

the Wish List

The Worst Fairy Godmother Ever!

By Sarah Aronson

SCHOLASTIC INC.



If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

Copyright © 2017 by Sarah Aronson

All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*.
SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered
trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility
for author or third-party websites or their content.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or
transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying,
recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher.

For information regarding permission, write to Scholastic Inc., Attention:
Permissions Department, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.



This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are
either the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously, and any
resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments,
events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

ISBN 978-1-338-14148-1

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

18 19 20 21 22

Printed in the U.S.A. 40
This edition first printing 2018

Book design by Maeve Norton





Chapter One

Sisters!

Dear Trainee, Please read and review all the rules before the first day of training. We appreciate your cooperation. —The Bests

Isabelle didn't have to be told she'd be better off studying.

She knew she wasn't ready for the first day of Fairy Godmother Training: Level One—not by a long shot. She didn't need her older sister, Clotilda, to tell her that.

But that didn't stop Clotilda. All day long, she asked things like: Why aren't you studying? Can I give you a quiz? You didn't fall asleep on your book again, did you?

This was the problem with older, smarter sisters who were perfect at everything. Clotilda wasn't just annoying. She was also right.

"Why can't you take this seriously?" she asked Isabelle. And then the clincher: "You don't want to embarrass Grandmomma, do you?"

Grandmomma (with the emphasis on *grand*) was the current president of the Fairy Godmother Alliance, one of the authors of *The Official Rule Book for Fairy Godmothers, 11th Edition*, and the sisters' grandmother.

More important, Grandmomma ran the official fairy godmother training program and helped select practice princesses for every new trainee. She was a godmother with very high standards and a very short temper. Trainees who couldn't cut it were banished. Probably to the dreaded Fairy Godmother Home for Normal Girls.

Isabelle did not want to go there.

At the Fairy Godmother Home for Normal Girls, there were no princesses. There were no wands. There were definitely no sparkles. Instead, normal girls learned to do one of the non-magical jobs of the fairy godmother world. “It’s an honest life,” Clotilda had told Isabelle at least a hundred times. “It’s nothing to be ashamed of, but let’s be honest, being a fairy godmother is so much better.”

So, no, Isabelle didn’t want to embarrass (or otherwise irritate) Grandmomma. But she didn’t want to study, either. The problem with studying was that there was always something better to do.

Like eating cinnamon pies and chocolate twigs and running so fast she could almost fly. Or building puffy cloud castles that floated up into the deep-blue sky. Or going to her secret hiding place near the top of the castle tower. Isabelle always had great ideas when she sat in the cozy space between the girlgoyles (her word for the gargoyles, since they looked like girls). The girlgoyles

weren't magical—they never came to life or told jokes or helped her out in any real way—but they didn't nag her, either. Sometimes, when she was feeling extra lonely, she pretended that one of them was her long-lost mother. Even though she was a tiny baby when Mom went away for good, Isabelle felt close to her when she was with the girlgoyles. She missed her all the time. She definitely did not believe what everyone said. Her mother was not the worst fairy godmother ever.

If only Clotilda would leave her alone, she'd go there right now.

But Clotilda would not leave her alone. Not for one second. Not when she could be telling her what to do.

“A great fairy godmother believes in happiness,” Clotilda recited. “She knows just what to do when her princess finds herself in an emergency.”

That didn't sound so complicated. “Okay,” Isabelle said, “go ahead and test me.”

Clotilda turned to the first practice quiz at the back of the book. “Question Number One: What must you possess to pass your first level of fairy godmother training?”

Isabelle groaned. These questions! They were never as simple as they seemed. Plus, she could smell gooey pumpkin cakes baking in the kitchen below. Also, a bluebird had landed at the window and was singing a magical song.

“A ton of sparkles? A brand-new wand?” she tried, looking past Clotilda and out to the beautiful sunny day beyond her.

Clotilda pulled the curtains shut. “Isabelle, you should know that no one’s going to trust you with more than a teaspoon of sparkles until at least Level Two. Wait for the choices. I bet once you hear them, the right answer will click.”

Isabelle hated waiting. She hated the choices, too, because they were always confusing. Most of all, she hated

feeling jealous of her sister. Clotilda had passed all four levels of training, as she would say, lickety-split. Or as Grandmomma would say, faster than any new godmother ever, she “couldn’t be more proud.”

Clotilda was a picture-perfect godmother. She was loving and kind (just not always to her sister), cheerful and smart, and skilled in the fine art of fairy godmother gift-giving. Isabelle had watched her turn a raisin into a sleek black convertible and an old trunk of rags into a fabulous wardrobe. She knew which magical blessings to offer new babies, and when blessings were not enough to ward off evil, she could snap her fingers and put a princess into a long sleep to protect her. Clotilda even *looked* like Isabelle’s version of a perfect fairy godmother. She had pretty ears, dainty feet, and shiny long hair. She wound it into a bun in the morning, and it stayed put all day.

Isabelle’s hair never stayed put. No matter how many pins she used, it always looked messy.

“I’m sorry,” Isabelle said. “Give me the choices.”



Clotilda spoke very, very slowly. “It’s either a) kindness, b) determination, c) gusto, or d)”—she paused dramatically—“all of the above.”

Isabelle liked the sound of the word *gusto*, but she wasn’t sure what it meant. “Determination?” she guessed.

Clotilda said nothing.

“Kindness?”

When Clotilda scowled, she looked a lot like Grandmomma. “The right answer is d) all of the above.” She started to read Question Number Two, but then she stopped halfway through. “Isabelle, snap to it! Training starts in two days. Don’t you care about becoming a great fairy godmother?”

“Yes! I mean, no. I mean, what was the question?” Isabelle hadn’t been listening. But that wasn’t because she didn’t care. The truth was Isabelle cared a lot. She cared more about becoming a fairy godmother than almost anything else in the fairy godmother universe.

She just didn’t like tests. There were too many rules.

Every time she opened the rule book she fell asleep.

For Isabelle, the answer to the question “What do you need to pass your first level of training?” was not *all of the above*. It was *none of the above*. She had to be more than

- a) kind,
- b) determined,
- c) full of gusto (whatever that was), and
- d) all of the above.

No matter how scary it seemed, she was going to have to e) be brave, f) take some risks, and g) get all of the answers by whatever means possible.

At least, she had to try.