Pia
the Penguin Fairry
To Nadia Dale, a very special friend of the fairies!

Special thanks to Sue Mongredien

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, write to Rainbow Magic Limited c/o HIT Entertainment, 830 South Greenville Avenue, Allen, TX 75002-3320.

ISBN 978-0-545-27038-0

Copyright © 2010 by Rainbow Magic Limited.

All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Inc., 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, by arrangement with Rainbow Magic Limited.

SCHOLASTIC, LITTLE APPLE, and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc. RAINBOW MAGIC is a trademark of Rainbow Magic Limited. Reg. U.S. Patent & Trademark Office and other countries. HIT and the HIT logo are trademarks of HIT Entertainment Limited.

12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 11 12 13 14 15 16/0

Printed in the U.S.A.

This edition first printing, March 2011
“Wheeee! This is fun!” squealed Kirsty Tate as she sped along on roller skates. “Beat you to that tree, Rachel!”

Kirsty’s best friend, Rachel Walker, grinned and picked up speed on her skateboard. “I don’t think so,” she yelled breathlessly, overtaking Kirsty at the last moment. “I’m the winner!” she cheered, slapping her hand on the trunk of the
old oak tree a split-second before Kirsty did.

The two girls laughed. It was a sunny spring day and they were on vacation together at the seaside town of Leamouth. They were staying with Kirsty’s gran for a whole week. Today they’d come to Leamouth Park, which was at the top of Leamouth Cliffs, overlooking the sea.

“Doesn’t the water look pretty with the sun shining on it?” Kirsty commented dreamily, staring out at the ocean below them. It was a perfect blue. The sun
made thousands of twinkling lights
dance on the surface of the water and a
breeze gently ruffled the waves.

“I know,” Rachel agreed. “It’s so
sparkly, it almost looks magical.”
Then she grinned at Kirsty.
“Speaking of magic, I hope we meet
another Ocean Fairy today!”

“Me, too,” Kirsty said.
“We’re so lucky to be friends with the fairies,
aren’t we?”

“The luckiest girls in the world,” Rachel
agreed happily.
She and Kirsty had shared lots of fairy adventures
together so far, and at the beginning of this week, they’d fallen right into another. This time they’d met the Ocean Fairies! The girls were helping the Ocean Fairies look for the seven broken pieces of their magic golden conch shell, which kept the ocean world in order. Each piece of the shell was being guarded by one of the fairies’ animal helpers, so the hunt was on to find them!

Troublesome Jack Frost had ordered his goblins to steal the magic conch shell at the Fairyland Ocean Gala. The clumsy goblins ended up breaking the shell, though, which had caused all sorts of problems throughout the oceans. Now the broken pieces of shell were scattered across the seas in the human world. The girls and their fairy friends were trying
to find them all before the goblins could get their hands on them.

Kirsty and Rachel started down the path again. Before long, Kirsty heard tinkling music drift over to them. “Is that an ice-cream truck?” she asked hopefully, feeling hungry at the thought. Her gran had given them some spending money, and suddenly it seemed like breakfast had been a long time ago.

“Yes!” Rachel said, speeding farther down the path and spotting the colorful van parked near the playground. It was still playing
its cheerful tune and a large plastic ice-cream cone rotated on the roof of the van. “Come on, let’s go over and have a look.”

The girls raced up to the van and gazed at the pictures of ice cream on the side. A friendly-looking man with a white hat on his head leaned out of the window. “What would you like, girls?” he asked. “Creamsicle, ice-cream sandwich, chocolate dipped cone . . . Ooh, how are we going to choose?” Kirsty said, licking her lips
as she read. “What are you getting, Rachel?” she asked. When her friend didn’t reply, she turned away from the menu. “Rachel?”

Rachel didn’t seem interested in the list of ice cream at all. She was staring excitedly up at the roof of the van, where the plastic ice-cream cone was still spinning.

As Kirsty gazed up at it, too, she realized why Rachel was so captivated. Perched on top of the revolving plastic
cone sat a tiny smiling fairy, waving down at them. It was Pia the Penguin Fairy!

Pia had coffee-colored skin and glossy black hair piled up on her head and fastened with a red bow. She wore a black-and-white polka-dot dress with a wide red belt around the middle, and red wedges with black bows on her feet.

“So, what are you in the mood for?” the ice-cream man asked the girls.

“Have you decided?”

“Um . . . no,” Rachel said, unable
to drag her eyes away from Pia as she fluttered off the plastic cone and hovered in midair like a sparkly butterfly. The tiny fairy gestured for the girls to follow her, and then flew gracefully into a bush behind the ice-cream van. “Actually, I’m not that hungry after all,” Rachel said, smiling apologetically at the ice-cream man. “Maybe later. Thanks anyway!”

She grabbed Kirsty’s arm and they walked toward the bushes where they’d seen Pia flying.

“Over here!” they heard Pia’s silvery
voice call. Kirsty noticed a faint shimmer in the air above one large flowering bush.

Kirsty and Rachel made sure that nobody was looking, then sneaked behind the large bush. Pia was waiting for them on a leaf. “Hello again,” she said, smiling at them. “I’m so happy to see you two.

“I’ve got a feeling I know where my
little penguin, Scamp, is, and I’m hoping he’s guarding a piece of the magic golden conch shell. Will you help me look?”

Kirsty and Rachel didn’t need to be asked twice. “Of course!” they said.

A dimple flashed in Pia’s cheek as she smiled again. “I was hoping you would say that,” she replied, and waved her wand through the air. “Let’s go!”