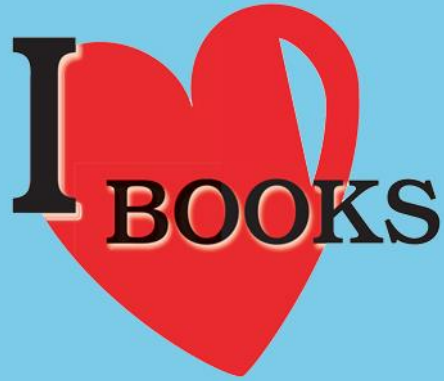




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Opening extract from

The Enchanted Puppy

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Published by

**Hodder Children's Books an
imprint of Hachette Children's
Group**

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HODDER CHILDREN'S BOOKS

First published in Great Britain in 2017 by Hodder and Stoughton

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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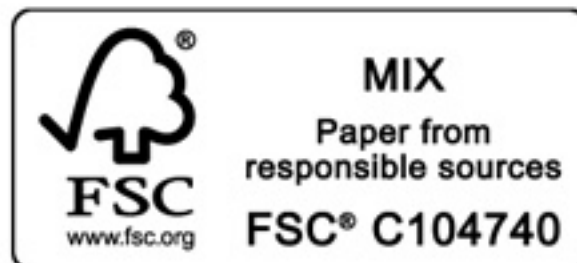
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A CIP catalogue record for this book
is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978 1 444 93440 3

Printed and bound in Great Britain
by

The paper and board used in this book
are made from wood from responsible sources



Hodder Children's Books
An imprint of
Hachette Children's Group
Part of Hodder and Stoughton
Carmelite House
50 Victoria Embankment
London EC4Y 0DZ

An Hachette UK Company
www.hachette.co.uk

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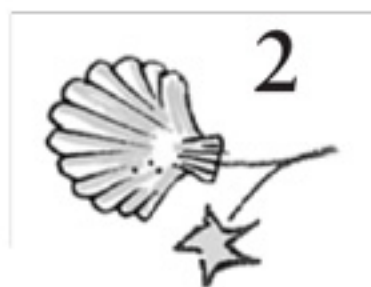
Chapter 1

Evie Hall squinted at the glittery dust motes that danced beneath her skylight. Was it sunshine, or magic? Sunshine or magic? It was hard to tell. Grandma Iris would know. But Grandma Iris was thousands of miles away in Jamaica. She had sent Evie an amazing, fantabulous bracelet that helped

her see magic and talk to animals. But the charm had worn off and now the bracelet was just a pretty trinket on Evie's wrist. Actually, a pretty grimy trinket by now – she hadn't taken it off, not even when she slept. Evie sighed. Well, the magic had been fun while it lasted.

‘Evie!’ Dad's voice boomed up the stairs. ‘Get a wriggle on!’

Oh! School! Rats. She'd been so busy staring at maybe-magic that she'd forgotten all about getting ready. Luckily, her book bag and shoes were right where she'd left them, neatly arranged beside her chair. She pulled on her shoes quickly and clattered out of her attic bedroom down to the hall.



Dad stood at the bottom of the stairs.
He held something small, cradled in his
huge hands. 'The post came while you were
daydreaming,' Dad said with a grin. 'There's
something here for you.'

For her? She did a little dance of joy.
Could it be from Grandma Iris?





Dad held out the beautifully wrapped package. Evie saw the handwriting. It was! It was from Grandma Iris. ‘Thank you,’ she grinned at Dad.

‘Be quick,’ he said, ‘we leave in two minutes.’

She sat on the bottom step while Dad went to see what was keeping her little sister, Lily. Myla the dog thumped her tail hopefully, in case the pretty box was full of dog treats.

‘Sorry, Myla, but Grandma Iris only sends pooch chocs at Christmas. This one’s for me.’

Myla’s ears drooped miserably.

Evie untied the ribbon and let the tissue paper fall open.



‘Oh!’ she gasped. It was another bracelet. This time silk threads wove around tiny shells that glimmered and glistened as she lifted it free. Was Dad watching? She peered around the banister. No. He was trying to get Lily to put her shoes on, but she could only find one of them. Evie swapped her old bracelet for the new one quickly, before the mystery of the lost shoe was solved.

Was the magic back? She put her face right up to Myla’s. ‘How are you doing today?’ she asked.



Myla licked her, right on the chops.

‘Eww! Gross!’ Evie said, wiping her face on the back of her sleeve. Well, Myla wasn’t talking. Maybe this bracelet was just a bracelet after all. Wait. Grandma Iris had sent a note last time, was there one this time? She pushed aside the tissue paper, and then she saw it.

‘With this gift there will unfold
Three days of joy and magic’s gold.
The sparkle won’t be just for you,
We’re on the move, we’ll feel brand new!’

Great, more riddles. Grandma Iris liked to be tricky. But Evie would work it out. She would be tricky too. She pulled down the sleeve of her jumper, just as Lily





barrelled down the hallway.

‘School time!’ Lily shouted. ‘Last one there’s a stink-head.’

Evie left the house, wondering about Grandma Iris’ words. What could she mean?

Starrow Junior School was always busy as a beehive first thing in the morning. Parents with prams, kids on scooters and bikes, teachers carrying bags-for-life stuffed full of books, all headed through the gates.

Evie kept a careful lookout for any signs of magic. Last time seagulls had talked and a unicorn had appeared during a paper chase. Was there any sign of it with this bracelet?

There!



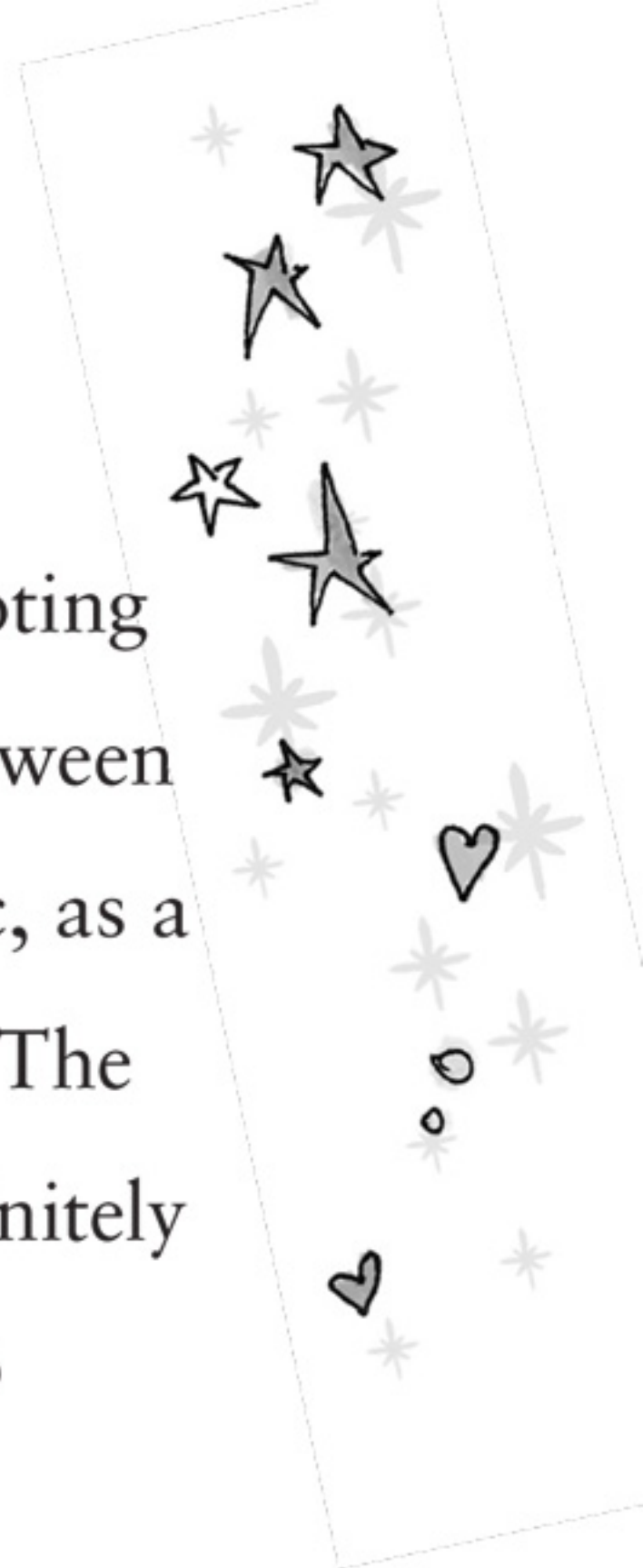


She saw a bright streak of gold shooting like a rainbow as a toddler swung between his parents – ‘Whee!’ And another arc, as a boy threw his arms around his mum. The bracelet was working! Magic was definitely back! She couldn’t wait to tell her two friends, Isabelle and Ryan.

She said goodbye to Dad, a little distractedly, then made her way to the Year 6 classroom. Miss Williams was setting up the whiteboard and the class chattered like a beck in full flood.

Evie skipped towards Isabelle and Ryan. When she was close, she pulled up the edge of her sleeve, without saying a word.

They both knew exactly what she was



showing them – they had joined in her previous adventure.

‘Good old Grandma Iris!’ Isabelle whispered.

‘What does it do?’ Ryan asked.

‘I don’t know yet. The note said we were “on the move”, so maybe it will transport us somewhere fun,’ Evie suggested.

Isabelle thumped her desk excitedly.

‘Florida! Can it take us to Disney World? Or Arizona? I’ve always wanted to see the desert. No, wait, New York!’ She finished with a dramatic drumroll.

‘Isabelle Carter!’ Miss Williams snapped.

‘This is not band practice. Less of that noise, please.’