



Isabella
the Air
Fairy

For Isabelle Hudson, with lots of love

Special thanks to Sue Mongredien

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“Rachel! Kirsty! Hurry up, we need to go!” came a voice from downstairs.

“Coming, Mom!” Kirsty Tate shouted back, putting her hair in a ponytail.

“There,” she said. “Are you ready, Rachel?”

Rachel Walker, Kirsty’s best friend, frowned as she gazed around the bedroom the two girls were sharing. “Almost,” she said. “But I don’t know where my shoes are. Have you seen them?”





Kirsty shook her head. “Maybe they’re in the hall,” she suggested.

The girls hurried down to find their parents waiting by the front door.

The two families were staying in a cottage

together for a

week on Rainspell

Island. It was a very

magical place, as Kirsty and Rachel had discovered

the first time they’d been there on vacation. That would always be a

summer to remember: Not only had they met each other, but they’d also met some

very special fairy friends!





So far, this vacation was proving to be just as exciting. They had only arrived yesterday, but Rachel and Kirsty had already found themselves in another wonderful fairy adventure. This time, they were helping the Earth Fairies with a mission to clean up the world's environmental problems.

Today, the two families were going to Seabury, a town on the mainland. The girls wanted to go to a movie and the grownups were going shopping. Kirsty and Rachel really hoped they'd meet another fairy at some point!

Mr. Walker looked at his watch. "Girls, we have to leave

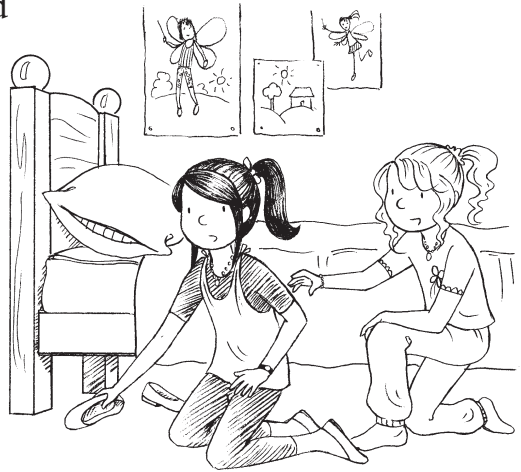




now if you're going to make it in time for the movie. The ferry to the mainland leaves in ten minutes, and there won't be another one for an hour."

"I can't find my shoes, Dad," Rachel said, hunting all around the hallway closet. "Where could they be?"

Kirsty helped her look, and the girls searched the entire cottage before finally finding the shoes under Rachel's bed.



"At last," said Mr. Tate when they reappeared. "We'll have to drive to the ferry now. There isn't time to walk.

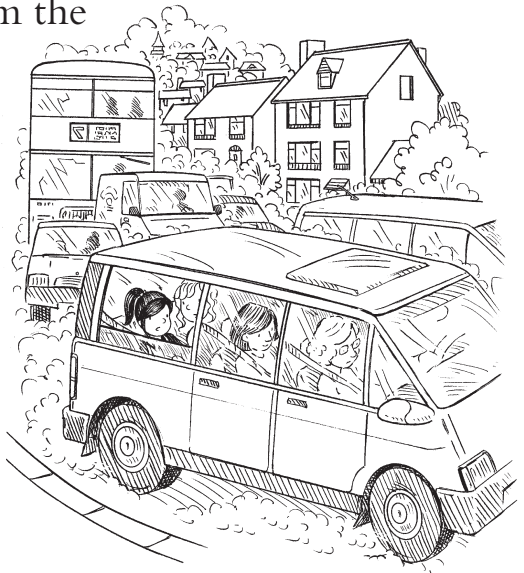


We're cutting it close as it is.”

The two families got into the Tates' car and drove off. They arrived at the dock just in time. They pulled the car onto the ferry, and, moments later, the ferry sailed to Seabury. It was a short trip and, before long, the two families were driving into the little town.

It was very busy. A huge traffic jam snaked away from the main street, and the cars crawled along an inch at a time.

“Ugh,” Kirsty said, closing her window. “What a disgusting smell!”





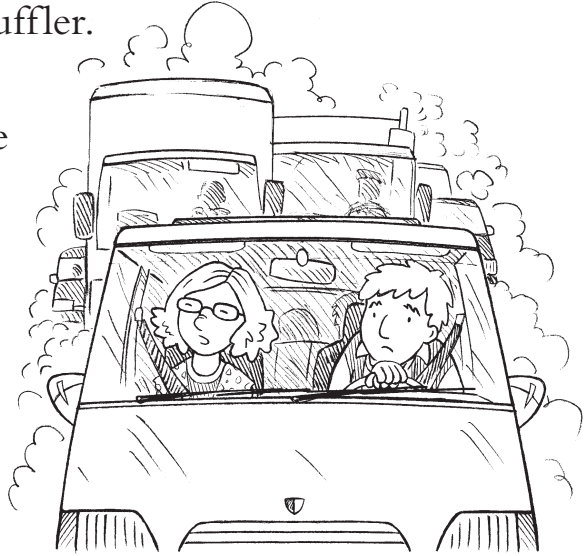
“It’s the fumes from the traffic,” her mom said, wrinkling her nose as an old car went by. A stinky gray smoke puffed out of its muffler.

“I don’t know where we’re going to park.”

Mr. Tate sighed and leaned against the steering wheel.

“I wish we hadn’t brought the car. It would have been much faster to walk.”

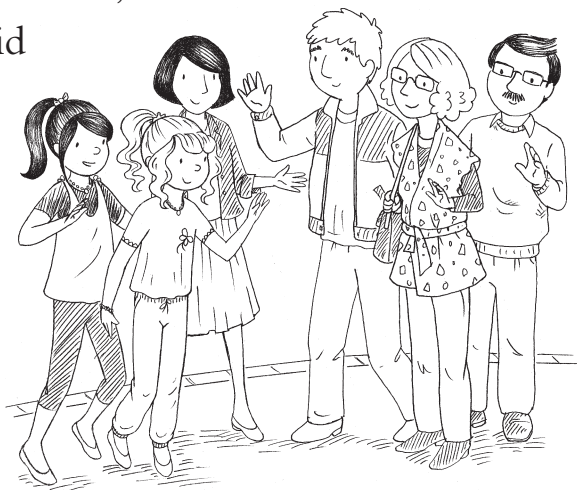
Rachel bit her lip. It was her fault they were in the car—if only she’d been able to find her shoes more quickly!





It took ages for the two families to find a parking lot with open spaces. “At last,” Mrs. Tate said when they were finally able to walk into town. “I think you probably missed the start of the movie you wanted, girls, but there should be other movies showing that you could see. There’s the theater at the end of the block, look. We’ll pick you up in the lobby at four o’clock, OK?”

The girls said good-bye to their parents and headed off, chatting about the movies they could watch instead. Just





before they reached the movie theater, they passed a shop that had large pots of



flowers outside. “Look at these gray flowers,” Kirsty remarked.

“They’re very unusual. I’ve never seen gray flowers before, have you?”

Rachel stroked one of the oval petals lightly. To her surprise, the gray came off on her thumb, leaving a streaky white color underneath!

“They’re not gray,” Rachel said. “It’s just the exhaust that’s made them *look* gray.”

Kirsty gently rubbed another petal. It



had a thin gray film on it, too. “Poor flowers,” she said. “Where did all the pollution come from?”

Before Rachel could reply, she saw something glittering at the back of the flower arrangement . . . and then, in a cloud of sparkles, out popped a tiny fairy. It was Isabella the Air Fairy!

