



Fern  
the Green  
Fairy

To the fairies at the  
bottom of my garden

Special thanks to  
Narinder Dhani

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ISBN-13: 978-0-439-74467-6

ISBN-10: 0-439-74467-9

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Printed in the U.S.A.



# The Secret Garden



“Oh!” Rachel Walker gasped in delight as she looked around her. “What a perfect place for a picnic!”

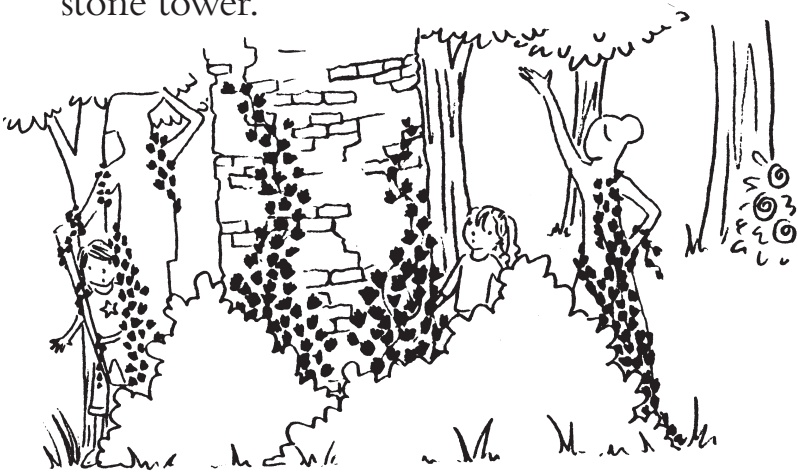
“It’s a secret garden,” Kirsty Tate said, her eyes shining.

The two girls were standing in a large garden. It looked as if nobody else had been there for a long, long time. Pink and





white roses grew all around the tree trunks, filling the air with their sweet smell. White marble statues stood here and there, half hidden by green ivy. And right in the middle of the garden was a crumbling stone tower.



“There was a castle here once called Moonspinner Castle,” Mr. Walker said, walking up behind them. He was reading from his guidebook. “But now all that’s left is the tower.”



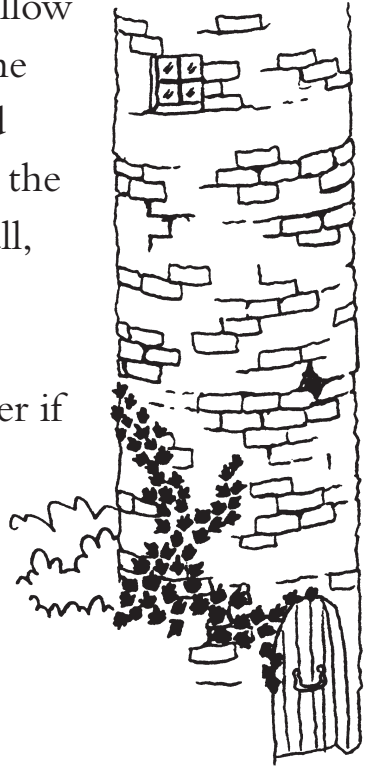


Rachel and Kirsty stared up at the ruined tower. The yellow stones glowed warmly in the sunshine. They were spotted with soft, green moss. Near the top of the tower was a small, square window.

“It’s just like Rapunzel’s tower,” Kirsty said. “I wonder if we can get up to the top somehow?”

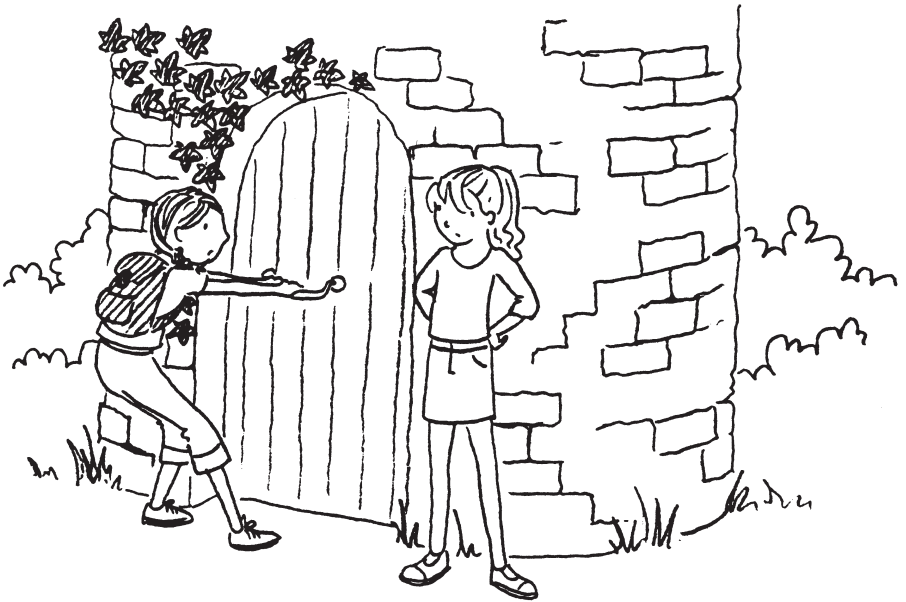
“Let’s go see!” Rachel said eagerly. “I want to explore the whole garden. Can we, Mom?”

“Go ahead.” Mrs. Walker smiled. “Your dad and I will get the food ready.” She opened the picnic basket. “But don’t be too long, girls.”





Rachel and Kirsty rushed over to the door in the side of the tower. Kirsty tugged at the heavy iron handle. But the door was locked.



Rachel was disappointed. “Oh, that’s too bad,” she said.

Kirsty sighed. “Yes, I was hoping Fern the Green Fairy might be here.”





Rachel and Kirsty had a secret. During their vacation on Rainspell Island, they were helping to find the seven Rainbow Fairies. The fairies had been sent out of Fairyland by evil Jack Frost, and Fairyland had lost all its color without them. Fairyland would only be bright and beautiful when all seven fairies returned home again.

“Fern,” Rachel called in a low voice. “Are you here?”

*Here . . . Here . . . Here . . .*

Her words echoed off the stones. Rachel and Kirsty held their breath and waited. But they couldn’t hear anything except leaves rustling in the breeze.



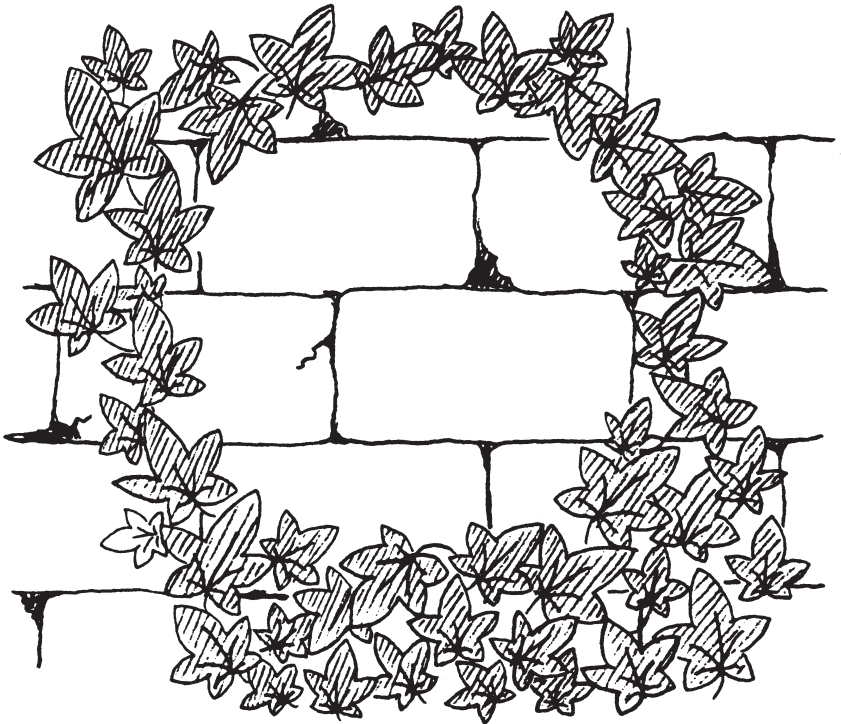
“This is such a special place,” Kirsty



said. “It *feels* like there’s magic close by.”  
Then she gasped and pointed. “Rachel,  
look at the ivy!”

Rachel stared. Glossy green leaves grew  
thickly on the wall, but in one place the  
stones were bare, in the shape of a perfect  
circle.

Rachel’s heart began to beat faster. “It







looks just like a fairy ring!” she said. She had heard that when plants grew in a circle, it was the work of fairy magic. Rachel ran around the tower to take a closer look and almost tripped over one of her shoelaces.

“Careful!” Kirsty said, grabbing Rachel’s arm.

Rachel sat down on a mossy stone to retie her shoe. “There’s green *everywhere*,” she said, looking around at the thick grass and the leafy trees. “Fern *must* be here.”



“We’d better find her quickly, then,” Kirsty said with a shiver.





“Or else Jack Frost’s goblins will find her first!”

Jack Frost had sent his goblin servants to Rainspell Island. He wanted them to stop the fairies from getting home to Fairyland. The goblins were so mean that they made everything around them turn cold and icy.

“Where should we start looking?”

Rachel asked, standing up again.

Kirsty looked at her friend and





laughed. “You’ve got green stuff all over you!” she said.

Rachel twisted around to look. The back of her jean skirt was green and dusty. “It must be the moss,” she grumbled, brushing it off.

Dust flew up into the air. It sparkled and glittered in the morning sun. As it fell to the ground, tiny green leaves appeared and the smell of freshly cut grass filled the air.

Rachel and Kirsty turned to each other. “It’s fairy dust!” they cried together.

