

BLOOMSBURY

SIBÉAL POUNDER

WITCH TRICKS



Illustrated by
Laura Ellen
Anderson

A WITCH WARS ADVENTURE

Books by Sibéal Pounder

Witch Wars

Witch Switch

Witch Watch

Witch Glitch

Witch Snitch

Witch Tricks



Bad Mermaids

Bad Mermaids: On the Rocks

WITCH TRICKS

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BLOOMSBURY
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON OXFORD NEW YORK NEW DELHI SYDNEY

THE BADLANDS

DRIPTOWN

SILVER CITY

THE DOCKS

SINKVILLE EXPRESS
TRAIN STATION

LAMEN HOUSE

CHILL MEET
THAT PARTY
IT BEING

CHILL & CO
TOWN

RITZY CITY

SINKVILLE



The Story So Far

Last time in Ritzy City:

Since falling into the witchy world of Sinkville, Tiga has had her fair share of adventures – from competing in Witch Wars and stopping Celia Crayfish taking over Sinkville, to saving Fran from vats of jam and keeping Lucy Tatty, her number one fan, at bay. But she's had her best friends by her side and together they are fabulously powerful ... which is lucky, because they are about to face their most dangerous adventure yet.

No, Fran!

Patricia the producer had said no to Fran's suggestions almost every day since the day they met. She had said no when Fran had come up with a new rule called BEEHIVES OR BOOING on all Brollywood TV shows and films.

'Any actor not sporting a beehive hairstyle like mine is booed – non-stop,' Fran had explained enthusiastically before Patricia the producer told her to get out of her office.

Patricia the producer had also said NO when Fran had come up with a new game show called *Whack-a-Witch*.

'You take a big mallet and then you –'

‘NO!’ Patricia the producer shouted.

But today was different. Fran had a new idea for a TV show – something fairy-filled and fabulous. Something that would send all of Sinkville into a frenzy. It would be bigger than *Cooking for Tiny People*, bigger even than *Witch Wars*.

And big enough to distract everyone in town from something awful that was headed their way ...

The Points Are Calling

Two weeks later, Tiga and Fluffanora sat on the floor in Brew's.

'*Fairy Fights?*' Tiga said flatly. 'That's what Fran called it?'

'With a Z,' Fluffanora said, not looking up. She was flicking her finger back and forth, sewing a sharp cuff on a tiny glittering jumpsuit. 'They say it's going to be the biggest show Sinkville has ever seen. And also the tiniest because it's an all-fairy cast.'

'Why are you designing the costumes?' Tiga asked, lifting up a long one with extra-large wing holes cut out of the back.

'That one's for Julie Jumbo Wings,' Fluffanora said,



spinning the jumpsuit slowly in a circle with her finger, inspecting every detail. ‘Perfect!’

She flicked her finger and snipped the thread.

‘They asked my mum to do them, but she didn’t have time. She’s busy making a new Ritzy City hat design for some visiting mermaid queen. She’s gone to Driptown to deliver the hat designs to the Mermaid Museum – she had to create five different options. I told her to go crazy with the shells.’

‘My mum’s in Driptown too,’ Tiga said. ‘Working on the royal visit, only she’s fixing the magic bathtub invention that they use to transport the mermaid – Ooh!’

She waved a copy of the *Ritzy City Post* in Fluffanora’s face.

‘Look!’ she said. ‘They’re running daily exclusives about Fran’s new show – this one has an interview with Fran in it and –’

She stopped when she saw two envelopes march through the door.

Fluffanora scooped them up. ‘Strange. They’re usually

for my mum. I never really get post, unless you send me a note, but you're here. Wait – Tiga, this one's for you! It must've followed you here.'

Tiga ripped it open. She rarely got post either, apart from fan letters from Lucy Tatty.

*Tiga, you have been selected for an interview to
join the Points.*

*Come to the forest. Five footsteps to the left of the
Little Leaf Café.*

Tonight at the first sign of dark.

Be there.

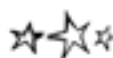
'Mine says the same,' Fluffanora said, staring at Tiga's note.

'But why would the Points choose *us*?' Tiga mumbled as she read the letter again. The Points were a group of secretive and cool witches who went to Pearl Peak High. *Everyone* wanted to find out what happened at their secret meetings. It was rumoured Felicity Bat's big sister,

Idabelle, was in charge. Tiga stared down at the letter excitedly.

‘We should go,’ Fluffanora said, obviously thinking the same thing. ‘I don’t want to be in their club, but it would be fun to see what the fuss is about. I want to know what happens at the secret meetings.’

Tiga looked up. ‘Do you think Felicity Bat got an invite?’



‘I absolutely did not!’ Felicity Bat said angrily. Peggy came clattering into the Linden House sitting room with a tray of Clutterbucks cocktails. She tripped and fell head first into the sofa. Felicity Bat flicked her finger, halting Peggy before she made contact with it.

‘Thanks!’ Peggy said cheerily, as Felicity Bat flicked her finger again, making a pillow leap up and smack Peggy in the face.

‘I’ve always wanted to go to a secret Points gathering,’ Felicity Bat went on, inspecting the letter before

throwing it back at Fluffanora. ‘She’s doing this to make me jealous.’

‘Why would she do that?’ Fluffanora said.

‘Because it’s *Idabelle*. My sister lives to make my life miserable.’

‘Then *why*,’ Fluffanora said pointedly, ‘do you want to be in her club?’

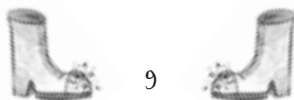
‘I DON’T KNOW!’ Felicity Bat roared, before levitating out of the room at the speed of a slug. ‘But you shouldn’t go.’

‘Why is she going so slowly?’ Tiga whispered to Peggy.

‘She got new boots,’ Peggy whispered back.

‘I like the sparkly tips on the toes,’ Tiga said. ‘But they aren’t Felicity Bat’s style *at all*.’

‘And they’re too heavy, I think,’ Peggy added. ‘They weigh her down. I have no idea why she insists on wearing them. It’s strange. I suppose she can just take them off if she needs to get somewhere in a rush.’



Tiga looked over and saw Fluffanora fold up the letter and slip it into her skirt pocket.

‘So are you going to go?’ Peggy asked. ‘I’d go if I was invited!’

‘Obviously,’ Fluffanora butted in. ‘I’m intrigued. And so is Tiga, though she’s not admitting it.’

Tiga frowned. ‘I wish you could come too, Peggy.’

‘Just be careful,’ Peggy said. ‘If you think Felicity Bat can be cunning, you should hear some of the stories about Idabelle.’

3

Fairy Fightz Rehearsal

‘Fairy Fightz! Fairy Fightz!’
Scrunch up your fists and put glitter on your cheeks for ...

‘Fairy Fightz! Fairy Fightz!’ came Fran’s singing from her caravan.

‘That can’t be the theme tune,’ Crispy the fairy grumbled from behind a tiny desk inside.

Fran stopped singing and drooped in the air. ‘Why not?’
‘Because it’s DREADFUL.’

Fran threw her arms in the air and huffed. ‘Crispy! Stop buzzing around my head being negative!’

‘I’m not even buzzing!’ Crispy said angrily. ‘I’m DESKBOUND.’

She hit the desk with her fist but Fran was already distracted, peering eagerly out of the tiny window.

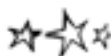
‘The others are here with the costumes!’ Fran squealed. ‘Did I tell you they were made by Fluffanora Brew?’

‘Only a few hundred times,’ Crispy said as she rolled up some tiny pieces of paper and tucked them under her arm.

A massive wing smacked against the caravan window.

‘JULIE JUMBO WINGS, YOU ARE GOING TO BREAK MY WINDOW!’ Fran bellowed, making the caravan shake.

‘Very sorry!’ they heard Julie Jumbo Wings say outside, in a tone that didn’t sound like she was very sorry at all.



Patricia the producer arrived on set at the fairy caravan park two hours later, eager to see how things were going on the new fairy wrestling show.

‘WHAT IN ALL WITCHINESS IS GOING ON?’ she cried.

Fran was wearing a glittery jumpsuit with a glittery mask strapped across her face (mostly to keep her glasses on when she did extreme backflips, but also as a fashion statement), and she had Julie Jumbo Wings' jumbo wings in her mouth.

'Mufing,' Fran said sheepishly.

Crispy, who was hovering at the edge of the set, nudged Patricia the producer to be quiet. It was an impressive though incredibly small set, with the ring designed to look like a giant rainbow, with glittering stars and high-rise buildings surrounding it.

Donna the fairy came bursting on to the set. She flew straight through one of the buildings, before swinging on Fran's feet, doing a mid-air backflip and wrenching Julie Jumbo Wings from Fran's toothy grasp.

'MWAHAHAHA! I AM TINY FISTS, AND I AM EVIL! I WILL SUCK THE GLITTERY DUST FROM THIS WORLD AND MAKE IT DARK! WITH MY PARTNER IN CRIME – THE GREAT, THE POWERFUL ... FLAPPY!'



‘We’re still in discussions about the names,’ Crispy whispered quickly to Patricia the producer.

Donna – or Tiny Fists – breathed in, making Fran double over as a stream of glittery dust floated out from somewhere in her beehive.

‘NO!’ Fran cried, clutching her heart and falling through the air, landing with a dramatic thud.

Donna and Julie Jumbo Wings flew off, cackling.

‘I MUST STOP THEM!’ Fran breathed helplessly, trying to get to her feet. ‘I AM THE HERO! THE LEGEND! YOU ALL WANT TO BUY THE LIMITED-EDITION PICTURES OF MY FACE! I AM ... THE ME!’ She limply flopped back on to a star and the stage lights went out.

‘And cut,’ Crispy said flatly. ‘Good scene, everyone.’

‘This is going to be huge,’ Patricia the producer said, clapping excitedly as Fran got to her feet and bowed.

‘She keeps adding the bit about the pictures of her face,’ Crispy moaned.

‘NOT. NOW. CRISPY,’ Fran said. ‘Let’s not

interrupt Patricia the producer's adoring clapping.'

'I've moved your show forward to tonight – we have a big gap in the schedule because Washy Cat has been balded.'

'Balded?' Fran said, blinking.

'Someone did a shave spell near the Washy Cat costume. There's not a hairy thing left in the costume cupboard.'

Fran bit her lip. 'Oh dear ... who would do a thing like that?'

Crispy's mouth fell open and she raised a finger towards Fran. 'It was yo–'

Fran flew straight at her and knocked her off the set. 'Crispy! *Clumsy little thing*.'

'We'll go live in a few hours,' Patricia the producer said, pacing excitedly. 'You'll need extra lights for the set, it's getting dark. Be ready. Nothing must go wrong.'

'Obviously not,' Fran said, not knowing that five minutes deeper into the forest, the stage was set for something to go very wrong indeed.

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