

Marissa the Science Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

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To Sarah B, a true friend

Special thanks to Rachel Elliot

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Kirsty Tate smoothed down the jacket of her new school uniform and bit her lip.

“I feel excited one minute and nervous the next!” she said.

Her best friend, Rachel Walker, laughed and hugged her.





“Stop worrying,” she said. “Just think how exciting it is that we are going to school together *for a whole week!* And you look really great in my spare uniform.”

It was the first day of the new school year, and they were on their way to school. After weeks of late-summer storms and bad weather, Kirsty’s school in Wetherbury had been flooded. It was going to take a week to get back to normal, and in the meantime her parents had agreed that she could stay with the Walkers. Best of all, she could go to Tippington School with Rachel!

“It’s just a little scary going to a new school,” said Kirsty.

“But you’ll be with me in all the same classes,” Rachel reminded her. “Besides,





we always have fun when we're together, don't we?"

Rachel always knew how to cheer her best friend up.

"I have the best times with you," Kirsty replied with a laugh.



"We've had lots of fun adventures with the fairies, haven't we? Oh, Rachel, wouldn't it be amazing if our fairy friends visited us at school?"

Ever since the girls had met on Rainspell Island, they had kept the secret of their friendship with the fairies. They had often visited Fairyland together, and the fairies had taken them on many magical adventures in the human world.

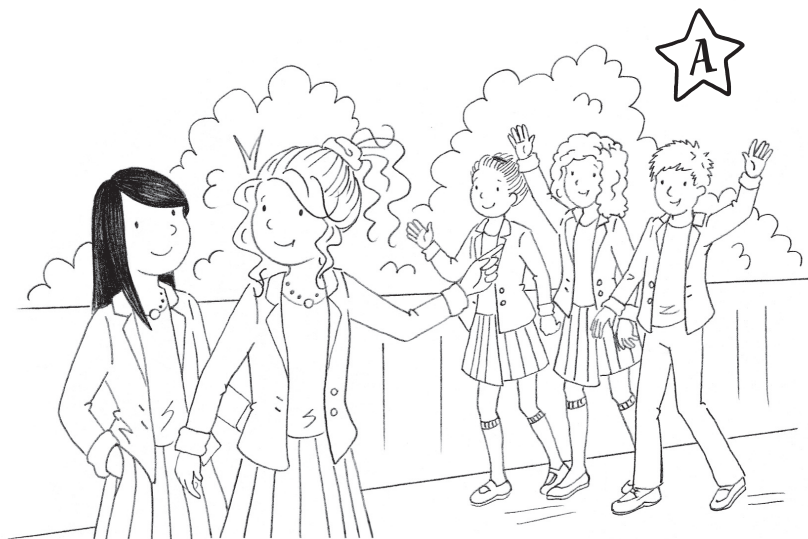




“Look!” said Rachel, noticing three people waving at them from farther down the street. It was her friends Adam, Amina, and Ellie.

“Hi, Rachel!” they called. “Hi, Kirsty!”

Kirsty had met them on one of her visits, and when they smiled at her now, she instantly felt more comfortable.





“Did you move to Tippington?”
Amina asked in an excited voice. “Ooh,
I hope so!”

“Not exactly,” said Kirsty with a
laugh. “My school got flooded, so I’m
staying with Rachel until it’s fixed.”

“Well, I hope it takes a long time,”
said Ellie with a grin.

“Me, too,” said Rachel. Kirsty had a
feeling that going to school with Rachel
was going to be really fun! The first day
back was always exciting, but because
the girls were together, it felt extra
special.

When they arrived at school, they
sensed a real thrill in the air. Everyone
was wearing carefully pressed uniforms
and carrying brand-new bags. Shoes
were shining, and hair was neatly





combed. The school secretary was trying to keep everyone organized, but she was clearly frazzled.

“Ah, Rachel Walker!” she said, waving a clipboard in the air. “Is this your friend who is with us for a short time? Welcome, dear! Now, you are going to be in Mr. Beaker’s class this year, and your classroom is number seven. Hurry along, girls, and don’t be late!”

Adam, Amina, and Ellie were also going to be in Mr. Beaker’s class. Together, they all went to the classroom. They were lucky to find a table for five at the side of the room, and they all sat down together. Kirsty had just taken out her new pencil case when the door opened and a tall, curly-haired





man walked in carrying a briefcase.
Everyone stopped chattering and sat up
very straight. Kirsty and Rachel linked
their little fingers. What kind of teacher
was he? Would he be fair? Would he be
strict?





“Good morning, class,” he said in a friendly voice. “I am Mr. Beaker. Welcome to the start of a brand-new school year. I hope you’re all looking forward to learning a lot and having fun this year.”

He smiled, and his brown eyes twinkled.

“He seems nice,” whispered Rachel.

Kirsty nodded, but she didn’t risk whispering anything back. Mr. Beaker opened the attendance sheet and started calling out names to take attendance. He had just gotten to Kirsty’s name when the door burst open and two boys leapfrogged into the classroom, giggling as they fell in a heap.

Mr. Beaker’s smile disappeared.

“Boys, you’re late,” he said. “Stop





messing around and find a seat.”

Kirsty nudged Rachel.

“That’s odd,” she said in a low voice.

“Did you notice? They’re in the wrong uniform.”

