FGB Please Come to Me' and then mail a ticket in the red mail box by Daddy B's house. There are only six tickets so keep them safe.



The FGB looked around Kaylah's room. She spotted the Beauty jewellery box on top of Kaylah's white chest.

Take one ticket with you wherever you go, in case you need to call me. Keep the rest here. The FGB pointed to the jewellery box. She opened the lid of the box and popped the six tickets inside.

Then she drifted toward Kaylah's bed. The FGB peered through the mesh.

I can only help you during certain parts of the day when you're not inside the canopy, she said. That means you can call me anytime between 8 in the morning and 8 at night. That is, until you've used up your tickets. So pay attention to the small hand on your clock.

Kaylah listened carefully to every word. Luckily she knew what 8 o'clock looked like. It was when the small hand pointed exactly at the number 8 and the big hand was pointing straight up.

Now she was impatient for morning to come. She wanted to see for herself whether the FGB's promises would come true.

Lift up the canopy, said the FGB.

Why? asked Kaylah.

So I can kiss you goodnight, said the FGB. Then tuck the canopy back in tightly, and close your eyes.

Kaylah closed her eyes and felt the FGB's warm breath on her cheek.

Goodnight FGB, said Kaylah. She waited a moment and then she opened one eye. But the FGB was no longer there.

Kaylah made sure to tuck the canopy in tightly. The FGB had been clear about that.

Then Kaylah closed both eyes and fell fast asleep.

The First Ticket

Kaylah was suddenly awake again.

But this time, the morning sun was streaming through the window and turning her bedroom walls bright orange. Kaylah imagined she was Peter Pumpkin Eater's wife waking up inside a pumpkin.

Kaylah was about to get out of bed when she remembered the FGB's warning.

Time.

Kaylah had to be sure of the time.

She lay back on her bed and looked up at her Dentist Beauty clock. She watched patiently until the small hand had worked its way around to the 8 and the big hand pointed straight up.

Then Kaylah knew it was safe to go downstairs because the FGB was now on duty.

Daddy B was waiting for her in the kitchen. He handed her the pink satin egg basket decorated with shiny gems.

You slept in, said Daddy B. *Meggin and Layla will be waiting.*

Kaylah wasn't sure how to bring up the subject of the FGB. She thought for a moment.

Thanks for sending me the you-know-who, she said at last.

Daddy B raised one eyebrow. *What you-know-who?*

The FGB. She came to visit me last night, Kaylah replied.

Daddy B was silent. *What's an FBG?*

F-G-B! said Kaylah. *You know ... Fairy Godmother Beauty. You asked her to come.*

I did? Daddy B looked puzzled. He waited for Kaylah to tell him more.

I get to call her six times. She gave me six tickets.

I see, said Daddy B. Why six?

I was going to ask you that, said Kaylah. The FGB said you'd know.

Daddy B thought for a moment.

Well, he said, six is a pretty significant number.

Significant? said Kaylah.

Important, said Daddy B.

Kaylah sighed. Daddy B often said puzzling things. Of course he was teasing her pretending to know nothing about the FGB.

Kaylah took the pink satin egg basket Daddy B handed her and went out to the coop. Meggin and Layla were indeed huddled in their nest boxes waiting for her.

Kaylah reached under their soft brown breasts and brought out two plump brown eggs, which she carefully placed in her basket. *Thanks girls. These will make great pancakes.*

Then Kaylah noticed that her two hens were looking more terrified than usual. *What's wrong, girls?*

Meggin and Layla stared at her. Their round yellow eyes were open wide.

The two hens slowly moved their beaks in the direction of the coop door. Their round yellow eyes opened wider.

Kaylah followed their gaze to the floor of the coop.

She could see right away what was troubling them.

The little round hole under the door was getting bigger. This was a worrisome development.

The Weasel is back, Kaylah murmured. Now she could see why Meggin and Layla looked worried.

Kaylah returned to the kitchen where Daddy B was washing last night's supper dishes. She silently climbed onto the stool beside him and rinsed the eggs in the soapy water.

Kaylah was thinking about her beloved hens. After a few moments she said, *I think we need another Beauty canopy.*

Why? asked Daddy B. *You already have one.*

To protect Meggin and Layla, said Kaylah. *The Weasel is back.*

Daddy B was silent for a moment. *What makes you think a Beauty canopy would help?*

There were times when Kaylah couldn't tell what Daddy B was thinking. Now was one of those times. He was staring at her with that unblinking expression he called his poker face.

Kaylah did her best to explain the situation. *When the FGB put her finger against the canopy it made sparks. She said that means Beauty canopies work. They keep bad things away from good things.*

Daddy B continued to stare at Kaylah. *Are you saying the BFF told you to wrap a Beauty canopy around the chicken coop?*

Kaylah sighed. *The F-G-B, she said, didn't tell me to do that exactly. But she proved that canopies work. We need to go to the store right now and get one before it's too late.*

Daddy B knew there was no point in arguing. After they ate their pancakes, Daddy B drove Kaylah to the store. They brought back the only Beauty canopy left on the shelf.

Lots of other people must have figured out these things work, said Kaylah. *Good thing we got the last one.*



Daddy B climbed onto the coop and attached the canopy to the top of the roof. The sparkly pink mesh fell loosely down the wooden exterior walls. Kaylah used Daddy B's stapler to

attach the mesh to the walls. Daddy B spent a few moments inside the coop with the stapler and some wire mesh.

When they were done, Kaylah sat down in the grass to admire the coop. Meggin and Layla waddled over to join her. The coop was now securely wrapped in sparkly pink mesh.

Girls, you don't need to worry about The Weasel anymore, Kaylah assured her hens. Take it from me, nothing, not even The Weasel, can get through that pink mesh.

Later that afternoon, after she'd rearranged all the photographs of herself and Daddy B in the living room, and while Daddy B was cutting the lawn, Kaylah found herself with nothing to do. She wanted to ride her pink bike but she had to admit she was fed up with the training wheels.

Kaylah moved in front of the lawn tractor. She motioned for Daddy B to turn it off.

I want you to take off my training wheels, she said.

Please, said Daddy B.

Please, said Kaylah.

Daddy B silently climbed down from the tractor and went into the barn. He brought back the wrench he used to remove the training wheels from Kaylah's bike. This was the sixth time he'd had to do it since he'd given her the bike last year on her fifth birthday. Daddy B lay the wheels down in their usual spot by the door so he could easily grab them when Kaylah wanted them back on again.

Kaylah moved her bike onto the driveway.

Need help getting started? Daddy B asked.

No thanks, said Kaylah. I can do it myself.

Daddy B watched for a few moments and then he went back to mowing the lawn.

Suddenly Kaylah remembered one of the FGB's instructions, the one about Kaylah always carrying a ticket in case she needed to contact the FGB. Kaylah ran back inside and up the

stairs to her bedroom. She grabbed one of the six tickets from her Beauty jewellery box. She shoved the ticket far down into her back pocket for safekeeping. She only had six tickets. She could not afford to lose one.

Now it was time to make a wish. But Kaylah had no idea what to wish for. She considered several simple wishes. For example, could the FGB keep Kaylah from falling off her bike?

After much thought, Kaylah decided she could keep herself from falling off her bike. She didn't need the FGB for that. It would waste a ticket.

She thought about more complicated wishes, things she couldn't do for herself. Could the FGB make Kaylah's bike fly? Now that seemed a lot more interesting.

Kaylah took a few moments to imagine herself flying over Grammy's house on her pink bike and swooping down like a big pink owl to terrify the Evil Dog.

Kaylah smiled. *That might be worth a ticket*, she thought.

Then she imagined herself looking down on Grammy's house from a great height and she felt the butterflies flutter back into her tummy. Kaylah decided that a flying bike might be a little *too* exciting. She had to teach herself to ride it first. That meant learning to turn her bike around without tipping over.

Kaylah spent the next little while riding a bit, falling off and getting back up again. After two hours, her knees were skinned raw and speckled with small drops of blood. Several times she thought of calling the FGB for help but decided against it. She couldn't bear to use up one of her precious tickets on something she felt certain she could do herself.

Kaylah eventually did teach herself to stop wobbling long enough to turn the corner onto Grammy's street. She had to pass the Evil Dog on the way to Grammy's house, but by that time she was going so fast she forgot to be scared.

In any case, the Evil Dog was too busy sleeping to bark when Kaylah rode past.

Kaylah smiled when she reached Grammy's house. She hadn't fallen once.

Grammy was happy to see Kaylah. She was ready with her usual big bowl of strawberries and whipped cream. Kaylah sat on Grammy's lap, and together the two of them finished every last creamy berry. Kaylah told Grammy all about the FGB's visit. Grammy paid close attention to every detail.

How can something made of smoke look like a Beauty doll? Grammy wanted to know.

Kaylah thought for a moment. *The same way clouds can look like Daddy B's car one moment and then the next moment turn into a flock of fluffy lambs,* she said. *Smoke can look like anything. You just have to use your imagination.*

Kaylah and Grammy took turns thinking up wishes.

I'd wish for her to fill my house with magical plants, said Grammy. *Then I could plant them in my garden and never run out of wonderful growing things.* Grammy smiled. She was imagining magic bean plants that climbed into the clouds.

Kaylah suggested silly wishes, like bottomless bowls of strawberries and whipped cream or her very own lamb.

The game reminded Kaylah of Farmer Green's missing lambs.

I wish they were still here, said Kaylah. *Eating grass in the sunshine beside their mommies and daddies.*

I didn't know Farmer Green's lambs had gone, said Grammy. *I thought I saw them yesterday. Maybe you can wish for your FGB to bring them back.*

Kaylah pondered Grammy's suggestion. Then she jumped up. *That's it!* Kaylah said.

Kaylah knew exactly how she would spend her first FGB ticket.

Calling FGB

Kaylah loved sailing her bike down the big hill to Grammy's house, but on the way back to Daddy B's house she had to walk her bike to the top of the hill. From there, she could ride the rest of the way.

She parked her bike in the garage and then rushed to the red mail box. She pulled out the pink ticket and dropped it into the mail slot. She had to stand on her tip-toes.

Kaylah looked around. There was nobody on the street.

She said the words: *FGB Please Come To Me.*

Kaylah held her breath. Nothing happened.

Kaylah said the words again.

Still nothing.

She said the words three more times. After the sixth try, Kaylah heard a small tinkle-y voice.

I'm here, said the voice. It was the FGB.

But Kaylah saw nothing. Not even a wisp of smoke. *Where is 'here'?* said Kaylah. *FGB, I can't see you.*

Of course you can't see me, said the FGB. *I'm invisible because it's day time. I'm right in front of you. I'm practically standing on your toes.*

Kaylah squinted. She was trying to make out the FGB's shape. Then she felt a finger brush her cheek. *It's really me,* said the FGB. *Now, what do you want me to do?*

I want you to bring back all the lambs, said Kaylah.

All the lambs, said the FGB. *Every single one of them?*

Yes, said Kaylah. *I want the hills to be full of happy lambs, like before.*

The FGB was silent. *All of them*, she said at last. *Every last one?*

Of course, said Kaylah. *Why not?*

OK, said the FGB. *Close your eyes and count to six. Then open them.*

Kaylah followed the FGB's instructions.

When she opened her eyes, Kaylah was immediately worried by what appeared to be happening.

Her worry soon turned to shock.

Farmer Green's fields appeared to be sprouting lambs.

Even worse, lambs seemed to be sprouting more lambs. Lambs piled themselves higher and higher until the piles covered lawns and gardens and then rose to cover the trees at the back of Farmer Green's farm. Soon everything on Farmer Green's farm seemed to be lost under a rising tide of lambs. Kaylah remembered the nature show where a dangerous tide arose from the ocean and swallowed every

creature in its path.

Now the great tide of lambs appeared to be heading toward Kaylah!

I must be dreaming, she thought. *This sort of thing never happens in real life.* And yet, there it was, clear as day, the giant clouds of lambs floating closer and closer.



Kaylah watched, stunned. There was no point in running away. It was too late. The lambs were everywhere as far as she could see, and now the great tide of lambs had reached her at last. Lambs were piling up against her from every direction.

Kaylah found herself surrounded by lambs. The butterflies in her tummy were fluttering like leaves on a windy day. Her first wish had gone very wrong, and Kaylah knew there was only one way to fix it.

She knew with 100 percent certainty that she needed the FGB.

And so she shouted *FGB Please Come To Me*. But the *maaaaing* of the lambs had turned into a great roar that swallowed her words.

There was no answer.

She screamed the special words again and again, each time louder than the last.

But still the lambs roared, and still the FGB did not answer.

Suddenly Kaylah knew why. She felt the butterflies in her tummy flutter.

The FGB couldn't help. She couldn't help until Kaylah had deposited another pink ticket into the mail slot!

Kaylah dug her hand into her back pocket to be sure she hadn't accidentally brought two tickets with her. But one old brown penny with a picture of the queen on one side and a maple leaf on the other plus a bit of old string was all she found. Her pocket was otherwise empty. There was no pink ticket.

Kaylah sighed. She forced herself to calmly review her situation. *I only brought one ticket and I've already used it. The other five are back in my Beauty jewellery box. How am I supposed to get there from here? I am surrounded by lambs as far as I can see.*

She looked toward Daddy B's house. She could see that lambs were now busy stacking themselves on Daddy B's roof.

It seemed to Kaylah that millions of lambs stood between her and her jewellery box. But she wasn't about to give up.

I've never climbed a mountain before but I will have to climb mountains of those maaaing creatures to get another one of the FGB's tickets.

Kaylah took a deep breath and then she began to climb.

The Second Ticket

It was much later in the afternoon by the time Kaylah finally reached Daddy B's house. She was exhausted. Climbing lambs was hard work, like doing track and field.

Kaylah disliked track and field. It made her heart go bumpy.

Daddy B was in the kitchen washing the breakfast dishes. He turned to Kaylah. *Where have you been?*

Daddy B either hadn't noticed or didn't seem to care that ridiculous numbers of lambs were running all over the neighbourhood, packing themselves onto roof tops and spreading themselves as far as Kaylah could see.

Something went wrong, Kaylah said irritably. The FGB brought back too many lambs, and I need her to fix it.

Really, said Daddy B. He was staring at her. *How many lambs is too many?*

Kaylah noticed he was wearing his poker face which meant that he wasn't taking the situation seriously. Frowning, she pointed to the kitchen window. It looked out over one of Farmer Green's fields. *See for yourself. They're covering everything. There's a kazillion of them.*

Daddy B looked out the window. Then he looked back at Kaylah. *A kazillion?* he asked. *And how can the FBB fix that?*

Daddy B was annoyingly calm. Kaylah decided it was a waste of time trying to explain. She raced upstairs to her room. She lifted the lid of her Beauty jewellery box, grabbed a ticket and raced downstairs.

And FYI it's F-G-B, Kaylah told Daddy B. And I haven't a clue how she's going to fix it. But I need to get her back ASAP.

Kaylah didn't wait for a response. She raced out of the kitchen and let the door slam behind her. Outside, she took a deep breath. *You got this girl, she told herself. Take your time, and remember to breathe.*

Slowly Kaylah climbed her way toward the mailbox. All she could see was the red top. The mailbox was surrounded by lambs. When she reached the box she climbed up on two lambs and straddled them, one leg on each lamb. *Sorry*, she told them, *try to hold still*. Then teetering slightly she popped the ticket into the slot. She waited a few seconds in case the tickets needed time to take effect before calling *FGB Please Come To Me*.

The FGB did not answer.



Maybe she can't hear me, thought Kaylah. *The maaaaaing must be drowning out my voice.*

She shouted the words a second time. Again the FGB did not answer.

Kaylah shouted, *FGB Please Come To Me* four more times.

The sixth time worked.

What now?

Kaylah recognized the tinkle-y voice. *FGB, you came at last!*

Of course, said the FGB. *If you follow my instructions I always come.* The FGB paused. *You seem upset Kaylah. What's the matter?*

Kaylah waited a moment to catch her breath. *You have to make the lambs go away.*

Why? asked the FGB.

Because there are too many.

You asked for all the lambs and that's what I gave you. "All" means every lamb that ever was.

Kaylah sighed. They were in the middle of a disaster, and the FGB didn't seem to care.

Kaylah wanted to cry but she didn't want the FGB to think she was a crybaby. And so she forced herself to speak calmly. *I just want the lambs back the way they were before they disappeared from Farmer Green's fields.*

Oh, said the FGB. *That seems clear enough. Why didn't you say so? You must be precise with me. Close your eyes and count to six. Then open them.*

Kaylah closed her eyes and counted to six.

When Kaylah opened her eyes, she was relieved to see that things were back to normal. The regular number of lambs had returned. They were grazing beside their mommies and daddies in Farmer Green's fields.

Kaylah took a few moments to breathe in and out slowly. *That is the end of that,* she said. *Thanks FGB.* Though she couldn't see her, Kaylah knew the FGB was gone.

When Kaylah got back to Daddy B's house she found him in the back yard cooking hamburgers. *You'll be happy to know things are back to normal,* Kaylah told him.

Good, said Daddy B. *Normal is a nice change.*

After supper, Kaylah asked Daddy B to take her kayaking on the river at Grammy's house.

You hate kayaking, said Daddy B. *You always say you're scared of tipping over and falling into the river.*

I'm not the least bit scared right now, said Kaylah. Getting the lambs back had given her confidence. Plus she'd had a lot of exercise and now she felt she could handle just about anything, including kayaking.

She sat on Daddy B's lap in the kayak. He showed her how to push the paddle so she could make the kayak move wherever she wanted it to go. Kaylah figured it out very quickly and she steered the two of them up the river, then turned the kayak around to float back down river to Grammy's dock.

The pumpkin orange sun made Kaylah happy. So far, it had been a good day.

Suddenly Kaylah remembered another one of the FGB's instructions. The setting sun had reminded her that she had to be back inside her Beauty canopy by 8 o'clock. That was when the FGB went off duty.

What time is it? Kaylah asked.

7:30, said Daddy B. He showed Kaylah his watch. The small hand was resting halfway between the 7 and the 8. The big hand was pointing straight down.

We need to go, right now, said Kaylah.

Why? asked Daddy B. *It's a weekend. Besides, we're having fun.*

Kaylah explained that the FGB didn't work nights, which meant that in less than half an hour Kaylah had to be back safely in her room tucked into her Beauty canopy with her 52 Beauty dolls watching over her. Plus she had to make sure Meggin and Layla were safely tucked inside their Beauty canopy for the night.

Fine, said Daddy B. *Does that mean there's no time for a Beauty movie?*

Not tonight, said Kaylah.

They put the kayak back where it belonged and waved goodbye to Grammy. Then they walked back to Daddy B's house. Before going inside, Kaylah made sure Meggin and Layla were tucked safely inside their coop and that there were no gaps in their Beauty canopy.

Sleep tight girls, said Kaylah, blowing a kiss to each hen.

After brushing her teeth with her Dancer Beauty toothbrush, Kaylah settled herself into bed. Daddy B kissed her forehead, checked that the Beauty canopy was secure and that the 52 Beauty dolls were facing the right way.

The moment Daddy B left Kaylah's room, the small hand on her Dentist Beauty clock moved onto the 8 and the big hand skipped into position pointing straight up.

Kaylah knew the FGB was now off duty, probably sleeping wherever fairy godmothers sleep, while Kaylah was safely in bed.

Kaylah felt content. It was the end of a very good day.

Suddenly, she heard something.

It sounded like cartoon mice chattering.

The sound was coming from a corner of her room.

Maybe I'm already asleep and dreaming, she thought. Then she looked up.

The feathers of the dream catcher were waving wildly like tiny pink flags in a big storm. Kaylah got out her Detective Beauty flashlight and shone the light onto the white chest.

Kaylah felt her eyes grow wide. She breathed in a big mouthful of air.

What she saw on the white chest brought the butterflies fluttering back into Kaylah's tummy.

Bad Behaviour

Kaylah peered through the mesh of her Beauty canopy. She saw that six of her Beauties were leaning over her Beauty jewellery box.

The mesh of the canopy made it hard for Kaylah to see what the Beauties were doing.

The six appeared to be trying to remove the lid of the box. They managed to raise the lid just high enough so that with the help of six other Beauties they could lean the lid against one side of the box.

The Beauties were making noises that reminded Kaylah of cartoon mice.

Kaylah watched as the 52 Beauties gathered around her Beauty jewellery box. Now they were leaning over it. Now they were staring down into it. Now they seemed excited about something. The cartoon mice noises grew louder.

One Beauty leaned too far over the box, lost her balance and fell in head first. (Kaylah thought it might have been Scientist Beauty, but since she was looking through the mesh of the Beauty canopy she could not be sure.)

Meanwhile, the cartoon mice noises grew even louder.

My Beauties, what are you doing? asked Kaylah. But the Beauties appeared to be too busy to answer.

Kaylah watched the Beauty who had fallen into the box stand up and reach out her hand to a second Beauty. The second Beauty helped the first Beauty climb out. (Kaylah thought the second Beauty might have been Prime Minister Beauty, but again, it was hard to tell through the mesh.)

Then, all at once, the Beauties swiveled their 52 heads toward Kaylah.

The Beauties were staring at her.

Now the Beauties were frowning at her.

Kaylah almost dropped her Detective Beauty flashlight.

She had never in her whole life seen a Beauty frown. Beauties always looked carefree and happy.

Kaylah was not worried.

Kaylah was alarmed.

The squeaky cartoon mice voices grew louder.

Now the frowning Beauties were chanting her name. *Kaylah, Kaylah KAYLAH!*

Kaylah's butterflies fluttered back to her tummy. *What have I done to upset you my Beauties? she pleaded. And why are you trying to get into my jewellery box?*

Kaylah moved a foot toward the edge of her canopy. She wanted to get out of bed so she could turn on the bedroom light. She wanted to see clearly what the Beauties were up to.

Kaylah placed one foot outside the canopy, then onto the floor. She looked up at the Beauties. What she saw convinced Kaylah to bring her foot quickly back inside the canopy.

The Beauties were positioning themselves at the edge of the white chest. Now they were lined up in a single row.

And now to Kaylah's horror all 52 pairs of eyes were shut tight!

Beauties, are you sleepwalking? whispered Kaylah.

Now the chattering cartoon mice voices became the *maaaing* of lambs.

Now the Beauties opened their eyes, all 52 pairs of eyes at once, as if they had been commanded to do so.

Beauties, please tell me what you are doing, Kaylah pleaded.

But the Beauties did not utter a word.

Instead the 52 Beauties shook their 52 heads side to side. Kaylah knew that meant *no!*

Something has gone wrong, terribly wrong, with my Beauties, thought Kaylah. But I must be calm. This is the first time they haven't done what I've told them to do, and I must find out why!

Of course Kaylah wished she could call the FGB, but of course she knew that was impossible. The FGB had been clear. Kaylah would have to wait until the small hand on her clock pointed to the 8 and the big hand pointed straight up, which would mean it was 8 o'clock and the FGB was back on duty.

Kaylah suddenly remembered something else. She would need to mail a ticket to get the FGB to come. *But how will I do that when the tickets are in my jewellery box and the jewellery box is now in the hands of 52 Beauties who aren't doing what I tell them to do?*

The butterflies fluttered wildly. *I'm trapped*, Kaylah moaned to herself. *It isn't safe to leave my canopy but how else can I get a ticket?*

Kaylah considered shouting to wake Daddy B but he shut his bedroom door at night and wouldn't hear her.

This made Kaylah think of her cell phone. Luckily Daddy B had recently got her phone working so Kaylah could call him if she needed him.

Daddy B would be sure to wake up if he heard his cell phone ringing. He hated the ring tone Kaylah had chosen for his phone so he usually answered right away. Also, he slept with his cell phone right beside his ear because he didn't want to miss any important calls in the middle of the night.

Kaylah kept her phone under her mattress. Sometimes she liked to play Candy Crush when she had trouble sleeping.

Now she slid her hand slowly under the mattress making sure to keep her hand safely inside the canopy until she felt her phone.

She turned the phone on and quickly keyed in Daddy B's number.

She heard Daddy B's phone ringing downstairs. After six rings, Daddy B answered. *What?* He sounded grumpy.

HELP! Kaylah shouted into the phone. *Help! Help! Help!*

Kaylah? Daddy B sounded confused. *Is that you? Why are you calling me?*

The Beauties! They're walking around and talking, well not really talking, more like they're chattering like mice in cartoons, and they want my jewellery box and I don't know why!

Words poured out of Kaylah like water going downhill.

Kaylah heard Daddy B groan. Then the phone went silent. Now she heard Daddy B's footsteps clomping up the stairs. Even his footsteps sounded grumpy.

Daddy B switched on the light. He stood in the doorway for a few moments. He was looking down at Kaylah. *It's past midnight. You're having a bad dream.*

It's not a dream, said Kaylah. *Look at the Beauties.* She pointed at the white chest.

Daddy B and Kaylah looked at the Beauties. All 52 Beauties were arranged in their usual fashion.

The jewellery box lid was back on.

Everything appeared to be normal.

Daddy B turned away from the Beauties. He looked at Kaylah. He was waiting for her to say something.

Believe me, there's something not right about those Beauties, Kaylah said. *They're just pretending to be normal. I want you to take them away. And I also want to sleep with my jewellery box right beside me, here, under my canopy.*

Daddy B was too sleepy to argue. He left Kaylah's room and came back with a jumbo size plastic container. He swept all 52 Beauties into the container.

Make sure you put the lid on tight, said Kaylah. I don't want them escaping.

Gladly, said Daddy B. He pushed down on the lid until it clicked.

Kaylah frowned at the plastic container. I am giving you a time-out, Beauties. I want you to think about your bad behaviour.

She turned to Daddy B and stuck out her hand. My jewellery box, please.

Daddy B slid the box under the canopy. Now please go back to sleep.

Kaylah stayed awake a little while longer. She heard the back door slam shut. Kaylah knew Daddy B would be putting the container that held the captive Beauties in the back yard.

I will call for the FGB first thing in the morning and tell her the whole story, thought Kaylah. She'll know what to do.

Kaylah couldn't wait for morning to come. She fell asleep knowing help was on the way.

The Third Ticket

The next morning Kaylah woke up later than usual.

The small hand on her Dentist Beauty clock had reached the 9. It took Kaylah a few moments to remember why she was clutching her Beauty jewellery box and why her Beauty guardians were no longer in their usual positions on the white chest.

Kaylah shuddered to think of her disobedient Beauties and how close she herself had come to disaster.

She hoped the time-out would fix things, but she wouldn't be sure until she told the FGB the whole story.

She opened up her Beauty jewellery box and took out a ticket. She stared into the box. There were only three left. Kaylah stuck the ticket into the pocket of her nightie and closed the lid of the box.

She raced downstairs past Daddy B who was already halfway through his second cup of coffee. *You forgot the egg basket,* he said.

I'll get the eggs after, said Kaylah as she opened the back door. *Right now I need to get the FGB.*

Kaylah didn't wait for Daddy B to answer. There was no time to lose.

Kaylah ran toward the mail box with her Beauty nightie billowing behind. When she reached the mail box she took out the ticket and popped it into the slot.

FGB Please Come To Me, said Kaylah. By now she'd figured out she needed to say it five more times.

After the sixth call, Kaylah heard the familiar tinkle-y voice.

I'm here, Kaylah.

Kaylah almost cried with relief.

She told the FGB all about the Beauties.

The FGB was silent. Kaylah knew she was thinking. *This is not good*, said the FGB at last. *Where are the Beauties now?*

Daddy B put them in a plastic container, said Kaylah. *It's by the back door.*

Kaylah heard the FGB suck in a big breath. *A plastic container?* The FGB sounded concerned. *That won't stop them!*

But Daddy B put the lid on tight, said Kaylah.

My dear, this is not good, said the FGB. *Beauties can get right through plastic. We must find them now. They're on the loose!*

Kaylah suddenly thought of Meggin and Layla. *My chickens! Do you think those Beauties could get through their Beauty canopy?*

No, said the FGB. *Absolutely not. If I can't get through it, neither can your Beauties.*

But just to be sure, Kaylah and the FGB hurried back to Daddy B's to check the coop.

Kaylah could hear Meggin and Layla clearing their throats inside. When she opened the door of the coop, the two hens were sitting tensely in their nest boxes.

They looked even more terrified than they had the previous morning.

I think they've had visitors in the night, said Kaylah. *Scary visitors.*

She looked carefully inside the coop but could see no sign that anything had got in. Then she and the FGB went outside to look around. Kaylah immediately spotted something unexpected in the dirt beneath one of the coop's windows.

She knelt down to get a closer look.

The dirt was scuffed up in a strange way, as if it had been trampled upon by dozens of tiny little feet.

Kaylah looked closer.

The tiny little feet had been wearing tiny little high heels!

She looked up. The plastic container by the back door was gone!

Just as I thought, said the FGB. They were here. A plastic container can't keep them in. But a Beauty canopy always keeps them out. Lucky for your hens you thought of it.

But FGB, why would they try to get Meggin and Layla? asked Kaylah. *They're chickens!*

The FGB was silent for a long moment. She was thinking again. At last, she spoke.

Your Beauties are nabbers, said the FGB.

Nabbers! ...What are nabbers? asked Kaylah.

Kaylah, I've seen this before, said the FGB. *The Beauties want something from you. And they'll keep trying to nab something of yours until you give them what they want.*

But FGB, what do they want? asked Kaylah.

She heard the FGB sigh. Kaylah suddenly felt discouraged. Any situation that could make a fairy godmother sigh must be serious.

As I said, Kaylah, I've seen this before. It's happening more and more often.

What's happening more and more often? The uneasy feeling Kaylah disliked had brought the butterflies back into her tummy.

Disobedient Beauties, said the FGB.

Disobedient Beauties! ...What are disobedient Beauties? Kaylah asked.

Disobedient Beauties are regular Beauties who stop doing as they're told, replied the FGB.

Why? asked Kaylah. *I've always been so nice to my Beauties.*

It was true that Kaylah dressed her Beauties in pretty gowns and it was true that she stopped her cousin Will whenever she caught him trying to turn their heads backwards. It was equally true, however, that once, only once mind you, Kaylah had left her Beauties outside in the rain. Without their raincoats.

Surely they weren't holding that against her?

The FGB explained. *It starts with the educated ones. They think they are smarter than the little girls who own them. They are the first to become disobedient. You know, the professionals, Dentist Beauty, Veterinarian Beauty, Doctor Beauty, Engineer Beauty, Surgeon Beauty, Space Commander Beauty. They get tired of being told what to do. They want to be in charge. The revolution always seems to start with them.*

Revolution!...What's a revolution? asked Kaylah.

It's when someone small tries to take control from someone bigger, said the FGB. *In this case, your Beauties are trying to take control from you.*

Kaylah suddenly understood. *My FGB tickets. That's what my Beauties were after last night! But they can't get them now because I put them inside my Beauty canopy!*

Good thinking, Kaylah. This is all beginning to make sense, said the FGB. *They think your tickets will give them power. So they will continue trying to nab something of yours until they get those tickets.*

Kaylah immediately ran to the coop to explain the situation to Meggin and Layla. The hens had been waiting patiently by the coop door to go out. They had eaten their fill of corn and were now ready to dig for worms.

Girls, until we find my Beauties, I'm afraid you'll have to stay inside the coop. I want you to stay safe.

Kaylah put Meggin's and Layla's eggs in the pocket of her nightie and went back into the house to tell Daddy B the latest news.

Daddy B took the eggs from Kaylah.

It was nice of you to get me my very own FGB, said Kaylah. But it's causing problems.

Really? asked Daddy B. *What kind of problems?*

Kaylah told Daddy B about her Beauties and how they wanted her FGB tickets.

Why would they want those? asked Daddy B.

The FGB says they want power, said Kaylah. And they will keep trying to nab something of mine until they get all my tickets. They are nabbers.

Daddy B looked at Kaylah. *Nabbers?*

My Beauties left footprints by the coop. The FGB says they were trying to get inside to nab Meggin and Layla but the Beauty canopy kept them out. I told Meggin and Layla to stay inside until we figure this out.

Daddy B dumped pancake mix into a bowl and cracked open the eggs Kaylah had given him. *Who's "we"?* he asked.

The FGB and me, said Kaylah. *Who else?*

I know you and the BBB are busy but will you have time to help me clean out the fish bowl? asked Daddy B.

F-G-B, said Kaylah. And then she froze.

Smeagle and Carrot.

They were helpless fish.

The disobedient Beauties would try to nab them next! In their see-through glass tank, the two old fish were completely unprotected. Their brittle old fins would be no match for Deep Sea Diver Beauty who could easily put on her mask and fins

and slip into the murky water and nab them. Smeagle and Carrot were too old to put up much of a fight.

We need another Beauty canopy, said Kaylah.

There aren't any more, said Daddy B. Please, just eat your pancakes.

Kaylah finished her pancakes and then she and the FGB went upstairs to Kaylah's room to talk about what to do next.

You don't need another canopy, said the FGB. You can share yours with Smeagle and Carrot.

Of course, said Kaylah, who understood right away. I trust that will keep them safe.

Kaylah raced downstairs. Daddy B was typing into his phone.

We actually don't need another Beauty canopy, Kaylah said.

That's a relief, said Daddy B.

After we wash out the tank you are going to carry the tank upstairs. I will share my canopy with my fish, said Kaylah.

Did the FBI give you that idea? asked Daddy B. You can't tuck a fish tank into bed with you.

F-G-B, said Kaylah. And the tank will be on the floor. You can tuck the canopy underneath it.

Ah, said Daddy B. He handed Kaylah the fish net.

Kaylah scooped Smeagle and Carrot into the net, taking care not to damage their ragged old fins. She released the two fish into a bowl of fresh water and watched them swim several laps. While Daddy B scrubbed out their tank Kaylah rinsed their toy sharks and plastic seaweed under the tap.

When Smeagle and Carrot were back inside their clean tank, Daddy B carried the tank upstairs. He placed it on the floor beside Kaylah's bed.

Kaylah tucked the Beauty canopy under the fish tank so it was fully protected.

Those are two very safe fish, said Daddy B. He went downstairs to cook hamburgers.

Kaylah and the FGB were alone again. The FGB was silent for many moments. Of course she was thinking. Finally she said, *Kaylah, imagine if you didn't have those tickets anymore. Your life would be normal again. You could stop worrying about your Beauties nabbing things in exchange for your tickets.*

But without the tickets I wouldn't be able to call you, said Kaylah.

True, said the FGB. But, most fairy godmothers only grant three wishes. You were given six tickets for a total of six wishes. And you've already used up three. What if you gave up the last three? Wouldn't life be simpler?

It was Kaylah's turn to think for a moment. *You came when I called you but you haven't actually granted me a third wish.*

That's because you haven't asked me to do anything, said the FGB. I'll do what you ask.

Kaylah smiled. *Can you turn the disobedient Beauties back into regular Beauties?* she asked.

You've seen me work, said the FGB. Of course I can. But as an added precaution why not give up those three tickets?

Oh dear, said Kaylah. She sighed and tiptoed to the window. She was happy to see Farmer Green's lambs back where they belonged. Kaylah wanted nothing more than for everything to stay the way it was.

Above all, she wanted Smeagle and Carrot and Meggin and Layla and Daddy B and Grammy to stay safe.

Kaylah remained silent for a few moments. She knew what she had to do.

She lifted the lid of her Beauty jewellery box and looked at the three pink tickets nestled inside. Such a rosy pink and so promising. She thought about all the wonderful things those tickets might have brought her.

Then, one by one, Kaylah ripped them up. She turned to the FGB. *Now please make the Beauties normal again.*

I don't have to, said the FGB. *You just did it yourself. The Beauties are back to normal. They have no reason to bother you anymore because you have no more tickets. From now on, they will do whatever you tell them to do.*

Kaylah thought the FGB might have been smiling though in daylight with only wisps of smoke to go by she couldn't be sure.

Kaylah felt relieved, but she also felt a little tug of sadness. And it wasn't just because she'd given up the three tickets.

I will miss you, FGB, she said.

It was getting close to supper time, and the light in the room was growing dim. Kaylah thought she could see the smoky shape coming toward her.

I will miss you too, Kaylah, said the FGB. *You are a very special little girl. Your family is lucky to have you.* Kaylah felt the warm smoke curl around her.

And then it was gone.

While they were eating their hamburgers, Kaylah told Daddy B what she'd done and that the FGB wouldn't be coming back anymore.

Everything's back to normal, she said. *Including my Beauties.*

Good, said Daddy B. *I was worried.*

After supper, Kaylah biked down the hill to Grammy's house while Daddy B jogged beside. Grammy wanted to hear all about the FGB. She had her usual big bowl of strawberries and whipped cream waiting.

Of course you miss having the FGB, but you made the right choice giving her up, she told Kaylah. *It's worth giving up something special to keep your loved ones safe.*

The colour of the day was just starting to leave the sky by the time Daddy B and Kaylah said goodnight to Grammy. They

walked her bike up the hill and reached the top just as the sun set behind the big pine at the end of the street. The old owl was staring down at them. It called out *Hoo Hoo*.

Hoo Hoo? Kaylah shouted back. *I'm Kaylah, that's Hoo! Hoo Hoo are you?*

By the time they arrived back at Daddy B's house, it was dark. Daddy B helped Kaylah tuck Meggin and Layla in for the night.

Should we take down the Beauty canopy? Daddy B asked. *Now that the Beauties are back to normal, your chickens won't need the extra protection.*

Not yet, said Kaylah. *There's still The Weasel. But it's safe to bring Smeagle and Carrot back downstairs.*

Soon it was bedtime. Daddy B playfully tossed Kaylah into bed, kissed her forehead and tucked the Beauty canopy in tight. They both looked at the empty space on the white chest where her 52 Beauties once stood guard.

Daddy B turned to Kaylah. *Want them back?*

No, said Kaylah. *I want to share those Beauties with other little girls so they can have fun making up Beauty stories. We can bring them to the Thrifty Shoppers Emporium.*

Daddy B was smiling as he turned out the light.

Kaylah didn't hear him reach the bottom of the stairs because by then she was fast asleep.

The Real FGB

Kaylah's eyes snapped open the next morning.

It was past 8 o'clock.

She lay quietly in bed staring up at the ceiling. She was enjoying the *maaaing* of Farmer Green's lambs and the rosy pumpkin glow of her bedroom.



Kaylah turned onto her side. She was in no hurry to get out of bed.

Then she remembered the FGB. Kaylah wondered if her Fairy Godmother Beauty was visiting some other lucky little girl.

Suddenly something caught her attention.

Kaylah peered through the Beauty canopy.

A small box was sitting on top of the white chest.

Kaylah was certain the box hadn't been there the night before. She slipped out of bed to see what was in the box.

Kaylah shrieked.

There in the box was the most wonderful Beauty in the world. She was wearing the most fantastic flowing smoke-coloured gown, and her hair was as fluffy and white and fleecy as a cloud and capped with a pointed headdress. She had a button nose, two crinkly blue eyes and two plump cheeks as round as biscuits, and in one tiny hand she held a pink wand. Kaylah smiled when she saw that the wand was the sparkly kind that glittered with the promise of magic.

Kaylah did not need to sound out the letters she saw on the box. She knew who the Beauty was.

This one wasn't made of smoke.

This one was real.

Just then, Daddy B poked his head into the room.

Happy Birthday, he said. He scooped Kaylah up in his arms and planted six big kisses, one after another, on her forehead. *It's official. You're now Sweet Six.*

Kaylah hugged Daddy B and pointed to her new Beauty. *Thank you*, she said. *For getting me my very own FGB.*

FGB? asked Daddy B.

Fairy Godmother Beauty, said Kaylah, reading the words on the box. *She's the best Beauty ever. She's the one I really wanted!*

Nothing but the best for my very own princess, said Daddy B. He helped Kaylah take Fairy Godmother Beauty out of the box.

Kaylah imagined she saw the FGB smile at her and wink, but it happened so quickly that Kaylah could not be absolutely certain.

Kaylah stood the FGB on top of the white chest beside the Beauty jewellery box.

I'll let the FGB look after things while I'm not here, said Kaylah. *She'll know what to do.*

Then hand in hand Kaylah and Daddy B clomped downstairs to make birthday pancakes.



The End