Teacup House

Meet the Twitches



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USBORNE

Chapter One

Moving Day

Stevie Gillespie was precisely 117.5 centimetres tall, with long brown hair that she wore in a big plait on one side of her head. She had it on the side so she could twirl it between her fingers when she was thinking.

Stevie liked:



Her favourite food was strawberries. Or those sweets that look like fried eggs. Or mashed potato with lots of ketchup. She had grey eyes, hundreds of freckles and two favourite outfits.

One of them was this:





And the other one was this:



Stevie had always lived with her mum at the top of The Tower, a very tall, very thin block of flats, right in the middle of the city. Theirs was the flat on the corner, the one with the big windows. Flat 137G on the eighteenth floor.

When it was raining, as it was today, Stevie liked to sit and watch the water splash against the glass, and *think*.

But today was different. Today all their stuff had been taken away in a big truck and Stevie and her mum were moving to a cottage in the countryside *miles* away. Stevie liked her old room, her old school, her old friends and she really, really, *really* didn't want to go.



Mum was crossing off and adding things to her big list. They were nearly ready. Stevie twirled her plait, said nothing, and watched the morning clouds change shape as they

floated across the sky. A row of fluffy kittens skipped in a line. Their tails waved high and their paws left a spatter of cloud footprints behind them.

If Stevie had her own list it would say:

Good Things About Moving to the Country

1. Live nearer Dad.
2.

Stevie was stuck on number two.

At times like this, Stevie would usually water her plants, and sometimes talk to them, but she couldn't because they'd already been packed and driven off. This was not a good day.

Just then, there was a buzz at the door.

"Get that would you please, love?" said Mum.



Stevie dragged her chair all the way over to the door so she could stand on it and look through the little round spyhole.





There, squashed up and a funny shape through the glass, was Nanny Blue, who was holding a big box wrapped in pale blue paper and tied up with a shimmery bow.

"Nanny Blue!" Stevie opened the door and dived towards her grandmother, who put the parcel down so she could give Stevie a big squeeze.

"Hello, Stevie!" said Nanny Blue.

Stevie squeezed Nanny Blue really tightly back.

"Let's not beat about the bush," said Nanny Blue, grinning and letting go of Stevie.



She pointed at the parcel. "You'd better open this."

The paper was so shiny it sparkled and the label attached to it said:



Chapter Two

A Special Gift

Stevie pulled the ribbon gently, then ripped at the paper at top speed. Her heart was beating fast and her fingers trembled.

"Oh!"

Inside the box was a beautiful teacup that was far too big to be filled with tea. Instead, it was topped off with a round, flat roof made from lots of little blue tiles, which sat perfectly on the cup's rim.