ISADORA MOON

Makes Winter Magic



Half vampire, half fairy, totally unique!

Harriet Muncaster

Chapter ONE

It was a cold and frosty Monday morning and I was making my way to school with Pink Rabbit hopping along beside me. It was so chilly that I could see frozen spiderwebs twinkling in the morning sunshine, and, when I breathed, white clouds puffed into the air. That is why we were both wearing our knitted scarves and

woolly hats with bobbles on them. Of course, Pink Rabbit doesn't really feel the cold because he is made of stuffing, but he still likes to dress up. He used to be my favourite cuddly toy but my mum magicked him alive for me with her wand. She can do things like that because she is a fairy!



When we got to school I could see that there was something very interesting happening in the middle of the classroom because all my friends were gathered there in a little group.

'Oliver's having a party!' said Bruno, waving a colourful invitation around in the air. 'Ice-skating!'

'Ooh!' said Zoe, craning to see. 'I've never been ice-skating before!'

'Me neither!' I said excitedly. 'I can't wait!'

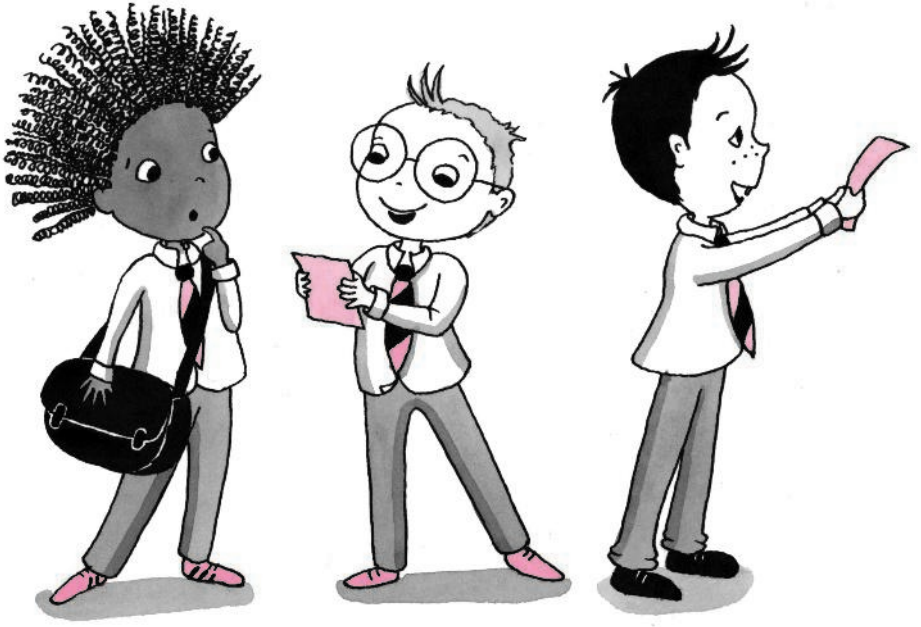
But after a few minutes we realized that Oliver had already handed out all his invitations and now he was standing there looking a bit flustered. His cheeks

had gone bright red.

'I'm sorry,' he said, shrugging. 'I was only allowed to invite three friends. Ice-skating is expensive.'

'Oh,' said Zoe disappointedly.

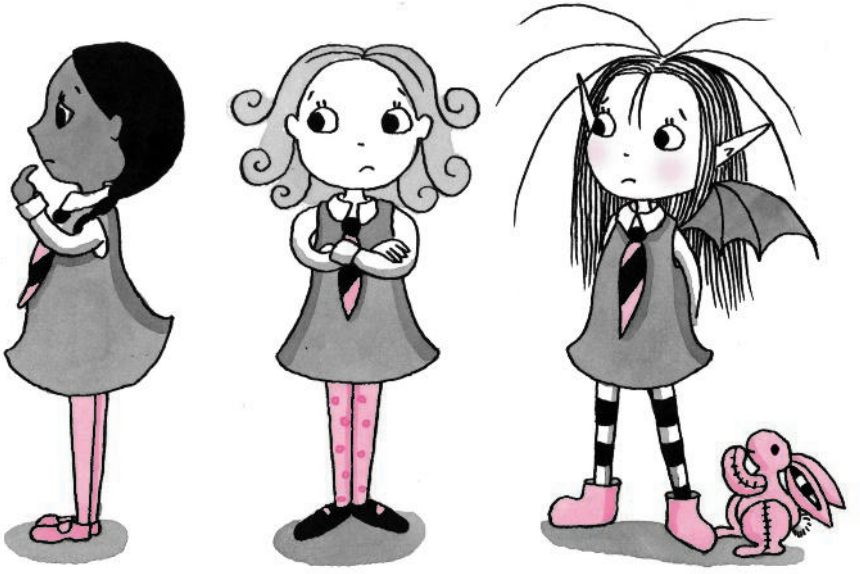
'That's a shame,' said Sashi, trying not to sound hurt.



I stared down at the floor and didn't say anything. My cheeks were burning and I felt embarrassed for thinking that I would be invited.

'I really am sorry,' said Oliver. 'I wish I could have invited everybody!'

'Don't worry,' said Zoe, patting him



on the arm. 'We understand.'

'Yes,' agreed Sashi. 'We do! Don't we, Isadora?'

'Of course!' I squeaked quickly.



For the rest of the day I tried very hard not to think about Oliver's party, but by the time I got home in the afternoon it was still on my mind.

'What's the matter?' Mum asked as she put my peanut-butter sandwich snack down in front of me. 'You're very quiet today.'

'Too quiet,' said Dad, yawning. He had just woken up. My dad is a vampire so

he sleeps through the day and stays up all night.

'It's nothing,' I said.

'Nothing!' said Dad. 'Rubbish! If it was nothing you would have eaten all of that disgusting peanut-butter sandwich by now!' Dad thinks all food is gross unless it is red.



'Well,' I began. 'It's just that my friend Oliver is having a party. And he didn't invite me.'

'That's a shame,' said Mum, who was busy mashing up an avocado for my baby sister, Honeyblossom. 'But you know, we can't all be invited to everything, I'm afraid.'

'Mum's right,' agreed Dad. 'Don't take it personally, Isadora. I'm sure Oliver didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings.'

'I know,' I said. 'I'm sure he didn't. I just feel a bit disappointed. He's going ice-skating! I've never been ice-skating before. I would love to try it.'

'Ah!' said Mum. 'My sister and I used

to have such fun ice-skating on magical ice rinks in the forest clearing. Nature is so beautiful when it's all twinkly and frosty!'

'Aunt Crystal, you mean?' I said.

'Yes,' said Mum. 'She used to magic the most amazing ice rinks for us with her wand. Her speciality is ice magic, remember? Because she was born in the winter.'

'I know,' I said. 'She's a snow fairy. I wish you were a sparkly snow fairy, Mum!'

'I don't!' said Dad, wrapping his cape tightly about him. 'Brr!'

'I much prefer being



a summer fairy,' said Mum. 'Flowers and sunshine are my speciality!' She started to spoon the mashed avocado into Honeyblossom's mouth and Honeyblossom spat it right out again.

'Thinking about it,' said Mum, 'we haven't seen Aunt Crystal for a long time. Maybe I should invite her over for the weekend?'



‘Really?’ said Dad, wrapping his cape even more tightly around himself. ‘Must we? She makes the house so *cold*.’

‘Yes!’ said Mum firmly. ‘It’s important to see family. I’ll give her a call on the crystal ball later. You can always hug a hot-water bottle.’

‘Humph,’ said Dad.

‘Woo hoo!’ I said.