

Franny the Jelly Bean Fairy

by Daisy Meadows

SCHOLASTIC INC.

To Aleka, with love

Special thanks to Rachel Elliot

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.”

Copyright © 2017 by Rainbow Magic Limited.

All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*. SCHOLASTIC 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.

First published in the United Kingdom in 2017 as *Lisa the Jelly Bean Fairy* by Orchard U.K., Carmelite House, 50 Victoria Embankment, London EC4Y 0DZ.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

No part of this publication 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 Scholastic Inc., Attention: Permissions Department, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

ISBN 978-1-338-20723-1

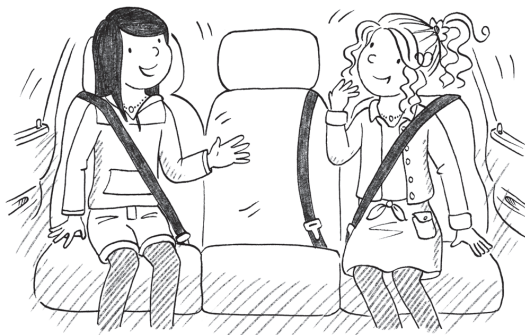
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 18 19 20 21 22

Printed in the U.S.A.
First printing 2018

40



Surprises



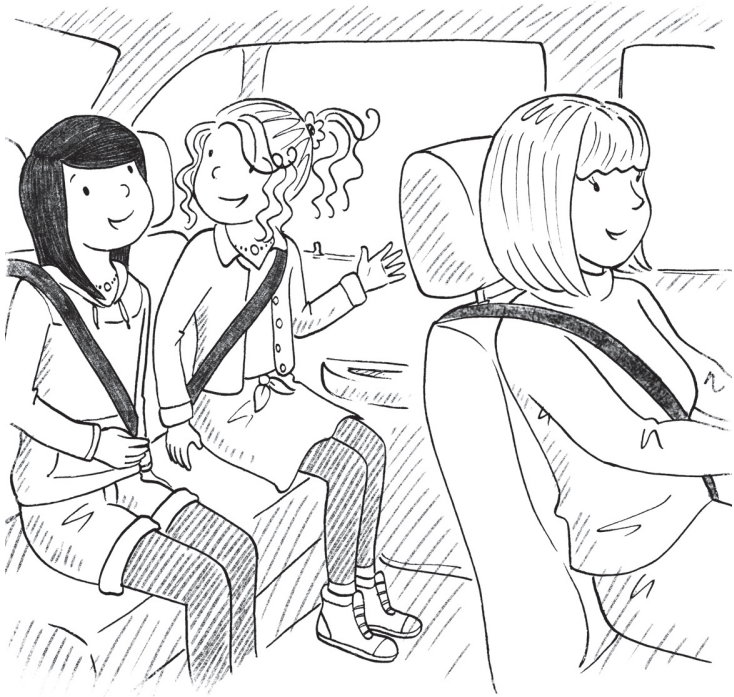
“This is a bumpy ride!” said Kirsty Tate with a laugh.

She and her best friend, Rachel Walker, giggled as they bounced up and down. Kirsty’s aunt Helen patted the dashboard.

“I love this good old Candy Land van,” she said. “Even if it is a little noisy and bumpy sometimes.”

Candy Land was the candy factory just outside Wetherbury Village, and Aunt Helen was lucky enough to work there.

“Candy Land is my second favorite thing about Wetherbury,” said Rachel.



“What’s your favorite?” asked Kirsty.

“Staying with you, of course,” said Rachel with a grin. “It’s always magical.”

Rachel had come to visit Kirsty over the school break. Ever since they had become best friends, they had also been good friends with the fairies. Magic always seemed to follow them around when they were together. Sometimes they thought that it was as if their friendship cast a very special spell.

This time, Monica the Marshmallow Fairy had whisked them away to the Fairyland Candy Factory, where candy grew on trees. They had met the other Sweet Fairies, who used their magical objects to make sure that all candy was sweet and delicious. The fairies were getting ready for the annual Harvest Feast,



and asked Rachel and Kirsty if they would like to come. But then Jack Frost had appeared with his goblins. He had stolen the Sweet Fairies' magical objects so that he could keep all candy for himself.

Kirsty and Rachel had helped two of the Sweet Fairies get their magical objects back, but there were still two more to find. However, today they had something else on their minds. They were on their way to see a boy named Tal, who volunteered as a dog walker at the Wetherbury Animal Shelter.

“I can't wait to see Tal's face when he finds out that he's a winner,” said Kirsty.

Candy Land had been giving its Helping Hands awards to young people who did helpful things in the community.



The girls had been helping Aunt Helen surprise the winners with special bags of Candy Land treats.

“What’s inside Tal’s Candy Land bag?” Rachel asked.

“Jelly beans,” said Aunt Helen, smiling.





“Yum, I love jelly beans,” said Kirsty.

“I brought along a small pack of them for you to share,” said Aunt Helen. “You’ll find them in the back of my seat.”

Rachel put her hand into the pocket on the back of Aunt Helen’s seat, and found the jelly bean pack. She opened it and chose a purple one.

“Grape is my favorite jelly bean flavor,” she said, holding out the bag to Kirsty.

“Mine’s strawberry,” said Kirsty, choosing a pink one. “Thank you so much, Aunt Helen!”

Just then, Aunt Helen turned down a narrow, rutted lane. Kirsty squealed as the van went over a big bump in the road, shaking and rattling. It was even noisier than before. Smiling, the girls popped the candy into their mouths. But when they





tasted them, they got a terrible shock.

“Ugh,” said Rachel.

“Yuck,” said Kirsty.

Rachel pulled a tissue out of her pocket, and both girls put the jelly beans into it.

“That wasn’t strawberry flavored,” said Kirsty. “It tasted like sour milk.”

“Mine was like rotten eggs,” said



Rachel. “Oh no, what if Tal’s jelly beans taste bad, too?”

“They’re bound to,” said Kirsty. “This is all Jack Frost’s fault!”

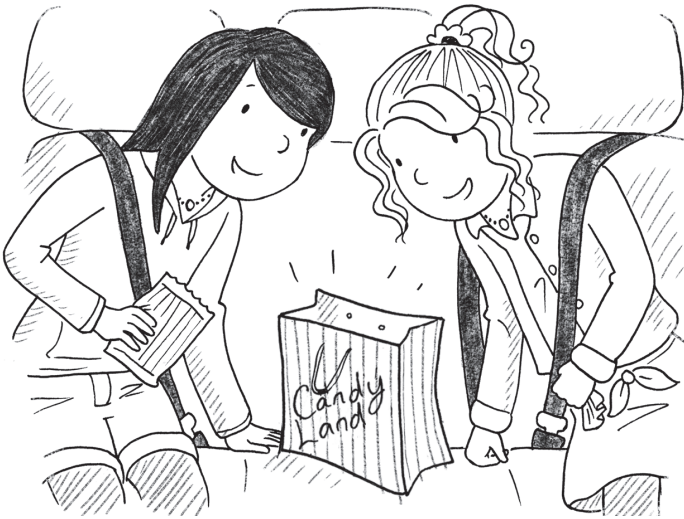
They exchanged a worried look and then glanced at Aunt Helen. Because of the noisy van, she hadn’t heard anything. And that was lucky, because the girls had promised never to tell anyone about Fairyland or the fairies.

Rachel and Kirsty knew exactly what was wrong with the jelly beans. The Sweet Fairies were still missing two of their magical treats. Without them, the Harvest Feast would be ruined, and so would Tal’s bag of jelly beans.

The girls wanted to help, but they couldn’t do it on their own.

Suddenly, Kirsty noticed something





unusual. The Helping Hands bag was glowing. The pink and white stripes shone as if each jelly bean inside the bag was a tiny light.

“That’s magic,” Kirsty whispered in excitement.

Rachel’s heart was fluttering. No matter how many times she shared magical adventures with her best friend, every time was always just as thrilling



as their very first meeting with the fairies on Rainspell Island.

Smiling, she opened the bag, and out flew Franny the Jelly Bean Fairy.

Another magical adventure was about to begin!

