



Series: The Weather Fairies

Book: Evie the Mist Fairy

A Misty Morning

“Wake up, sleepyhead!” cried Kirsty Tate, as she jumped out of bed and started to get dressed.

Her friend, Rachel Walker, was asleep in the extra bed in Kirsty’s room. She was staying with Kirsty and her parents in Wetherbury. Sleepily, she rolled over and opened her eyes. “I was dreaming that we were back in Fairyland,” she told Kirsty. “The weather was mixed up – sunny and snowing all at the same time – and Doodle was trying to fix it.” Doodle, the magic weather rooster, had been on Rachel’s mind a lot lately, because she and Kirsty were on an important mission with the Weather Fairies!

Every day in Fairyland, the Weather Fairies used Doodle’s magic tail feathers to make the weather. Each of the seven feathers controlled a different kind of weather, and each of the seven Weather Fairies was responsible for working with one specific feather. The system was perfect until mean Jack Frost sent his goblins to steal Doodle’s magic feathers.

The goblins took the feathers into the human world, and when poor Doodle followed them out of Fairyland, he was transformed into a rusty weather vane. Since Rachel and Kirsty had found the Rainbow Fairies together, the Queen of the Fairies had asked them to help find and return Doodle’s magic feathers, also.

In the meantime, Fairyland’s weather was all mixed up – and the goblins had been using the feathers to cause trouble in the human world, too.

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“Poor Doodle,” Kirsty said, looking out of the window at the weather vane on top of the old barn. Her dad had found Doodle lying in the Park, and brought him home for their barn roof.

“Hopefully we’ll find another magic feather today,” Kirsty continued. “We already have four of the stolen feathers. We just need to find the other three. Then Doodle will get his magic back!”

“Yes,” Rachel agreed, brightening at the thought. “But I have to go home in three days, so we don’t have very long!” As she gazed out at the blue sky, a wisp of silvery mist caught her eye. “Look – that cloud is shaped just like a feather!” she said.

Kirsty looked up, too. “I can’t see anything.”

Rachel looked again, but the wispy shape had disappeared. “Maybe I imagined it,” she sighed. The memory of the dream fizzed in her tummy like bubbles. It felt like a magical start to the day.

Read the rest of *Evie the Mist Fairy* to see if Rachel and Kirsty can find another missing weather feather!

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