



RAINBOW  
magic®

The logo features the word "RAINBOW" in a bold, uppercase, sans-serif font, and "magic" in a lowercase, cursive script font. A small fairy with wings is perched on a rainbow that arches over the word "RAINBOW". The entire logo is surrounded by small decorative elements like stars, leaves, and flowers. A registered trademark symbol (®) is located at the end of "magic".

Dedicated to Joanna Pilkington,  
who found fairies in her  
beautiful garden



Special thanks to  
Narinder Dhani

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# Ruby the Red Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

illustrated by Georgie Ripper



ORCHARD BOOKS

# The Fairyland Palace



Orchard

Maze

Forest

Black Pot

Meadow

Tower

Beach

Rockpools

Rainspell Island

Shells

Jack Frost's  
Ice Castle



Tom Goodfellow's  
House



Merry-go-round



Willow  
Tree



Mrs Merry's  
Cottage



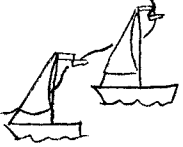
Stream

Field

Mermaid  
Cottage



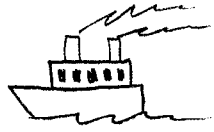
Harbour



Town



Dolphin Cottage





Cold winds blow and thick ice form,  
I conjure up this fairy storm.  
To seven corners of the mortal world  
the Rainbow Fairies will be hurled!

I curse every part of Fairyland,  
with a frosty wave of my icy hand.  
For now and always, from this fateful day,  
Fairyland will be cold and grey!



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# The End of the Rainbow



“Look, Dad!” said Rachel Walker. She pointed across the blue-green sea at the rocky island ahead of them. The ferry was sailing towards it, dipping up and down on the rolling waves. “Is that Rainspell Island?” she asked.

Her dad nodded. “Yes, it is,” he said, smiling. “Our holiday is about to begin!”



The waves slapped against the side of the ferry as it bobbed up and down on the water. Rachel felt her heart thump with excitement. She could see white cliffs and emerald green fields on the island. And golden sandy beaches, with rock pools dotted here and there.



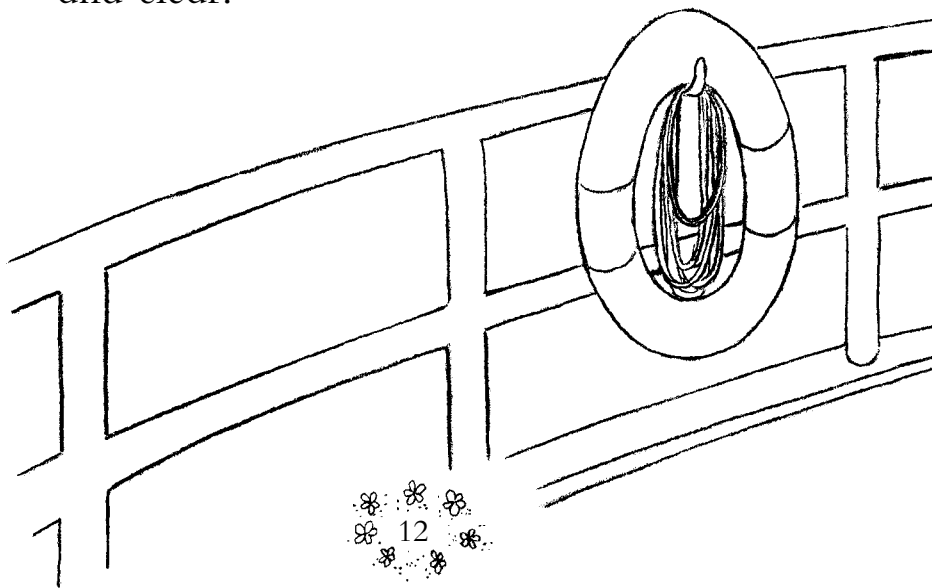
Suddenly, a few fat raindrops plopped down on to Rachel's head. "Oh!" she gasped, surprised. The sun was still shining.



Rachel looked over at her mum and dad. They were busy studying the map. So Rachel slipped back outside to see what was so interesting.

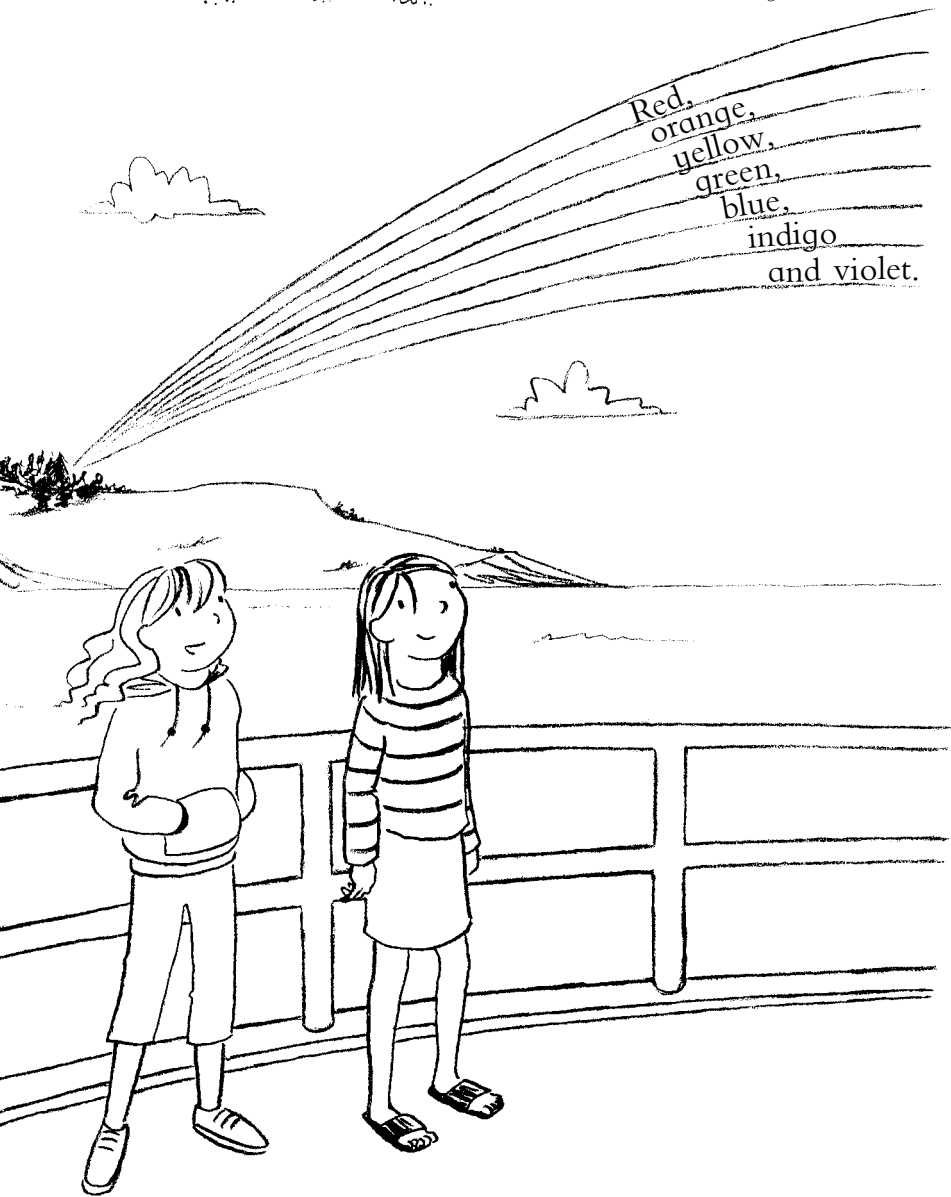
And there it was.

In the blue sky, high above them, was the most amazing rainbow that Rachel had ever seen. One end of the rainbow was far out to sea. The other seemed to fall somewhere on Rainspell Island. All of the colours were bright and clear.



\* \* \* \* \* The End of the Rainbow

Red,  
orange,  
yellow,  
green,  
blue,  
indigo  
and violet.



“Isn’t it perfect?” the dark-haired girl whispered to Rachel.

“Yes, it is,” Rachel agreed. “Are you going to Rainspell on holiday?”

The girl nodded. “We’re staying for a week,” she said. “I’m Kirsty Tate.”

Rachel smiled, as the rain began to stop. “I’m Rachel Walker. We’re staying at Mermaid Cottage,” she added.

“And we’re at Dolphin Cottage,” said Kirsty. “Do you think we might be near each other?”

“I hope so,” Rachel replied. She had a feeling she was going to like Kirsty.

Kirsty leaned over the rail and looked down into the shimmering water. “The sea looks really deep, doesn’t it?” she said. “There might even be mermaids down there, watching us right now!”

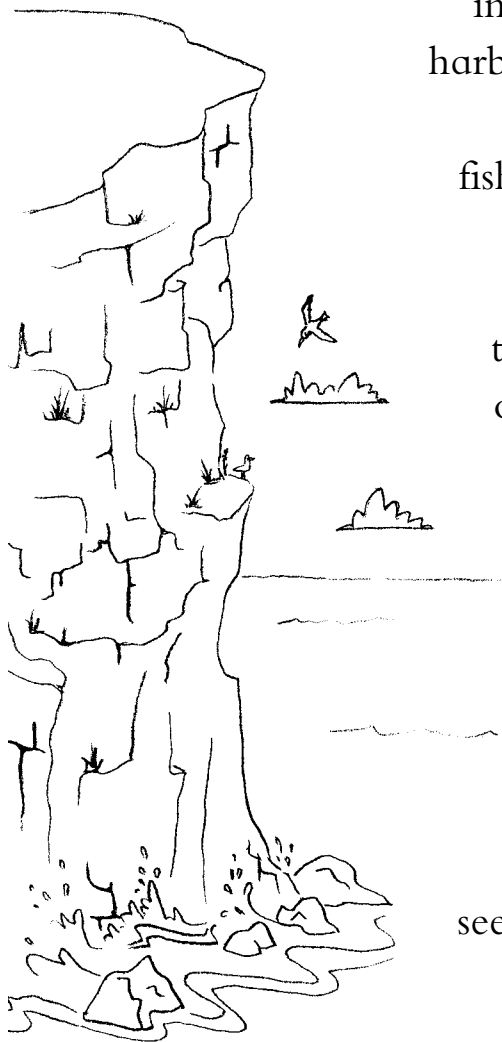


The ferry was now sailing into Rainspell's tiny harbour. Seagulls flew around them, and fishing boats bobbed on the water.

“Look at that big white cliff over there,” Kirsty said. She pointed it out to Rachel.

“It looks a bit like a giant's face, doesn't it?”

Rachel looked, and nodded. Kirsty seemed to see magic *everywhere*.



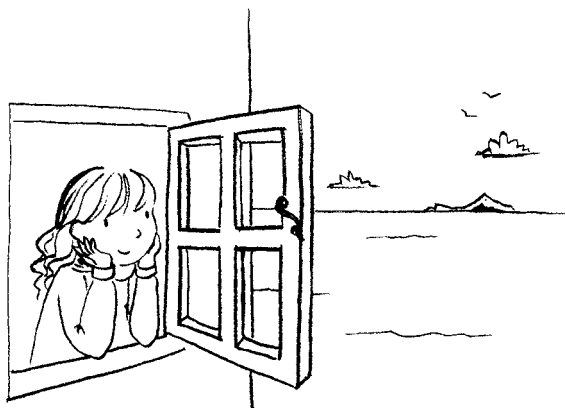




Kirsty's mum and dad came over to say hello to the Walkers. Then the ferry docked, and everyone began to leave the boat.

“Our cottages are on the other side of the harbour,” said Rachel's dad, looking at the map. “It's not far.”

Mermaid Cottage and Dolphin Cottage were right next to the beach. Rachel loved her bedroom, which was high up, in the attic. From the window, she could see the waves rolling onto the sand.



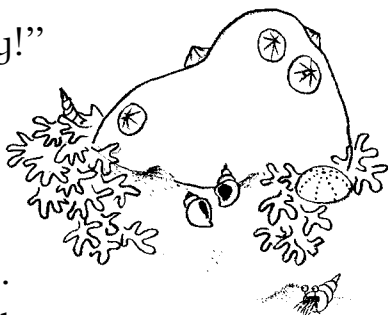
A shout from outside made her look down. It was Kirsty. She was standing under the window, waving at her.

“Let’s go and explore the beach!”  
Kirsty called.

Rachel dashed outside to join her.

Seaweed lay in piles on the sand, and there were tiny pink and white shells dotted about.

“I love it here already!”  
Rachel shouted happily  
above the noise of the  
seagulls.



“Me too,” Kirsty said.  
She pointed up at the sky.

“Look, the rainbow’s still there.”

Rachel looked up. The rainbow  
glowed brightly among the fluffy  
white clouds.



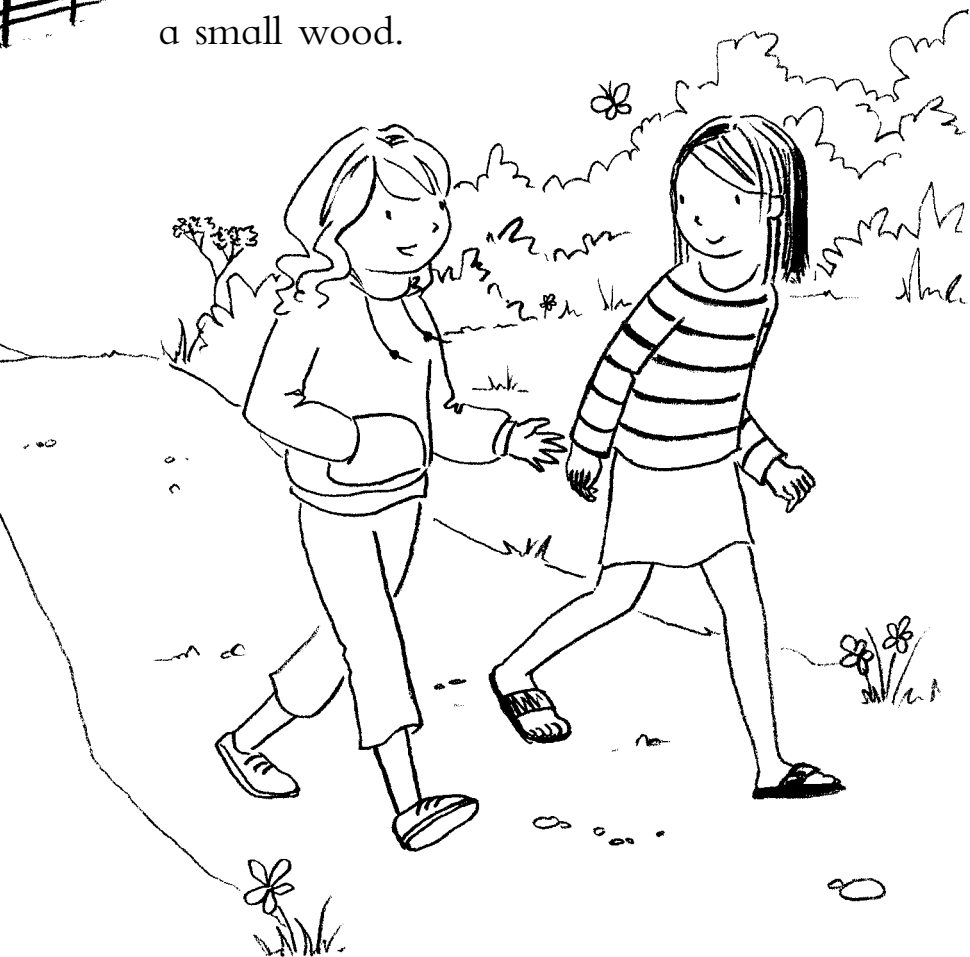
“Have you heard the story about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?” Kirsty asked.

Rachel nodded. “Yes, but that’s just in fairy stories,” she said.

Kirsty grinned. “Maybe. But let’s go and find out for ourselves!”

“OK,” Rachel agreed. “We can explore the island at the same time.”

They rushed back to tell their parents where they were going. Then Kirsty and Rachel set off along a lane behind the cottages. It led them away from the beach, across green fields, and towards a small wood.



Rachel kept looking up at the rainbow. She was worried that it would start to fade now that the rain had stopped. But the colours stayed clear and bright.

“It looks like the end of the rainbow is over there,” Kirsty said. “Come on!” And she hurried towards the trees.



The wood was cool and green after the heat of the sun. Rachel and Kirsty followed a winding path until they came to a clearing. Then they both stopped and stared.

 The End of the Rainbow

The rainbow shone down on to the grass through a gap in the trees.

And there, at the rainbow's end, lay an old, black pot.