



Jasmine  
the Present  
Fairy

To a very special Jasmine —  
Miss Jasmine Grewal — with lots of love

Special thanks to  
Narinder Dhani

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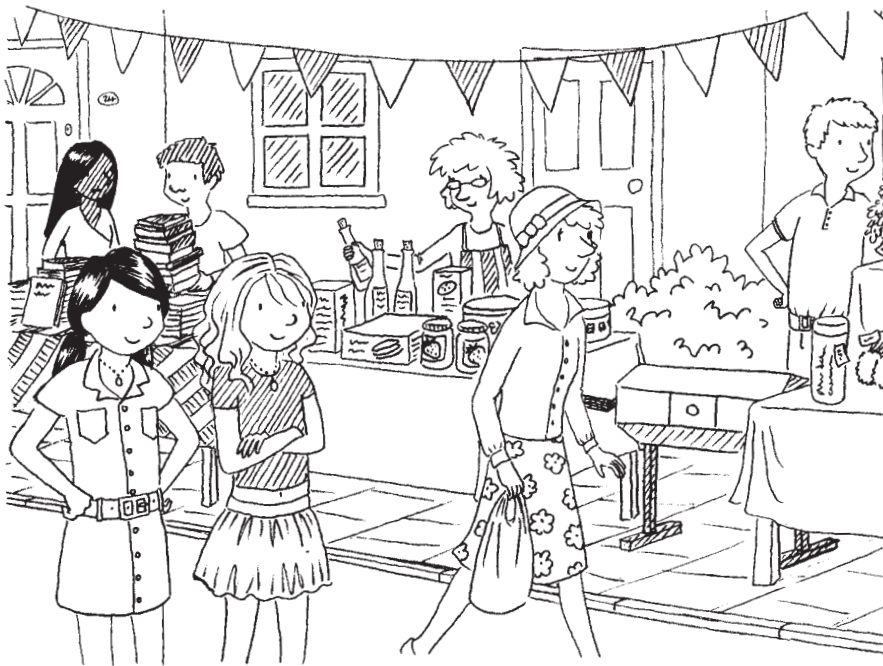
“Look at all those booths, Rachel,” Kirsty Tate said, pointing down the street where she lived. “This is going to be a great party!”

All of Kirsty’s neighbors were rushing around, setting up booths and tables outside their houses. There were all kinds of things going on, from games and raffles to booths selling homemade





jams and cakes. Delicious smells wafted toward the girls from the barbecue at the other end of the street. The road was closed to traffic, and people were already milling around in the sunshine, enjoying the fair.



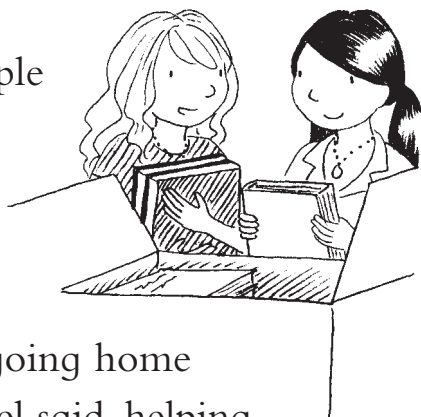


“I think having a block party is a great idea,” Rachel Walker, Kirsty’s best friend, said with a grin. “I wish we had one on our street back home.” Rachel had come to stay with Kirsty for the week of school break.





Kirsty was opening the last box of books. “We’d better hurry and put these on the table,” she said. “Lots of people are showing up now.”



“I’m glad the block party is today, since I’m going home tomorrow,” Rachel said, helping Kirsty arrange the books around the booth that Mr. and Mrs. Tate were running. “I hope we raise lots of money for charity.”

“We always do,” said Kirsty happily, neatly stacking the books. “People come to the party from all over town. But”—she lowered her voice—“we’ll have to be extra careful this year, won’t we?”



Rachel nodded seriously. “Yes,” she agreed. “A party means we have to keep our eyes out for goblin mischief!”

Rachel and Kirsty shared a wonderful secret. They had become friends with the fairies! Now, whenever their fairy friends were in trouble, Rachel and Kirsty were happy to help. The cause of the trouble was usually mean, prickly Jack Frost, who was always causing problems in Fairyland. This time, Jack Frost was determined to ruin the secret celebration that the Fairy Godmother and the seven Party Fairies were planning for the fairy king and queen’s 1000th anniversary.

Jack Frost had sent his awful goblins into the human world to ruin as many parties as they could. Whenever the Party Fairies had flown to the rescue, the goblins





tried to steal their magic party bags. They wanted to give the bags to Jack Frost, so he could use their special magic to throw a fabulous party of his own! But Rachel and Kirsty had managed to stop the goblins so far. They had helped six of the Party Fairies to keep their party bags safe.

“I’m not going to let Jack Frost’s goblins ruin our block party,” Kirsty said in a determined voice. “Or the king and queen’s celebration!”

Rachel nodded in agreement as Kirsty’s parents hurried toward them.





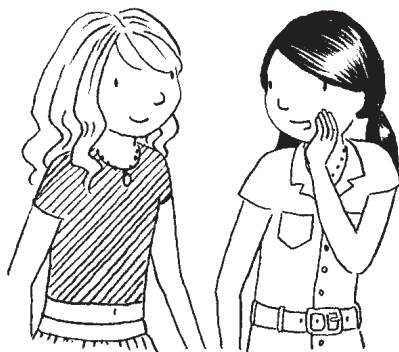


“You’ve done good job,” Mrs. Tate smiled, admiring the neat piles of books.

“I think you two girls have worked hard enough,” Mr. Tate added, as customers began to gather around the booth. “How about you go and explore the fair?”

“Great!” Kirsty whispered to Rachel, as they walked away.

“Now we have a chance to look for goblins!”



The girls wandered happily through the crowd. There were lots of games, such as mini-bowling, hook-a-duck, and a special raffle called tombola, and there were tables piled with hand-sewn clothes,



toys, homemade pickles, and other things for sale.

Rachel stopped at a bakery stand. Her mouth watered as she looked at the delicious display of tarts, cakes, and pies. “Cherry the Cake Fairy would be proud of those.” She laughed.



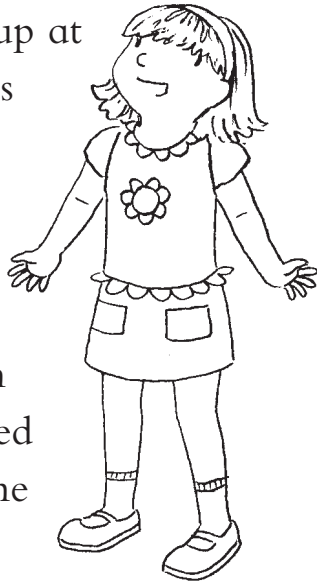


“There’s no sign of any goblin trouble,” said Kirsty. “Let’s take a turn on the tombola.”

The tombola was a big drum that spun around and gave out raffle numbers. Kirsty’s neighbor, Mr. Cooper, was in charge of it, and there was already a line. Kirsty and Rachel stood behind a little girl and her mom.

The girl was staring up at the prizes on the shelves behind the tombola. “I hope I win a stuffed animal, Mommy,” she said excitedly.

“Any ticket ending in four wins a prize!” called Mr. Cooper, spinning the tombola around.





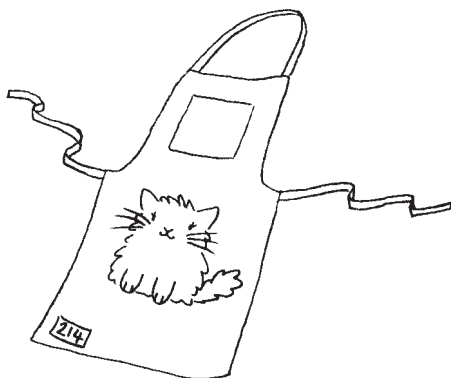
Rachel and Kirsty watched as the little girl pulled out a purple ticket. She unfolded it carefully.

“Mommy, I won!” She gasped. “It’s number 214.”

“That’s great!” her mom said with a laugh.

“Let’s hope it’s a stuffed animal,” Rachel whispered to Kirsty, as the little girl handed Mr. Cooper the ticket.

But Kirsty had already spotted the prize with purple ticket 214 pinned to it. “It’s not,” she said, pointing. “Look.”





The prize was a blue, plastic apron with a picture of a fluffy, white kitten on the front. Kirsty hoped the little girl wouldn't be too disappointed.

“Okay, let me find your prize,” said Mr. Cooper, scanning the shelves. “It’s here somewhere. . . .”

But just before he spotted the apron, something magical happened. Rachel and Kirsty saw a shower of blue sparkles appear out of thin air and whirl around the apron. The next moment, the apron had vanished. In its place sat a fluffy, white toy kitten, with a blue satin bow around its neck! Pinned to the bow was purple ticket 214.

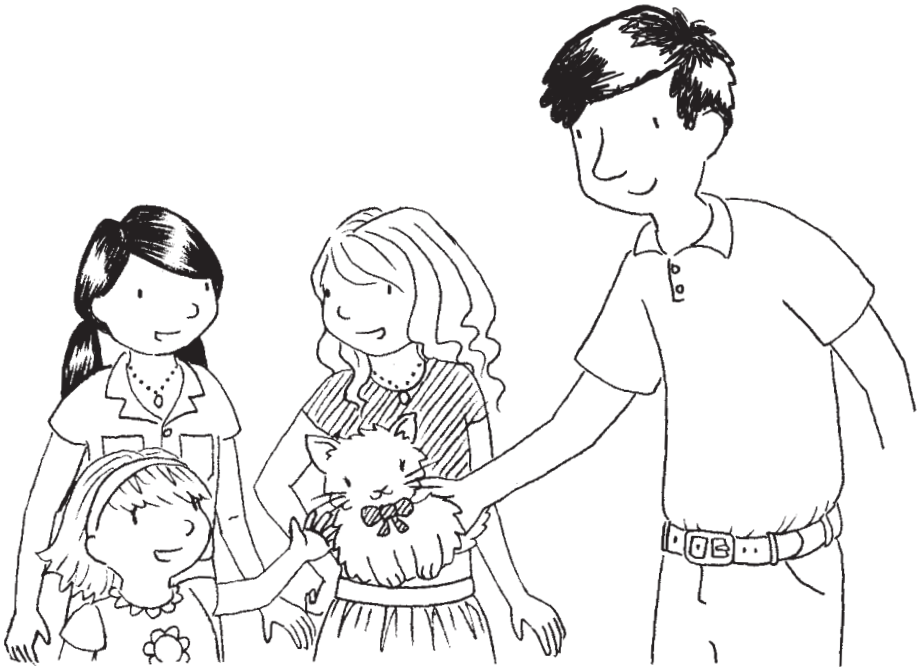




“I won the white kitten!” the little girl cried joyfully.

Looking puzzled, Mr. Cooper lifted the toy down. “I don’t remember seeing that prize before,” he muttered.

Kirsty and Rachel grinned at each other as Mr. Cooper handed the





kitten to the delighted little girl.

“That was fairy magic,” whispered  
Kirsty.

Rachel nodded. “And that means there  
must be a Party Fairy very close by!”