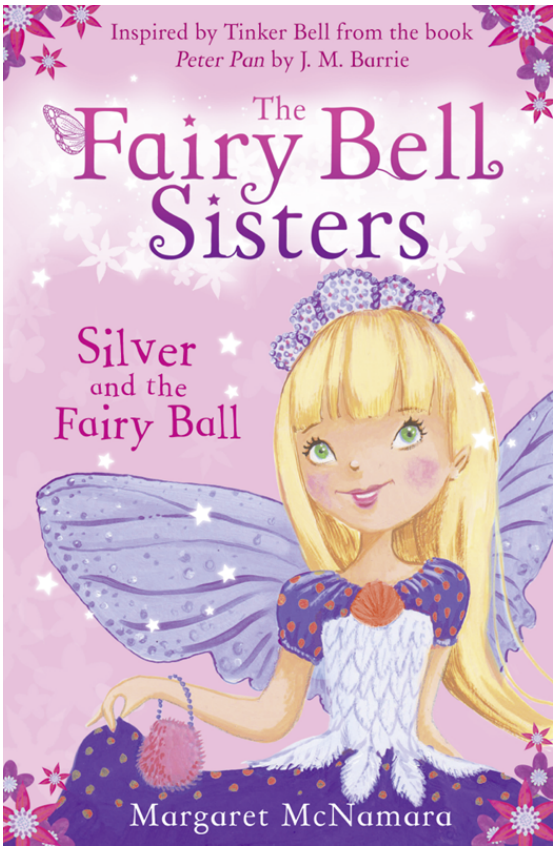

Inspired by Tinker Bell from the book
Peter Pan by J. M. Barrie
The
Fairy Bell
Sisters
Silver
and the
Fairy Ball
Margaret McNamara

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The Fairy Bell Sisters: Silver and the Fairy Ball

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The Fairy Bell Sisters: Silver and the Fairy Ball / M. McNamara — «HarperCollins»,

Do you believe in fairies? Join Tinker Bell's sisters on a magical adventure, first in a brand-new series.Inspired by Tinker Bell, from the book Peter Pan, by J. M. BarrieBefore Tinker Bell flew to Never Land and met Peter Pan she lived on Sheepskerry Island with her fairy sisters – Clara, Lily, Rosie, Silver and Squeak the baby. The young fairies go to fairy school and love tea parties, dressing up and exciting adventures.Every fairy on Sheepskerry Island is excited about Queen Mab's fairy ball. Everyone, that is, except Silver. She's too young to go – it's so unfair! Like any good fairy, Silver tries to look on the bright side. But her secret plans turn into an awful mess. Worst still, none of the fairies realise that Silver isn't the only uninvited guest…Young readers will love the enchanting stories and beautiful illustrations in this charming new series.

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The Fairy Bell Sisters



Silver and the Fairy Ball

Margaret McNamara

Illustrations by Erica-Jane Waters

HarperCollins *Children's Books*

For Betsy Morrell



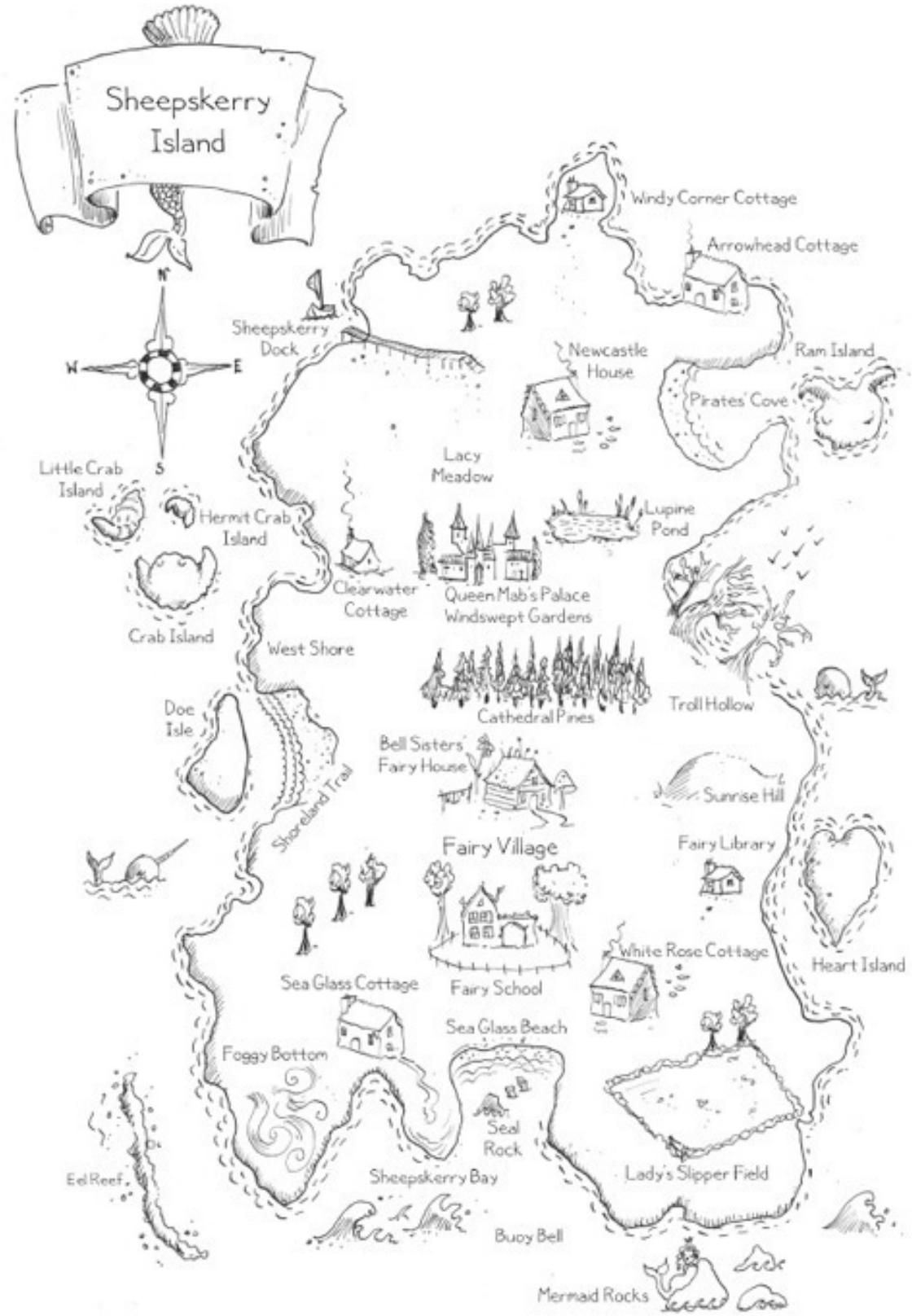
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Trouble in Fairyland

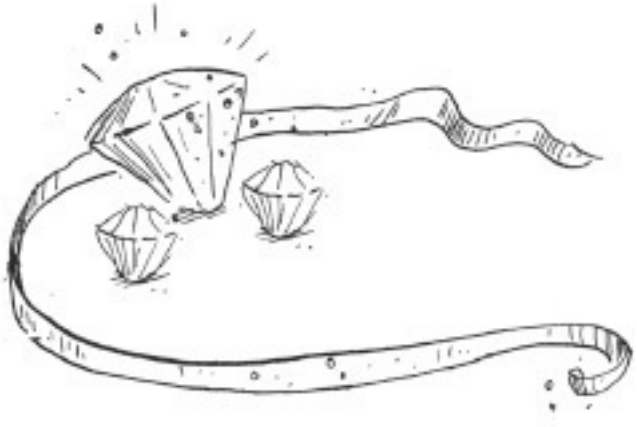
Clara Bell, Lily Bell, Rosie Bell, Silver Bell and baby Squeak are fairy sisters who live on Sheepskerry Island.

Usually Silver and her sisters get along just fine – but not the week of the Fairy Ball. Silver has her heart set on going – but fairies must be at least eight years old to attend…


Sheepskerry Island
N
W
E
S
Windy Corner Cottage
Arrowhead Cottage
Sheepskerry Dock
Newcastle House
Ram Island
Pirates' Cove
Lacy Meadow
Little Crab Island
Hermit Crab Island
Lupine Pond
Clearwater Cottage
Queen Mab's Palace
Windswept Gardens
Crab Island
West Shore
Cathedral Pines
Troll Hollow
Doe Isle
Bell Sisters' Fairy House
Sunrise Hill
Shoreland Trail
Fairy Village
Fairy Library
White Rose Cottage
Heart Island
Sea Glass Cottage
Fairy School
Sea Glass Beach
Foggy Bottom
Seal Rock
Eel Reef
Sheepskerry Bay
Lady's Slipper Field
Buoy Bell
Mermaid Rocks

Chapter One

Everybody has heard of the Fairy Ball on Sheepskerry Island, for it's the only ball where fairies put on their diamond wings and walk on satin ribbons under the stars. But only a few of us will ever see those diamonds or find those ribbons. This is what they look like, just so you'll know when you do see them.



And though this is quite a secret, I'll tell you something as long as you promise not to tell anyone else: this year's ball was nearly ruined. And it would have been, except for one of Tinker Bell's little sisters.

Oh yes, of course Tinker Bell has little sisters. Tink is a grown-up fairy, so she lives on the island of Never Land with her friend Peter Pan. Some people think Tink's entire family lives in Kensington Gardens in London, as that's where Tink was born, but that's not true at all. Her sisters aren't grown up yet, so their home is with the younger fairies on Sheepskerry Island, which I believe is not far from where you are right now. You may have been there without even knowing it, as on maps used by grown-up people it goes by another name. But perhaps you'll recognise it if I describe it to you. It's a jewel of a place, bright green in spring, silent white in winter, and filled with sturdy yellow roses in summer and flaming leaves in autumn. And it holds all manner of secret things that you will know about very soon. If you read the next chapter, that is.



Chapter Two

But I am forgetting my manners. Have you met Tinker Bell's little sisters? Please allow me to introduce them. May I present:



They live with the other young fairies on Sheepskerry Island. There are no sheep on Sheepskerry any more, which is a good thing, as sheep are enormous monsters of huge size, as everyone knows. (Actually, Tinker Bell's little sisters only know about sheep from the stories they've heard from their fairy godmother, Queen Mab, the most powerful fairy of all.)



Tinker Bell's little sisters go to fairy school, and eat fairy food, and play fairy games, and stay away from trolls and once a year, they go to a Fairy Ball, if they are old enough.

Which, this year, Silver Bell was not.

Do you suppose Silver Bell wanted to go with her sisters to the ball? Oh yes, she did. She wanted to go so much that she did something very, very naughty. Something you would never do, I feel quite sure, even if you meant well, as Silver did. Silver made such a mess of things the day before the Fairy Ball that I'm not even sure I should tell you about it.

I'll leave the choice to you. If you would like to hear about perfect little fairies and the perfect things they do, please go find another book.

If you would like to hear about a brave little fairy, who can also be rather naughty and get in very big trouble with her sisters, just turn the page.



Chapter Three

Oh, thank goodness you turned the page!



Chapter Four

That summer, Silver Bell was seven fairy years old. Fairy years are different from our years, so it is a long, long time between birthdays. That is why fairies look forward to their birthdays so very much.

"What sort of cake would you like this year, Silver?" asked Rosie. The sisters were in the garden behind their fairy house, fetching water from Deepwater Spring.

"I think Silver should have a carrot cake," said Clara. "Carrot cakes can be quite healthy for a fairy."

"Better for a rabbit," said Lily. "Right, Squeakie?"

Squeak squeaked.

Silver flew over to the handle and started pumping.

"Hold on, Silver!" said Clara. "You need to prime it first."

If you haven't pumped springwater recently, you might have forgotten, as Silver had, that the pump must be topped up to get the water flowing. The sisters always left a small jug of water near the pump for that very purpose.

"This will start things up," said Clara.

Silver pumped the creaky handle up and down, up and down. The water gurgled, sputtered and then came out in a gush.

"It's freezing!" Silver laughed.



“Mind my shoes!” said Lily. She had painted them herself and she was very fond of them.

“If I were Silver,” said Rosie, carefully filling their water jugs, one at a time, “I think I would like to make my own choice of birthday cake.”

“I would like to make my own choice,” Silver said. Cakes, of course, were the Bakewell sisters’ speciality. Silver remembered the splendid cake she had had at their fairy house last summer. “Could we have a blueberry cake?” she asked.

“Coomada, coomada!” said Squeak.

“Yes, you love berries, don’t you?” said Rosie, sweeping up baby Squeak in her arms. Squeak had a language all of her own, which her sisters understood.

Clara, Rosie, Lily and Silver headed back to the house with their jugs of water. It was hard work.

“I won’t mind being grown up so we can just magic water whenever we want,” said Lily. “How heavy these are!”

Silver was still thinking about her birthday cake. “Could we make a practice cake today, do you think?” she asked.

“There are one or two bushes where the blueberries are already ripe,” Rosie smiled.

“Not down near Troll Hollow, I hope,” said Clara gravely.

“Nowhere near it,” said Rosie. She shivered. “I stay well clear of Troll Hollow and the awful trolls who live there.”

They all thought about the trolls and their terrible mischief for a moment.

“No, the berries are on the east side of Sunrise Hill. We’ll be fine there.”

“I’d go with you,” said Lily. “But I might catch my wings on the bushes.”

“My wings are not as delicate as yours,” said Rosie. “So I don’t mind going.”

“Carrot cake would be more practical,” Clara said.

But Rosie was already off, with Squeak in one arm and an empty acorn cap in the other, to pick berries for her sister.



Chapter Five

Once the water jugs were in the pantry and covered with tea towels, Clara put some wood in the oven to get it hot.

"Normally I'd let Lily mix the batter," said Clara, "as she's the third oldest. But she must be out looking for sea glass again."

"I'll do it," said Silver.

"All right," said Clara, "you can do it. If you pay attention and follow the recipe."

"I'm not looking for sea glass," called Lily from upstairs. "I'm trying on my gown for the Fairy Ball."

"The Fairy Ball?" cried Silver. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Queen Mab hasn't even set a date for the ball yet, Silver." Clara shook her head. "Lily just likes any excuse to try on her ball gowns."

"I heard that!" said Lily. She came to the top of the stairs in the most elegant pale pink dress of fine cotton. She'd topped it with a tartan cape.

"I don't know how you do it, Lily," said Clara. "On anyone else that would look ridiculous."

"Rosie says you have flair," said Silver.

"I know! I do!" said Lily.



Clara heaved a long sigh. “It gets so chilly at night, Lily. You won’t be wearing that flimsy gown if the ball is held in late summer.”

“I’ve heard it won’t be,” sang Lily, and she flew off to put together another creation.

“I’m definitely going this year,” said Silver. “I’ll be eight years old in one little week! Queen Mab will have to let me in.”

“If you are eight years old at the time of the ball, then of course you will go,” said Clara. “But not a moment before.”

Silver sifted the flour into a fragile pile.

“I love sifting flour,” she said.

"Look – you've got it all over the table," said Clara, as she creamed the butter and sugar. "Sweep that up, please."

Silver swept it up, though most of it went on the floor.

"Now for the eggs, Silver," Clara said. "Just give me a minute to butter the pan. I really should have done that before we started." She wiped her hands on her apron. "Then I'll watch as you crack."

If Clara had thought about it, she would have known that it's pretty hard to ask someone to wait to crack an egg, especially if that someone is Silver. Clara might have mentioned, too, that Silver should check the recipe before she took the next step. Or asked someone to help.

But Lily was busy upstairs.

And Rosie was still out with Squeak.

And Clara didn't remind Silver to follow the instructions.

And Silver didn't follow the instructions.

Crack.

Crack.

If you think Silver smashed the eggs against the bowl and filled the batter with shells... you are only partially right. What she also didn't remember was—

"Not like that!" cried Clara.



Chapter Six

The cake turned out fine.

"I think it's better blueberry cake than the Bakewell sisters make," said Rosie. "Even if you didn't separate the eggs."

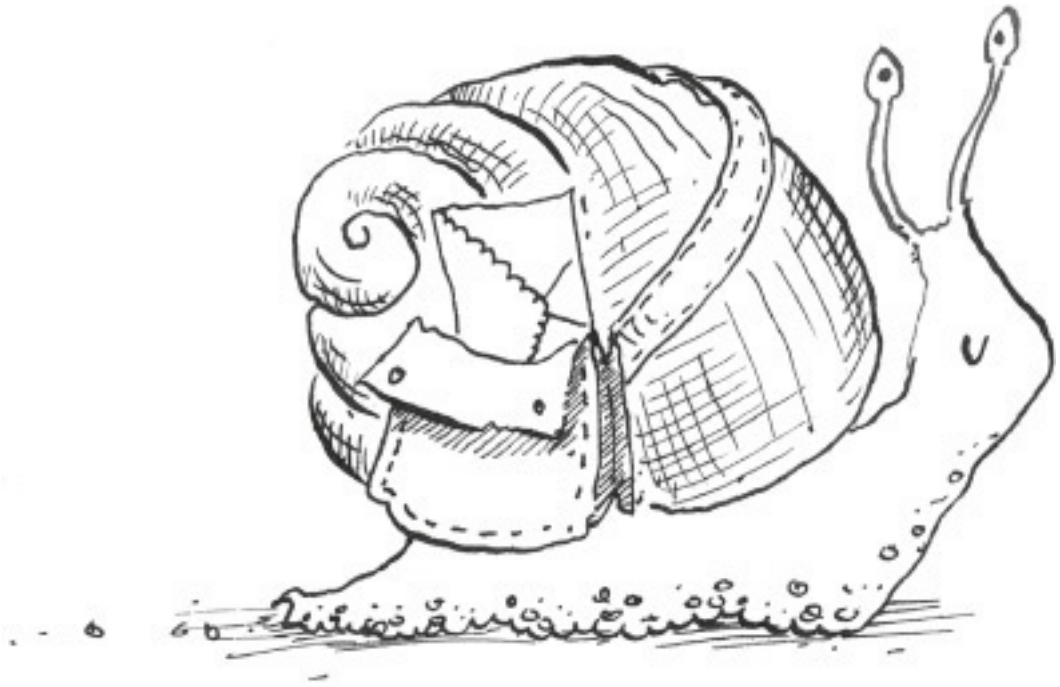
"Or whip the whites and fold them in," said Clara, "the way the recipe says to."

"I'm not sure I like the crunchiness," said Lily.

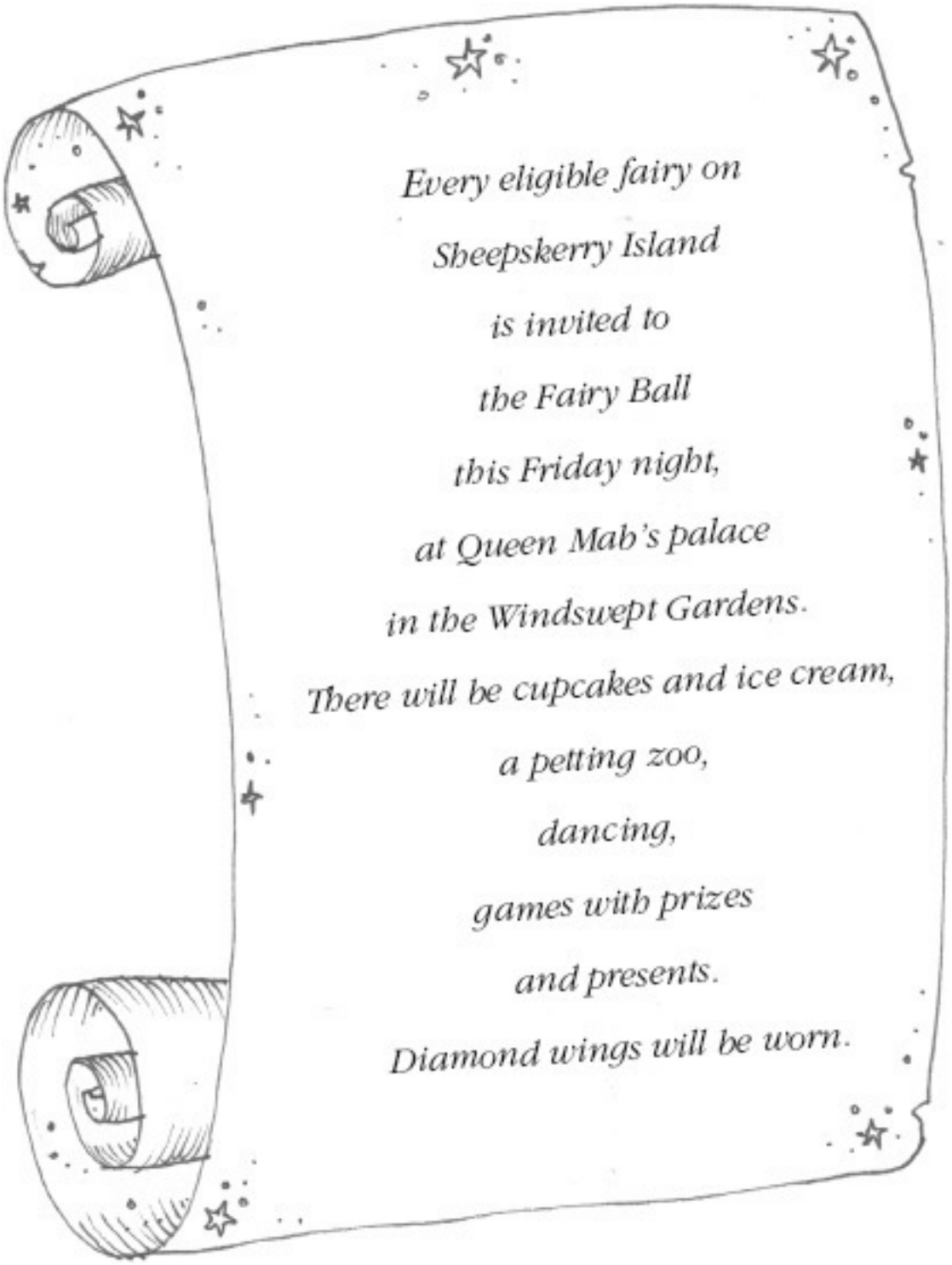
"Eggshells are full of goodness," said Rosie, though she did not sound too convincing.

There was a knock at the door.

"Snail mail!" cried Lily. The Mail Snail carried a creamy white envelope in its pouch. "Ooh! It's from Queen Mab herself. Just as I told you!"



The envelope was addressed to the Fairy Bell sisters. They opened it together. Inside was an invitation.



Silver was so excited! Her first ball! She'd finally hear Queen Mab's insect orchestra! She'd walk on satin ribbons to get to the fairy palace. She'd pet the queen's own little pony and cradle her magic white mice. She'd eat as many cupcakes as she wanted. And open presents. And stay up late, dancing till dawn.

There was just one thing that puzzled her.

"What does 'eligible' mean?" she asked her sister Clara. Clara was bouncing Squeak on her knee, to Squeak's utter delight.

"Apa! " said Squeak.

"Oh, you want more, do you?" said Clara.

But before Clara could answer Silver's question, Lily cut in.

"Eligible means you have to be eight fairy years old to go to the ball," said Lily. "And you are not eight."

"I am eight," said Silver. "Or I will be eight very soon. On Saturday."

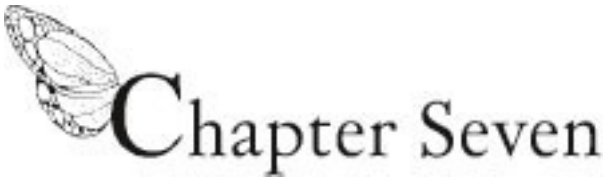
"Yes, that's true," said Rosie gently. "But the ball is on Friday and your birthday is the next day, Silver. You'll still be seven on Friday night when the ball is held. So you'll have to wait until next year to go to your first ball."

"No!" cried Silver. "That's not fair!"

"Better luck next year!" said Lily.

"Squeak! " cried Squeak.

Silver flew to her room and cried and cried. Not go to the ball! Impossible!



Chapter Seven

But it was possible. In fact, it was true. Silver Bell was not allowed to go to the ball. It was the Fairy Way. Silver Bell was so sad she cried fairy tears that covered the evening flowers with morning-time dew. Even Squeak tugging at her skirt and saying, "No lolo," did not make her feel any better.

"What do you mean, 'Don't be sad'?" Silver replied to Squeak, rather crossly. "You'd be sad, too, if you were one day too young to go to the ball."

On Tuesday morning, Silver did not even have fairy breakfast with her sisters. And this was a particular sacrifice on her part because Tuesday fairy breakfasts are utterly delicious: lingonberry jam and wheat-berry toast; pomegranate juice poured over fresh-cut oranges; sweet oatmeal with sultanas and apples; blue hen eggs, medium-boiled and prunes. Plus, that Tuesday, there was leftover blueberry cake.

"Apa! " said Squeak.

"Here's some more," said Silver as she popped some cake crumbs into Squeak's mouth. "But Clara will take care of you today. I'm afraid I need to go out for a while."

Silver flew sadly above the fairy houses to the tip of Cathedral Pines. She usually felt better there, for the pines were very high, and when the mist was rising, the sunlight streamed through the branches and made the whole thing look just like a dream. But today, even the chittering of the squirrels and the far-off whistles of the ospreys did not cheer her up. She sat down on the moss and sighed.

Just then Silver's best friend Poppy Flower flew up and landed lightly next to her. Poppy wrapped an arm around Silver.



“I just heard!” said Poppy. “I am so sorry you can’t go to the ball, Silver. You must feel dreadful!” She gave Silver a tight hug.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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