

Skye Blue & the Fairies is the first book in the Skye Blue Mystical Adventure Series. When this book begins, Skye is a self-centered, spoiled eleven-year-old girl. However, her cozy world is turned upside down when she comes in contact with fairies.

Skye Blue & the Fairies

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/3752.html?s=pdf>

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

**Skye Blue Mystical
Adventures Series**

Book 1

By Susan Martinez

**Tjsusan.com
Edina, Minnesota**

Skye Blue & the Fairies

Skye Blue Mystical Adventures Series, Book 1

Copyright © 2008 Susan Martinez

ISBN: 978-1-60145-664-9

All Rights Reserved. Without limiting the rights under copyright reserved above, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of both the copyright owner and the above publisher of this book.

Published by
Tjsusan.com and BookLocker.com, Inc.

Printed in the United States of America

CONTENTS

Introduction	1
1. Lost	13
2. Fairy Tales	39
3. Tiger Bell.....	60
4. Found.....	80
5. Flower Fairies	98
6. The Wish.....	127
Fairy Movies.....	153
Find the Song Title Game	163
About the Author	167

1

Lost

Skye Maxwell was a brat.

For eleven years, she lived her little life ungratefully, as if she were the only important person on earth. She behaved as if her parents, Jack and Nora, were her servants, put on this earth solely to grant her wishes. And her wishes were many!

It is said that money changes people, and that was exactly what happened to the Maxwell family. When Skye was about a year old, Nora Maxwell won two hundred million dollars in the

SUSAN MARTINEZ

Minnesota state lottery. Soon after their big windfall, the Maxwell's quit their jobs; he was a fire fighter and she was a wedding flower bouquet designer. They moved to an affluent Minneapolis suburb, dumped their poor friends, and cultivated a taste for the good life. They lived like celebrities who believed their fame and fortune would last forever. Yes, money changed *everything* for the little family that once boasted that they could live on love alone.

Jack and Nora spent extravagantly on their only child because it made Skye happy for the moment, and it made them feel like good parents. Skye Maxwell appeared to have everything a young girl could ever dream of; pedigreed pets, clothes with designer labels, zillions of shoes, tons of collectible dolls, super cool vacations, a

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

hefty trust fund, plus a pink and peach bedroom fit for a crowned princess.

But apparently all that money had not bought their daughter's love or respect. Actually, quite the opposite had happened. Skye was acting more and more disobedient and spoiled with every year that passed.

This hot ninety-degree day in the middle of June was no exception.

"I hate everything here!" Skye shrieked at her parents, causing heads to turn towards the grating sound. "*Our* house and *our* lake are better than this! I hate that ghetto room! I hate that smelly, weedy lake! I hate all the gross bugs!" the girl shouted as she stamped one bare foot deep into the sand. She fixed a sizzling stare

SUSAN MARTINEZ

on her parents, causing them to wilt a little. Then she ended her tirade with, “And I hate you, too!”

The parents gasped in union. Up until that instant, they thought nothing could mar this completely gorgeous day at the beach with its lapping waters, blue clear sky, kind breezes, and happy sunbathers. Only moments before they were reclining peacefully, side by side, in their beach chairs, soaking in the sunshine. Everything was perfect. Now this.

Leaping to her feet, the mother stood before her badly behaved child, planted her fists on her hips, and angrily said, “Skye Maxwell, that’s not a nice thing to say!”

“I never said I was *nice*,” Skye replied sarcastically, then reached down and plucked up

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

a baby turtle that was scurrying towards the water. To her mother's horror, Skye flung the helpless creature into the lake...and laughed out loud. Even those a little hard of hearing could detect wickedness in the child's laughter.

“You're right. You're not nice. You're horrible!” Nora screeched at her daughter.
“Perfectly horrible!”

Nora Maxwell was a petite, champagne blonde with tastes the same shade as her hair. She stared at her daughter from behind a three-hundred-dollar pair of sunglasses in utter disbelief. Skye returned the defiant gaze. Nora didn't get it. Why would Skye behave so incorrigibly, especially after she had just bought her a new red swimsuit and a pair of gold pierced

SUSAN MARTINEZ

earrings barely an hour ago at the resort gift shop? She hadn't a clue.

The staring war raged on for a nearly a minute. It was an odd moment for the mother to realize that her daughter must have recently grown to the same height as she was -- five feet one inch. From outward appearances, it looked like a fair fight. But on the inside, Skye was far and away more stubborn and cunning than her mother ever could be. Knowing that she couldn't win a stared-down fight with Skye, Nora turned pleading eyes towards her husband.

She mouthed the words, "Do something!"

Her husband, Jack Maxwell, sprang into action. He was built like a bulldozer and cursed with a head full of unruly copper curls. From a

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

stranger's point of view, he looked rough and tough, but not from Skye's. To her, he was as ferocious as a bunny rabbit.

For the most part, Jack Maxwell stayed uninvolved in the discipline of his daughter. Not because he didn't want to reprimand the child. But rather he didn't feel he could do so without resorting to yelling, swearing, threatening, and maybe even spanking.

"You're grounded," the father growled, as he got to his feet none too gracefully. Behind him, his beach chair collapsed flat on the ground like a clumsy ice skater. He felt rage rising up from its dark cave in his gut, and he had to pause and take a couple of deep breaths through his wide nostrils in order to force it back into hiding.

SUSAN MARTINEZ

Jack was the son of an angry man and he vowed at an early age never to become like his father. Still, he wrestled with that little voice inside his head that whispered, “I am so much like my dad.” Unfortunately, Skye sometimes made it nearly impossible for her father to keep his vow.

Standing beside his flustered wife, he frowned down at his daughter with both great big hands fisting and un-fisting at his sides. Skye noticed the veins in the side of his neck were fat and throbbing; a sure sign he was getting ready to blow his stack. But still she didn’t back down.

Jack felt the eyes of many strangers fixed on him. He could feel their contempt even without seeing their faces. Careful to keep his

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

voice low, he said through clenched teeth, “Skye Maxwell, go back to the room *right this minute!*”

But Skye was unimpressed with her father’s performance. True, he may yell sometimes and make stupid faces, but he never spanked or punished her. This she knew for certain. This certainty made her feel fearless.

“I won’t go to the room. I hate that stupid room and I hate both you!” She stood her ground even if she was standing on shifting sand. If she were in a better mood, she might have been a bit concerned about her dad’s health. Sweat was pouring off his face that was as red as his hair and his eyes were bulging like he had just been punched in the stomach. Skye was no doctor, but she thought that he looked about to have a stroke or something.

SUSAN MARTINEZ

Now Skye, on the other hand, was unflappable. After all, she had rehearsed such parental battles many times before in her daydreams. In real life or in daydreams, she never lost a battle with her parents before, and didn't plan on losing one today. And besides, she had to make them pay for screwing up her vacation plans, or they just might try such a stunt once again in the future. No way, she thought. Some parents were just harder to train than others, she supposed.

So true to form, Skye lifted her chin insolently, and pointed one finger at his face. "I guess you should have taken me to Disney World," she said smugly. "I guess you should have listened to *me* instead of listening to *her*." Now she pointed directly at her mother's startled face.

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

A cold chill ran down Nora's spine while Jack dropped his chin to his chest in defeat.

Although Maddens Resort on Gull Lake may be one of most upscale resorts in the Heartland, Skye wanted, no, expected to go to Disney World in Orlando for summer vacation. She had waited all school year to ride those crazy wicked rides again. But even her tantrum-of-the-century didn't make her parents change their minds. So they deserved what they were about to get, she reasoned.

While Nora wept tears of frustration, Jack shouted at Skye, "Go to the room!" not really caring any longer what anyone on the beach thought about him or his family. Not even caring about his vow.

SUSAN MARTINEZ

“Go to hell!” the girl spat out as she pivoted in the sand and began to run away down the beach. Screaming at the top of her lungs, waving her arms wildly in the air, Skye Maxwell was certainly living up to the nickname that her parents had given her “Drama Diva.”

“Stop her!” the mother ordered the father.

“Let her go,” he said, surrendering. “Let her go.” All of a sudden, he felt sixty instead of forty. “I’ve had it with her. That girl is a certifiable brat.”

“True. But...”

“End of discussion,” Jack added dismissively. Then he reconstructed the chair, sat down heavily, and took a deep pull on his Budweiser. “That girl will be the death of me. I

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

should've been a priest," he added dejectedly under his breath.

The mother's perfect salon-sculpted eyebrows pulled into a worried frown as she stood by helplessly and watched her daughter run away. She dabbed the tears from her cheeks with her fingertips. She felt all undone. Her armpits felt sticky—and she hated that feeling. Plus her head was starting to hurt. So she, too, surrendered, let out a soft sigh, returned to her chair, and picked up her drink. With the knack of a barfly, she gulped down her Strawberry Margarita, seeking instant relief from the stress, hoping and praying that no one they knew had witnessed the scene; at least no one important.

SUSAN MARTINEZ

“That child is driving me insane,” Nora Maxwell admitted to Jack Maxwell in a half-whisper.

“You know what they say...Insanity is hereditary. You get it from your kids.” He laughed at his own joke.

Nora squeezed Jack’s hand and gave him a tiny grin.

Meanwhile, Skye ran as fast as she could, her bare feet flying across the beach as she zigzagged around surprised and irritated beachgoers, pets, and beach gear. As soon as she was out of earshot, she stopped screaming. Why waste the effort if they couldn’t hear her?

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

Her long pale hair flapped behind her like a white silk cape in the wind. And for a moment, she felt like a super hero, escaping the terrible clutches of her evil parents. But her euphoria was short lived, replaced by the sudden realization that running in the sand was very hard to do. She was getting over-heated and breathless, but still she ran.

Her furious thoughts kept pace with her legs. “I hate them. They are so selfish. I’ll run away and make them cry like babies. I really, really, really hate them. Where are they anyway?”

She truly had expected her parents to catch up to her by now, apologize, and beg her to come back, but they hadn’t. Yet. Without looking back,

SUSAN MARTINEZ

she slowed her pace to give them a fair shot at reaching her.

Things and people are not always what they seem; some bright shiny apples have a rotten core. But you would never know it unless you took a bite.

Like some apples, Skye was not what she appeared to be. Her outer appearance was sweet and innocent cleverly concealing her true, opposite nature. She had been told that she resembled the actress Dakota Fanning, but she couldn't see the resemblance.

On the outside, Skye Maxwell was a stunning girl with a heart-shaped face, emerald green eyes, a dimpled chin, and a mouth full of perfectly even, white teeth. She smiled a lot,

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

even when she didn't feel like it, just to show them off. All that silky long blonde hair and pale skin made her look like the offspring of an angel. Her eleven-year-old body was slender and strong from ballet lessons and starting to develop curves, but at the moment, that body was being pushed to its limit.

Running in the sand made her feet like they were made of concrete and her legs like they were made of noodles. "Concrete and noodles, concrete and noodles," her mind sang. "Hot and tired, hot and tired" went the second verse.

Skye was never much of a runner. By the time she finally stopped, she was bent forward, gasping for air, and clutching her chest with both hands. She wondered if a kid could have a heart attack. If they could, she decided, she was

SUSAN MARTINEZ

having one now. And while her heart was crashing like drums and cymbals inside her chest, her body had succumbed to the exertion.

Giving in, Skye dropped to her knees. Her head was swimming. In slow motion, she felt the rest of her tip over onto the sand and heard herself wail, “Oh-hhh, crap!” before everything went black.

Skye awoke to the sound of fluttering. Sitting up, she looked around to see what was making this flap-flap-flapping sound. She listened intently and realized that it was coming from a wooded area just up the beach. Momentarily forgetting her “heart attack” and her horrible parents, she got up and walked in the sand towards the intriguing sound. As she got closer, she saw a cloud of orange and black butterflies,

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

flying and dancing together like graceful ballerinas.

“Wow, Monarch butterflies!” she blurted out excitedly.

Standing there at the gateway to the woods, wearing her new crimson swimsuit and a grin, Skye Maxwell watched the butterflies with rapt fascination. They were exquisite and almost looked like they had faces.

Skye loved butterflies. Even on her worst day, she could never capture or otherwise hurt one. She remembered reading in her fourth- or maybe fifth-grade Science book that the Aztec people in Mexico believed that the adult Monarch butterfly was the incarnation of their fallen warriors, who still wore the colors of battle. She

SUSAN MARTINEZ

didn't know exactly what "incarnation" meant, but it sounded like a very cool thing.

Then, as if directed by a ballet mistress off stage, the Monarchs turned and began to fly in single file into the cool, mossy woods, flapping and gently bouncing on the breezes. Skye, enraptured now, followed after them.

She skipped, danced, and twirled on her tiptoes with the butterflies. It was the most fun she had ever had. Time and reason evaporated as she unintentionally moved deeper into the forest.

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES



“Butterfly Dancer”
photo by Margo LaPanta

SUSAN MARTINEZ

Then as if directed once again by that invisible choreographer, the butterflies suddenly flew off in every direction like an exploding can of confetti. The sky, which had held up her dark skirts while the butterflies danced, suddenly dropped them. And even though the stars were out in full force, they emitted very little light.

All of a sudden, Skye was alone in the dark forest. She couldn't believe she hadn't grabbed her cell phone before she ran off. Realizing her predicament, she quickly turned to head back to the beach, but didn't know which way to go. She tried to retrace her steps, but nothing felt right or familiar. Drawing on her waning supply of courage, she moved on, step by step, desperately hoping the next turn would lead her back to the beach and to her parents, whom she was beginning to miss. Fear began to flap like

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

creepy moth wings in the pit of her empty stomach.

Then without notice, her courage ran out and panic poured into her.

“I’m lost!” she cried out pitifully. “I’m lost! I’m lost!”

Scared out of her wits, Skye wrapped her arms around a nearby tree trunk and clung to it, pretending she was hugging her father. But the tree simply stood there as trees do, unable to return the embrace. Depressed, Skye sank down to the damp ground, pressed one cheek against the rough bark, and imagined she was pressing her face into her mother’s cheek. But the bark was hard and scratchy against her soft face, unable to give the child what she really wanted:

SUSAN MARTINEZ

her loving mother and father. The same two people she claimed she hated only hours before.

Skye was baffled by her contrary feelings. If she hated her parents, then why did she also hate being separated from them? It boggled her weary mind. Pulling her legs up to her chest, she hugged her knees and shivered, realizing she was not only lost, hungry, and afraid, but cold, too.

The forest was full of strange sounds and shadows. Her teeth were chattering so loudly she had trouble hearing her own thoughts. What was she going to do? Her options were few; either hike around and try to find the beach or sit and wait until someone found her. Sit and wait, she decided.

SKYE BLUE & THE FAIRIES

Trembling and crying in the dark, Skye had the eerie feeling that she was being watched. She imagined that a rapist or a murderer was watching her from behind a tree, preparing to attack her. Or maybe it was a blood-thirsty vampire or an evil demon. She felt so vulnerable and defenseless. Bugs were crawling up and down her legs and it felt like spider webs were falling on her head. However, when mosquitoes started to use her face for target practice, she realized that she had never been so miserable in her whole life.

“Mom! Dad!” she whimpered over and over again. “Help me! I’m lost! Help me! I’m scared! I’m so super sorry I was bad! Someone please help me!”

SUSAN MARTINEZ



“Lost”

photo by Susan Martinez

Skye Blue & the Fairies is the first book in the Skye Blue Mystical Adventure Series. When this book begins, Skye is a self-centered, spoiled eleven-year-old girl. However, her cozy world is turned upside down when she comes in contact with fairies.

Skye Blue & the Fairies

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/3752.html?s=pdf>