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opening extract from

Silky and the Rainbow Feather (Enchanted World®)

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Enid Blyton

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Meet the Faraway Fairies

Favourite Colour – Yellow. It's a beautiful colour that reminds me of sunshine and happiness.
Talent – Light. I can release rays of energy to light up a room or, if I really try hard, I can use it to break out of tight situations. The only problem is that when I lose my temper I can have a 'flash attack' which is really embarrassing because my friends find it funny.
Favourite activity – Exploring. I love an adventure, even when it gets me into trouble. I never get tired of visiting new places and meeting new people.

Favourite Colour – Blue. The colour of the sea and the sky. I love every shade from aquamarine to midnight blue.
Talent – As well as being a musician I can also transform into other objects. I like to do it for fun, but it also comes in useful if there's a spot of bother.
Favourite activity – Singing and dancing. I can do it all day and never get tired.

Favourite Colour – Green. It's the colour of life. All my best plant friends are one shade of green or another.
Talent – I can speak to the animals and plants of the Enchanted World . . . not to mention the ones in the Faraway Tree.
Favourite Activity – I love to sit peacefully and listen to the constant chatter of all creatures, both big and small.

Favourite Colour – Pink. What other colour would it be? Pink is simply the best colour there is.
Talent – Apart from being a supreme fashion designer, I can also become invisible. It helps me to escape from my screaming fashion fans!
Favourite Activity – Designing. Give me some fabrics and I'll make you something fabulous. Remember – If it's not by Pinx . . . your makeover stinks!

Favourite Colour – Orange. It's the most fun colour of all. It's just bursting with life!
Talent – Being a magician of course. Although I have been known to make the odd Basic Bizzy Blunder with my spells.
Favourite Activity – Baking Brilliant Blueberry Buns and Marvellous Magical Muffins. There is always time to bake a tasty cake to show your friends that you care.

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Introduction

Tucked away among the thickets, groves and forests of our Earth is a special wood. An Enchanted Wood, where the trees grow taller, the branches grow stronger and the leaves grow denser than anywhere else. Search hard enough within this Enchanted Wood, and you'll find one tree that towers above all the others. This is the Faraway Tree, and it is very special. It is home to magical creatures like elves and fairies, even a dragon. But the most magical thing about this very magical Tree? It is the sole doorway to the Lands of the Enchanted World.

Most of the time, the Lands of the Enchanted World simply float along, unattached to anything.

But at one time or another, they each come to rest at the top of the Faraway Tree. And if you're lucky enough to be in the Tree at the time, you can climb to its very top, scramble up the long Ladder extending from its tallest branch, push through the clouds and step into that Land.

Of course, there's no telling when a Land will come to the Faraway Tree, or how long it will remain. A Land might stay for months, or be gone within the hour. And if you haven't made it back down the Ladder and into the Faraway Tree before the Land floats away, you could be stuck for a very long time. This is scary even in the most wonderful of Lands, like the Land of Perfect Birthday Parties. But if you get caught in a place like the Land of Ravenous Toothy Beasts, the situation is absolutely terrifying. Yet even though exploring the Lands has its perils, it's also exhilarating, which is why creatures from all over the Enchanted World (and the occasional visiting human) come to live in the Faraway Tree – so they can travel from Land to Land.

Of course, not everyone explores the Lands for pleasure alone. In fact, five fairies will be asked to do so for the ultimate cause: to save the life of the Faraway Tree and make sure the doorway to the Enchanted World remains open. These are their stories . . .

Chapter One

The Land of Mine-All-Mine

'There's a new Land coming to the top of the Tree!'

Silky the Fairy's long, blonde hair soared behind her as she whizzed down through the Faraway Tree's branches and leaves, dappled with every shade of green imaginable. She beamed as she flew, her wings fluttering excitedly and her blue eyes shining in her pretty face. Nothing thrilled Silky like the arrival of a new Land, and every time Cluecatcher told her that one was coming, she buzzed with so much excitement she couldn't contain it. Now she was whizzing through the Tree shouting out the good news to everyone: Dido the Dragon, Dame Washalot, Moon-Face, Gino the Giant . . . every creature, up

and down and all around the Tree's massive trunk. Nothing could dampen her enthusiasm; not even the Angry Pixie throwing open his shutters and giving his usual opinion about 'loudmouthed fairies'.

Silky was nearly all the way back up the Tree when she saw a lanky, pointy-eared sylvite boy (with the handsome face, dark blue eyes and silver hair that all sylvites are known for) gently brushing and cooing to a gorgeous, snowy-white winged unicorn.

'Zuni!' she cried to the boy.

She flew up to her best friend and Misty the Unicorn, who whinnied in welcome.

'I'm just going to take a wild stab in the dark,' Zuni laughed, taking in Silky's flushed and excited face. 'There's a new Land coming to the top of the Tree.'

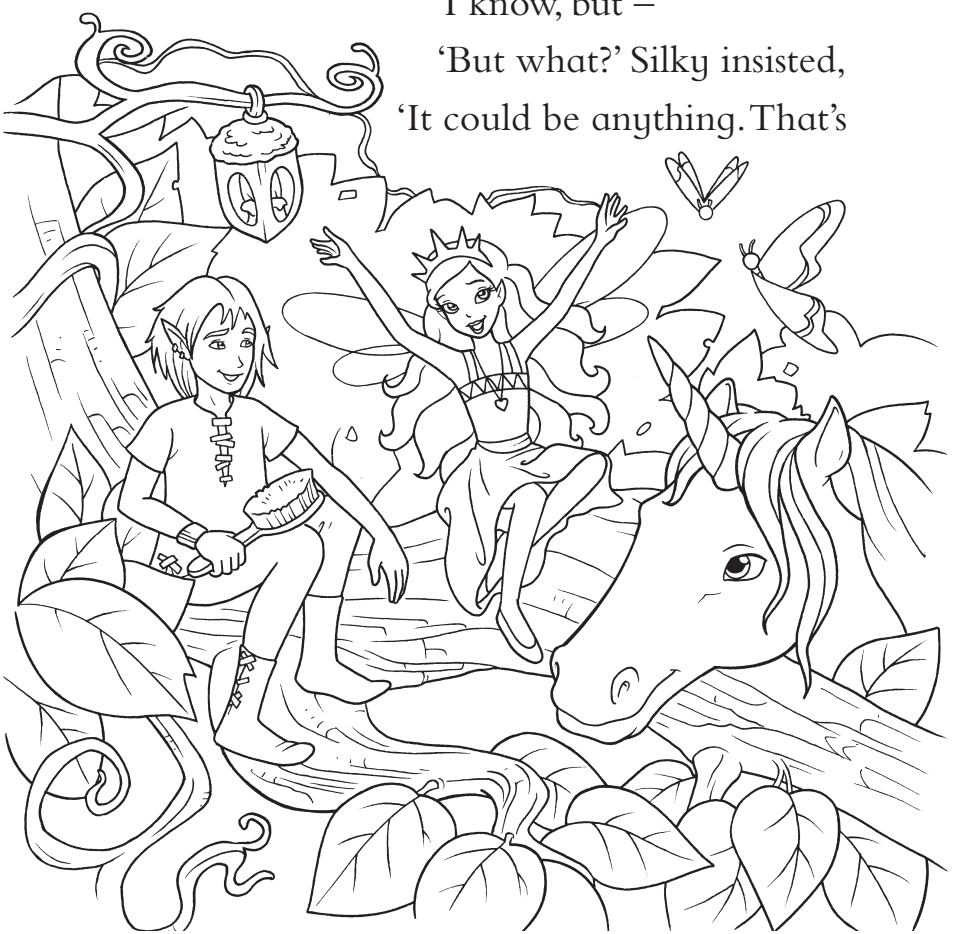
'The Land of Mine-All-Mine!' Silky enthused. 'And it'll be here any minute – come on!'

'The Land of Mine-All-Mine?' Zuni wrinkled his nose. 'I don't like the sound of it. Maybe you should skip this one.'

'That's what you said about the Land of Ghosts and Ghouls and remember what happened there? I had a lovely time,' Silky retorted.

'I know, but –'

'But what?' Silky insisted, 'It could be anything. That's



what's so exciting about a new Land. You never know what you'll find there. Come with me.'

'I will,' Zuni replied, 'tomorrow. Today I promised Misty we'd ride through the Enchanted Wood, and then I –'

Silky stopped him, shaking her head. 'I can't wait until tomorrow. What if the Land moves away by then?'

'It probably won't,' reasoned Zuni. 'Anyway, you shouldn't go on your own. The Land of Mine-All-Mine doesn't sound like the friendliest place in the Enchanted World.'

'Oh Zuni,' Silky said, rolling her eyes.

'I'm serious, Silky,' argued Zuni, giving her one of his stern looks. 'What if something happens to you and there's no one around to help?'

'I'll be fine. I'm only going to take a quick peek. I'll see you when I get back!'

Before he could say anything else, she gave her wings a mighty flap and soared to the top

of the Tree. It was kind of Zuni to worry about her, but totally unnecessary. Silky was well on her way to visiting every single Land in the Enchanted World, and she'd never had a problem. Well, there was that time in the Land of the Wicked Wizards when she'd been trapped and almost didn't get away . . . At least, she'd never had a problem she couldn't handle perfectly well on her own.

At last she reached the Ladder at the top of the Faraway Tree. She was nearly at the new Land! Her stomach fluttered in anticipation. What would she find in the Land of Mine-All-Mine? What kind of creatures would she meet? It was thrilling, entering a brand new Land for the first time, each rung of the Ladder bringing her closer to all its mysteries, and Silky never got sick of it. Her body gave an involuntary shiver as she pushed through the thick, moist cloud at the very top of the Ladder, until finally she emerged . . . into the

middle of a public square, teeming with masses of arguing goblins, ogres and trolls, all of whom were shouting at each other.

As she looked around, Silky noticed menacing 'KEEP OUT' signs everywhere. Leaning in closer, Silky read 'Property of Bluebeard', 'Property of Ebenezer' and 'Property of Harpagon' on the nearest signs. Then one voice sounded above all the rest of the shouting crowd behind her.

'Look!' cried a goblin, making Silky whirl around. 'A *fairy*!'

Everyone from the Land of Mine-All-Mine froze mid-sentence to stare at Silky.

Silky smiled her friendliest smile. She was always ready to give new creatures the benefit of the doubt, even ugly goblins and trolls. But there was something about the way these creatures were looking at her that Silky didn't like. Something . . . *hungry*.

'*She's mine*! *All mine*!' a young ogre

screamed, and hurled himself at Silky.

The rest of the crowd followed, all of them lunging at Silky, grabbing her hair, her dress, her wings as they screeched over and over again:

'Mine!'

'*Mine*!'

'ALL MINE!'

It took less than a second, and suddenly there were fingers, claws and pincers from a thousand different creatures, all grabbing at

her, tugging at her, as the voices howled in her ears: 'Mine!', '*Mine*!', 'MINE!' She tried to get away, but they grasped at her wings and she couldn't take off. 'Mine!', '*Mine*!', 'MINE!', they yelled.

Silky couldn't move. There were so many creatures, she felt as if she couldn't breathe.

'Stop!' she cried, struggling to escape the endless grabbing fingers. 'Stop it! Get off me!'

'*Let the fairy go*!' boomed a deep voice.

And just like that, the crowd backed away, shuffling to clear a corridor for a hulking troll, larger than all the rest. Even bowed by deeply hunched shoulders, he towered over Silky and she felt the strength of his grip as he took her hand in both of his.

'Forgive them,' he asked her with a wide smile. 'It's been a long time since we've had any visitors.'

'Really?' Silky asked, lifting her chin and fixing the crowd with her most piercing glare.

'I can't imagine why.' She looked pointedly at her captured hand. 'Now, if you'll excuse me . . .'

But the Troll ignored her.

'As far as I know, there are only two ways for visitors to arrive here,' he began, licking his lips. 'By magic, or from the Faraway Tree. Tell me, which one did you use?'

'The Faraway Tree,' Silky replied, all her attention focused on getting away from the Troll's vice-like grip. 'Now really, thank you for your help but please let go of my hand. I'd like to leave, so . . .'

'Oh, you'll leave,' the Troll said.

His voice was suddenly so vicious that Silky shuddered with fear. The Troll's teeth were now bared and he began to spit out words in a foreign language. Silky saw a large crystal around his neck flash once . . . and then everything around her went blank.