



# Ruby the Red Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

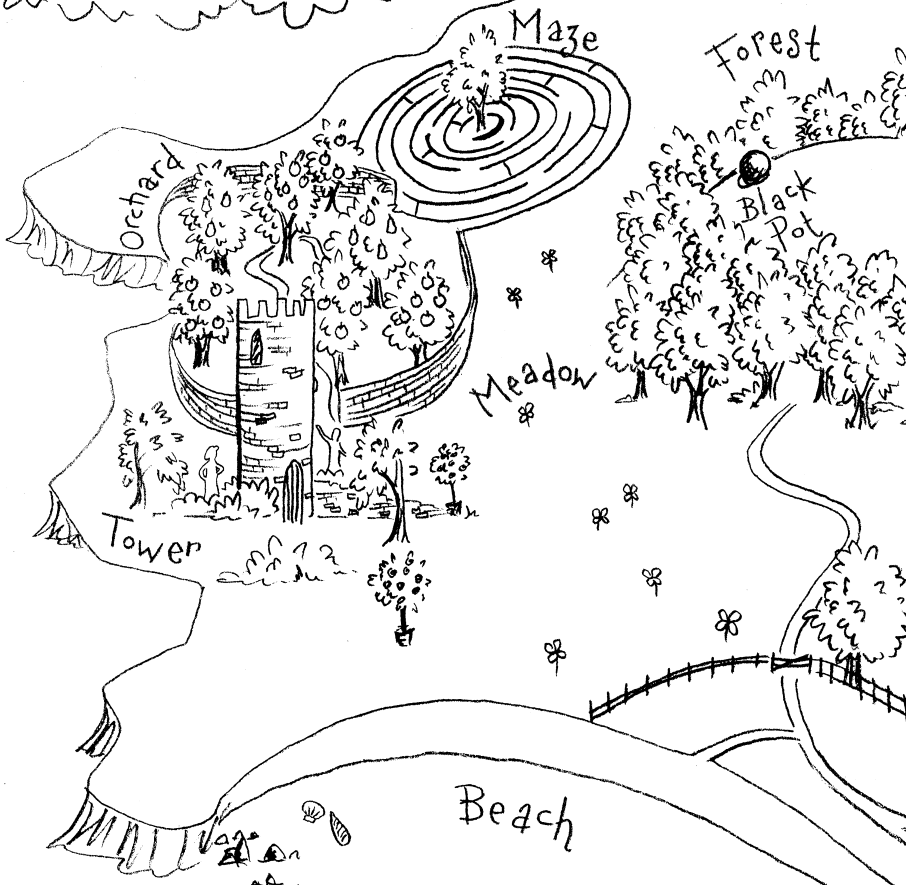
illustrated by Georgie Ripper

**Join the Rainbow Magic Reading Challenge!**

Read the story and collect your fairy points to climb the  
Reading Rainbow at the back of the book.

This book is worth 5 points.

# The Fairyland Palace



Orchard

Maze

Forest

Black Pot

Meadow

Tower

Beach

Rockpools

Rainspell Island

Shells

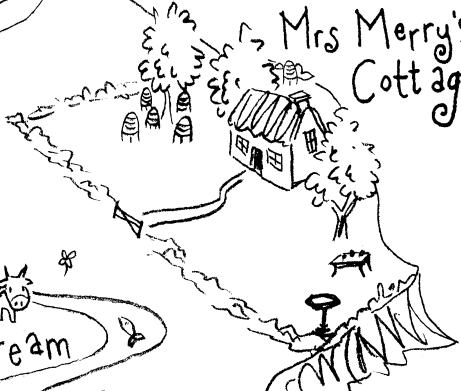
Jack Frost's  
Ice Castle



Tom Goodfellow's  
House



Mrs Merry's  
Cottage



Willow  
Tree



Stream



Field

Town



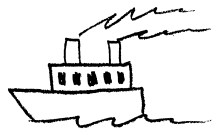
Mermaid  
Cottage



Harbour



Dolphin Cottage





Cold winds blow and thick ice form,  
I conjure up this fairy storm.  
To seven corners of the mortal world  
the Rainbow Fairies will be hurled!

I curse every part of Fairyland,  
with a frosty wave of my icy hand.  
For now and always, from this fateful day,  
Fairyland will be cold and grey!



# The End of the Rainbow



“Look, Dad!” said Rachel Walker. She pointed across the blue-green sea at the rocky island ahead of them. The ferry was sailing towards it, dipping up and down on the rolling waves. “Is that Rainspell Island?” she asked.

Her dad nodded. “Yes, it is,” he said, smiling. “Our holiday is about to begin!”

The waves slapped against the side of the ferry as it bobbed up and down on the water. Rachel felt her heart thump with excitement. She could see white cliffs and emerald green fields on the island. And golden sandy beaches, with rock pools dotted here and there.



Suddenly, a few fat raindrops plopped down on to Rachel's head. "Oh!" she gasped, surprised. The sun was still shining.

Rachel's mum grabbed her hand.  
“Let's get under cover,” she said,  
leading Rachel inside.

“Isn't that strange?” Rachel said.  
“Sunshine *and* rain!”

“Let's hope the rain stops before we  
get off the ferry,” said Mr Walker.  
“Now, where did I put that map of  
the island?”

Rachel looked out of the  
window. Her eyes  
opened wide.

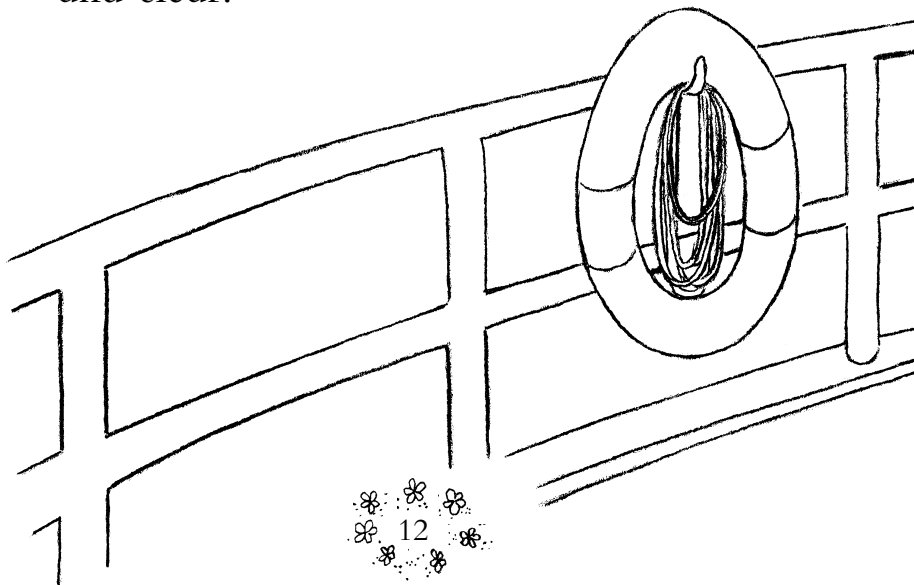
A girl was standing  
alone on the deck.  
Her dark hair was  
wet with raindrops,  
but she didn't seem  
to care. She just  
stared up at the sky.



Rachel looked over at her mum and dad. They were busy studying the map. So Rachel slipped back outside to see what was so interesting.

And there it was.

In the blue sky, high above them, was the most amazing rainbow that Rachel had ever seen. One end of the rainbow was far out to sea. The other seemed to fall somewhere on Rainspell Island. All of the colours were bright and clear.





\* \* \* \* \* The End of the Rainbow

Red,  
orange,  
yellow,  
green,  
blue,  
indigo  
and violet.



“Isn’t it perfect?” the dark-haired girl whispered to Rachel.

“Yes, it is,” Rachel agreed. “Are you going to Rainspell on holiday?”

The girl nodded. “We’re staying for a week,” she said. “I’m Kirsty Tate.”

Rachel smiled, as the rain began to stop. “I’m Rachel Walker. We’re staying at Mermaid Cottage,” she added.

“And we’re at Dolphin Cottage,” said Kirsty. “Do you think we might be near each other?”

“I hope so,” Rachel replied. She had a feeling she was going to like Kirsty.

Kirsty leaned over the rail and looked down into the shimmering water. “The sea looks really deep, doesn’t it?” she said. “There might even be mermaids down there, watching us right now!”

Rachel stared at the waves. She saw something that made her heart skip a beat. “Look!” she said. “Is that a mermaid’s hair?” Then she laughed, when she saw that it was just seaweed.



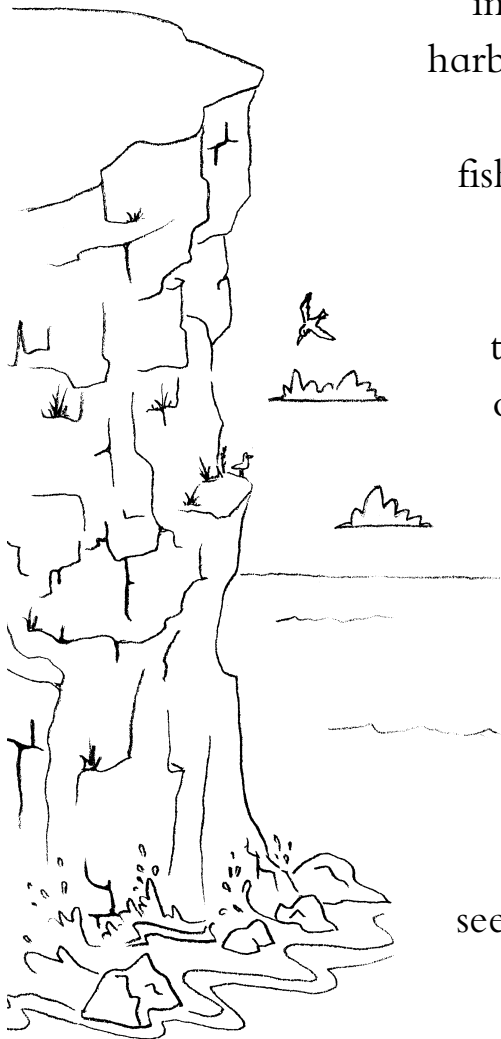
“It could be a mermaid’s necklace,” said Kirsty, smiling. “Maybe she lost it when she was trying to escape from a sea monster.”

The ferry was now sailing into Rainspell's tiny harbour. Seagulls flew around them, and fishing boats bobbed on the water.

“Look at that big white cliff over there,” Kirsty said. She pointed it out to Rachel.

“It looks a bit like a giant's face, doesn't it?”

Rachel looked, and nodded. Kirsty seemed to see magic *everywhere*.



“There you are, Rachel!” called Mrs Walker. Rachel turned round and saw her mum and dad coming out on to the deck.

“We’ll be getting off the ferry in a few minutes,” Mrs Walker added.

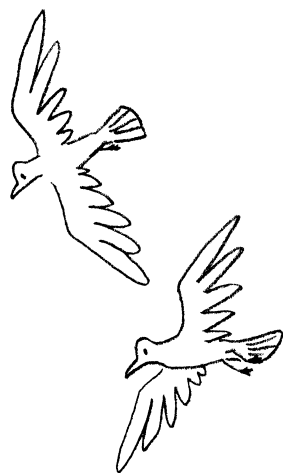
“Mum, Dad, this is Kirsty,” Rachel said. “She’s staying at Dolphin Cottage.”

“That’s right next door to ours,” said Mr Walker. “I remember seeing it on the map.”

Rachel and Kirsty looked at each other in delight.

“I’d better go and find *my* mum and dad,” said Kirsty. She looked round.

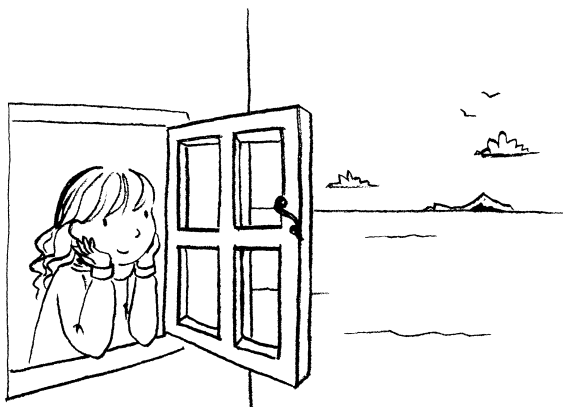
“Oh, here they are.”



Kirsty's mum and dad came over to say hello to the Walkers. Then the ferry docked, and everyone began to leave the boat.

“Our cottages are on the other side of the harbour,” said Rachel's dad, looking at the map. “It's not far.”

Mermaid Cottage and Dolphin Cottage were right next to the beach. Rachel loved her bedroom, which was high up, in the attic. From the window, she could see the waves rolling onto the sand.



## \* \* \* \* \* The End of the Rainbow

A shout from outside made her look down. It was Kirsty. She was standing under the window, waving at her.

“Let’s go and explore the beach!”  
Kirsty called.

Rachel dashed outside to join her.

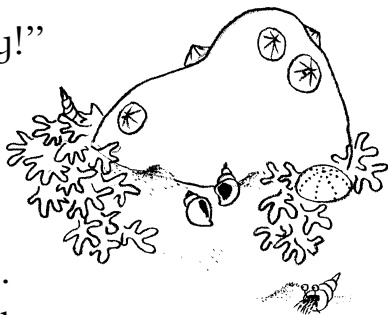
Seaweed lay in piles on the sand, and there were tiny pink and white shells dotted about.

“I love it here already!”  
Rachel shouted happily  
above the noise of the  
seagulls.

“Me too,” Kirsty said.  
She pointed up at the sky.

“Look, the rainbow’s still there.”

Rachel looked up. The rainbow  
glowed brightly among the fluffy  
white clouds.





“Have you heard the story about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?” Kirsty asked.

Rachel nodded. “Yes, but that’s just in fairy stories,” she said.

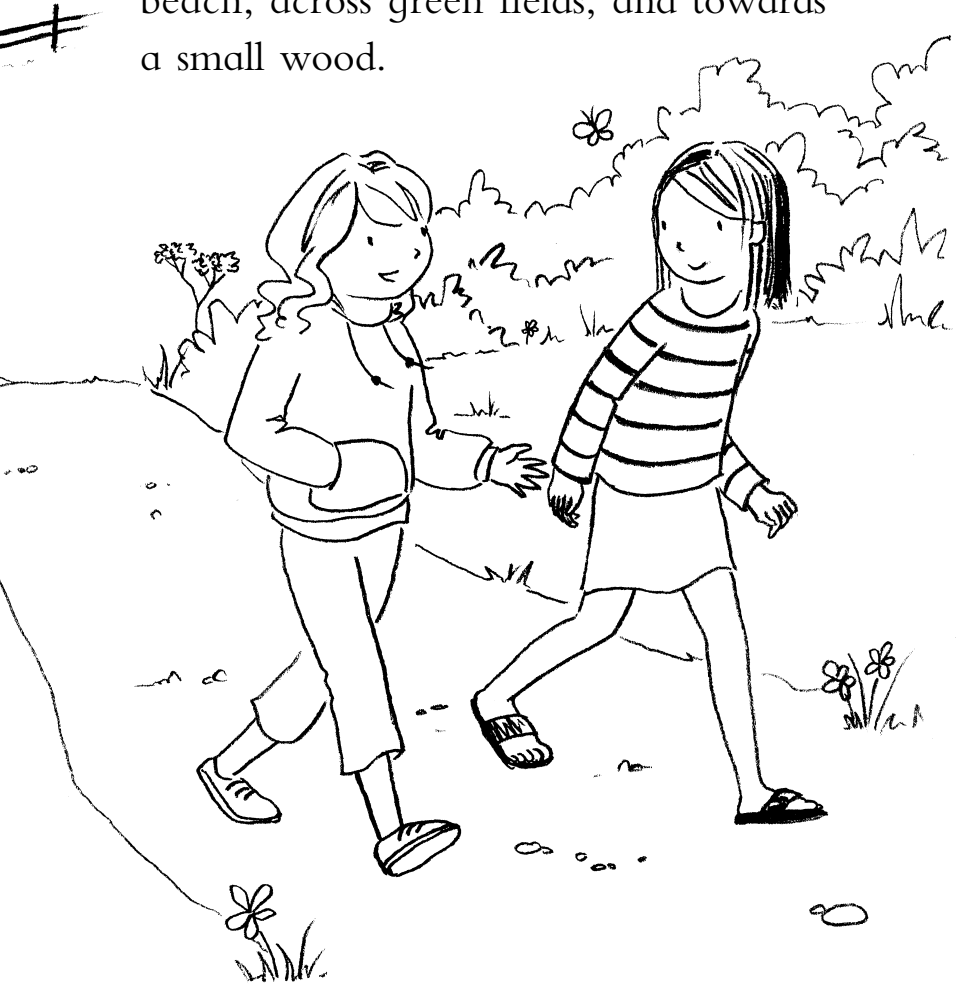
Kirsty grinned. “Maybe. But let’s go and find out for ourselves!”

“OK,” Rachel agreed. “We can explore the island at the same time.”



\* \* \* \* \* The End of the Rainbow

They rushed back to tell their parents where they were going. Then Kirsty and Rachel set off along a lane behind the cottages. It led them away from the beach, across green fields, and towards a small wood.



Rachel kept looking up at the rainbow. She was worried that it would start to fade now that the rain had stopped. But the colours stayed clear and bright.

“It looks like the end of the rainbow is over there,” Kirsty said. “Come on!” And she hurried towards the trees.



The wood was cool and green after the heat of the sun. Rachel and Kirsty followed a winding path until they came to a clearing. Then they both stopped and stared.

 The End of the Rainbow

The rainbow shone down on to the grass through a gap in the trees.

And there, at the rainbow's end, lay an old, black pot.