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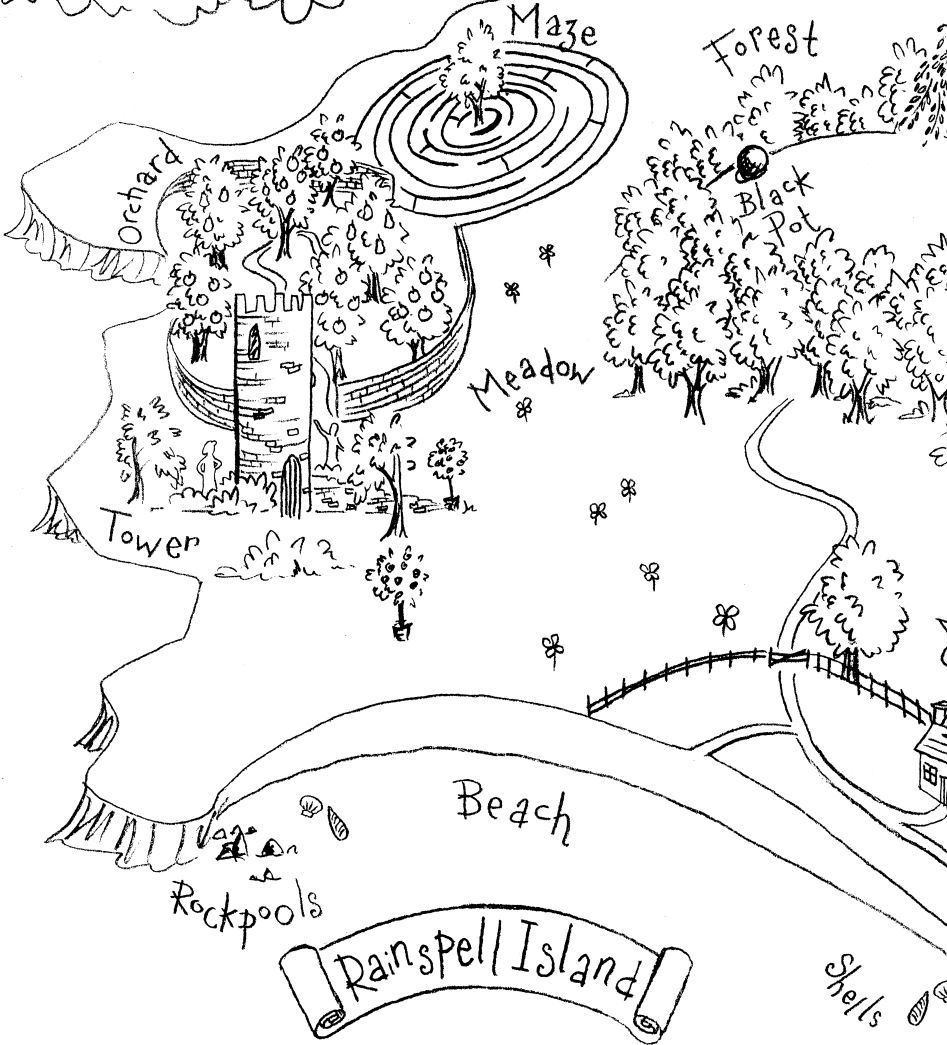
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Izzy
the Indigo
Fairy



by Daisy Meadows
illustrated by Georgie Ripper

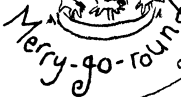




Jack Frost's
Ice Castle



Tom Goodfellow's
House



Merry-go-round

Willow
Tree



Mrs Merry's
Cottage



Stream

Field

Mermaid
Cottage



Harbour

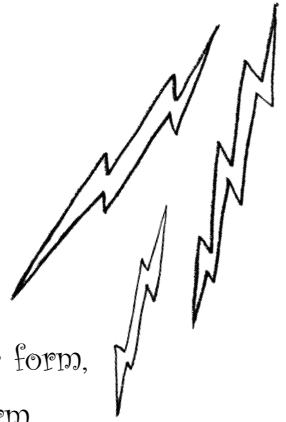
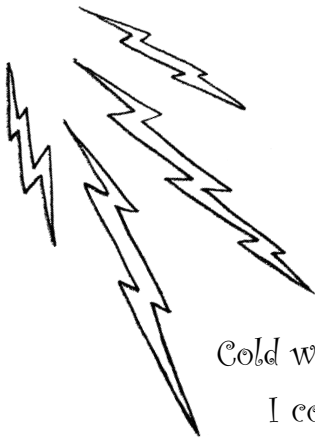


Town



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!

Ruby, Amber, Saffron, Fern
and Sky are safe at last.

But where is

Izzy the Indigo Fairy?



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A Fairytale Beginning

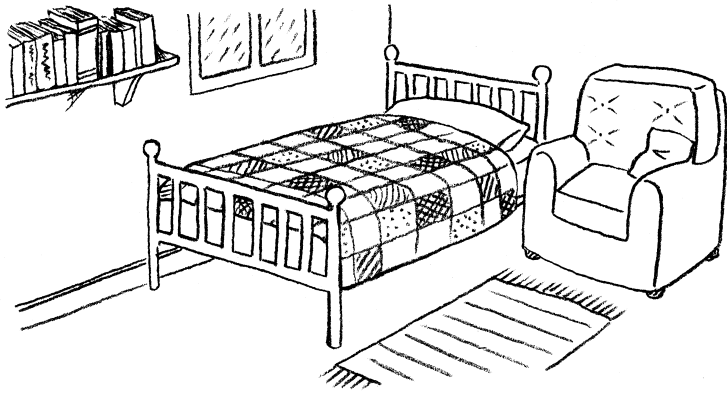


“Rain, rain, go away,” Rachel Walker sighed. “Come again another day!”

She and her friend Kirsty Tate stared out of the attic window. Raindrops splashed against the glass, and the sky was full of purpley-black clouds.

“Isn’t it a horrible day?” Kirsty said. “But it’s nice and cosy in here.”

She looked round Rachel's small attic bedroom. There was just room for a brass bed with a patchwork quilt, a comfy armchair and an old bookshelf.



“You know what the weather on Rainspell is like,” Rachel pointed out. “It might be hot and sunny very soon!”

Both girls had come to Rainspell Island on holiday. The Walkers were staying in Mermaid Cottage, while the Tates were in Dolphin Cottage next door.

Kirsty frowned. “Yes, but what about Izzy the Indigo Fairy?” she asked. “We have to find her today.”

Rachel and Kirsty shared a wonderful secret. They were trying to find the seven Rainbow Fairies who had been cast out of Fairyland by evil Jack Frost. Fairyland would be cold and grey until all seven fairies had been found again.

Rachel thought of Ruby, Amber, Saffron, Fern and Sky, who were all safe now in the pot-at-the-end-of-the-rainbow. They only had Izzy the Indigo Fairy and Heather the Violet Fairy left to find. But how could they look for them while they were stuck indoors?

“Remember what the Fairy Queen said?” she reminded Kirsty.

Kirsty nodded. “She said the magic would come to us.” Suddenly she looked scared. “Maybe the rain is Jack Frost’s magic. Maybe he’s trying to stop us finding Izzy.”

“Oh no!” Rachel said. “Let’s hope it stops soon. But what shall we do while we’re waiting?”

Kirsty thought for a moment. Then she went over to the bookshelf. It was filled with dusty, old books, and she pulled one out.

It was so big, she had to use two hands to hold it. “*The Big Book of Fairy Tales*,” Rachel read out, looking at the cover.



“If we can’t find fairies, at least we can read about them!” Kirsty grinned.

The two girls sat down on the bed and put the book on their knees. Kirsty was about to turn the first page when Rachel gasped.

“Kirsty, look at the cover! It’s purple.

A really deep bluey-purple.”

“That’s indigo,” Kirsty whispered. “Oh, Rachel! Do you think Izzy could be trapped inside?”

“Let’s see,” Rachel said. “Hurry up, Kirsty. Open the book!”

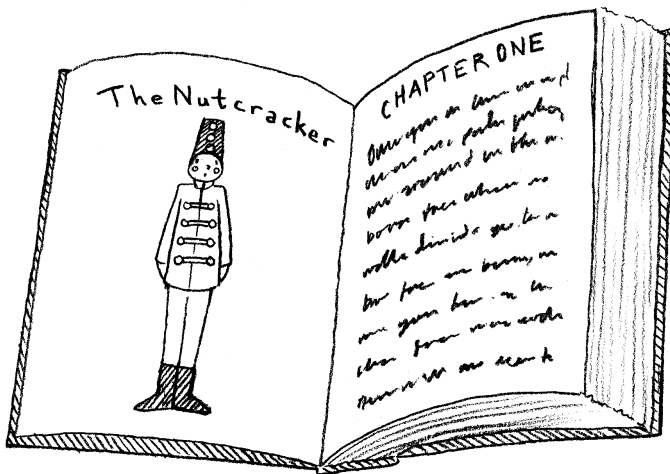
But Kirsty had spotted something else. “Rachel,” she said shakily.

“It’s *glowing*.”



Rachel looked. Kirsty was right. Some pages in the middle of the book were gleaming with a soft bluey-purple light.

Kirsty opened the book. The ink on the pages was glowing indigo. For a moment Kirsty thought that Izzy might fly out of the pages, but there was no sign of her. On the first page was a picture of a wooden soldier. Above the picture were the words: *The Nutcracker*.



“Oh!” Rachel said. “I know this story. I went to see the ballet at Christmas.”

“What’s it about?” Kirsty asked.

“Well, a girl called Clara gets a wooden nutcracker soldier for Christmas,” Rachel explained.

“He comes to life and takes her to the Land of Sweets.” They looked down at a brightly-coloured picture of a Christmas tree. A little girl was asleep beside it, holding a wooden soldier.



On the next page there was a picture of snowflakes whirling and swirling through a dark forest. “Aren’t the pictures great?” Kirsty said. “The snow looks so real.”

Rachel frowned. For a moment, she thought the snowflakes were moving. Gently she put out her hand and touched the page. It felt cold and wet!

“Kirsty,” she whispered. “It is real!”

She held out her hand. There were white snowflakes on her fingers.



Kirsty looked down at the book again, her eyes wide. The snowflakes started to swirl from the book's pages, right into the bedroom, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Soon the snowstorm was so thick, Rachel and Kirsty couldn't see a thing. But they could feel themselves being swept up into the air by the spinning snow cloud.



Rachel yelled to Kirsty, “Why haven’t we hit the bedroom ceiling?”

Kirsty reached for Rachel’s hand.
“Because it’s magic!” she whispered.