



**Series:** The Rainbow Fairies

**Book:** Amber the Orange Fairy

### A Very Unusual Shell

'What a lovely day!,' Rachel Walker shouted, staring up at the blue sky. She and her friend, Kirsty Tate, were running along Rainspell Island's yellow sandy beach. Their parents walked a little way behind them.

'It's a *magical* day,' Kirsty added. The two friends smiled at each other.

Rachel and Kirsty had come to Rainspell Island for their holidays. They had soon found out it really *was* a magical place!

As they ran, they passed rock pools that shone like jewels in the sunshine. Rachel spotted a little *splash!* in one of the pools. 'There's something in there, Kirsty!' she pointed. 'Let's go and look.'

The girls jogged over to the pool and crouched down to see. Kirsty's heart thumped as she gazed into the crystal clear water. 'What is it?' she asked.

Suddenly, the water rippled. A little brown crab scuttled sideways across the sandy bottom and vanished under a rock.

Kirsty felt disappointed. 'I thought it might be another Rainbow Fairy,' she said.

'So did I,' Rachel sighed. 'Never mind. We'll keep on looking.'  
'Of course we will,' Kirsty agreed. Then she put her finger to her lips as their parents came up behind them.' *Ssh.*

Kirsty and Rachel had a big secret. They were helping to find the Rainbow Fairies. Thanks to Jack Frost's wicked spell, the fairies were lost on Rainspell Island. And until they were all found there would be no colour in Fairyland.

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Rachel looked at the shimmering blue sea. 'Shall we have a swim?' she asked.

But Kirsty wasn't listening. She was shading her eyes with her hand and looking further along the beach. 'Over there, Rachel – by those rocks,' she said.

Then Rachel could see it too – something winking and sparkling in the sunshine. 'Wit for me!' she called, as Kirsty hurried over there.

When they saw what it was, the two friends sighed in disappointment. 'It's just a wrapper from a chocolate bar,' Rachel said sadly. She bent down and picked up the shiny purple foil.

Kirsty thought for a moment. 'Do you remember what the Fairy Queen said?' she asked.

Rachel nodded. '*Let the magic come to you,*' she said. 'You're right, Kirsty. We should just enjoy our holiday, and wait for the magic to happen. After all, that's how we found Ruby in the pot-at-the-end-of-the-rainbow, isn't it?' She put down her beach bag on the sand. 'Come on-race you to the sea!'

They rushed into the water. The sea was cold and salty, but the sun felt warm on their backs. They waved at their parents, sitting on the sand, and splashed about in the waves until they got goosebumps.

'Ow!' Kirsty gasped as they paddled out of the water. 'I just stood on something sharp.'

'It might have been a shell,' said Rachel. 'There are lots of them around here.' She picked up a pale pink one and showed it to Kirsty.

'Let's see how many we can find,' Kirsty said.

The two girls walked along the beach looking for shells. They found long, thin, blue shells and tiny, round, white shells.

Soon their hands were full. They had walked right around the curve of the bay. Rachel looked over her shoulder and a sudden gust of wind whipped her hair across her face.

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‘Look how far we’ve come,’ she said. Kirsty stopped. The wind tugged at her T-shirt and made goosebumps stand out on her arms.

‘It’s getting cold now,’ she said. ‘Shall we go back?’

‘Yes, it must be nearly teatime,’ said Rachel.

The two girls began to walk back along the beach. They’d only gone a few steps when the wind suddenly dropped again.

‘That’s funny,’ said Kirsty. ‘It’s not windy here.’

They looked back and saw little swirls of sand being blown in the wind where they’d just been. ‘Oh!’ said Rachel, and the two friends looked at each other with excitement.

‘It’s magic,’ Kirsty whispered. ‘It *has* to be!’

They walked back and the breeze swirled around their legs again. Then the golden sand at their feet began to drift gently to one side, as if invisible hands were pushing it away. A large scallop shell appeared, much bigger than the other shells on the beach. It was pearly white with soft orange streaks, and it was tightly closed.

Quickly the girls knelt down on the sand, spilling the little shells out of their hands. Kirsty was just about to pick up the scallop shell when Rachel put out her hand. ‘Listen,’ she whispered.

They both listened hard.

There it was again.

Inside the shell, a tiny, silvery voice hummed softly.....

**Read the rest of *Amber the Orange Fairy* to find out what magic happens next!**

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