Helping your children choose books they will love



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Opening extract from

Nixie the Bad, Bad Fairy

Written by

Cas Lester

Illustrated by

Ali Pye

Published by

Oxford University Press

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Five reasons why you'll fall in love with Nixie!

Bumblebees' Bottoms!
Nixie's always getting in trouble!

A completely new kind of fairy in fairyland.

Rainbow Fairies meets Horrid Henry!



Full of magical mishaps and ingenious inventions!

A wonderfully funny story, packed with gorgeous illustrations.



We love Nixie!

'It was fun and I would like to read more of these books.'

Rita

'a very good book . . . it is extremely funny.'

Nicole

'It's very good so I think it should go in shops.'

Keeva

'I love the story because it is full of surprises.'

Lauren



Getting to know Nixie!

FAVOURITE PLACE
Her workshop where she keeps all of her tools and does most of her of mending and making.

FAVOURITE FOOD
Lemon frosted fairy cakes, no wait, chocolate ones . . . no, toffee and banana . . . no, vanilla with a cherry on top . . .

FAVOURITE ANIMAL
Spiders—because they let her swing in their webs.

BEST FRIEND
Fizz the Wish Fairy because he always looks on the bright side.

FAVOURITE FAIRY GAME
Bursting conker cases with her magic wand so the conkers bump onto the ground.





For Annie Beth,
the original Bad, Bad Fairy,
with all my love

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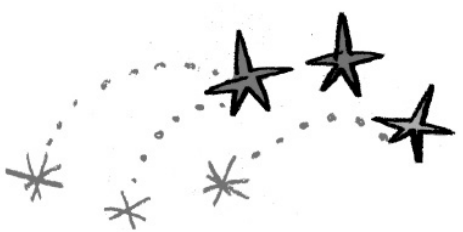
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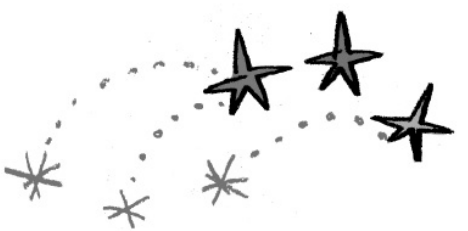


Nixie

THE BAD, BAD FAIRY

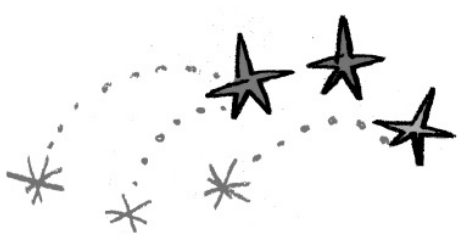
CAS LESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALI PYE



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Contents

1	A Brilliantly Hairy-Scary Ride	9
2	A Soft Thump and a Piercing Scream	19
3	Big Fat Hairy-Fairy Fibber!	27
4	Petal Tornado!	37
5	Midnight Moonbeam Make it Better Mixture	45
6	Nixie in Big Trouble	55
7	Missing Wand	63
8	Disaster!	73
9	Silly-Frilly Candyfloss Fairy Dress!	83
10	Not Fair!	93
11	Best Blossom Ball . . . Ever!	103





Chapter 1

A BRILLIANTLY HAIRY–SCARY RIDE

ZAP! WHOOSH! A fizz of bright red fairy dust shot out of a magic wand, splattered onto a petal, and snapped it off the flower. **PING!**

'Gotcha!' cried Nixie the Bad, Bad Fairy gleefully.

She'd been tugging at the petal for ages.

Her face was almost as red as her dress (and even grubbier), but the petal just wouldn't break off. So she'd given up and used magic. This was a bit risky, because Nixie's tatty black wand with its wonky red star was as naughty as she was, and it didn't always do what she wanted.



Like the time she'd tried to make a rainbow above the Enchanted Palace on the Fairy Queen's birthday. Instead of a shimmering rainbow streaming out of her wand, a bolt of lightning had shot out, hit a tower, and cracked it in half. Queen Celestine had been



very kind and understanding. The Fairy Godmother, on the other hand, had been furious.

Of course, Nixie wasn't supposed to waste magic blasting at petals. But then she wasn't supposed to be playing either. She was *supposed* to be helping with preparations for the Blossom Ball that night—like everyone else.

It wasn't that she wasn't looking forward

to the Blossom Ball. She was. And particularly to the party food, the magic wand games, and the prizes. *Especially the prizes*.

But it was *hours* before the Ball and it was such a perfect day for petal gliding—warm and blustery—that it seemed silly to waste it working. So she'd grabbed a coil of cobweb thread and a couple of blades of grass, and had darted up into the clear blue summer sky.

At the top of the Old Crab Apple Tree, in the middle of the Bewitched Forest, she'd



found an enormous clump of blossom with petals almost as big as she was. And, because it was so high, she knew she'd be able to catch the wind and get a brilliantly hairy-scary ride.

Flying to the top of the very tall tree had been impossible and she'd almost been blown away at least twice. So she'd half flown and half scrambled through the leaves. This had been just as difficult, because there was a wild dog rose, with deadly sharp thorns, growing around the branches of the Old Crab Apple Tree. She'd torn her black tights (again) while clambering up. She was lucky it hadn't been one of her wings!

But did she care? Nope! Not now she'd got her prize. Quickly she rigged up a harness out of a sturdy piece of grass, tied it to the petal with cobweb thread, and clambered





in. Immediately, a fierce gust of wind snatched at her petal glider and hurled her up into the air.

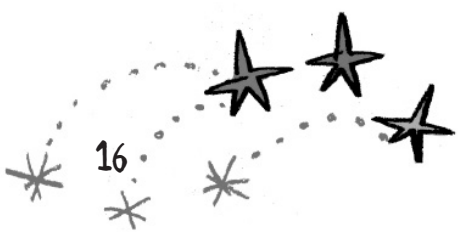
'Yahoooo!' she yelled. The blue sky spun crazily above her, and all of Fairyland whizzed round below.

'YAHOOOOOOO!'

Nobody heard her, of course. The wind whipped her tiny voice away as she spun higher and higher.



Peering down, the top of the Old Crab Apple Tree looked like





a huge dollop of white candyfloss, dotted with pink roses. And far below that Nixie could see the little Fairy Path zigzagging its way towards the Fairy Glade.

'Whee-heee! This is BRILLIANT!' She clung onto the harness, kicking her legs wildly with glee.

But then the wind dropped . . .

and so did the petal . . .

and so did Nixie.

