

The



Magic of

Fairy Falls



Non-Illustrated
Picture Book

If you can't draw a straight
line, you're perfect for this -
because **EVERYONE**
can draw a great fairy!

Story by Veronica Huston

Illustrations by _____

(your name here)

An Original U-Draw Book

The Magic of Fairy Falls

Veronica Huston

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I dedicate this book to my first, second, and third grade teachers, Mrs. Border, Mrs. Hahn, and Mrs. Nishida, and, of course, my dad, Jimmy Huston, who encouraged me to reach my goal and shoot for the stars.

Greetings to all Artists - and others.

Maybe you like to draw and color or maybe you don't.

Either way, these pages are easy.

Do them however you want to. Or don't do them at all.

Use any colors you want. Make a mess! Have some fun.

This is your book, so the art is all yours.

When you're finished, sign it with pride.

Veronica Huston

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Chapter 1

FAIRIES?

Hi. I'm Daniel Andrews. I'm here to tell you all about my adventures that I had when I was a kid. My first adventure was when we spent our vacation at Fairy Falls. No one believed that there were fairies, but I did. I'll tell you about my adventures there first.

"Bye Jess!" I shouted to my best friend for we would not be seeing each other for a long time.

"Bye Danny, hope you have fun at Fairy Falls!" she yelled back.

I swept back a tear. I would miss her a lot.

The older boys started laughing and chanting, "Maybe some fairy dust will make you taller, twerp," and flapping their arms like they had wings.

Then something strange happened. There was some soft whispering in my ear, and then a swarm of fairies started attacking the bullies. Since the older boys didn't believe in fairies and that kind of stuff, they couldn't see them. But the younger kids like me could see them because we believed in them.

Everyone laughed and clapped at the fairies' performance. As for me, I ran. The bullies would be looking for me once they were rid of the fairies. They would beat me up if they found me where there were no grownups.

I heard their voices. I sped up to a sprint. I saw them just before I slid inside my house and locked the door.

"How was your day, darling?" asked Mom.

"Fine, just ordinary," I answered.

"Since it's so 'ordinary,' it'll be easier for you to tell me about it," she nagged.

She sat down in the chair facing me with a cup of coffee in her hands. I didn't answer her.

"Why don't you tell me about your day?" she asked again, danger sounding in her voice.

Just to get started, draw a waterfall that might be called "Fairy Falls." And add a few fairies. They're easy because no one really knows what they look like, except us.

I mumbled, "Oh, it was great."

"What did you do in class?" she asked with artificial sweetness.

"Math, Science, Writing, Art, Reading, Social Studies, English, P.E., and I played with Jess at recess," I answered quickly.

Honk! Honk! A smile spread upon my face.

"Dad's home!" I yelled as I dashed out the door. I flung myself into his open arms and gave him a big hug.

"Come on, Scout, let's go inside. I've had a rough day," said Dad, while he tousled my dark, curly hair.

I led him through the door. Mom immediately started whipping up some coffee and got out a tin of cookies and got a mug of hot cocoa for us. We always did this when Dad came home.

When Dad's coffee and my hot cocoa were done, Mom laid them down in front of us and gave us each a kiss. She then laid down a platter of cookies. Dad started the fire after this. We sat in three lovely armchairs reading books about magic and fairies and other extraordinary things like that.

How I enjoyed those lovely nights! I could fill the whole book about those, but sadly I can't. We must go on.

When I was in the middle of reading a fairy tale called *Peter Pan*, my dad asked, "Dan, are you excited about going to Fairy Falls?"

"Yeah, I'm so excited. I'm really looking forward to it," I answered absentmindedly.

"You know how I said we would be staying there for a week?" he asked.

"Keep talking," I muttered, hoping he would say one day instead of a week.

"We're thinking of staying there for a month or so," squealed my mom.

"What?" I screamed with rage. My mom cuddled closer to my dad in fear.

"Why? Can't we just go for a week? I don't want to spend my whole damn summer there!"

"Daniell!" my mother shouted at the end for my bad language.

"I won't go! I'll... I'll stay here! I won't even go!" I shouted.

"Yes, you will! Now pack your things. We are leaving bright and early. I will not miss my business opportunity there. *Now move it!*" my dad yelled.

He put all the books and cookies away and stamped out the fire.

I stomped up the stairs with my plate of goodies and hot chocolate. It was lucky I was allowed to take them. If I didn't, there wouldn't be much

of a story. When I got to my room, I put down the cookies and hot chocolate and threw myself onto the bed sobbing. I wouldn't see Jessica for even a longer time.

Reluctantly, I started to pack my things. First, I put in my clothes. For some reason, they were folded perfectly and smoothed until they were as flat as a pancake. My mom usually just threw them into my room so I had to do all the folding and smoothing, and I usually did a horrible job.

After that was finished, I packed away things to amuse myself with. I packed ten books, a note pad, a flashlight, and some pens and pencils. I also put in a tennis racket, a soccer ball, a baseball, and my mitt, hoping either that my dad would have some spare time to spend with me, or that there would be some athletic kid at the hotel to play with. I put it all by the door and got ready for bed.

For the entire time I was getting ready, a swarm of fairies were eating and drinking my treats. Some even swam in my hot chocolate. They felt as you would feel if you swam in a giant brown jacuzzi.

In the middle of the night I remembered them and felt for the plate and mug. They were empty, and lying on the empty glass plate was a note: ***Hope you like our cousins at Fairy Falls and they are civil to you. The Watkins Glen Branch.***



Show the things Daniel is packing: books, note pad, flashlight, pencils, pens, tennis racket, soccer ball, baseball, and mitt. What else should he pack?

Chapter 2

THE TWO GIFTS

The next morning was super busy. We overslept and would have missed the train completely if Mom wasn't in the habit of waking up early. After a quick breakfast, Dad handed me two packages.

"Those are for you, son," he said with a smile. I opened the first package. It was a bright, shiny pair of binoculars. I had been begging my dad to buy me a new set ever since my old ones broke.

"Oh, Dad! Thank you so much!" I said with great enthusiasm. I rushed over and gave him a big hug. He chuckled happily.

"Now open the other one," he said, now sounding a little depressed, like he knew I wouldn't like it. The second box looked like those boxes that you put jewelry in before you give it to someone for a present. I opened it and there was the oldest necklace I had ever seen. It was long and very dusty. It had a circle shaped locket that was strung on a silver chain. I tried to open it, but I couldn't.

"Dad, I can't open it. It's stuck," I said disappointedly.

"I know. I couldn't open it either," he answered sadly. But he suddenly perked up a little and had an amused look on his face. "Strange thing is, it gave me good luck when I wore it. I could always find out what I needed."

Mom frowned and said, "Oh Richard, don't be putting any silly old superstitions of yours into his head. It's clouded up enough with all the technology and video games that those good-for-nothing lazy kids and those good-for-nothing teachers keep stuffing in it." And that was the end of the conversation. Breakfast was as quiet as a graveyard after that.

We got on the train just before it left the station, so we didn't get very good seats though. Once or twice I tried to open the locket, but still it wouldn't budge, so all I did was write in the notebook and read a bit, but I soon got train sick. I also got deep fried because it was so hot and the windows wouldn't open. Since I couldn't do much else without getting nau-

Daniel and his parents ride the train on vacation. What would it look like?

seous, I slept a lot. As you can see, the train ride was pretty boring, so I won't waste the page on that.

After three days, we finally got to Fairy Falls. The hotel we had to stay at was really busy, so on accident they gave us the keys to the 'Ladies' room. I do not want to talk about that part. It was way too humiliating.

They finally gave us the right one. Our room was on the second story and stuffed with moldy furniture and rotten wood. The unpacking of this trip was very bleak.

I finally got to the outdoors, but had to come in after two minutes because it had started to rain, really hard. After a mug of hot cocoa and a few chapters of a book, the rain stopped. I ran outside and into the fresh air. I was finally in the outdoors! I was free!

I knew I needed to hurry up and go somewhere, for Mom had only given me until six o'clock and it was already quarter to five. So, after a quick decision, I ran for the woods.

It was damp and dark. I heard the wet leaves squish against my water-proofs. The feeling I felt as I stepped among the trees was something strange, magical, and mysterious. I can't really describe it very well. All I can say is that I felt sure something was going to happen, something nothing could prepare me for.

I hurried off to see if I could find a wild animal, or at least an animal's den before I was due. After ten minutes of searching, I saw a bear's den. I could even see fresh footprints going the other way. Satisfied, I walked away.

When I had passed an extremely ancient-looking oak, I heard the rushing of a waterfall. Excited to find something worth seeing, I bounded off to the source.

As I ran, I thought about other things the sound could be coming from. Rapids, a rushing river, a geyser, maybe an underwater spring! I ran faster and faster, but then stopped. What if it had just started to rain again?

I trudged on, for curiosity rules over caution. When I finally reached the roaring water, it was already twenty-two minutes after five, and I would have to run back home.

And for all my guesses about what it could be, my first guess was right. The waterfall towered over eight feet tall. I stood there beaming foolishly at it. At half past five, I remembered my time limit and ran through the clearing surrounding the waterfall, past the ancient oak, past the bear

den, and out of the woods.

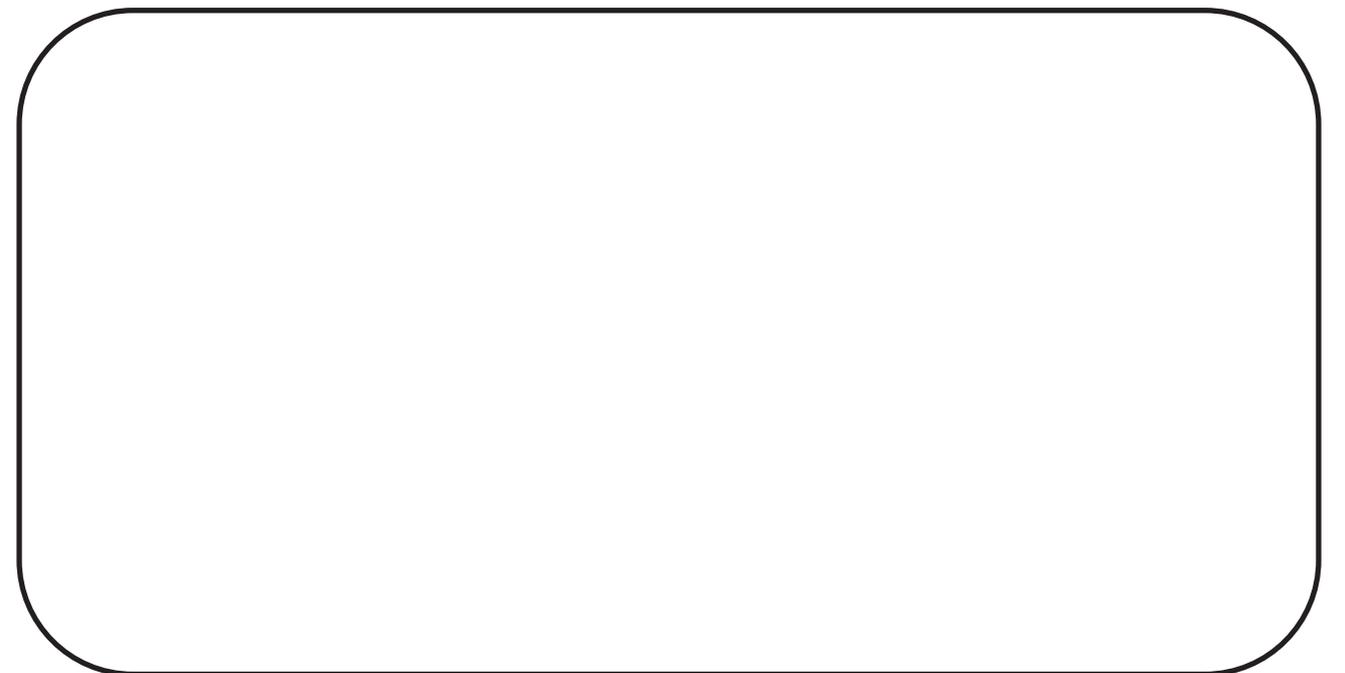
The hotel was only ten feet away and it was six forty-five when I was on the steps. I opened the door and rushed past the usher and into a tall, slender man with straight, smooth, black hair. He coughed angrily as I crashed into his dark blue silk suit.

"Oops! Sorry, sir," I said politely. Then my eye caught on the glint of brass buttons on the jacket of a boy's suit, identical to his father's. The boy looked about eleven, my age. Although they were different ages and the father had a mustache and beard, they were exactly like twins.

"It's fine, young man. You probably have a curfew like my son, James. Well, run along now, we don't want your Mommy to worry," the man droned and, with a smirk, walked away. I walked awkwardly into the elevator and pressed 'two.'

'There was something strange about those two,' I thought as I stepped onto the platform. I felt as though I would be seeing them a lot. I knocked on the door as a clock struck six forty-five. When the door swung open and I had stepped inside, I was nearly suffocated by my mother. Then my dad chimed in with a big bear hug. Between them, I almost died. After what seemed hours, they let go.

"Well, I better start dinner," my mother sighed, wiped her eyes on her apron, and stalked into the kitchen.



Show what Daniel's hotel would look like beside the mysterious trees.

Chapter 3

THE BIG ESCAPE

After an hour and a half, my dad and I were called to the dining room. On the table were bowls full of soup. I sat down and picked up my spoon and it dove into my soup, came up, and dropped straight back in.

"Mom?" I asked nervously.

"Yes, Daniel," Mother said politely between mouthfuls.

"What is in here?" I asked even more nervously. She smiled at me.

"This soup has boiled potatoes, roasted turkey, spinach, avocado, onion, rosemary, fried fish, and paprika," she recited, as though people asked her that a lot. "Why do you ask?" She smiled a cheerful smile.

"I just wanted to know what those black balls were," I said.

My mother looked as though she was going to be sick.

"I didn't put in anything black..." she stuttered and stopped. There was an awkward silence before they started barfing up beetle soup.

I was sent to bed with no dinner at all. I slept with a queasy, empty stomach. The next day, I woke up early by the shout of my father.

It was only seven o'clock, but I got dressed and tiptoed to the living room and hid in back of the couch. There wasn't much room, for the couch was only a few inches from the wall. I could hardly squeeze into the biggest crack. I had to lie on my side to stop myself from suffocating. Then I went back to my mission.

My father was yelling at the hotel manager. It was probably about the beetles in the soup. Then I crawled from behind the couch to the chair, which in my case was a much better place because it was a few feet from the wall and was much closer to the fight going on.

As I glanced up again, my blood ran cold. There in front of me was the man that had worn the silk suit the day before! By his side, I could just make out his son, James. They were both wearing dark green robes with gold thread stitches that read 'Bob Samuel Ronald Jones' on the

Uh oh. What does beetle soup look like? Make it look awful and disgusting.

man's and 'James Robert Bill Jones' on James.' Then I had an idea.

I crawled into the hallway and scampered to my room. Once safely inside, I stood up, grabbed my soundless digital camera, and crawled back behind the chair. They were so close to me now that I could see that their robes were made of velvet. Then my father sat down on the chair and the Jones's were facing me. At this picture perfect moment, I snapped a picture.

Then there was a word that caught my ear. "Play date" was the word. Because of that word, I started to listen carefully.

"Yes. James would love to have a young companion," exclaimed Mr. Jones. Under that oily beard and moustache, you could see a malicious grin forming.

"Well, I'll wake him up in about twenty minutes and send him over," said my dad. They all seemed so happy that I just couldn't object. Except Mr. Jones was just creepy.

For some reason, I knew he wanted something and I wouldn't be safe going over to their room. I would be walking straight into their trap. There were only two choices for me. Either run away for the day or play sick. But if I played sick, they would come over to see how I was feeling. Then they would think I was weak and take advantage of me. I would have to eliminate that scenario. I would have to run away for the day and leave a note.

When I got back to my room, it was seven-thirty and the door was closed behind the visitors. I could hear my dad walking into his room, waking up my mom so she could get breakfast, and getting dressed in his work clothes. His office was down the road and a mile from the forest. It was then that I was called to breakfast.

I ran to breakfast and ate my pancakes and eggs as fast as a kindergarten could spell Mississippi. Then I gulped down my orange juice and wolfed down some bacon. I asked to be excused and ran to my room before I heard a reply.

I pulled on my hiking boots, coat, and hat. Then I put two books, a notebook, my binoculars, a pencil, and a pen into my backpack. Out of my stash of snacks, I put in a bag of chips, a bag of pretzels, a fruit roll-up, a piece of cake, Jell-o, and two water bottles. Then I wrote a note, but in mirror writing.

"Gniroplxetnew I. ti pleh t'nlduoc I. ylræ tfel I," it read.

It really said, "I left early. I couldn't help it. I went exploring."



Draw Daniel climbing down from his hotel room with his backpack.

You might ask why in mirror writing, but the answer is pretty simple. To give me more time. It would only take them a few minutes to find the note, then they would hurry out and chase after me, and I would be in *mucho grande* trouble.

It would take them a long time to figure out it was mirror writing, and then a while to decipher it. By that time, I would be at the clearing before they even got out of my bedroom. To give them a clue, I left a mirror I had found in a drawer next to it.

Then I had to find a rope. Under the bed I found one. It was the scratchy type so I ran to the bathroom at the edge of the hallway. As I looked into the kitchen, I could see my parents eating a second helping of breakfast. I closed the door of the bathroom quietly and started the bath. My parents probably thought I was taking my bath.

I put on burning hot water and bathed the rope inside it. After a couple of minutes, I took it out and ran my hands around it. All the loose plastic came off easily. I then emptied the bath and dashed into my room.

I grabbed my sack and threw the rope to the ground. You would think it easier just to jump out, but the ground was hard and the building was standing over 150 feet tall. And we were on the third story (The lobby and then the first story).

Just to make sure that the rope would stay, I tied it tightly to my

bulging backpack. As I opened the window, a soft breeze blew towards me. Then I let down the rope, and as I'd hoped, the top stayed with the backpack. I then swung one half of my body around the rope and grabbed on tightly. The rope didn't budge. Then I let my other half fall down, but with one hand grasped the windowsill. Still it refused to budge. I let go of the windowsill and grasped the rope with both hands and knees. It quivered slightly and the dark blue of my backpack could be seen from where I was hanging out the window.

Fear surged through me. I didn't want to die. Then I remembered a few books I had read. A lot of children escaped through their windows. It was pretty common with stories like this, except this is only for a day, or until someone catches me, not like a year or a week or a month. Then I remembered that my dad would be coming and to climb.

I took about five minutes on my record. When my feet touched the ground, I felt a great relief swelling. Then I heard footsteps coming from the hallway, from the open window. A sharp needle slowly punctured my bubble of glee.

I gave the rope a sharp tug and my bag came crashing down to mother earth. I ran to catch it. *Slam!* It didn't fall into my awaiting arms. It fell onto the ground. The door opened.

"By jeeppers! Richard, come here! Danny's gone!" shouted my mother (I could tell that it was her because her voice is always squeaky when she's scared).

I put my backpack on and ran to the woods. I had just gotten behind the nearest tree when I heard the door shut and a sigh from the open window.

I raced to the bear's den, but saw the bear inside sleeping, and cut through the trees surrounding it. When I was clear of it, I went back on the trail I had made yesterday. When I found the ancient oak, and turned to the left as I had before, I heard the rushing of the waterfall and raced to it. When I got there, I started hearing strange music and tiny voices, like the tinkling of a bell. It was a wonderful noise, but it made me feel a little nervous.

Then I heard the twinkling in my ear. It was so strangely wonderful and unnerving. I turned to see the source, but saw nothing. Then I was just plain scared. What was making it? Was someone following me? I froze in my tracks. Was it Mr. Jones? Or James? If so, why? How had they found me? These questions of caution swam through my mind.

Pages 14-59 are not shown in this sample.

Show Daniel at the waterfall, where he hears a twinkling in his ear, but sees nothing. How would you show "nothing?"

Danny has always been just a regular sixth grader, but when his father gives him a mysterious locket, odd things begin to occur. They visit Fairy Falls during summer vacation and stay at an old hotel in the middle of nowhere, and the hotel owner and his son seem to be running into Danny a lot. He's just made some new and queer friends, hiding in the area, and the hotel manager won't stop at anything to get his hands on them...



www.themagicoffairyfalls.com

The Magic of Fairy Falls is an amazing adventure as seen through the eyes of a kid -- not what an adult writer *thinks* a kid sees. No indeed, this novel was written by an eleven-year-old and transports the reader into the mystical realm of magic as only someone on the cusp of childhood could imagine. What a terrific experience.

Jaron Summers