



To the fairies at the
bottom of my garden



Special thanks to
Sue Bentley

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Saffron the Yellow Fairy



by Daisy Meadows
illustrated by Georgie Ripper



ORCHARD BOOKS



The
Fairyland
Palace



Rainspell Island

Shells

Jack Frost's
Ice Castle

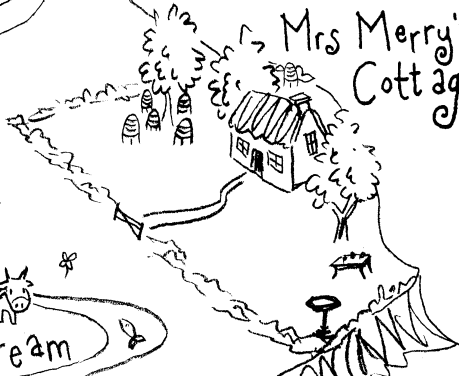


Tom Goodfellow's
House



Willow
Tree

Mrs Merry's
Cottage



Stream

Field

Mermaid
Cottage

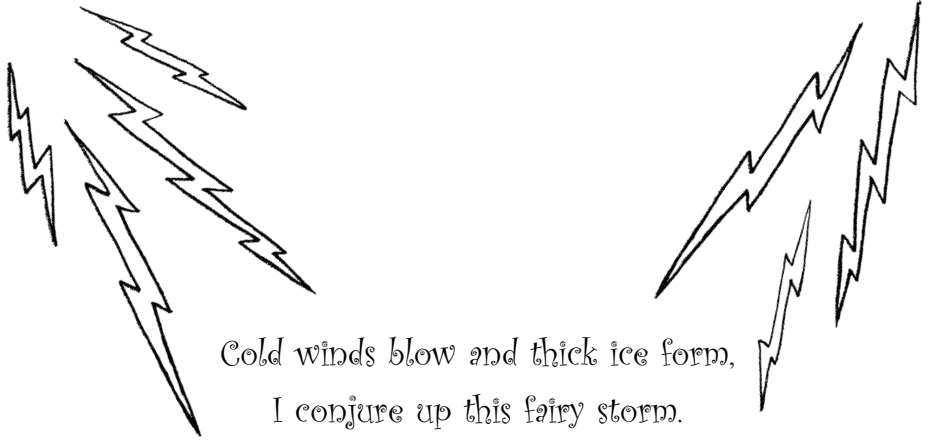


Town

Harbour

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!

Ruby and Amber have been rescued.

Now it's time to search for

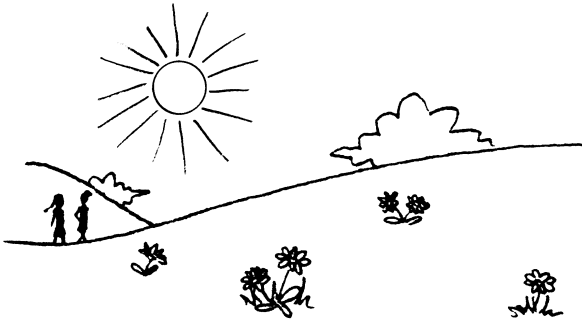
Saffron the Yellow Fairy



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A Very Fierce Bee



“Over here, Kirsty!” called Rachel Walker. Kirsty ran down one of the emerald green fields that covered this part of Rainspell Island. Buttercups and daisies dotted the grass.

“Don’t go too far!” Kirsty’s mum called. She and Kirsty’s dad were climbing over a stile at the top of the field.

Kirsty caught up with her friend.
“What have you found, Rachel? Is it another Rainbow Fairy?” she asked hopefully.

“I don’t know.” Rachel was standing on the bank of a rippling stream. “I thought I heard something.”

Kirsty’s face lit up. “Maybe there’s a fairy in the stream?”

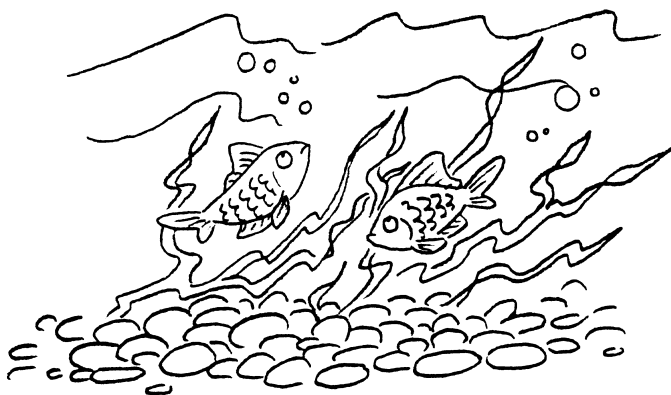
Rachel nodded. She knelt down on the soft grass and put her ear close to the water.

Kirsty crouched down too, and listened really hard.

The sun glittered on the water as it splashed over big, shiny pebbles. Tiny rainbows flashed and sparkled – red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

Rachel and Kirsty had a special secret. They had promised the King and Queen of Fairyland they would find the lost Rainbow Fairies. Jack Frost's spell had hidden the Rainbow Fairies on Rainspell Island. Fairyland would be cold and grey until all seven fairies had been found and returned to their home.

Silver fish darted in and out of the bright green weed at the bottom of the stream. "Follow us, follow us..." they whispered in tinkling voices.



Rachel and Kirsty smiled at each other. Titania, the Fairy Queen, had said that the magic would find them!

Kirsty's parents had stopped to admire the stream too. "Which way now?" asked Mr Tate. "You two seem to know where you're going."

"Let's go this way," Kirsty said, pointing along the bank.

A brilliant blue kingfisher flew up from its perch on a twig. Butterflies as bright as jewels fluttered amongst the reeds.



Saffron ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

“Everything on Rainspell Island is so beautiful,” said Kirsty’s mum. “I’m glad we still have five days of holiday left!”

Yes, Rachel thought, and five Rainbow Fairies still to find: Saffron, Fern, Sky, Izzy – and Heather!

Ruby the Red Fairy and Amber the Orange Fairy were already safe in the pot-at-the-end-of-the-rainbow.

The girls ran on ahead of Mr and Mrs Tate. As they followed the bubbling stream, the sun went behind a big, dark cloud.



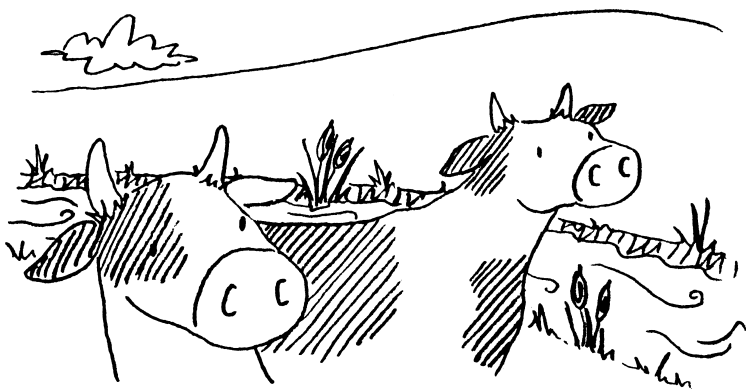
A chilly breeze ruffled Kirsty's hair. She saw that some of the leaves on the trees were turning brown, even though it wasn't autumn. "It looks like Jack Frost's goblins are still around," she warned Rachel.

"I know." Rachel gave a shiver. "Horrible things! They'll do anything to stop the Rainbow Fairies getting back to Fairyland."

The two friends stared anxiously up at the sky. But then the sun came out again. They smiled with relief.



The stream ran through a meadow covered with green clover. A herd of black and white cows were grazing at the water's edge. They looked up with their huge, brown eyes.



“Aren’t they lovely?” Kirsty said.

Suddenly the cows tossed their heads and ran off towards the other end of the field.

Rachel and Kirsty looked at each other in surprise. What was going on?

There was a loud buzzing noise.

A small angry shape came whizzing through the air, straight towards them!



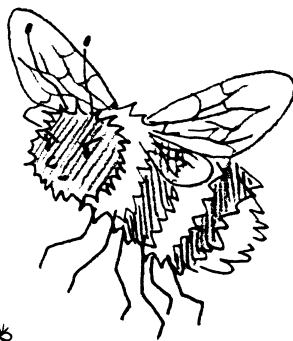
Rachel almost jumped out of her skin. “It’s a bee!” she gasped. “Run!” Kirsty cried.

The cows had got the right idea!

Rachel tore through the meadow with Kirsty beside her, their feet pounding the grass.

“Keep running, girls,” called Mr Tate, catching up with them. “That bee seems to be following us!”

Rachel glanced back. The bee was huge, bigger than any bee she’d ever seen.



“In here, quick!” Mrs Tate called from the side of the field. She pulled open a wooden gate.

They all ran through it, then stopped to get their breath.

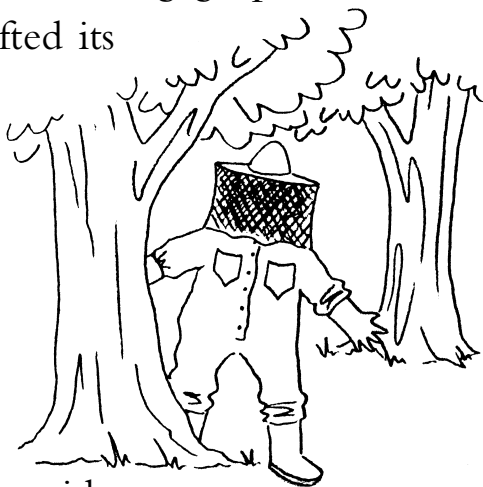
“I wonder who lives here?” Kirsty panted. They were in a beautiful garden. A path led up to a thatched cottage with yellow roses around the door.



Just then, a very strange creature came out from behind some trees. It looked like an alien from outer space!

“Oh!” Rachel and Kirsty gasped.

The creature lifted its gloved hands and removed its white helmet to reveal...an old lady! She smiled at them.



“Sorry if I startled you,” she said.

“I do look a bit strange in my beekeeper’s suit.”

Rachel sighed in relief. It wasn’t a space alien after all!

“I’m Mrs Merry,” the old lady went on.

“Hello,” Rachel said. “I’m Rachel.
This is my friend, Kirsty.”

“And this is my mum and dad,”
Kirsty added.

Mr and Mrs Tate greeted Mrs
Merry.

Then Mr Tate ducked as the huge
bee zoomed past his ear.

“Watch out!” he said.

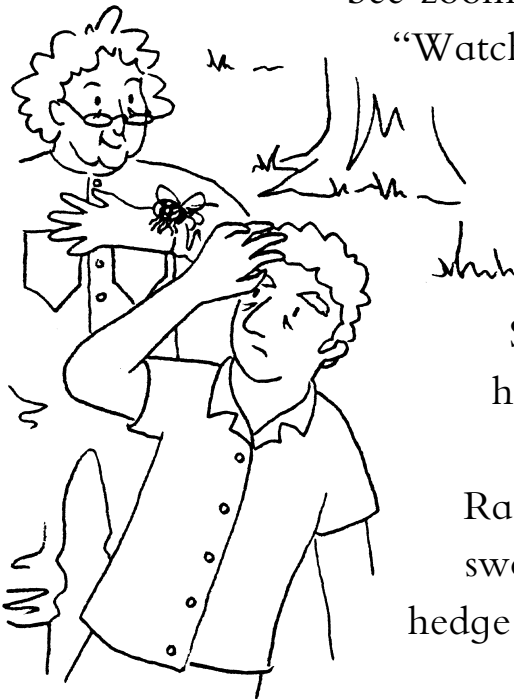
“Oh, it’s that
hiveless queen
again,” said

Mrs Merry.

She flapped her
hand at the bee.

“Go on, shoo!”

Rachel watched it
swoop over a low
hedge and disappear.



“Why did the bee chase us?” Kirsty asked.

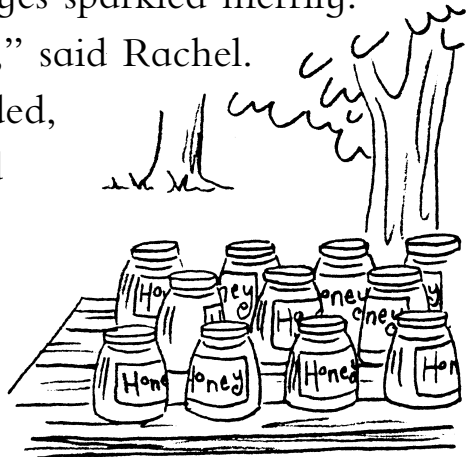
“I don’t think she was chasing you, my dear,” said Mrs Merry. “She was just heading this way because she’s looking for a hive of her own. But all of mine already have queens.”

“Well, thank goodness she’s gone now!” said Mrs Tate.

“Since you’re here, would you like to try some of my honey?” Mrs Merry asked. Her blue eyes sparkled merrily.

“Oh, yes please,” said Rachel.

The others nodded, and they followed Mrs Merry across the lawn to a table covered with rows of jars.



Each jar was filled with rich golden honey. Dappled sunlight danced over the jars, making the honey glow.

“Here you are,” said Mrs Merry, spooning some honey on to a pretty, yellow plate.

“Thank you,” Rachel said politely. She dipped her finger into the little pool of honey and popped it into her mouth. The honey was the most delicious she had ever tasted – sweet and smooth.



Then she felt it begin to tingle on her tongue. She looked across at Kirsty. “It tastes all fizzy!” she whispered.

Kirsty dipped her finger into the honey too. “And look!” she said.

Rachel saw that the honey was sparkling with a thousand tiny, gold lights. She grabbed Kirsty’s arm. “Do you think this means—”

“Yes,” said Kirsty. Her eyes were shining. “Another Rainbow Fairy must be nearby!”