

# Abigail

and the  
Fear Fix



illustrated by  
Katie  
Saunders

Bethany McIlrath

## Praise for the Abigail series

“These fun, cheerful, and meaningful books help kids become more deeply aware of the grander story God is writing in their own lives.”

**Amanda Cleary Eastep**, Author, *Tree Street Kids* series

“A delightful series that helps young readers connect their faith with their everyday life. Abigail’s adventures are fun and relatable, delivering valuable lessons for all kids.”

**Laura Wifler**, Cofounder, *Risen Motherhood*

“Each Abigail book not only tells a clever, funny story but also successfully unpacks the biblical truths that Abigail discovers along the way—helping readers with the everyday problems they face.”

**Bob Hartman**, Author, *The Kingdom and the King Storybook Bible*

“Bethany is a master at helping young children think about their emotions and how they relate to others through the lens of God’s kindness. Relatable, easy-to-read, full of wisdom, and best of all—centered on the grace of God.”

**Chris Ammen**, Founder, *Kaleidoscope Kids Bibles*

“I am so eager to introduce *Abigail and the Big Start Over* to all of my elementary-aged friends so that they too can adventure with Abigail and discover the beautiful and immensely applicable power of the gospel in their own very real lives!”

**Abbey Wedgeworth**, Author, *Training Young Hearts* series

“Kids who read about Abigail will be entertained, feel understood, and, most spectacularly, come away better equipped to press God’s good news into their everyday lives.”

**Caroline Saunders**, Author, *Kids in the Bible*

“Bethany McIlrath has written a fabulous book that somehow entertains while it teaches truth!”

**Dannah Gresh**, Author, *Lies Girls Believe and the Truth*

*That Sets Them Free*

### What readers are saying

“I love this book! It has been the most relatable chapter book I have read to my daughter. It portrays the struggles, conflicts, and pressure that Christian 9-10-year-old girls face. I hope the author writes many more books like this one.”

“The Abigail series has quickly found its place in our hearts and a permanent spot on my daughter’s bookshelf. For her, reading these books is like reading about a friend she knows and can relate to. What could be better than that?”

“As a homeschooling mom, I’m always looking for books that spark meaningful conversations, and this one does just that.”

“This fiction series for older elementary kids will help them learn how to implement their faith in real-world situations.”

“Abigail’s adventures are full of relatable experiences and applicable lessons for readers. I especially love this series’ emphasis on Scripture and discipleship. Simple and profound truths are communicated in a story form that allows young readers to really connect. Thank you!”

“Fun, entertaining, and clever. A definite recommendation for the little girl in your life!”

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and the  
**Fear Fix**

Written by  
**Bethany  
McIlrath**

Illustrated by  
**Katie  
Saunders**

  
the good book  
COMPANY

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## Chapter One

# Billy in the Backyard

“Want to play the-floor-is-lava, Gabs?” Billy asked Abigail as soon as he came through her front door.

“Umm...” Abigail answered, imagining her mom sighing at the mess Billy always made when he came over. He was only going to be there for ten minutes, but Billy could make a lot of mess in ten minutes!

“What if we play outside?” she suggested.

“Good idea,” he replied, rushing down the hall toward the backyard with his backpack still on.

“We can practice.”

“Practice what?” Abigail asked, chasing after him. She couldn’t remember any competitions or anything else going on at their kids’ club at church.

“Gabs.” Dropping his backpack in the mud, he gawked at her as if she’d forgotten something important and obvious. “Camp Courage. Remember? We leave tomorrow, after school.”

“Uh... yeah, but it’s a camp, not a game,” Abigail replied, shaking her head. Their church kids’ club was going to drive a whole two hours for an overnight camp in the woods. As new fifth-graders, it was their very first time being old enough to go. She couldn’t wait! A whole 24 hours of fun and friends and... yum! S’mores! She could almost taste those fire-toasted, gooey marshmallows and feel the melty chocolate dripping onto her fingers from the graham crackers.

“Really? Just a camp?” Billy teased. “You’re not going to try to finish the ropes course faster than me? And carve a cooler pumpkin? And be the first one to canoe across the lake? And eat the most s’mores?”

“Well,” Abigail admitted, smiling slyly now that he mentioned it, “yeah.”

There was no way she’d miss out on a competition if there was one! And with her and Billy, there was always a competition.

“Race you!” Billy  
exclaimed,  
leaping onto  
the mud-  
splattered  
tire  
swing  
in the



backyard and scrambling up its rope to the big, damp tree branch it hung from.

## **PITTER, PATTER.**

A few drops of water fell from the tree's bright yellow and orange leaves, splattering in the squelchy brown mud beneath Abigail's feet.

"I don't think that's safe!" Abigail cried out. She could hear her dad's voice in her mind, telling her a hundred times to be careful climbing that old tree when it was wet.

"Chicken!" Billy retorted, beginning to bawk-bawk at her.

"Bawk, bawk," Henry joined in, suddenly appearing from inside. He had some woolly gloves in his hands, and he flapped them like he was a bird.

"Am not!" Abigail snapped, praying to God inside her heart that the ropes course at camp wouldn't be wet and slippery and risky. "I just want to live to see Camp Courage!"

“Prove it! Prove you’re not a chicken!” Billy teased, shaking the small branch above the big one he was perched on. Rust-colored leaves floated down like feathers.



**CRACK!** The little branch snapped, falling down into the deep, sticky mess of the ground. Billy slipped a little and had to bear-hug the big branch to keep himself up there.

“See!” Abigail exclaimed. “Not safe!”

Billy scrunched up his face.

“Alright, alright,” he said as he eased down the branch onto the rope and then onto the tire. “I guess it would stink to get hurt right before camp.”

“Yeah,” Abigail agreed, thinking of all the

stories her dad told about the crazy ways people got hurt. His job, being a chaplain at the hospital, meant he knew all about serious injuries—and she never wanted to have one!

**BRRR.** She shuddered.

“You’re not cold, are you?” Billy asked. “I’m warm. I’m always warm. That’s why I’ll be faster at camp. Because I won’t be all stiff and shivery!”

“I’ll be faster at camp,” Abigail retorted, forgetting her fear of getting hurt, “because being cold will make me want to keep moving!”

“We’ll see,” Billy said, looking around for what to do next. He bent over to pick up some sticks. “We could practice building a fire for camp.”

“FIRE!” Henry shouted, flapping his woolly mittens again excitedly.

“I don’t think they’re going to let us kids build the fire at camp,” Abigail interrupted, hoping she was right as she remembered one of

her dad's stories about someone who thought it would be funny to run across embers from a fire. They got burned badly. Abigail would definitely be careful around the campfire!

**FWWP. FWWP. FWWP.** Billy was busy rubbing sticks together, trying to get them to light.

"FIRE!" Henry repeated, rubbing his hands together like he was warming himself by nice, toasty flames.

**SIGH.**

"Well, that didn't work," Billy said, looking around for something else to do.

"Well, the sticks were wet," Abigail pointed out to tease him.

"Yeah, yeah," Billy said grumpily, but he was smiling anyway. "This isn't over yet, Gabs. I'm gonna find some way we can practice for Camp Courage..."

She watched as he narrowed his eyes, banged

his sticks together, and paced around in the mud. He was really thinking hard. She could only imagine what crazy idea he might come up with next!

“FIRE?!” Henry shouted, still hopeful as he picked up his own sticks and started following Billy around. “Fire! Fire! Fire!”

“Shhh,” Billy said, blowing his cheeks out as he glanced back at his noisy young shadow.

“Shhh!” Henry parroted.

“Henry loves to play copycat,” Abigail explained, getting an idea. “I know! Did you memorize the camp Bible verse yet? We could all practice that!”

She shot her eyes at her little brother and then back to Billy, to give her friend the hint that this game would get Henry to stop copying him.

“We know that in all things...” Billy began, the words pouring out fast.

“We nodatallings...” Henry tried to copy,

not quite catching all the words.

“In all things, God works for the good of those who love him!” Abigail shouted over them both, trying to finish first.

“Romans 8:28!” Abigail and Billy exclaimed at almost the same time. Almost.

“Who finished first?” Abigail asked Henry, pointing at herself and mouthing her name as Billy flexed his muscles. Like that had anything to do with memorizing the Bible!

“Henwy!” Henry cheered. “I did it. I win!”

“Heeenry,” Abigail sighed, shaking her head as her little brother hunched near the pile of sticks and rubbed his hands together again.



**CREAK!** The back door opened.

“Billy!” Mom called out. “It’s 3:40. You’d better get going if you don’t want to miss your ride to swim practice!”

“Guess we’ll just have to wait for camp for a tiebreaker,” Billy said, running toward the back door. “But I’m gonna win!”

“Yeah right!” Abigail called after him happily, dreaming of all the ways she would beat Billy at camp. She loved a good competition. She was going to start practicing for camp too. She could at least draw some pumpkin-carving ideas on paper. Oo! Or practice carving them out of cardboard!

“Come on, Henry,” she declared. “We have things to do!”