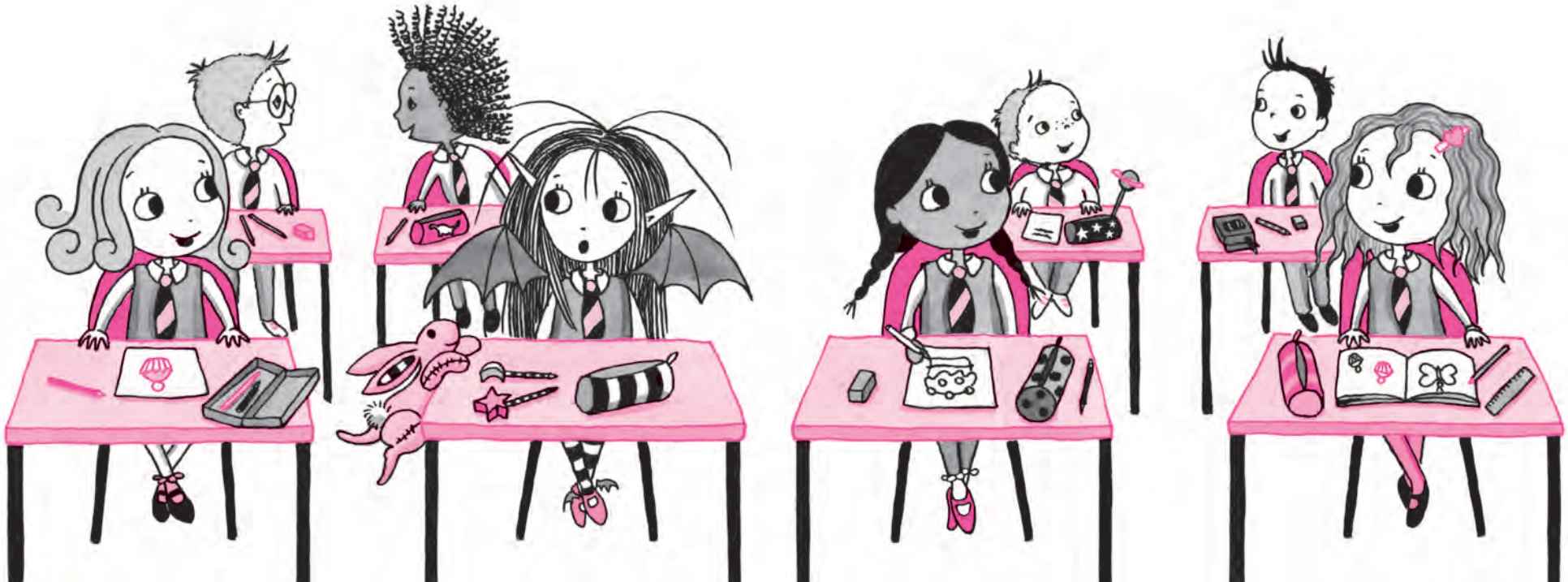
'I watch it every week.'

'The winners,' continued Miss Cherry, 'will win tickets to the final of the show. You'll get to be in the audience and watch it in real life!'

'Eeee!' squealed Zoe, next to me. The class all started to chatter excitedly—everyone except me. I didn't know anything about *Sponge and Sprinkles*. I don't even have a TV at home.

My mum is a fairy, you see—she loves being out in nature, and can't understand why humans like to 'sit in front of boxes with moving pictures on them'.



And even if we did have a TV, I would only be able to watch *Sponge and Sprinkles* while Dad was out of the house. For him, it would be a horror show. He is a vampire, and finds all food disgusting unless it is red.

'You will need to partner up,' said Miss Cherry. 'And try to bake the most spectacular cake you can! The best bake will win the tickets. You have all weekend to make your cakes, and I will judge them on Monday morning.'

'Eeee,' squealed Zoe again. 'This is so exciting! Isadora, you'll be my partner, won't you?'

'Of course,' I said, delighted. Zoe is

my best friend, apart from Pink Rabbit. He used to be my favourite stuffed toy, but my mum magicked him alive with her wand.

'I've got a good idea,' said Zoe. 'Why don't you come to my house on Saturday? We can bake the cake and then have a sleepover. It will be so fun. We can sleep in the same room and tell ghost stories and have a secret midnight feast!'

