Milly
the River Fairy
For the lovely
Milly Johnson—surprise!

Special thanks to Sue Mongredin

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ISBN 978-0-545-60529-8

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Previously published as Green Fairies #6: Milly the River Fairy by Orchard U.K. in 2009.

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Printed in the U.S.A.

This edition first printing, July 2014
“It’s definitely colder than yesterday,” Rachel Walker said as she and her best friend, Kirsty Tate, strolled through Rainspell Park. “I can’t believe we were so warm on the beach at the start of the week—and today we’re all wrapped up in our cozy sweaters!”
Kirsty grinned at Rachel. “And I can’t believe we were swimming in the ocean with Coral the Reef Fairy a few days ago,” she said in a low voice. “Imagine how freezing cold the water must be right now!”

Rachel shivered at the thought. “She’d have to use a lot of fairy magic to keep us warm today, wouldn’t she?”

The two girls smiled at each other as they walked through the
park. It was the fall break, and they were both here on Rainspell Island for a week with their parents. Rainspell Island was the place where Kirsty and Rachel had first met. They’d shared a very special summer together . . . and now this vacation was turning out to be every bit as magical!

“Oh, I love being friends with the fairies,” Kirsty said happily, thinking about all the exciting adventures they’d had so far. “We really are the luckiest girls in the world, Rachel.”
“Definitely,” Rachel agreed. Golden-brown leaves tumbled from the trees every time the wind blew, and Rachel noticed just then that some of the trees were already bare. “Well, it’s certainly windy enough today to sail our boats,” she said as a yellow leaf floated down and landed at her feet. She glanced at the paper
boat she was holding. Both girls had made one back at their cottage that morning. “They’re going to speed along with this breeze behind them.”

“Here’s the lake,” Kirsty said as they rounded a corner and saw the stretch of blue water ahead of them. She held up her own paper boat and raised an eyebrow at Rachel. “Mine is going to be the fastest, you know.”

Rachel laughed. “No way!” she insisted.

The two girls had decorated their boats with
felt tip pens and they were bright and colorful. Kirsty’s was red and gold, and she’d written *Autumn Spirit* along one side of it. Rachel had colored hers pink and lilac, and had called it *Magical Mist*. As they reached the water’s edge, both girls set their boats down carefully on the surface, and watched them float away. A gust of wind blew the boats straight ahead, and Kirsty and Rachel cheered as the tiny vessels sailed quickly toward the middle of the lake.
“Go, go, Autumn Spirit!” Kirsty cried.

“Let’s run around to the other side of the lake so we can catch them as they come in,” Rachel suggested.
The girls sprinted along the path that circled the lake, making sure they checked on their boats every now and then. When the path led them back to the lake, the girls scanned the water to see where their boats had gone.

Then Kirsty let out a cry of dismay. “Oh, no! Look, Rachel! There’s a tire sticking out of the water—and our boats are heading straight for it. They’ll get stuck for sure!”
Rachel opened her mouth to reply, but then noticed something else. “Kirsty, have you seen who’s standing on your boat?” she cried. “It’s Milly the River Fairy!”

Kirsty looked at her boat, thrilled at the thought of another fairy adventure. Sure enough, there was Milly, one of seven fairies she and Rachel had met at the start of the week. Milly had long honey-colored hair, with a braid around the front. She wore a pretty blue-green top and a matching skirt, both made of flowing, shimmering fabric.
Queen Titania and King Oberon had given seven fairies-in-training the title of “Earth Fairies” for a trial period. The fairies had the special mission of helping humans look after the environment. Milly was one of the chosen Earth Fairies, as were six others named Nicole, Isabella, Edie, Coral, Lily, and Carrie. Unfortunately, just as the new Earth Fairies were about to be given their magic wands, wicked Jack Frost and his goblins had appeared and snatched them away.

“I’m sure my goblins will give the words being green a whole new meaning,” Jack Frost had said with a sneer. And then he and his goblins vanished into the human world, where they’d been causing all kinds of trouble with the magic wands ever since.
Fortunately, Kirsty and Rachel had been able to help five of the fairies get back their stolen wands, but two of the wands were still missing—the ones that belonged to Milly the River Fairy and Carrie the Snow Cap Fairy.

Milly was smiling and waving at them now from where she stood on Kirsty’s boat. But Kirsty didn’t smile back. “Oh, no,” she said, seized by a jolt of fear. “I don’t think Milly sees that tire—and the boat’s going to crash into it any second. If it bumps too hard, the boat will sink!”