



Previously published as *Saffron the Yellow Fairy*

To the fairies at the
bottom of my garden

Special thanks to
Sue Bentley

Previously published as *Saffron the Yellow Fairy*

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Rainbow Magic Limited, c/o HIT Entertainment, 830 South Greenville Avenue, Allen, TX 75002-3320.

ISBN-13: 978-0-439-74466-9

ISBN-10: 0-439-74466-0

Copyright © 2003 by Rainbow Magic Limited.
Illustrations copyright © 2003 by Georgie Ripper. All rights reserved.
Published by Scholastic Inc., 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012,
by arrangement with Rainbow Magic Limited. SCHOLASTIC and
associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of
Scholastic Inc. RAINBOW MAGIC is a trademark of
Rainbow Magic Limited. Reg. U.S. Patent & Trademark
Office and other countries. HIT and the HIT logo are
registered trademarks of HIT Entertainment Limited.

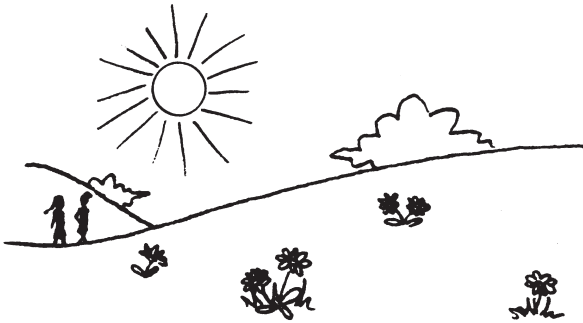
12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

8 9 10 11 12 13/0

Printed in the U.S.A.

40

First Scholastic Book Clubs paperback printing, November 2008



“Over here, Kirsty!” called Rachel Walker. Kirsty Tate ran across 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 mom called. She and Kirsty’s dad were climbing over a fence at the edge of the field.





Kirsty caught up with her friend.

“What did you find, 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.





And then the girls heard a tiny bubbling voice. “Follow me. . . .” it gurgled. “Follow me. . . .”

“Oh!” Rachel gasped. “Did you hear that?”

“Yes,” said Kirsty, her eyes wide. “It must be a *magic* stream!”

Rachel felt her heart beat fast.

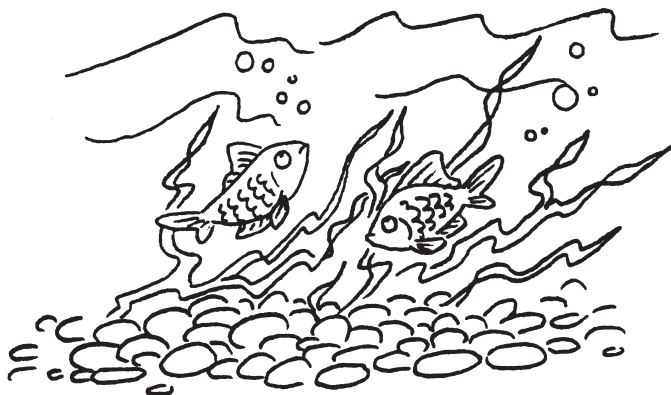
“Maybe the stream will lead us to the Yellow Fairy,” she said.





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 gray until all seven fairies had been found and returned to their home.

Silver fish darted in and out of the bright green weeds 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 came up behind the girls and 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 bluebird flew up from its perch on a twig. Butterflies as bright as jewels fluttered among the cattails.





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

Yes, Rachel thought, *and five Rainbow Fairies still to find: Sunny, Fern, Sky, Inky, and Heather!* Ruby the Red Fairy and Amber the Orange Fairy were already safe in the pot at the end of the rainbow, thanks to Rachel and Kirsty.

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 noticed that some of the leaves on the trees were turning brown, even though it wasn't autumn. Strange weather like that could only mean one thing. "It looks like Jack Frost's goblins are still



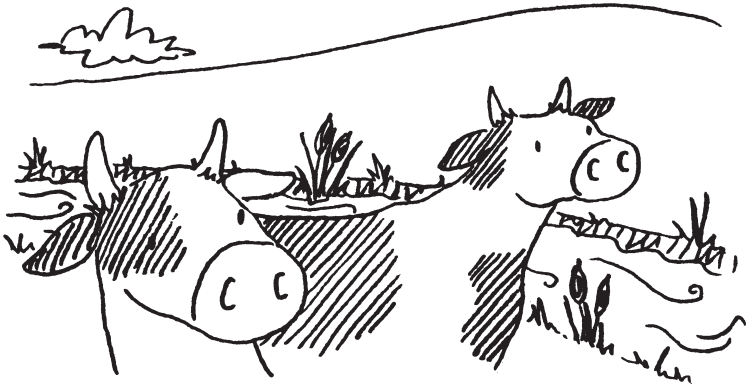
around," she warned Rachel. Whenever the goblins were nearby, everything turned frosty and cold.

Rachel shivered. "Horrible creatures! They'll do anything to stop the Rainbow Fairies from getting back to Fairyland."



The two friends stared anxiously up at the sky. But just then, the sun came out again, warming their shoulders. The girls smiled with relief and continued to follow the bubbling water.

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





“Aren’t they cute?” Kirsty asked.

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



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

Then they heard a loud
buzzing noise.

A small shape came whizzing
through the air, straight toward them!
Rachel jumped. “It’s a bee!” she gasped.

“Run!” Kirsty cried. “The cows had
the right idea!” Rachel tore through the
meadow with Kirsty right next to her,
their feet pounding the grass.

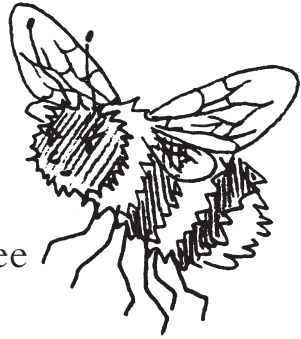
“Keep running, girls,” called Mr. Tate,





catching up with them.
“That bee seems like it’s following us!”

Rachel glanced back over her shoulder. 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.





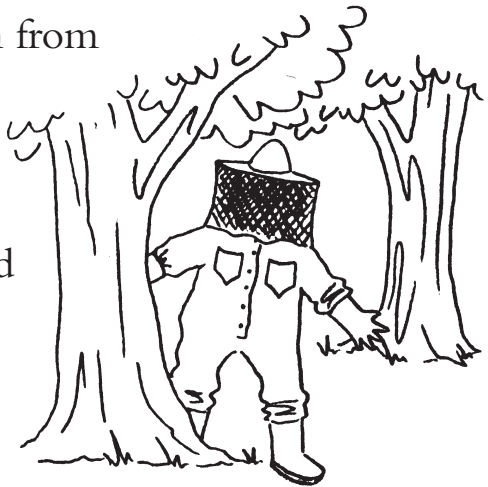
They all ran through it, then stopped to catch their breath. Hopefully, they'd lost that bee — for good!

“I wonder who lives here,” Kirsty panted. They were standing in a beautiful yard. A path led up to a little 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 woman! She smiled at them.



John & Ken



“Sorry if I scared you,” she said. “I do look a little strange in my beekeeper’s suit.”

Rachel sighed in relief. It wasn’t an 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 mom 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. “It’s back!”





“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.

“That bee chased us all the way here. Why would she do that?” 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 my hives 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 happily.

“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.

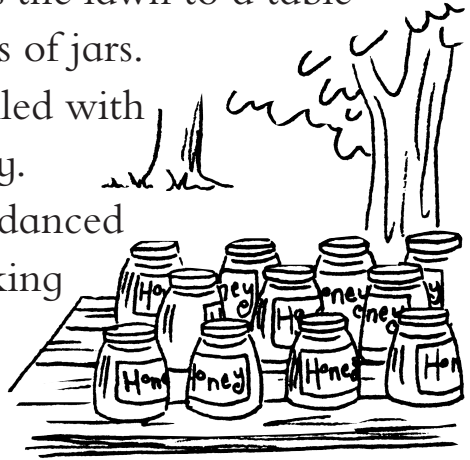
Rays of sunlight danced over the jars, making the honey glow.

“Here you are,” said Mrs.

Merry, spooning some honey onto 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 thing she had ever tasted — sweet and smooth.

Then she felt it begin to tingle on her tongue. She looked over 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 twinkling with thousands of tiny, gold sparkles. She grabbed Kirsty’s arm. “Do you think this means —”

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