

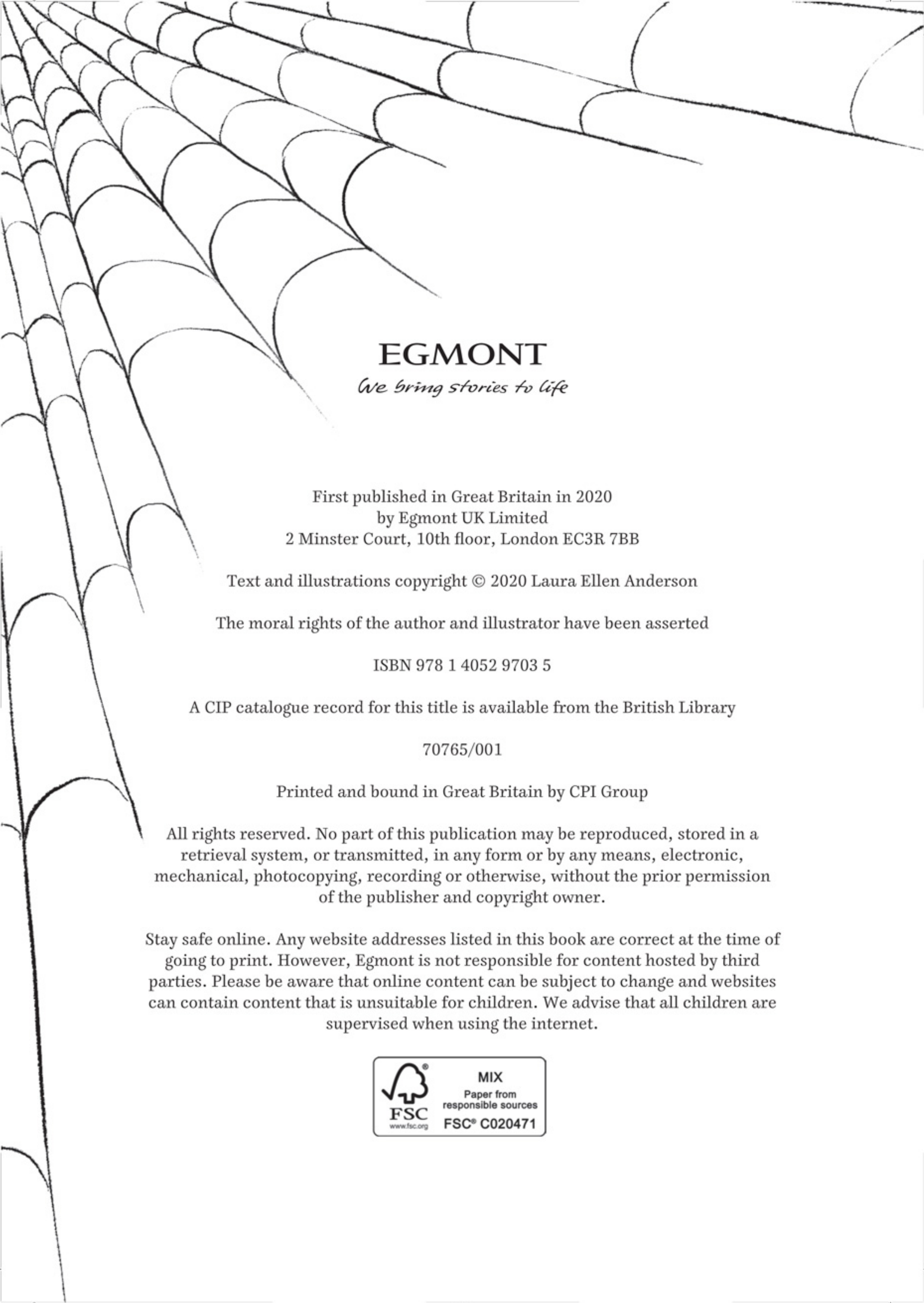
AMELIA FANG

and the
NAUGHTY CATICORNS

LAURA ELLEN ANDERSON



EGMONT



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Ghoulish Greetings!



LIKES:
Her special pumpkin ornament
Making shows with friends

DISLIKES:
The thought of being
a terrible sister

LIKES:
Opera singing
Wearing Countess
Frivoleeta's shoes

DISLIKES:
Pumpy being in danger
Losing precious shoes

TANGINE



AND PUMPY

LIKES:
Unicornelius Pine toys
Prancing in a tutu

DISLIKES:
Naughty caticorns
Disrespecting Unicornelius Pine



LIKES:
Putrid pancakes
Spreading toe jam with
his scythe

DISLIKES:
Too many creatures crying
Things making him jump





LIKES:
Helping Amelia and friends
His motorcycle helmet
collection

DISLIKES:
Being vacuumed up
Being frozen in a jar

LIKES:
Dancing and climbing around
Playing music and drawing

DISLIKES:
Being ignored
Bring given new toys



LIKES:
Her messenger crow 'Monroe'
Her business 'Manors &
Morgues'

DISLIKES:
Cheap stockings
Being disturbed when counting





 CHAPTER 1

DROP BREAD GORGEOUS

It was a delightfully dreary Saturday evening. Amelia Fang munched on a bowl of Unlucky Arms cereal with her two best friends, Florence and Grimaldi. The big fluffy yeti and tiny grim reaper were staying over at the Fang Mansion for a weekend of frightful fun.



‘O.M.GENIES!’ cried Florence, picking up the box of Unlucky Arms. ‘YOU CAN WIN A LIMITED EDITION UNICORNELIUS PINE TOY?!’

Grimaldi Reaperton gasped and almost choked on his putrid pancake. ‘I LOVE Unicornelius Pine of Rainbow River!’

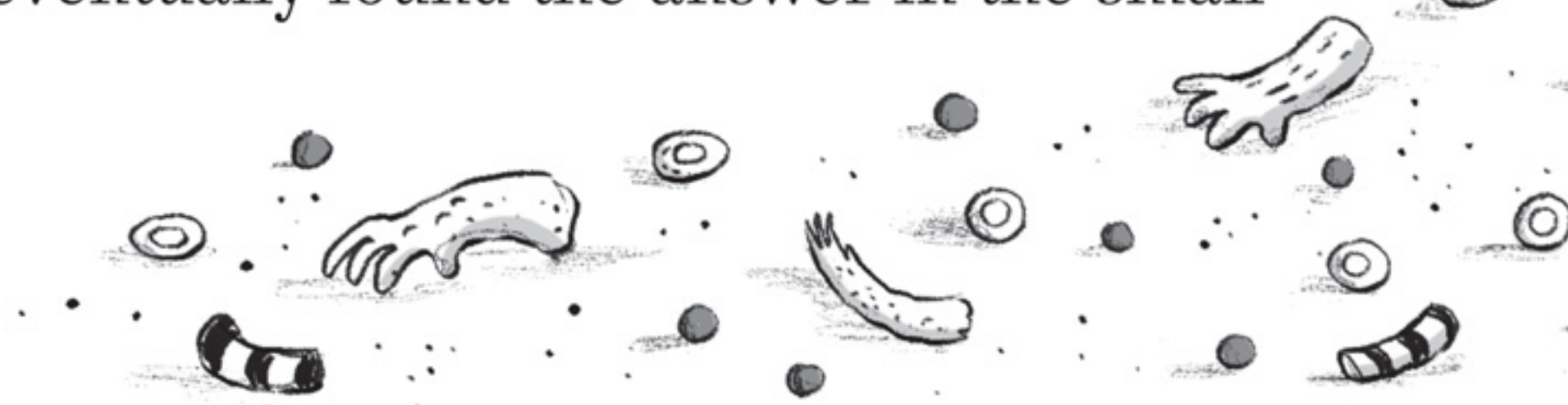
he spluttered. 'I've watched ALL the episodes on Deathflix, and Grimama says she'll get me a Unicornelius Pine jumper if I pass my Toad Trials this Halloween!'

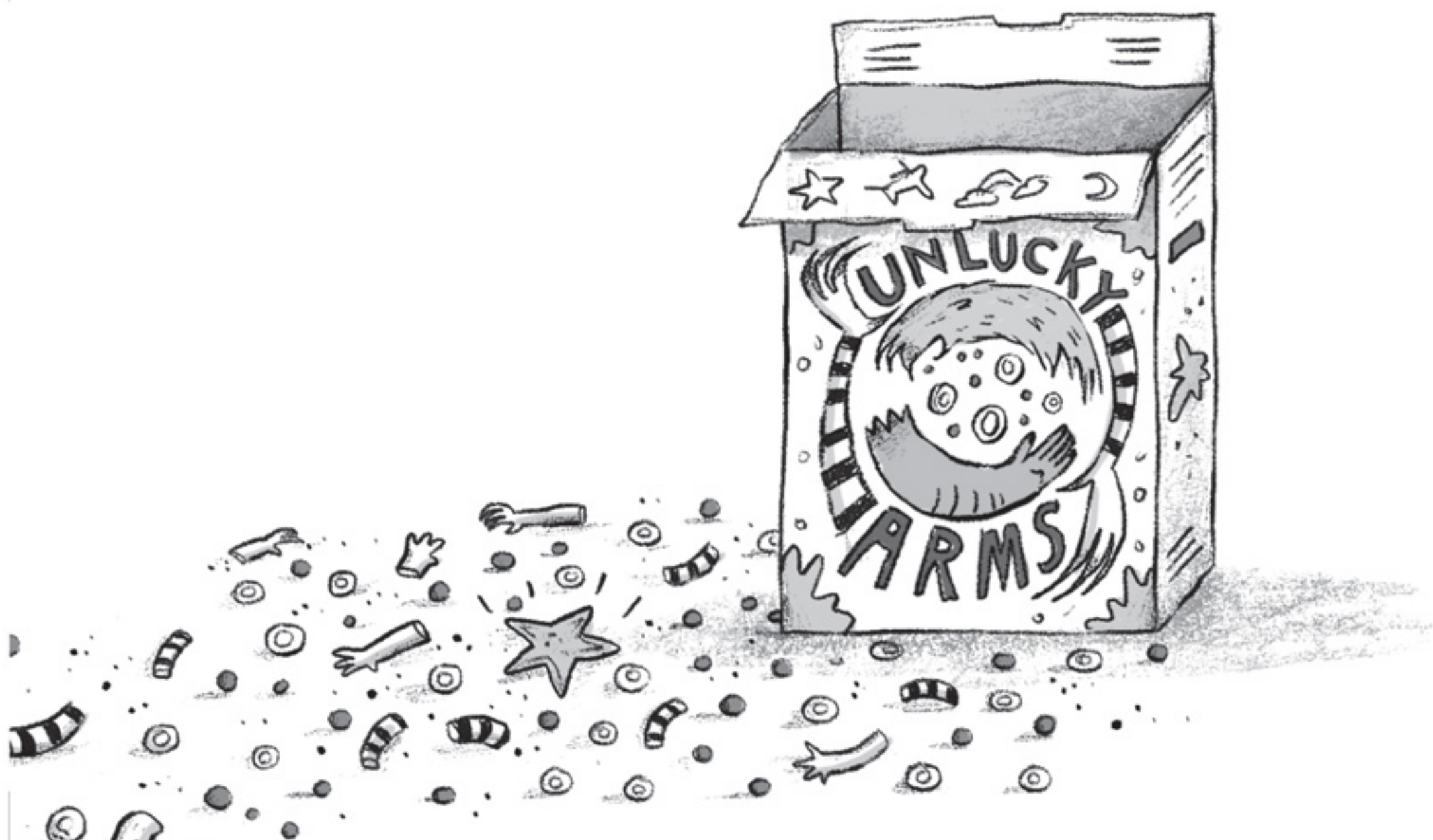
Amelia read the back of the packet. '*To win your very own Unicornelius Pine toy, all YOU have to do is find a silver unicorn horn in your cereal box . . .*'

Florence grabbed the box and tipped the whole thing upside down. Green and blue arm-shaped cereal scattered across the tabletop and on to the floor. Amongst it all, just next to Grimaldi's plate, glimmered something small and shiny. Florence gasped and lurched forward, grabbing the tiny object.

'THAT'S NO 'ORN! IT'S A STAR,' said Florence, looking dejected. 'WHAT DO YOU GET WITH A STAR?'

Amelia studied the back of the cereal box and eventually found the answer in the small





print. *'If you find the precious star, then SMILE. It's YOURS, because Unicornelius Pine thinks you are ALL stars!'*

Grimaldi smiled. 'We're staaaars!' he said gleefully. 'That's the best prize ever!'

'I FINK I MIGHT VOMIT,' said Florence flatly. 'I DON'T WANNA BE TOLD I'M SHINY AN' AMAZING. I WANT THE TOY.' She hurrumphed and carried on munching handfuls of cereal straight from the table.

‘So, what do you guys want to do first?’ asked Amelia. ‘Maybe we could take Squashy for a bounce to the Pumpkin Patch? I’ve heard there are lots of baby pumpkins sprouting up at the moment!’ Amelia’s pet pumpkin, Squashy, wagged his stalk enthusiastically at this idea.

‘Speaking of babies,’ said Grimaldi, ‘how much longer until your new brother or sister arrives?’

‘Hopefully th—’ Amelia began, before being cut off by a very familiar voice.

‘The toilet seat STILL ISN’T SHINY ENOUGH!’ Countess Frivoleeta’s shrill voice echoed through the Fang Mansion.

Amelia flinched. ‘Hopefully the baby will be here soon,’ she continued in a hushed voice. ‘Now Mum’s expecting a baby, she’s acting so *weird*. She won’t stop eating Foot Fudge and she never even liked it before! And then one

minute she's all happy and laughing, and the next she's crying. And NOTHING is shiny enough any more. *NOTHING!*

Grimaldi shot an anxious look at his slightly toe-jam-smeared and not-very-shiny scythe blade.

Amelia gave an excitable wriggle. 'But I REALLY hope the baby hurries up because I can't wait to be a big sister!'

'THAT'S WELL EXCITING!' bellowed Florence through a mouthful of breakfast. 'I WISH I 'AD A LITTLE BRUVVA OR SISTER. I'D TEACH 'EM 'OW TO BE THE BEST PRANCER IN THE KINGDOMS!' Even though Florence was huge, she pranced as if she were as light as a feather. It was a very impressive sight.

'If I had a little grim-brother or sister, I'd teach them how to sweep up dead toads without leaving a slimy mess,' said Grimaldi,

spreading some more toe jam on to his putrid pancake.

‘NICE,’ said Florence with a grimace. ‘AN’ YOU JUST USED THE SAME SCYTHER FOR SPREADING JAM THAT YOU USE TO SWEEP UP SQUISHED TOADS!’

‘I cleaned it on my cloak hood first,’ said Grimaldi, gazing innocently at Florence.

Amelia chuckled. ‘I can’t wait to introduce my baby brother or sister to you guys!’ she said. Squashy *pa-doinged* into Amelia’s lap and blew a raspberry.

