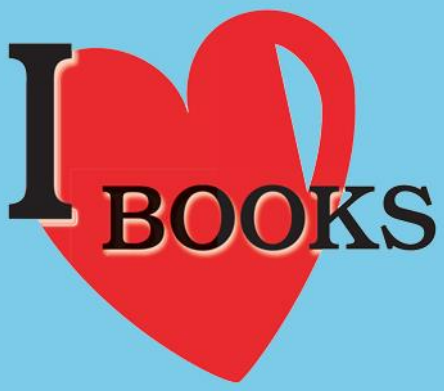


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The Story So Far

Last time in Ritzy City:

Deep down below the sink pipes in the witchy world of Sinkville, Celia Crayfish, the most evil witch to ever rule the place, RETURNED, and it was terrifying. Good witches battled evil ones, along with a lot of fairies in specially designed hats. Tiga and her fellow Witch Wars witches saved the day and banished Celia Crayfish and all the other evil witches to a cheese factory above the pipes. That was dreadful for all of them, apart from Miss Heks – because she loves only one thing in life. And that one thing is cheese.

Tiga also found her long-lost mum, Gretal Green! It turned out she had been sucked

into her hat during the Big Exit (long story . . .), along with all the other witches in Silver City. So, evil witches banished, and the witches of Silver City saved, Tiga jumped on a hoover (don't ask) with her mum and her slug (who she discovered is called Sluggfrey) and off they went to Silver City to live happily ever after . . .

Oh, and Fran joined them, too. When we left them, Fran was suggesting they all sing a song. She was in the process of trying to relaunch her singing career. In the olden days Fran had been in a band called Just Fran, which included her and two other fairies – Crispy and Millbug-Mae. Fran shouted self-centred lyrics while Crispy clapped next to her. Millbug-Mae did absolutely nothing.

Anyway, on that perfectly crisp evening, Tiga, her mum and Sluggfrey soared through the clouds to the sound of Fran singing her first and what she herself calls best song ever written, 'Fran, Fran, For Ever'.

It looked like they were zooming towards a happily ever after. But things are never that simple, are they?



A New Life in Silver City (Also Dennis)

Has there been anyone
more fabulous, ever?
Nopedy nope!
Fran, Fran, for ever!

'I'm never going to get that song out of my head,' Tiga groaned. 'And I haven't seen Fran for *weeks*.'

'It really sticks, doesn't it? I woke up singing it,' Gretal Green said as she poured a silvery liquid into a tiny teapot. It was being held in the middle of the table by a lean arm clad in a beautiful lace glove.

'Is that … a real witch's arm in that glove?' Tiga asked, wincing as it swivelled to face her.

Ever since she'd arrived in Silver City, Tiga had

had so many questions, like why did everyone foot-wave instead of hand-wave when saying hello? Why did Winglecca, the witch who owned the cinema, refuse to speak to anyone apart from the sparkly bat statue outside the door? And what was the silver liquid



everyone drank every morning? And that was before she got started on her mum's weird inventions. She got the impression her mum was both admired and feared in the town – a genius who could potentially fix their every problem, but might also accidentally maim them all.

'No, no, that glove is one of my inventions, Tiga!' her mother said, twirling around the gleaming black kitchen with all the momentum of someone acting in a musical. 'I got it out of the attic just for you! It's just a bewitched glove. I call him Dennis.'

'Dennis?'

'Yes, Tiga. Dennis.'

Dennis scooped up the teapot and swivelled around, pouring it efficiently into a little puddle on the floor next to Tiga.

Tiga looked from the puddle to her mum, who was rubbing her chin.

'Never quite gets the distance right …' she mumbled, as Tiga flicked her finger and the liquid leapt obediently back into the teapot.

'You're getting very good at spells,' Gretal Green beamed.

A dress danced into the room, making Tiga jump.

'WHAT IS THAT?!'

'Another invention,' Gretal Green said proudly.

'Let me guess, it's called … Gertrude?'

'No, he's also Dennis.'

'WHAT?' Tiga cried.

'Well, I made an entire outfit, and all the parts are called Dennis.'

There was stomping coming from the attic.

'Dennis the shoes were out of control, so I locked them in the attic. Dennis the tights ran away …'

Dennis the dress floated through the air, a frilly monstrosity of lace and ribbons. It wrapped around Tiga. 'That's a hug,' Gretal Green explained.

Tiga watched as her pet slug, Sluggfrey, slimed his way across the table. He was joined by a couple of his fellow slugs, Ailbhe and Clara. When Tiga found her mum, she also discovered one of her mum's experiments – a bunch of slugs that were sent above the pipes to spy on

non-witches. They all lived in the doll's house in the hallway. All ten of them.

Who else had breakfast with pet slugs and various items of frilly bewitched clothing called Dennis?

'We're not normal witches, are we?' Tiga said.

Gretal Green cackled. 'Who wants to be a *normal* witch?'

'Me,' Tiga said quietly to herself.

'GOOD MORNING, FANS *SLASH* FAMILY!' Fran the fabulous fairy squealed as she glided into the room, shooting glittery dust everywhere. 'Isn't this wonderful! I'm visiting! And just in time for a family breakfast.'

Tiga smiled and waved at Fran as Dennis the dress turned and headed for the door. Dennis the glove leapt off the table and grabbed hold of Dennis the dress, and the pair of them disappeared into the hallway.

'Rude,' Fran said with a snort. 'That is not how you treat THE *MOST FABULOUS* FAIRY SINKVILLE HAS EVER SEEN.'