



Frankie  
the Makeup  
Fairy

To *Aleka*, with lots of love

Special thanks to Rachel Elliot

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ISBN 978-0-545-48480-0

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Previously published as *Pop Star Fairies #5: Frankie the Make-up Fairy* by Orchard U.K. in 2012.

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Printed in the U.S.A.

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This edition first printing, March 2013



The sun was shining on best friends Rachel Walker and Kirsty Tate. It was summer vacation, and they had come to the Rainspell Island Music Festival as special guests of their favorite music group, The Angels.

The girls were standing in the middle of a cluster of activity tents known as





Star Village. There were tents of every shape and color, with fortune-tellers, singing teachers, musicians, and stylists offering their services for free. It was hard to know which one to choose!

“Let’s try that one,” said Rachel.

She pointed to a tent that sparkled in the morning sun. The sign hanging

outside said

GLITTER &

GO, and

people

were

lining up

to have

their faces

painted.



As the girls joined the line, a group of





teenagers walked past, chatting about the famous people they had seen.

“I heard that Dakota May’s here,” said one of the boys.

Kirsty and Rachel gasped. Dakota May was one of their favorite superstars.

“I hope she’s going to put on a concert while she’s here!” said Kirsty.

They started singing Dakota May’s latest song, “The Faces of Me,” and they only stopped when it was their turn to have their faces painted. Giggling, the girls hurried into the tent and perched on high stools.

“Hi, I’m Chloe,” said a bubbly dark-haired girl to Rachel. “What would you like today?”

Rachel knew exactly what she wanted!





“Could I have a rainbow across my cheek?” she asked.

“Sure,” said Chloe, picking up her jar of makeup brushes.

“How about you?”

asked the red-haired makeup artist in front of Kirsty. “I’m Dora, by the way.”

“I can’t decide what I want!” said Kirsty with a smile.

“How about some glittery face paint?” asked Dora. “I can make you shimmer like a fairy!”

Rachel and Kirsty shared a smile. No one else knew that they were



secretly friends  
with the fairies.  
Rainspell Island  
was a very special  
place for them,  
because this



was where they  
had met the fairies for the first time.  
Now, in addition to enjoying the  
festival, they were helping the fairies  
again.

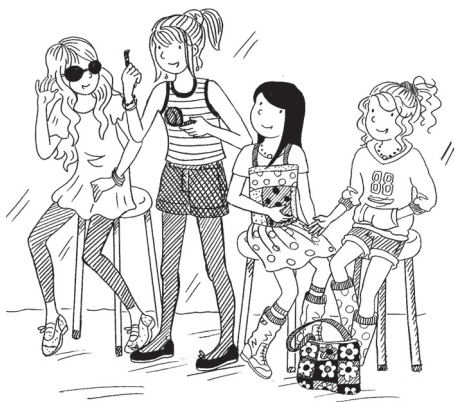
Mean Jack Frost had stolen the  
Superstar Fairies' magic music clefs and  
brought them to the festival. The clefs  
made sure that all aspects of pop music  
were a success, but now Jack Frost was  
planning to use them to become a  
superstar himself!





So far, Kirsty and Rachel had helped the Superstar Fairies get four of their magic clefs back from the goblins, who were hiding them. But there were still three left to find. Without them, pop music would be ruined. The girls were determined not to let that happen!

Just then, a teenage girl with long blond hair and large sunglasses sat down



on the stool next to Kirsty. “Could I have a butterfly on my cheek, please?” she asked.

Her makeup artist, Sylvie, started to work. The teenager glanced over at Rachel.





“That’s going to look very cool,” she said. “Maybe *I’ll* get a rainbow on my face tomorrow.”

“Isn’t this a fun festival?” said Rachel, smiling back at her. “We’ve been trying to decide which part we like best, but we can’t!”

“I know the feeling,” said the girl with a friendly laugh. “I’ve been coming here for years, and I still can’t decide!”

Rachel and Kirsty chatted with the girl about the other festivals she had attended. She seemed to have been to them all! Meanwhile, the makeup artists worked quickly, and when they finished they each held up a mirror in front of the girl they’d been working on. Rachel and Kirsty held their breath, ready to be impressed. But . . .





“Oh,” said Kirsty.

“Oh, dear,” said Rachel.

Kirsty’s green and black face paint

made her look more like

a wicked witch  
than a fairy.

Rachel’s

rainbow

was a messy

blob of dull

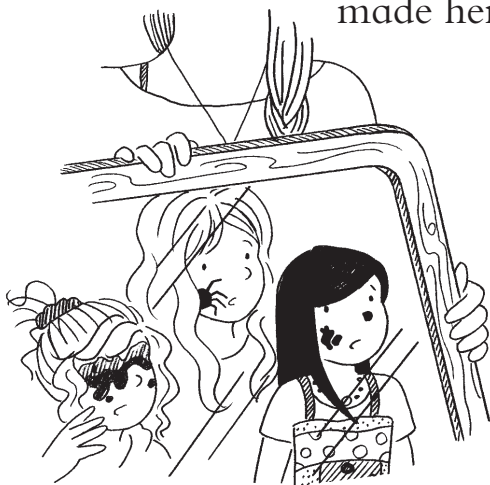
colors, and the

blond girl had

a spooky spider on her cheek instead of a  
beautiful butterfly.

The makeup artists all looked  
embarrassed, and Sylvie blushed.

“I don’t understand,” said Dora,  
frowning at her makeup brushes.





“We have to stop working,” said Chloe. “Something weird’s going on.”

They left the tent and Rachel and Kirsty gazed at each other unhappily. This was all because of Jack Frost and his goblins!

“Don’t be sad,” said the teenage girl, looking at their somber faces. “Maybe we can fix it.”

As she leaned forward to look at the rainbow on Rachel’s cheek, her long blond hair slipped to one side. It was a wig! The girls caught a glimpse of the black bob underneath, and they recognized that hair at once.

“I know who you are,” said Rachel in a thrilled whisper. “You’re Dakota May!”

