



LoveReading4kids.co.uk
is a book website
created for parents and
children to make
choosing books easy
and fun

Opening extract from
Isadora Moon Goes to School

Written & Illustrated by
Harriet Muncaster

Published by
Oxford University Press

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.



For vampires, fairies and humans everywhere!
And for Sarah, my glamorous mother-in-law.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP

Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford.
It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship, and
education by publishing worldwide. Oxford is a registered trade mark of Oxford
University Press in the UK and in certain other countries

Copyright © Harriet Muncaster 2016
Illustrations copyright © Harriet Muncaster 2016

The moral rights of the author/illustrator have been asserted
Database right Oxford University Press (maker)

First published 2016

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means,
without the prior permission in writing of Oxford University Press,
or as expressly permitted by law, or under terms agreed with the appropriate
reprographics rights organization. Enquiries concerning reproduction outside
the scope of the above should be sent to the Rights Department, Oxford
University Press, at the address above

You must not circulate this book in any other binding or cover
and you must impose this same condition on any acquirer

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.



Goes to School



Harriet Muncaster

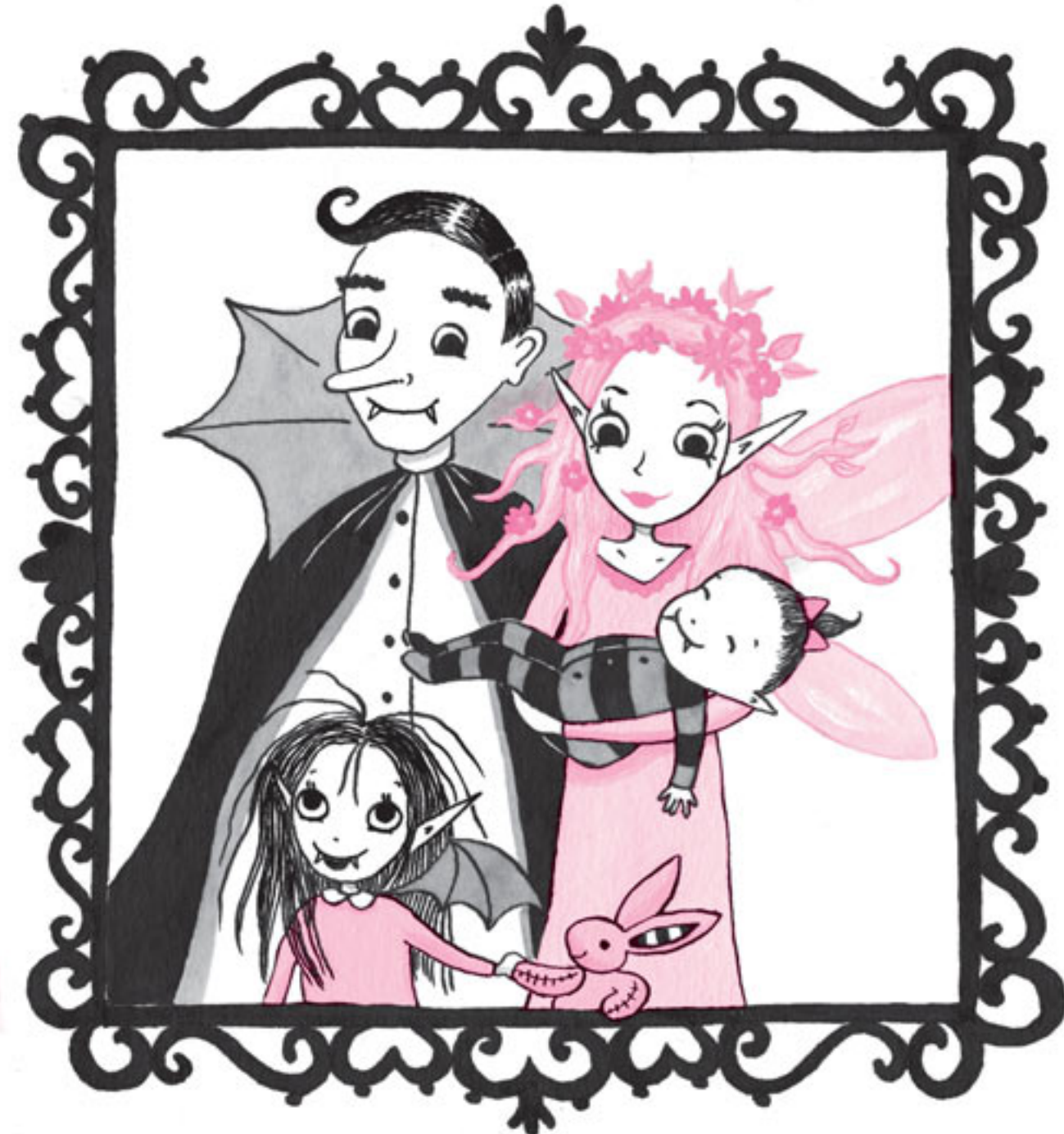
OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

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.



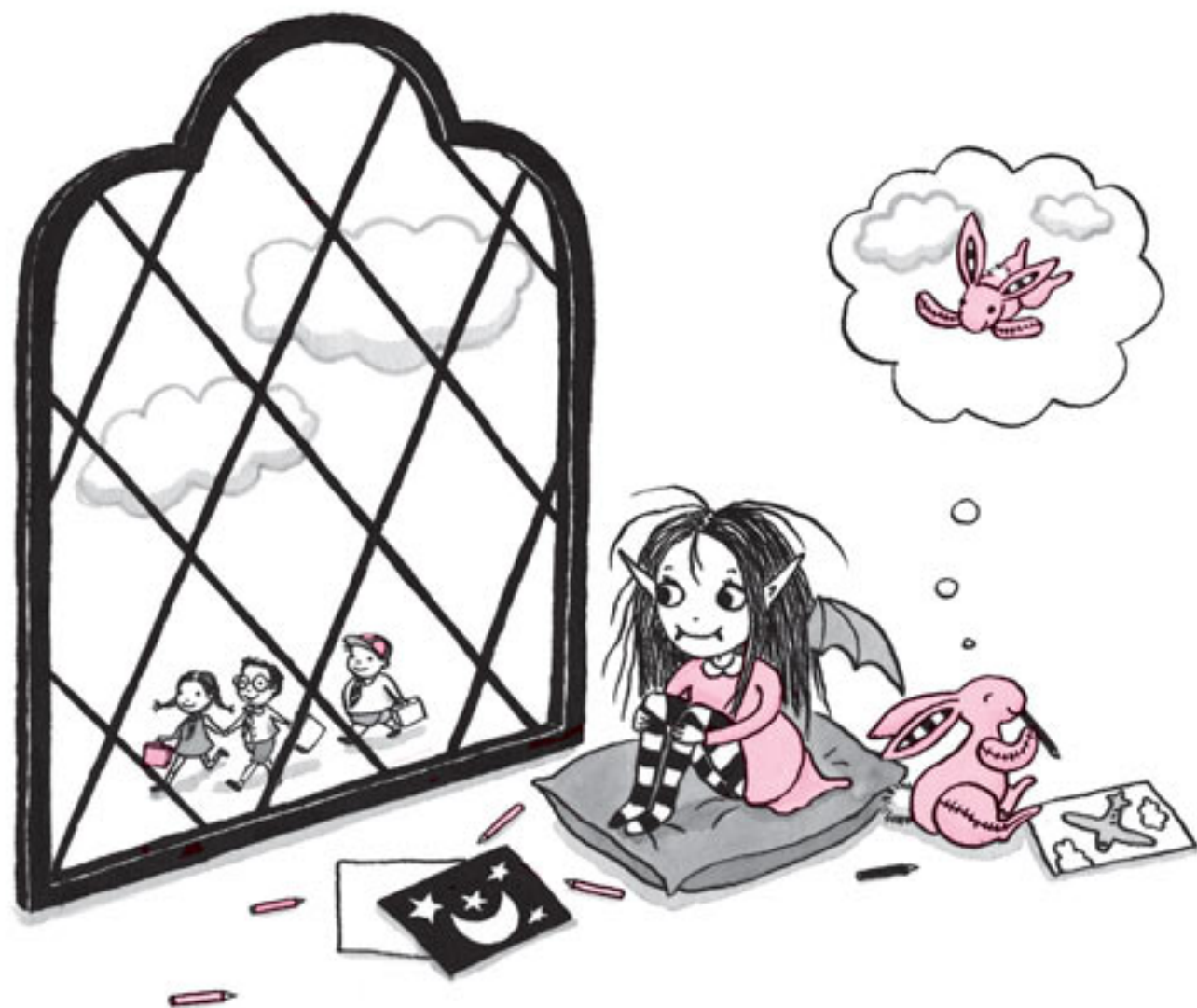
And this is our house! That's my
bedroom at the top of the tallest turret.
I can see the whole town from my window.
Pink Rabbit is mostly not allowed to
look out of the window because he likes
jumping off things too much.



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.’

