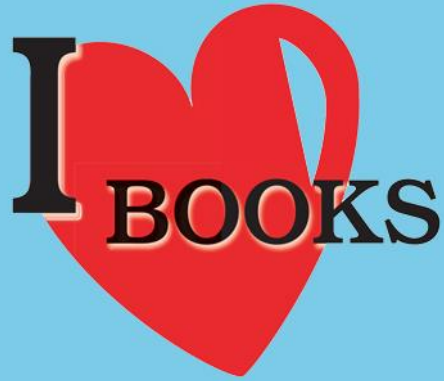




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Opening extract from

The Sprites' Den

Written by

**Jessica Ennis-Hill & Elen
Caldecott**

Illustrated by

Erica-Jane Waters

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Evie Hall was thinking about magic. She had once had a very interesting meeting with a unicorn that meant now she was able to see the glittering gold sparks of magic. Evie was *also* sitting at the breakfast table eating breakfast. As she shovelled cornflakes on to her spoon, she imagined that the golden



flakes were golden discs of magical light floating in the milk.

‘Evie,’ Mum said, ‘stop daydreaming and get eating! I have to be on the ward a bit early today so chop-chop!’

Evie chop-chopped. She shoved a spoonful into her mouth.

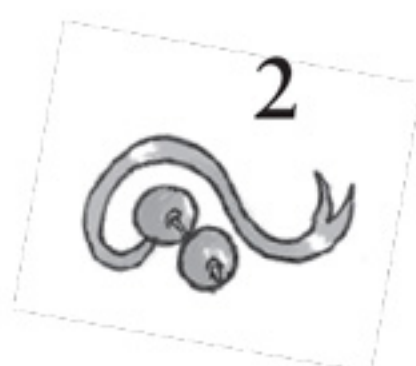
‘Good girl,’ Mum said with a grin.

Evie smiled too – Mum didn’t know that magic wasn’t just a daydream, it was real. And sometimes there was magic right here in number 6 Javelin Street.

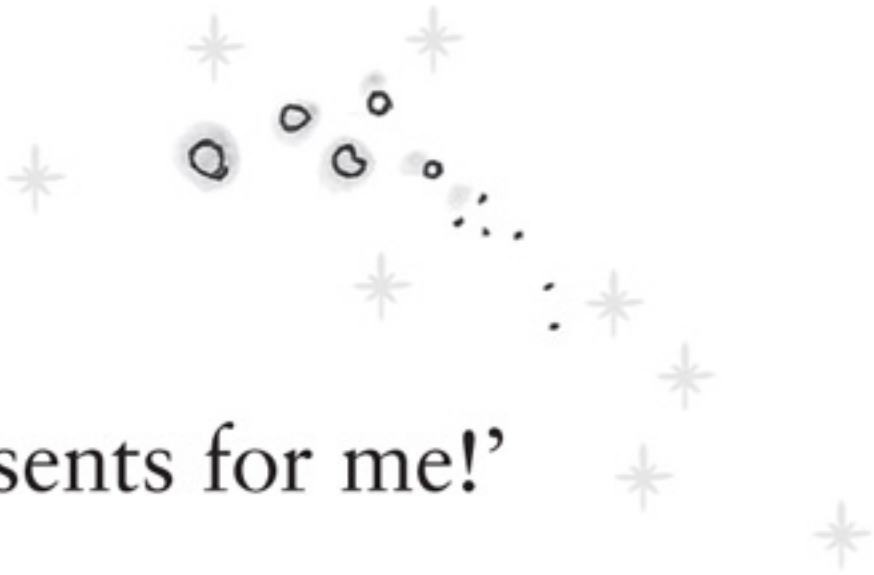
Just then, the doorbell rang.

‘That will be the postman,’ Mum said. She put down her mug of tea and stood up.

Lily, Evie’s little sister, leapt out of her







chair too. ‘Presents for me! Presents for me!’ she yelled. Tomorrow was Lily’s birthday and she had talked about nothing but presents and parties all week.

Lily followed Mum out of the room in the same eager, wiggly-waggy-tailed way that Myla the family Labrador followed Lily.

Evie chewed her cereal thoughtfully. Sometimes she got very, very interesting presents too. Sometimes her Grandma Iris sent magic bracelets which gave her three days of fun and adventure. She’d talked to animals and made toys come to life and all sorts. But Lily was probably right, it was most likely a birthday present for tomorrow.

‘Evie!’ Mum shouted from the hallway.



‘Parcel for you.’

What?

Hurray!

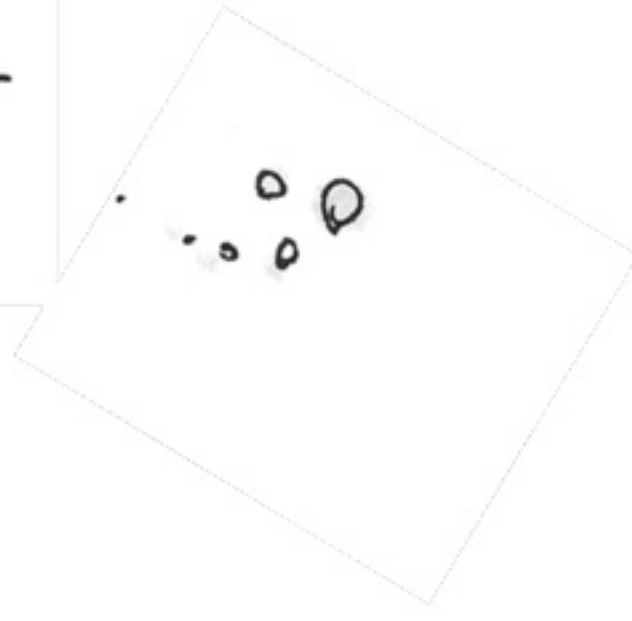
Evie wolfed down the last few mouthfuls and barrelled out into the hall. Mum stood by the open door in the warm sunshine, still talking to the postie. She held a beautifully wrapped parcel in her hand – wrapping that Evie recognised. It was from Grandma Iris!

‘That looks exciting,’ Mum said. ‘Is Grandma Iris sending you one of her lovely treats again?’

‘I hope so!’ Evie said. Mum had no idea just how lovely the gifts from Grandma Iris could be.

‘Lucky thing,’ Mum said with a smile.





Lily sat hunched on the bottom stair;
she scowled like an angry troll guarding
a bridge.

Narky because the present wasn't for her,
no doubt.

Evie ignored Lily completely, and took
the parcel from Mum. A present from
Grandma Iris was worth a happy dance
at the very least. It might be a bracelet!
She jumped, whirled and shimmied in the
middle of the hall.

‘Careful, you’ll have someone’s eye out!’
Mum said.

Fair enough. Evie ducked into the good
front room. She shut the door behind her.
Lily mustn't watch.





The whole room felt as though it crackled with electric excitement as she sat on the sofa and carefully untied the ribbons. Would it be a new magic bracelet? Please, please let it be. There was a neat little box under the paper. She lifted the lid ...

... Yes!

There was a beautiful bracelet inside.

