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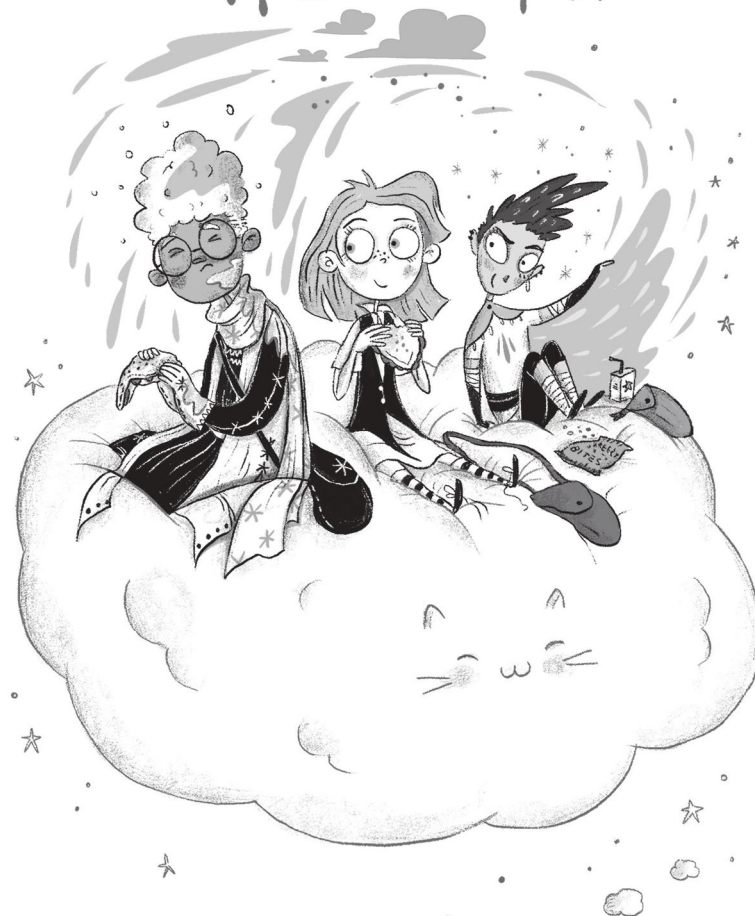
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LAURA ELLEN ANDERSON

RAINBOW GREY



RAY
GREY



Born with no
weather magic.

NEVER gives up!

Wants to be an Earth
Explorer just like La
Blaze DeLight.

NIM

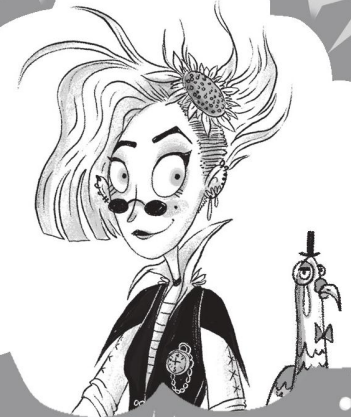


Was adopted by Ray
since he couldn't be
a proper cloud.

Often explodes
without warning.

Loves Ray with all his
floofy heart.

LA BLAZE
DELIGHT



An Earth explorer and
adventurer.

Never seen without her
trusty pigeon sidekick,
Coo La La.

Possesses the rarest sun
weather magic.

HAZE AND
CLAUDIA GREY



Ray's mum and dad!

Haze always brings
human treasures home
for Ray.

Claudia is constantly
mending Cloud Nine's
silver lining.

The cleverest Snow
Weatherling in
Sky Academy!

Never goes anywhere
without his *Anthology
of Snowflakes*

Loves a drizzlepickle
sandwich.

SNOWDEN
EVERFREEZE



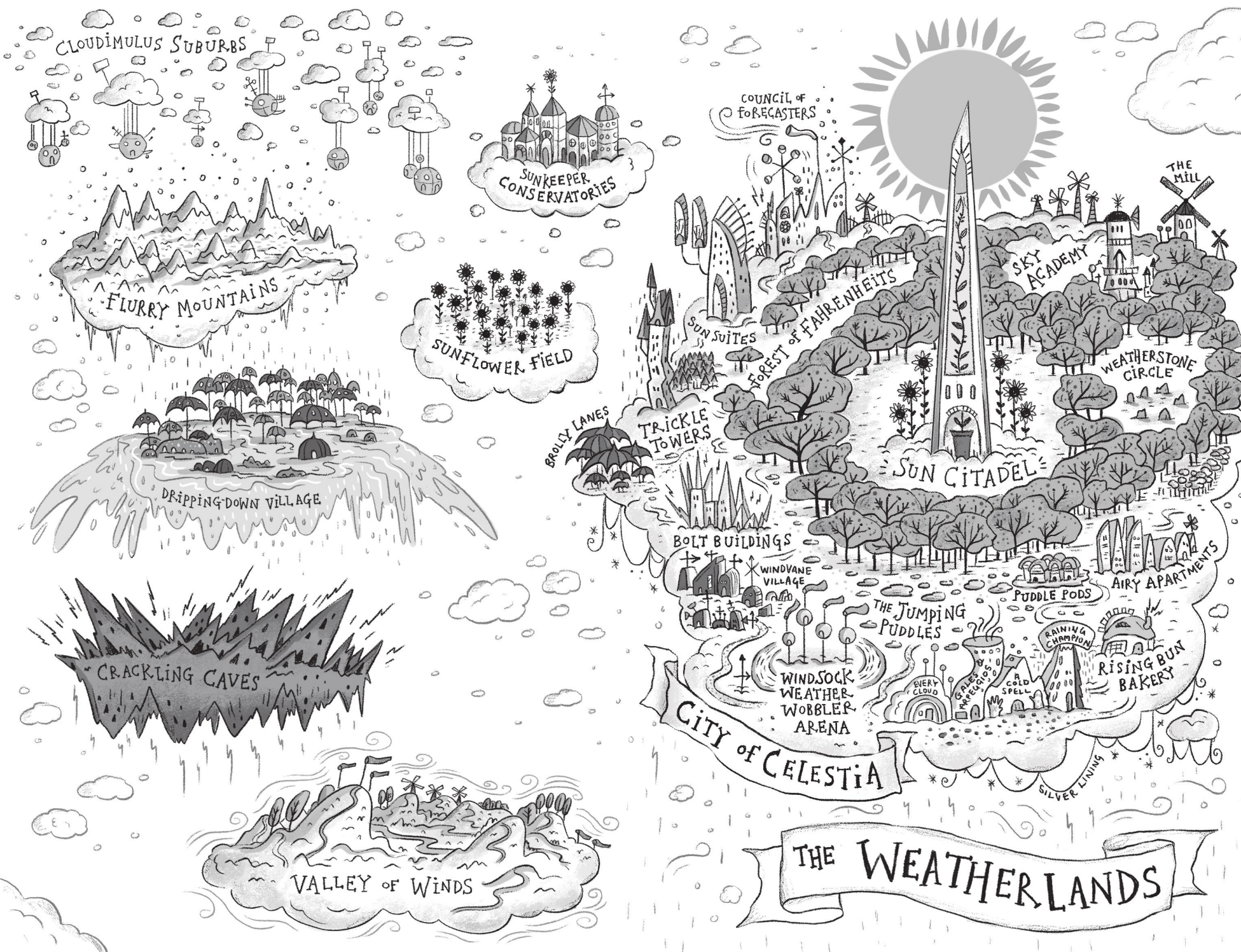
Uses her rain weather
magic to puddleport.

NEVER does her homework.

Will **SPLOSH** anyone who's
mean to her friends!

DROPLETT
DEWBELLS





CLOUDIMULUS SUBURBS

FLURRY MOUNTAINS

SUNKEEPER CONSERVATORIES

SUNFLOWER FIELD

COUNCIL OF FORECASTERS

FOREST OF FAHRENHEITS

SKY ACADEMY

WEATHERSTONE CIRCLE

THE MILL

DIPPING-DOWN VILLAGE

CRACKLING CAVES

VALLEY OF WINDS

CITY OF CELESTIA

THE WEATHERLANDS

BOLT BUILDINGS

WINDVANE VILLAGE

THE JUMPING PUDDLES

WINDSOCK WEATHER WOBBLER ARENA

PUDDLE PODS

AIRY APARTMENTS

RAINING A CHAMPION

RISING BUN BAKERY

EVERY CLOUD

COLD SPELL

SILVER LINING

BROOKLY LANS

TRICKLE TOWERS



CHAPTER 1

NOT ONE SMIDGE

Every cloud really DOES have a silver lining. And if you lived on Cloud Nine like Ray Grey, the silver lining was always getting tangled or ending up in a twist. Mostly because Ray and her cloud-cat Nim kept getting caught in it.

Ray sighed as she dangled from the silvery threads like a puppet. ‘I’m going to be late for Sky Academy AGAIN!’

Once Nim had chewed his way through the silver thread, the ten-year-old Weatherling with the odd-coloured eyes (one purple and one blue) finally broke free.

‘Just a bit faster, Nim!’ said Ray as they soared across the Weatherlands, zipping past the snow-covered Flurry Mountains. ‘Then we can grab our morning cake from the Rising Bun Bakery!’

Nim miaowed and farted a tiny cloud in response. He often exploded, and Ray was hoping against hope that this fart didn't lead to a bigger explosion and make her even later.

Ray gripped Nim's back a little tighter as they approached the Valley of Winds, where they were buffeted about rather ungracefully. This part of the journey was VERY bumpy, and Ray was quite sure her knickers were on show, but she didn't mind too much as she was wearing her favourite pair covered with sparkly stars.

Finally, the wind died down and the hills opened up to reveal the City of Celestia.

Odd-shaped houses, a mishmash of quirky shops and higgledy-piggledy streets wound their way around the Forest of Fahrenheits. In the centre of the forest stood the pointiest and shiniest building – the Sun Citadel, where the mighty SunKeepers powered the BIG glowing Sunflower in the sky and gave the Earth its light.

Ray breathed in the scent of freshly baked treats and sweet snowdrop syrup coming from the Rising

Bun Bakery below and wondered if she had JUST enough time to grab a tasty treat. The Sky Academy wind-chime hadn't jingled yet after all, and she could *never* resist a lightning scone with a big dollop of skyberry jam on top.

Ray guided Nim downwards.

Just when she thought that their landing was going to be smooth for once, Nim exploded a few feet from the ground, sending Ray roly-polying straight through the bakery entrance.



‘AH, RAY! MY FAVOURITE LITTLE CUSTOMER!’ said a very large, jolly-looking man in an apron. ‘ONE O’ THESE DAYS YOU’LL LAND ON YER FEET!’

‘Good morning, Slap!’ Ray said with a grin, rubbing her bottom. Baker Slap was a Thunder Weatherling with fists the size of tree trunks: perfect for creating mighty booms of thunder AND kneading dough.

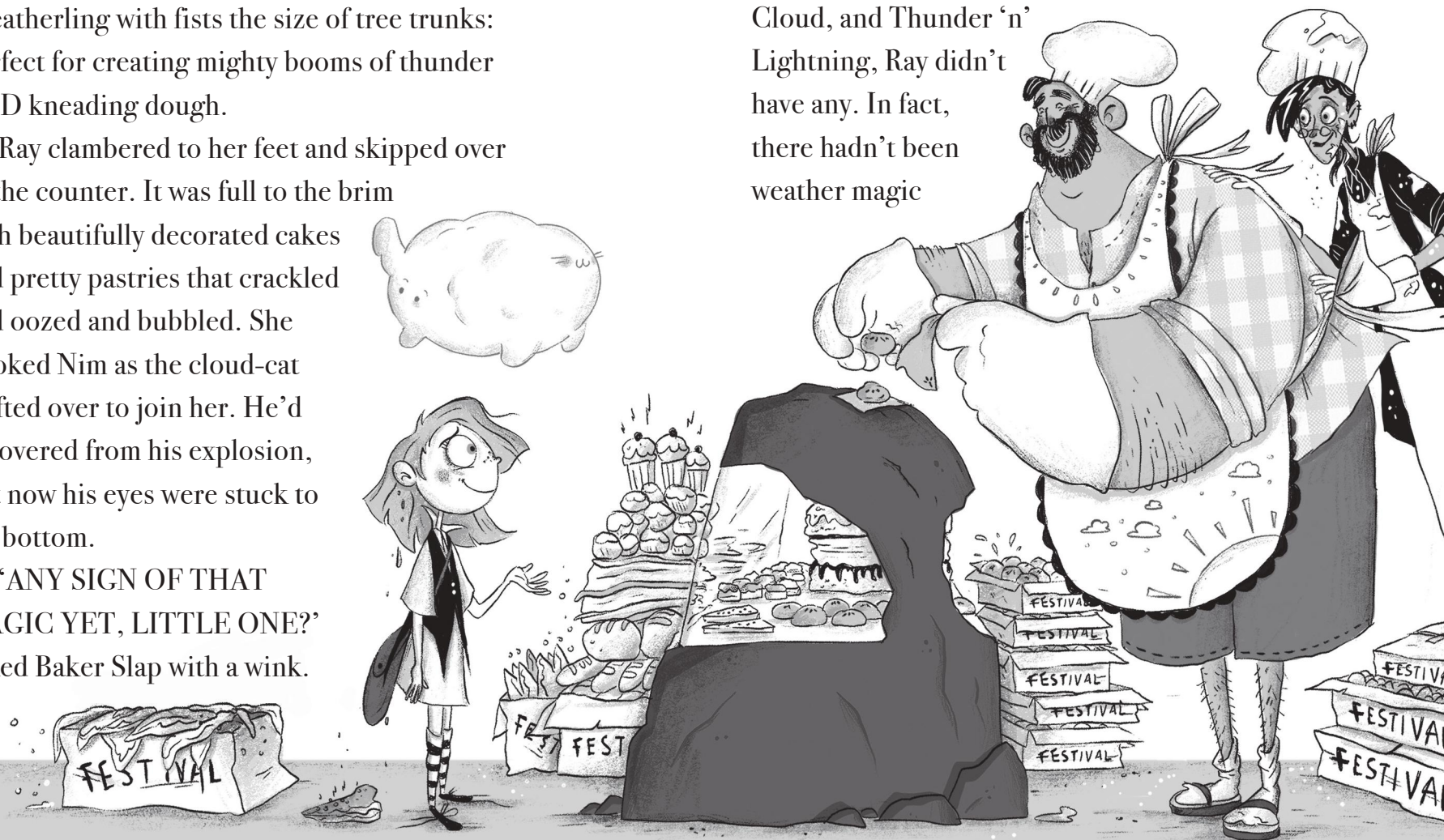
Ray clambered to her feet and skipped over to the counter. It was full to the brim with beautifully decorated cakes and pretty pastries that crackled and oozed and bubbled. She stroked Nim as the cloud-cat drifted over to join her. He’d recovered from his explosion, but now his eyes were stuck to his bottom.


‘ANY SIGN OF THAT MAGIC YET, LITTLE ONE?’ asked Baker Slap with a wink.

He asked Ray the same question every day, and every time, the answer was:

‘Nope! Not one smidge!’ said Ray.

Ray Grey wasn’t like all the other Weatherlings. While they all had a form of powerful weather magic; Sun, Snow, Rain, Wind, Cloud, and Thunder ‘n’ Lightning, Ray didn’t have any. In fact, there hadn’t been weather magic





on her mother's side of the family for *generations*. Ray thought that maybe, just maybe, she'd wake up one morning and miraculously a little HINT of weather magic MIGHT appear. But there hadn't been one drop of rain, or floof of cloud, or flurry of snow. Nim seemed to possess more wafts of wind than Ray did magic, and he was just a cloud-cat with a tendency to explode.

'WELL, Y'KNOW WHAT I FINK, RAY,' said Slap. 'I FINK YOU GOT THE BEST MAGIC OF 'EM ALL . . .'

'Really?' said Ray, feeling slightly confused.

'YOU GOT A BIG 'EART!' said Slap, putting a hand to his chest.

Ray giggled. 'Well, my heart might be big, but my tummy is bigger and wishes it could eat all the cakes here!'

'WHICH ONE DO YOU FANCY TODAY?' asked Baker Slap, leaning his HUGE body across the counter.

'Hmmm,' Ray pondered. 'I *thought* I was going to order a lightning scone, but that was

until I spotted THOSE.' She pointed to a row of bright blue buns she'd never seen before.

'OH! THESE ARE BRAND NEW BAKES WE MADE 'SPECIALLY FOR THE ECLIPSE FESTIVAL TONIGHT!' said Slap.

'Even better!' said Ray happily.

A lady's face covered in flour popped out from the back kitchen and waved. 'Hey, Ray!'

'Hi, Streak!' Ray replied.

Streak was Slap's sister – the lightning sibling of the pair, as pointy as Slap was round. She had a knack of zapping scones to absolute perfection. 'I see you spotted the Rumblebuns!' she said with an excitable grin. 'Wanna be the FIRST Weatherling to try one?!'

Nim, who had somehow grown an extra cloud head, miaowed happily.

'I think that's a YES from both of us!' said Ray, licking her lips.

Baker Slap scooped up two of the bright blue buns before popping them on to a napkin.

'THERE YOU ARE LITTLE ONE,' he boomed.

‘NO CHARGE!’

‘Thank you so much!’ said Ray, putting away the sky coins her mum had given her that morning.

Nim was quick to lap up his Rumblebun in one almighty GULP, but Ray gasped as her blue cake began to wobble around in her palm. Baker Slap gave a hearty chuckle as a deep rumble came from the dough and a small beads of bright pink syrup oozed from the top.

‘YA DIDN’T FINK IT WAS CALLED A
RUMBLEBUN FOR
NUFFIN’, DID YA?!’
he said. ‘BEST EAT
IT UP BEFORE
IT ERUPTS!’

Ray bit into her
Rumblebun quickly,
savouring the syrupy
skyberry sweetness and
sour snowdrop. *‘Thish
ish delishush!’*



she said through a mouthful.

A loud wind-chime jingled across the city.

DING-ALING-ALING-ALING-ALIIIIIG!

‘That’s the first school warning chime. I’d better dash!’ said Ray, quickly gobbling down the rest of her Rumblebun.

Nim expanded until he was roughly the size of a large bed and Ray hopped up on to his back.

‘SEE YA AT THE ECLIPSE FESTIVAL
TONIGHT?’ asked Baker Slap as he
waved goodbye.

‘You bet!’ called Ray. ‘I can’t wait for tonight!
It’ll be our first Eclipse!’

But little did Ray know that her first Eclipse
would change her life FOREVER . . .

