

# Nixie

## WONKY WINTER WONDERLAND

'I ABSOLUTELY LOVE NIXIE.'  
JACQUELINE  
WILSON

CAS LESTER





# Chapter 1

## SNOW!



'SNOW!' whooped Nixie the Bad, Bad Fairy excitedly, looking through her wonky little window at the most enormous white snowflakes tumbling down outside.

She was still in bed, so she threw off her quilt and leapt up, her little black





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wings buzzing eagerly against her torn and tatty red fairy dress.

‘Yippee! The Winter Fairies have been!’ she cried, and her green eyes glittered with glee as she flitted a double back somersault!

At this time of year the Winter Fairies magically scatter **frost** on the windows of the fairy houses, hang **icicles** in the trees, put **ice** on the Polished Pebble Pond, and cover everything with a thick blanket of fresh, white **snow**. Fairyland becomes a beautiful winter wonderland. But for Nixie, it’s a wonderful winter . . . playground!

‘YA-HOOOOO!!!’ she yelled,



SNOW!



## 'SLEDGING . . . SKATING . . . AND SNOWBALL FIGHTS!'

Hurriedly clambering into her big red clompy boots, Nixie grabbed her scarf and mittens and crammed her woolly hat onto her black spiky hair.

Then she shoved her wonky black wand into her left boot, so hastily that the red star on the end wobbled about madly, and stuffed her trusty spanner into the other boot. Flinging open her shabby wooden front door, she charged outside.

'WA-HOOO!' she hooted, stamping and stomping deep footprints into the snow. Crisp and crunchy underfoot, but





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soft and fluffy underneath, it was perfect for snowballs. She scooped up a handful of it, squidged it together, and hurled it as far and as hard as she could.

**wheeee . . .**

The snowball sailed all the way to the tree! Nixie was a good thrower, and a brilliant shot.

Scraping up another handful of snow she patted it into a ball.

Could she hit her wonky wooden front door from the end of her garden path?

**wheeee . . .**

SNOW!



Yes!

Could she get one on the roof of her little cooking apple house?

Wheeee . . .



Yes!

But could she knock the snow off the apple stalk chimney? She closed one eye, frowned in concentration, then took aim, flung back her arm . . . and

Wheeee . . .

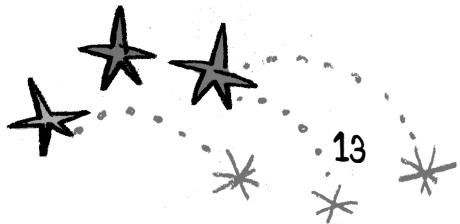


SPLAT!



BUZZZZ!

'Bumblebees' bottoms!' gasped Nixie.





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She'd hit Buzby!

The Fairy Godmother's little honeybee assistant was flying overhead on his way to work. The snowball tumbled him over in mid air. He was so surprised he dropped his LilyPad tablet in the snow.



SNOW!



Tut-tutting crossly,  
he flew down to  
pick it up.

'Sorry!' cried  
Nixie, rushing  
up to help  
brush the snow  
off his little furry  
body.



Buzby waggled his antennae at her  
irritably, shook himself briskly, and  
then buzzed off angrily to the Fairy  
Godmother's house.

'Sorry!' Nixie yelled after him. 'I didn't  
mean to do it!'

But Buzby had gone.







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‘Well, even if it was an accident, it was a great shot!’ giggled Nixie naughtily.

She decided she’d had enough target practice, so she flitted a front flip and darted up into the clear blue winter sky to find her friends and have some winter wonderland fairy fun . . . starting with a **SNOWBALL BATTLE!**

