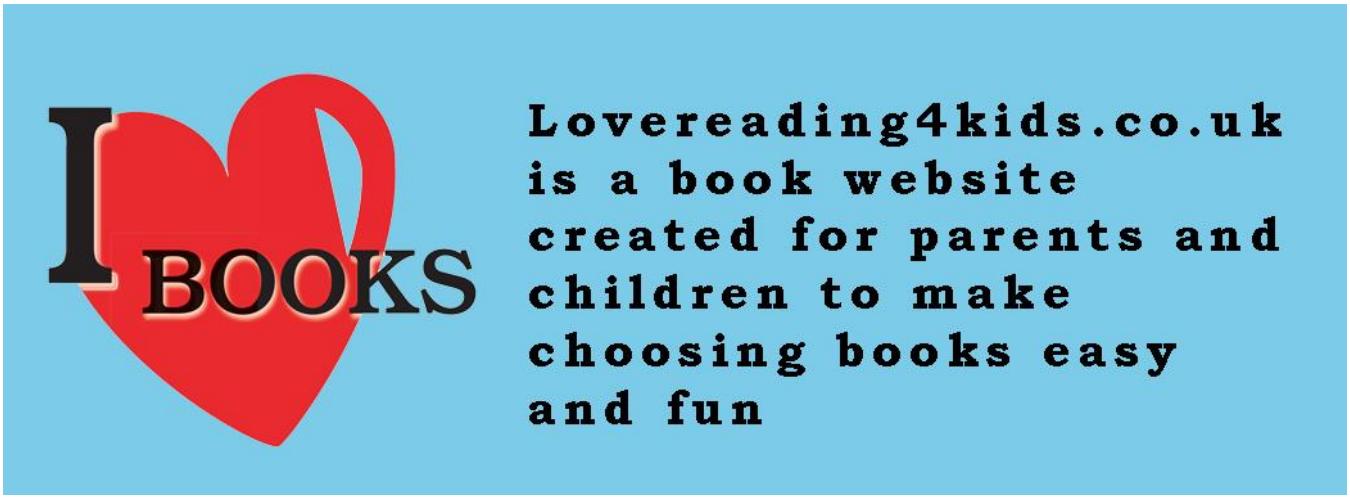


Opening extract from

Isadora Moon Goes to School

Written & Illustrated by

Harriet Muncaster

Published by

Oxford University Press

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For vampires, fairies and humans everywhere!

And for Sarah, my glamorous mother-in-law.

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Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP

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First published 2016

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-274431-9

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed in Great Britain

Paper used in the production of this book is a natural, recyclable product made from wood grown in sustainable forests. The manufacturing process conforms to the environmental regulations of the country of origin.

ISADORA MOON

Goes to School



Harriet Muncaster

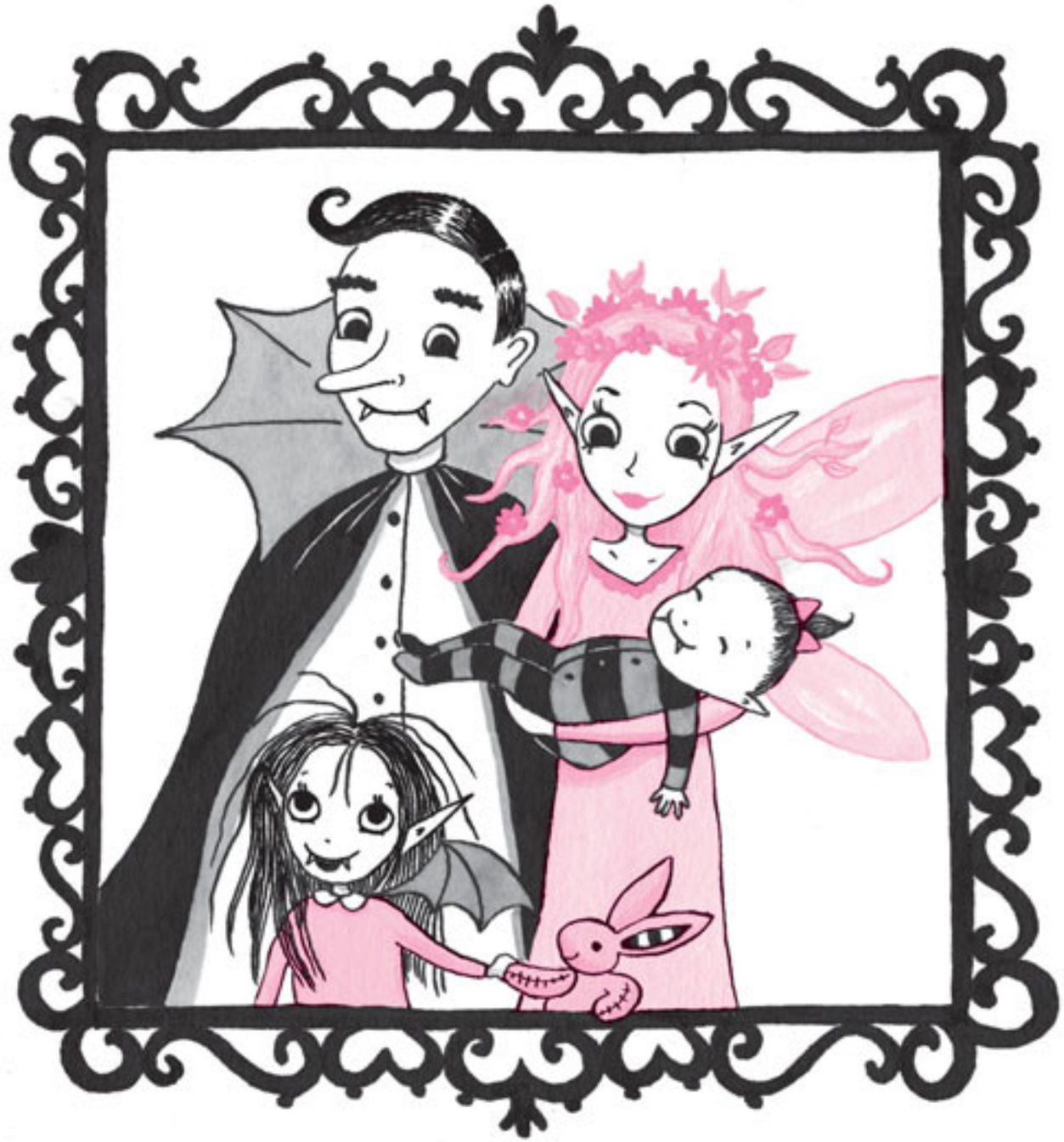
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My mum is Countess Cordelia Moon. She's a fairy. Yes, really! She likes gardening, swimming in wild streams, having magical campfires, and sleeping outdoors under the stars.

My dad is Count Bartholomew Moon. He's a vampire. Yes, really! He likes staying up all night, eating only red food (tomatoes—yuck!), gazing at the night sky with his special telescope, and flying in front of a full moon.

Then there's my little sister, Baby Honeyblossom. She's half fairy, half vampire just like me! She likes snoozing, gurgling, and drinking pink milk.

Pink Rabbit and I do everything together. He was my favourite stuffed toy so Mum magicked him alive.



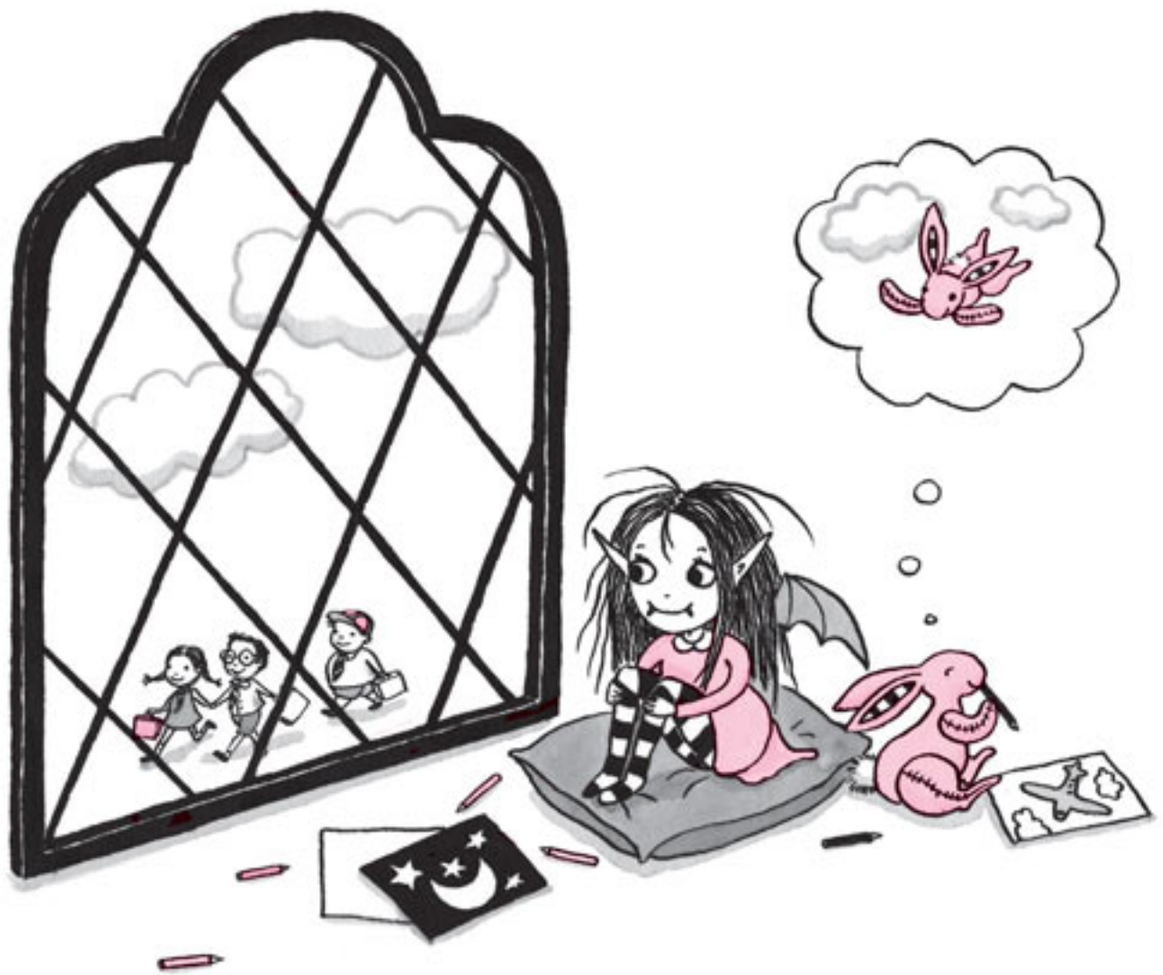


And this is our house! That's my bedroom at the top of the tallest turret. I can see the whole town from my window. Pink Rabbit is mostly not allowed to look out of the window because he likes jumping off things too much.

He thinks he can fly like me.

He can't fly.

Every morning I watch the human children walking down the road to school. They wear funny-looking uniforms with stripy ties.



And even though the children look very friendly . . .

And even though they look like they are having fun . . .

It makes me glad that I am a vampire fairy because vampire fairies don't have to go to school.

Or so I thought . . .

Yesterday evening I was practising my loop-the-loops out of my bedroom window when Dad called me from downstairs.

'Isadora!' he said. 'It's breakfast time!'

Dad always has his breakfast at seven o'clock at night because he sleeps during the day. Mum has hers in the morning.



This means I usually have two breakfasts. I don't mind because peanut butter on toast is my favourite thing to eat.

Dad was sitting at the table drinking a glass of his very special red smoothie juice. I think it's disgusting. I do not like red food, especially tomatoes. I know there are tomatoes in Dad's special red smoothie juice.

'One day you'll enjoy it like a proper vampire,' he says to me. 'All vampires love red food.'

But I know I won't. I'm only half vampire, after all.

Mum was there too, opening the kitchen windows to let in the fresh air, and putting bunches of flowers in vases.

We have fourteen vases of flowers in the kitchen. And a tree growing from the middle of the floor! Mum just loves to bring the outdoors inside.

Honeyblossom was grizzling in her high chair because she had dropped her bottle on the floor. I picked it up for her and filled it with some more pink milk. She hates red juice, just like me.

Dad said, 'Isadora, the time has come for you to start school.'

'But Dad,' I said. 'I am a vampire fairy. I do not need to go to school.'

'Even fairies have to go to school,' said Mum.

'Vampires too!' added Dad.

'But I don't WANT to go to school,' I said. 'I have a perfectly busy and fine life at home with Pink Rabbit.'

'But you might enjoy it,' insisted Dad. 'I used to love my vampire school as a young boy.'

'And I just adored my fairy school!' said Mum spooning some flower-nectar yoghurt into her bowl.

'You'll have a wonderful time!' they both smiled.

I wasn't so sure.

'But I'm not a full fairy,' I said. 'And I'm not a full vampire. So which school would I go to? Is there one especially for vampire fairies? Is there a school for me?'

'Well . . . no,' said Mum. 'Not exactly.'

'You are very rare,' said Dad, sucking at his juice with a straw.

'But very special!' added Mum quickly. 'And I think fairy school would suit you marvellously.'



'But of course you may prefer vampire school,' said Dad quickly. 'It's a lot more exciting.'

'Is it?' asked Mum, sounding as though she did not agree at all. 'How about we let Isadora decide for herself.'

