

# Butter and Bother



“I love making pies at Christmastime,”  
said Rachel Walker, sifting flour and salt  
into a heavy mixing bowl.

“Me, too,” said her best friend, Kirsty  
Tate, opening a jar of cinnamon and  
taking a deep sniff. “The ingredients  
have such a Christmassy, spicy smell!”

She put the lid back on the jar and the

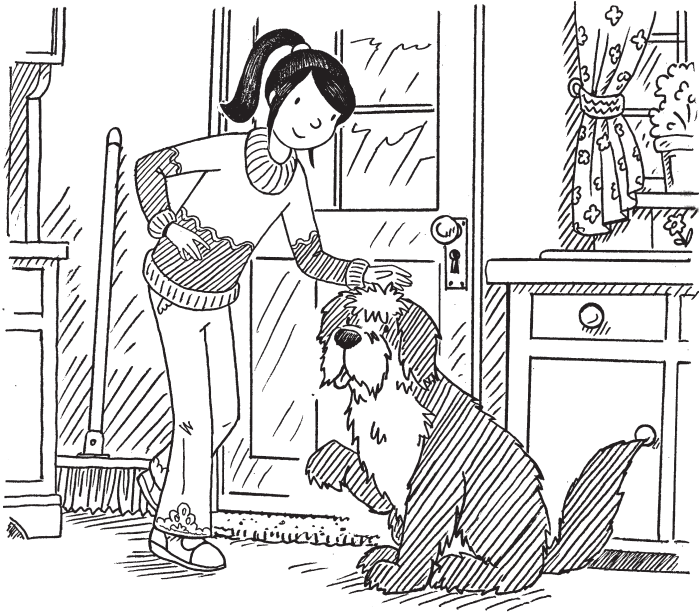




girls smiled happily at each other. It was the day before Christmas Eve, and they were staying in a cozy holiday cottage in the country with their families.

“Woof!” said Rachel’s dog.

“You’re looking forward to Christmas, too, aren’t you, Buttons?” said Kirsty, leaning down to pet his shaggy head.





“What does the recipe say next?” asked Rachel, as Kirsty washed her hands.

Kirsty turned the page of the cookbook that was propped up on the kitchen counter.

*“Rub the butter in with your fingers until the mixture looks like fine crumbs,”* she read.

Rachel opened the fridge and then frowned.

“Kirsty, did you already take the butter out of the fridge?”

