

'Zaria is the epitome of fairy girl power'
EOIN COLFER



Indigo Magic

The fight for Feyland
has begun . . .

Victoria Hanley

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Acknowledgments
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About the Book

'I'm sorry, Zaria. But your family has been gone for five years. How could they possibly still be alive?'

The once peaceful land of Tirfeyne is under threat from a dangerous and powerful fairy with a vast fortune in stolen magic. Zaria believes that the same fairy is behind the disappearance of her parents - but how can she prove it?

With her own brand of extraordinary magic, and the help of her friends, can Zaria achieve the impossible and create a unique potion capable of defeating Lily Morganite? It's never been done before - but with her family's lives at stake, Zaria will do whatever it takes ...

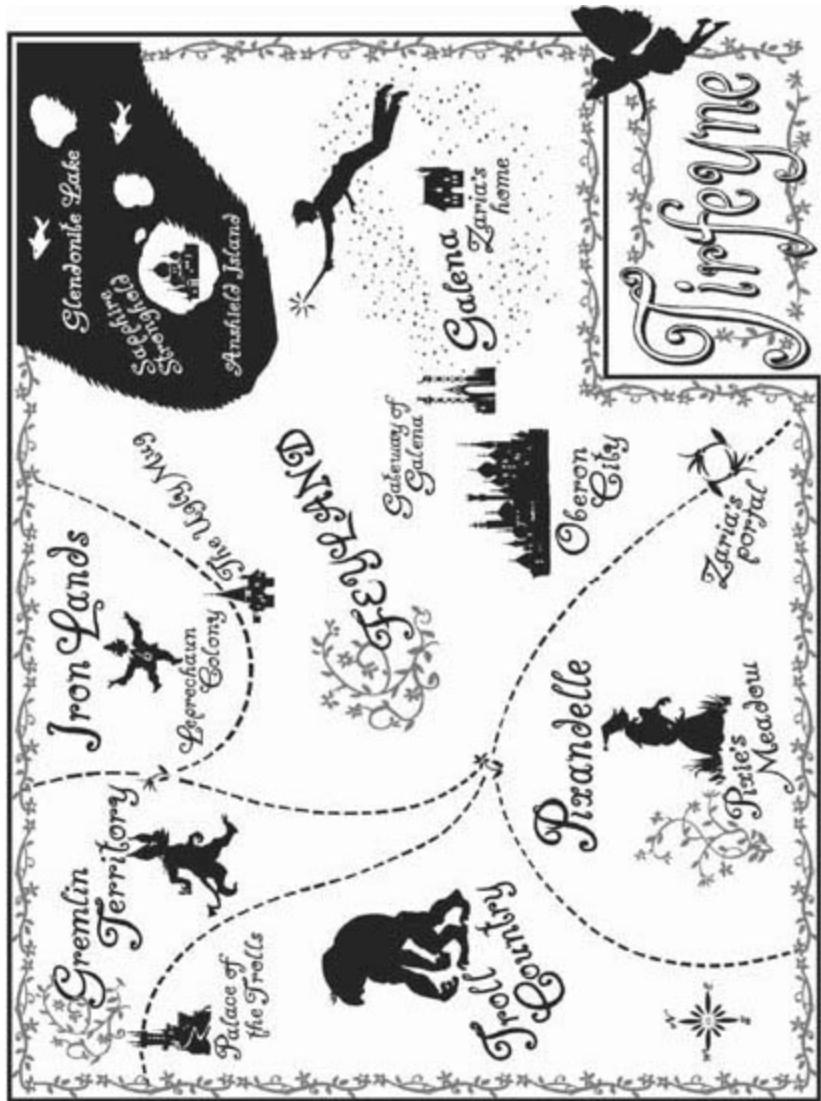
The spellbinding sequel to *Violet Wings* - discover a world of enchantment, fairy friendships and fey secrets.

Indigo Magic

Victoria Hanley

CORGI BOOKS

TO THE ONGOING FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN HUMANS AND FEY FOLK



Chapter One

THE GLACIER SPELL IS ONE OF THE MOST FEARED IN FEYLAND, FOR GLACIER CLOTH FREEZES WHOMEVER IT TOUCHES - NOT AS WATER IS FROZEN INTO SOLID FORM: THE VICTIM OF THE SPELL IS FROZEN WITHIN TIME ITSELF.

THE PRINCESS WHO BECAME KNOWN AS 'SLEEPING BEAUTY' WAS WRAPPED IN GLACIER CLOTH. SHE DID NOT FIND THE EXPERIENCE UNPLEASANT, BUT SHE WAS A HUMAN, AFTER ALL. SHE DID NOT HAVE MAGIC OF HER OWN, BUT ONLY THE MANY GIFTS HEAPED UPON HER BY COMPETING GODMOTHERS. TO HER, THE YEARS SPENT FROZEN WOULD HAVE SEEMED MUCH LIKE A DREAM.

GLACIER CLOTH IS NOT AS KIND TO FEY FOLK. A FAIRY OR GENIE DOES NOT SLEEP BUT IS PRESERVED, AWAKE BUT UNABLE TO MOVE. MOST TRY TO FIGHT THE SPELL, BUT THIS IS OF NO USE.

FEW CAN PERFORM THE GLACIER SPELL, AND IT IS UNIQUE AMONG ENCHANTMENTS, FOR IT CANNOT BE REVERSED BY ANYONE EXCEPT THE SPELLECASTER WHO FIRST SETS IT INTO PLACE.

Orville Gold, genie historian of Feyland

I WOULD HAVE given up my wings to feel as peaceful as the scene outside. Gazing sadly through my mother's open window, I saw gold and silver rooftops strung across the hills. Red flowers higher than my shoulders waved in a wide field, and in the soft sand beyond the blossoms, young fairies and genies played a game of pot-o'-gold, their laughter ringing faintly across the morning air.

This was Galena, a place where most fairies would feel peaceful and safe. But I, Zaria, felt no peace. No peace, and not much safety either. Too much had happened in a few short days. Within weeks of turning fourteen, I had been

hunted as a criminal throughout Feyland. My dearest friends were attacked. And my guardian was dead.

There was more too. More danger, more risks, and many secrets. Though I looked for the truth, large parts of it were still missing - and the more I searched, the less I seemed to find.

Sighing, I let my gaze fall from the window. On the desk in front of me lay a quill and an inkpot beside a piece of paper pilfered from Earth. Half the paper was covered in words - foolish words full of blotches, fear and hope.

I was writing to my lost mother, the mother I hadn't seen in more than five years. Dipping my quill, I continued.

Everyone said humans killed you on Earth, Mother. Everyone. And when you didn't return, I had to believe them. What else could I do? They convinced me you were dead - you and Father and my brother Jett. And because I believed it, I closed my heart to every memory of you. It was the only way I knew to keep going without you.

But two days ago, I heard a rumour that you might be alive. Can it be true? If so, you must surely be captives. Nothing else could keep you away for so long.

When the rumour reached me, I searched for you, casting a hundred spells to find you. But none showed me the smallest hint of where you might be.

I skipped over how I had screamed when all the enchantments failed, and how I kept my tears inside.

Even so, I keep hoping that I might see you again. And if you're alive, I believe I know who is holding you - that evil fairy, Lily Morganite. If she discovered you knew she was stealing magic from Feyland, she would stop at nothing to silence you.

I too have been her captive, and while under her control I endured great pain! I worry that if you have survived, she

is making you suffer. As for me, I was wrapped in a cloak woven of troll magic, but only for one day. I don't want to imagine what she could have done to you over the course of five years.

Remembering that cloak, I felt again its weighted darkness squeezing my wings. Not even the touch of iron could hurt that way. The cloak had grown heavier with every move I made. Even worse, it had snuffed out my magic as easily as a bucket of water quenches a flame.

But just when I was most helpless, just when Lily Morganite thought I could never free myself, something woke within me.

I turned the cloak to powder.

No one believed it could be done. All the members of the High Council of Feyland decided the cloak was a fraud, that trolls had never touched it. They said if it were real, no fairy could escape it.

But it was real. I felt its power, a force I hope never to feel again - the power of troll magic.

Mother, I wish you were here to tell me what sort of magic I called on to escape that cloak. Do you know what I did or how I did it? Whatever it was, I wish I could use that magic now, to find you and Father and Jett, and free you as I freed myself. Then you would be here beside me, alive and whole, instead of haunting me to write a message that may never reach you.

But the truth is, now at this moment I have only this flimsy paper and blotchy ink. And I don't know who I am.

Chapter Two

FEYLAND'S DURABLE SPELLS PROTECT THE FEY IN MANY WAYS, FROM ALLOWING SAFE TRAVEL TO AND FROM EARTH, TO MAINTAINING THE SCOPES THROUGH WHICH WE VIEW OUR HUMAN GODCHILDREN, TO SECURING THE GATEWAY OF GALENA, WHICH ALLOWS FEY CHILDREN TO GROW UP IN INNOCENCE AND SAFETY.

ALL DURABLE SPELLS MUST BE REFRESHED WITH MAGIC FROM TIME TO TIME, OR THEY WILL EVENTUALLY FAIL. THE FORCIER OF FEYLAND COLLECTS MAGIC TAXES AND USES THEM TO REFRESH THE DURABLE SPELLS AS NEEDED.

Orville Gold, genie historian of Feyland

FINISHING MY LETTER would have to wait. I put down my quill to go meet my friends.

We gathered beside the field of sonnia flowers. Meteor leaned on his elbows, his legs stretched out until his toes touched the flagstones of the little courtyard in front of my home. Across from me Leona sat gracefully, her lips red with sonnia juice, her silver eyes alert and eager for the news I had promised. Andalonus was plucking petals for her, his blue hair waving in the wind.

‘I went to see Laz,’ I began.

When Meteor heard Laz’s name, he sat up and scowled until his white eyebrows met in a thick bar across the dark skin of his forehead. ‘*Laz?*’ Meteor hated Laz, the lowlife genie who had tricked me and wrapped me in the troll cloak. ‘Why would you go anywhere near that troggy smuggler?’

I did my best to return Meteor's scowl, but I'm not a scary sight at all. It's not only that I'm somewhat small, but I also have very plain colouring for a fairy. My skin and hair are both a pale shade of lavender, so my purple wings are the only part of me that stands out.

'What's the news?' Andalonus grinned at me, his coppery eyes gleaming. I smiled back. Who would not smile at Andalonus, the friend who had never doubted me - even when I was accused of murdering Beryl Danburite, my own guardian?

I shifted my wings. 'Laz said my family might be alive.'

Andalonus blinked. Leona squinted. Meteor frowned.

'And you believed him?' Meteor asked. 'A double-crossing liar?'

'He doesn't *always* lie.' I clutched my wand inside the pocket of my gown. 'And what if it's true? What if the councillors were lying when they told me humans killed my family? My parents travelled to Earth again and again! They must have known how to keep out of sight.'

Leona lifted her right hand, displaying livid burns across her fingers. She unfurled her wings for a moment too, showing the charred line along the margin of one wing. 'Humans can be stupidly vengeful,' she said. 'Even more than fey folk.'

After almost getting killed on Earth, Leona didn't think any human could ever be trusted. And I had seen the one whose weapon burned her, so I knew how hasty and violent humans could be. But I didn't believe they were all alike. Some were not only kind but also fascinating.

I looked away from Leona's injuries. They reminded me that in Feyland, no healing spells exist. Her burns would soon become scars, scars she would wear for the rest of her life even if she lived to be two hundred and fifty.

Meteor's scowl was gone now, and he spoke softly. 'I'm sorry, Zaria. But your family has been gone for five years. How could they possibly still be alive?'

‘Yes,’ Leona added. ‘If they were alive, they would have come back.’

Andalonus didn’t say anything, but he nodded.

I looked from one to the other and took a long, quavery breath. Now more than ever, I needed my friends. I hoped they wouldn’t decide I was just chasing coloured smoke – even if I probably was.

‘Laz said Lily Morganite might have frozen my family in glacier cloth,’ I said.

Chapter Three

SOME AMONG THE FEY BECOME OVERLY FOND OF EARTH. SUCH FAIRIES AND GENIES LOSE ALL PERSPECTIVE. THEY BEGIN TO BELIEVE THAT HUMANS ARE LOVABLE. THEY CONSIDER THE TREES OF EARTH TO BE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE SHRUBS UPON TIRFEYN. THEY WOULD RATHER SOAR THROUGH THE SKIES OF EARTH AND PLAY WITH HUMANS THAN ATTEND TO THEIR DUTIES IN FEYLAND. SUCH FEY FOLK ENDANGER US ALL. THEY ARE CALLED 'EARTH-STRUCK', AND THERE IS NO CURE FOR THEIR CONDITION.

Orville Gold, genie historian of Feyland

'GLACIER CLOTH. THAT would be Lily's style,' Leona said bitterly.

Whenever I thought of my mother, my father, my brother, trapped and helpless, urgency seized me. I'd been told that anyone spellbound in glacier cloth would lose all sense of time. For them, whole years would disappear into one repeating moment of sudden cold. But the meaning of time was never lost on me. I had felt every moment of each day as five years passed without my family.

'Shh,' Meteor hissed. 'Did you hear that?'

The two genies rose up and looked around.

'Hear what?' I listened, but the air was quiet and perfectly calm.

Something seized my wrist. I twisted, but couldn't shake loose. I heard a scream and saw Leona struggling with another unseen foe. Then Meteor and Andalonus jerked as if strings had been tied to their joints and pulled tight.

Meteor ripped his hands free. He coiled his powerful body then let loose, striking out with fists and feet. Andalonus jabbed the air with his sharp elbows.

Grunts, yells, groans from our invisible attackers. How many were there?

Meteor fought his way towards me, grappling against unseen hands. Something yanked my wings, and I shrieked in pain. Meteor kicked whoever held me, freeing my wings and lifting me into the air.

Below us, deeper in the sonnia field, flowers waved like restless water. They parted, showing a horde of stocky creatures marching our way.

‘Gnomes!’ I shouted.

The gnomes wore brass helmets and breastplates, and they carried clubs of pounded iron. Iron!

Shouts erupted from the air beside us. ‘Get the thieves! Stop them.’

But gnomes were unable to fly.

Drawing my wand, I poured magic into it. ‘*Chantmentum pellex!*’ I cried.

My reversal spell made dozens of fairies and genies suddenly visible – a cloud of them, all unknown to me. They bunched around me and my friends, pushing and shoving and grabbing.

What were they doing in Galena?

I didn’t have time to do another spell before five sets of hands began tearing at my wings, my hair, my gown. ‘Give it back, thief!’ an orange-winged fairy screeched in my face.

Meteor kicked furiously until he could draw his wand. ‘*Obliv trau!*’ he yelled.

My attackers lost their grip: three genies and two fairies dropped to the ground asleep.

But instantly, another wave of strangers attacked.

As Meteor and I fought them off and tried to get closer to Leona, Andalonus rushed across the courtyard towards

my door, beating at the air as he went. He pressed the latch and dived into the room beyond. An instant later he flew back outside clutching the poker from my hearth, whaling at the air, defending Leona, whose wings and hands were trapped. Her captors howled as the poker struck, and scrambled to get out of the way, fearing injury.

Leona's wings spread like a great silver fan, and her wand hand was free.

'Oliv trau!' she yelled, waving her wand in an arc. Dozens more fey folk fell heavily to the ground, snoring. 'Quick!' I called. 'Get inside.'

Chapter Four

GNOMES, LIKE LEPRECHAUNS, ARE SHORTER AND STOUTER THAN FAIRIES AND GENIES. THEIR FAVOURITE MEAL IS A GRUEL MADE OF FINELY GROUND GRANITE OR LIMESTONE. THEY ARE NOT FOND OF COLOURS, SO THEIR GARMENTS ARE DRAB, AND THEIR SKIN AND HAIR ARE DULL.

GNOMES DWELL IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD OF TIRFEYNE, BUT THEY HAVE LIMITED MAGIC. THEY CANNOT FLY OR CAST SPELLS. THEY MAKE EXCELLENT GUARDS, BECAUSE A SPELL CAST DIRECTLY UPON A GNOME HAS NO EFFECT, AND GNOMES CAN HANDLE IRON WITHOUT INJURY.

THE FEAR FELT BY FAIRIES AND GENIES WHEN CONFRONTED WITH AN IRON WEAPON CANNOT BE DESCRIBED. FOR IRON NOT ONLY INTERFERES WITH MAGIC, IT ALSO BRINGS WEAKNESS AND FREEZING PAIN TO THOSE IT TOUCHES.

Orville Gold, genie historian of Feyland

I SLAMMED THE door and heard furious shouting from outside. A growling roar sounded like the air itself had been shaken by a band of trolls.

My friends and I waited, gasping and shaky.

Everything was suddenly quiet.

I flew to the window, the others right behind me. Peering out, I saw gnomes on the ground. Some lay stunned. Others staggered back and forth, dazed. Above them, a great crowd of fairies and genies buzzed angrily. The rest of our attackers had become visible.

And two wingspans away on the other side of the crystal pane, Lily Morganite appeared. Of course! She was the only one who could have led the attack. No one else had

enough radia to cast spells of invisibility upon so many. And only Lily Morganite had ever pressed groups of gnomes into her personal service.

How was it possible that her face didn't show any of the evil inside her? Her pink skin was flawless, her saffron hair full of lustre and twined with rubies, her pearly eyes shining, white wings beating smoothly.

But this fairy was diabolical! When she had been Forcier of Feyland, she had collected magic tax from innocent fey folk and then kept it for herself instead of refreshing the durable spells - a crime my friends and I had uncovered only days earlier. And if Laz was right, Lily Morganite had trapped my parents and brother - all because they had guessed she was stealing magic from Feyland.

There wasn't any doubt that she had tried her best to divide me from my friends - especially Leona. She'd also done what she could to trick me into giving up my wand. When her trickery didn't work, she had declared me a criminal and offered a reward for my capture. Laz delivered me to her, and then she deceived and enchanted every member of the High Council into believing I had killed Beryl, my guardian, when that terrible deed was done by Lily herself; I was sure of it. She even enchanted Leona to tell lies about me - Leona, who had been my friend since we were too young to fly!

And now Lily Morganite hovered outside my window in Galena, a place that should have been safe from her.

'Those fairies and genies don't belong in Galena any more than the gnomes,' Meteor said. 'The gateway must have fallen!'

As I stared, Lily picked up an iron club that lay beside a stunned gnome. She flinched as the iron touched her skin, but didn't drop it. Whirling it in an arc above her head, she threw it at the window.

My friends and I jumped back.

The club should have smashed the crystal panes. It should have come whistling into the room, striking anyone in its path. Iron always interfered with magic. But that club never struck the window. It bounced back towards Lily, who dodged. The club flew past her and hit the ground.

Leona let out a hissing breath. 'Oberon's Crown! A spell against *iron*?'

'You've enchanted your house?' Meteor asked in awe. 'What spell can keep out gnomes? And iron?'

'How did you do it, Zaree?' Leona asked.

I looked through the window. Lily was touching her throat with her wand. Her lips moved, and then I could hear her clearly. 'Open the door, Zaria,' she said, her voice amplified. 'I cannot get past your enchantments. But I have something to tell you.'

Chapter Five

ALL FAIRIES AND GENIES ARE BORN WITH RESERVES OF MAGIC, WHICH ARE MEASURED IN UNITS CALLED *RADIA*. NO MAGICAL ACTIVITY EXCEPT ORDINARY FLIGHT MAY BE DONE WITHOUT SPENDING RADIA; VARIOUS SPELLS REQUIRE GREATER OR LESSER AMOUNTS. FOR EXAMPLE, A SINGLE JOURNEY TO EARTH AND BACK AGAIN USES HALF OF ONE RADIA, WHEREAS OPENING OR CLOSING A *PORTAL* TO EARTH REQUIRES 1000.

WHEN THEY TURN FOURTEEN, FAIRIES AND GENIES RECEIVE A CRYSTAL WATCH THAT REGISTERS INBORN MAGIC IN ADDITION TO TELLING TIME.

THE FACE OF THE WATCH IS DIVIDED INTO SIX COLOURS, AND EACH COLOUR CONTAINS TEN DEGREES. IF THE THIRD HAND OF THE WATCH POINTS TO THE FIRST DEGREE OF RED, IT MEANS THE ONE WEARING THE WATCH HAS TEN RADIA IN RESERVE. THE TENTH DEGREE OF RED MEANS ONE HUNDRED RADIA. (NOWADAYS, 89 PER CENT OF FAIRIES OR GENIES REGISTER AS RED, ALSO KNOWN AS *UNGIFTED*.) THE ORANGE ZONE RANGES FROM ONE HUNDRED RADIA TO ONE THOUSAND RADIA. (SIX PER CENT REGISTER AS ORANGE.) YELLOW GOES FROM ONE THOUSAND TO TEN THOUSAND. (FOUR PER CENT.) GREEN: TEN THOUSAND TO ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND. (LESS THAN ONE PER CENT.) BLUE: FROM ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TO ONE MILLION. (ONE TENTH OF ONE PER CENT.) VIOLET: FROM ONE MILLION TO TEN MILLION RADIA. VIOLET IS SO RARE, SOME IN FEYLAND BEGAN TO BELIEVE THAT REGISTERING IN THIS COLOUR COULD HAPPEN ONLY IN THE REALM OF MYTH.

ALL MUST LEARN THAT A UNIT OF RADIA, ONCE USED, IS GONE FOR EVER.

Orville Gold, genie historian of Feyland

METEOR GLIDED BETWEEN me and the door. 'Don't open it,' he said.

'She can't come in,' I told him. 'If she could have, she would have.' Before he could argue, I darted past him and opened the door.

A cloying scent poured in, a scent I had learned to despise - the scent of lilies. Feeling sickened, I wished my wings wouldn't flutter. The magical barrier had proven itself, but still I trembled to see Lily Morganite without a wall or even a windowpane between us.

Her eyes looked like heated pearls. 'Your spells are well made, Zaria, beyond my skill to undo. For now.'

I hovered carefully behind the threshold. 'You said you had something to tell me.'

'A warning,' Lily said sweetly. 'You and Leona Bloodstone escaped me once, but only because luck favoured you. Do not rely on luck, Zaria.'

'Luck!' Leona shouted. 'I'll show you luck.' She was rushing forward, but Meteor and I caught her.

'Don't,' I cried. 'Stay back.'

Smiling, Lily watched as Leona controlled herself.

'You may be Violet fairies,' she continued, 'but my radia reserves are thousands of times greater than the two of you combined.' She flicked the air with her wand.

Thousands of times greater? We knew Lily had stolen a fortune from Feyland, but billions?

'How did you bring down the gateway?' Meteor fumed. 'And how dare you attack us in Galena?'

Lily's white wings carried her a little closer to the doorway. 'I did not attack; it was my followers.' She smiled gloatingly.

'When my father and the other councillors find out what you have done ...' Meteor began.

But Lily laughed at him. 'The High Council is nothing more than a group of gibbering gremlins, young Zircon.' She ignored his frown, turning to me. 'I apologize for the