Abigail the Breeze Fairy
Dedicated to the real fairies who
make my garden grow.

Special thanks to
Sue Bentley

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“I’m so glad I could come and stay with you!” Rachel Walker said happily. She sat with her friend, Kirsty Tate, in the garden outside Kirsty’s house. The sun shone brightly on the green lawn and pretty flowering bushes.

“Me too,” agreed Kirsty, smiling. “And it’s very exciting to help the fairies again!”
Kirsty and Rachel had met while on vacation with their parents a few months earlier, and they’d had a wonderful fairy adventure. Jack Frost had cast a nasty spell to banish the seven Rainbow Fairies from Fairyland, and the girls had helped rescue them. With Rachel and Kirsty’s help, the fairies were able to bring color back to Fairyland!

Now Jack Frost was causing even more trouble in Fairyland. He had ordered his goblin servants to steal the seven magic feathers from Doodle, the weather vane rooster. Doodle and the seven Weather Fairies were in charge of the weather in Fairyland. But without his magic tail feathers the rooster was powerless! Fairyland’s weather would be all mixed up until Rachel and Kirsty could help the
Weather Fairies find all seven of Doodle’s stolen feathers.

“I hope we find another magic feather today,” said Rachel. She and Kirsty had already helped Crystal the Snow Fairy return the Snow Feather to Doodle.

The goblins were hiding all around Wetherbury, where Kirsty lived. And they had been up to lots of mischief, using the magic feathers to create some very unusual weather in the country village.

Kirsty looked anxious. “We still need to find six more feathers,” she said. “Or poor Doodle will be stuck on top of our barn forever!” She glanced up at the roof of the old
wooden barn. Here in the human world, the magical rooster was just a rusty metal weather vane.

Just then, a bush near the garden gate began to rustle. Kirsty and Rachel could see its pink flowers jiggling. “Do you think there’s a goblin in that bush?” Kirsty whispered.

“Yes! I can see it moving.” Rachel gasped. She was worried about facing another goblin. They were much scarier now that Jack Frost had cast a spell to make them bigger.

“Come on!” Kirsty said, running across the lawn. “He might have one of Doodle’s feathers.”
Rachel followed her, watching the bush nervously.

An angry screech came from the middle of the bush. Rachel and Kirsty looked at each other in surprise. Suddenly, two cats shot out and chased each other into the barn.

“Oh!” Kirsty exclaimed, and she and Rachel laughed with relief.
Just then, Kirsty’s mom appeared at the front door. “There you are, Kirsty,” she said. “Would you and Rachel like to go to the Summer Festival in the village? You can cheer your grandma on in the Cake Competition. She’s hoping to win this year.”

Kirsty and Rachel looked at each other and smiled. “We’d love to,” Kirsty replied. “Gran makes the best cakes!”
Mrs. Tate laughed. “Yes, she does. But you’d better hurry if you want to get there before the judging starts.”

A few minutes later, the girls were hurrying down Twisty Lane toward High Street. It was a beautiful day. Birds soared in the blue sky and wildflowers dotted the bushes like tiny jewels. As they walked by a thatched cottage with a pretty garden full of roses, a sharp gust of wind blew a shower of flower petals onto the sidewalk.

Just then, a large white envelope landed at Kirsty’s feet. “Where did that
come from?” she murmured, and then she gasped as more letters came spinning and whirling toward her.

“The wind’s really blowing hard now,” Rachel said, stooping to pick up some of the letters.

“Hey! Come back!” called a voice. A mailman was running toward them, chasing the envelopes that had been carried away by the breeze.
The girls picked up the letters from the ground and handed them to the mailman. He grinned and stuffed them back into his bag.

“Thanks,” he said. “This wind’s really strong. Listen, it’s even blowing the church bell now!”

He walked on to deliver his letters as Kirsty and Rachel hurried toward the festival. As they walked, they could hear the church bell clanging in the breeze.
The wind seemed to be getting stronger and stronger. When the girls arrived at the festival, they saw that the wind was causing chaos there. Strings of flags had come loose and were blowing in the wind like kite tails. Three tents strained against their ropes as they billowed and swayed. Many of the stallholders had to
fight to stop their goods from blowing away.

With a loud snap, the side of a tent tore free from its ropes and began flapping in the wind. Some men ran over to tie it back down. “I’ve never seen wind like this in the middle of summer,” one of them complained.
As the girls headed off to look for the Cake Competition, Kirsty noticed a small boy struggling to hold on to a yellow balloon. Suddenly, the wind whipped it out of his hand.

“My balloon!” cried the boy.

“We’ll catch it!” called Kirsty, already running after the balloon.
Rachel followed her friend. “There’s something very strange about this wind!” she shouted.

“I know,” puffed Kirsty, jumping up to catch the balloon’s string. “Do you think it could be magic?”

The girls looked at each other, their eyes shining with excitement.