



Storm  
the Lightning  
Fairy

To Abby and Becky French

– with lots of love

Special thanks to

Sue Mongredien

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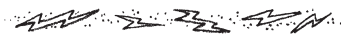
“I can’t believe tomorrow is my last day here,” groaned Rachel Walker. She was staying with her friend, Kirsty Tate, in Wetherbury for a week. The girls had gone on so many adventures together, they knew it was going to be hard to say good-bye.

Now, they were walking to the park,

excited to be outside. It had been pouring rain all night, but now the sun was shining again.

“Put on your coats, please,” Mrs. Tate had told them before they left. “It looks awfully breezy out there!”



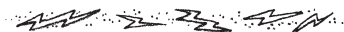


“It’s been so much fun having you visit,” Kirsty told her friend. “I don’t think I’ll ever forget this week. Will you?”

Rachel shook her head. “No way,” she agreed.

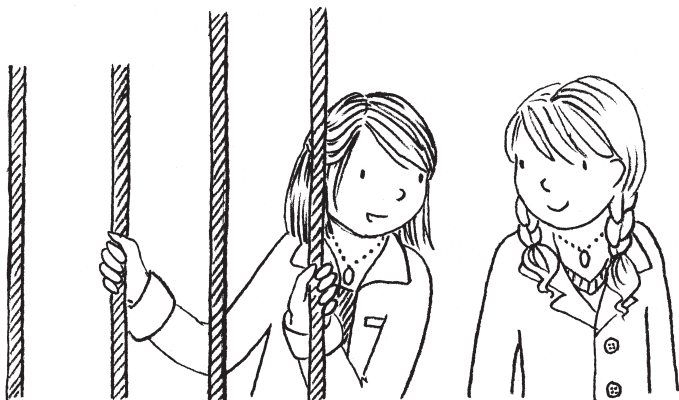


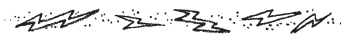
The two friends smiled at each other. It had been a very busy week. A snowy, windy, cloudy, sunny, misty week — thanks to Jack Frost and his goblins. The goblins had stolen the seven magic tail feathers from Doodle, Fairyland’s weather rooster. The Weather Fairies used the feathers to control the weather, so now that the goblins had them, they were stirring up all kinds of trouble!



Rachel and Kirsty were helping the Weather Fairies get the feathers back. Without them, Doodle was just an ordinary weather vane! Kirsty's dad had found it lying in the park. He brought it home and put it on the roof of their old barn.

“Doodle has five of his magic feathers back now. I hope we find the last two before you have to go home,” Kirsty said, pushing open the park gate.





Rachel nodded, but before she could say anything, raindrops started splashing down around them.

The girls looked up to see a huge purple storm cloud covering the sun. The sky was getting darker by the second, and the rain was coming down harder and harder.



“Run, quick!” Kirsty shouted. “Before we get soaked!”

The girls started to run, and Rachel put her hands over her head as raindrops poured down from above. It was raining

so hard that she could hardly see the path ahead. "Where are we going?" she cried.



"Let's just find some place out of the rain,"

Kirsty replied, grabbing Rachel's hand.

"I'm soaked already!"

The girls stopped under a

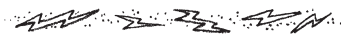
big chestnut tree near the park entrance.

The tree's wide, leafy branches were perfect for keeping away the rain.

"Great idea," said Rachel, shivering and trying to shake the raindrops off her coat.

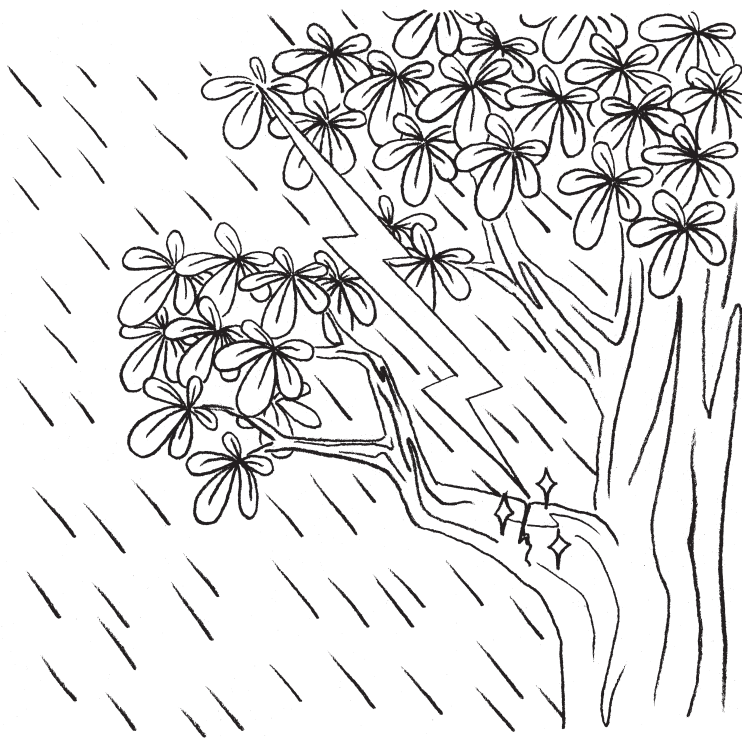
Just as she said that, there was a loud






clap of thunder, followed by a bright flash! The whole sky lit up with a bolt of lightning.

Kirsty and Rachel watched in shock as the lightning bolt slammed right into the chestnut tree.

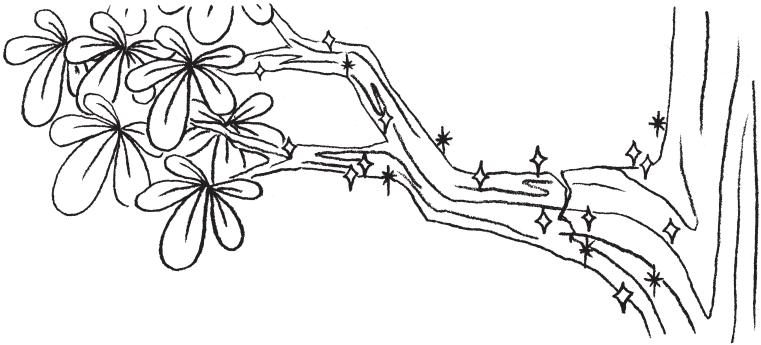


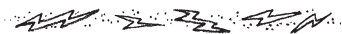


“We need to get away from here!”  
Kirsty cried, jumping back in fright. “It’s  
dangerous being under a tree during a  
thunderstorm!”

“Wait a minute,” Rachel said, staring  
up at a tree branch. Rain was pouring  
off her shoulders, but she didn’t seem to  
notice. “Kirsty, look. That branch is  
*sparkling.*”

And it was! The leaves were glittering  
green, glowing through the dark storm.





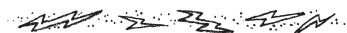
Tiny twinkling lights flickered all over the branch. It reminded Kirsty of the trees they'd seen in Fairyland. They almost seemed to sparkle with fairy dust! And that made her think that maybe . . .

“It’s a *magical* storm!” Kirsty exclaimed, her eyes almost as bright as the shining leaves.

“Look at the sky, Rachel!”

Both girls looked up in wonder as the lightning flashed again. A million sparkling lights





danced around the thunderclouds, then faded away into the darkness.

Rachel grinned with excitement. “It’s magical, but very wet!” she said, laughing. “Let’s find somewhere drier and safer. Come on!”