THE WARRIOR IN MY WARDROBE

MORE MISADVENTURES OF MERDYN THE WILD!

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For Edie

CHAPTER ONE

SIBLINGS FALL OUT AND ROSE HAS SELF-DOUBT

Rose Falvey was in the garden shed at 23 Daffodil Close, Bashingford, tending to an injured parrot. It had been a year since Merdyn the Wild had gone back to the Dark Ages and since then her makeshift veterinary clinic had cured countless dogs, cats, hamsters and tortoises of various minor ailments and injuries using Rose's newfound magic powers. She used a pinecone spell so that the animals could talk to her and tell her what was wrong.

Her best friend and chief scientist Tamsin helped her out and nothing gave them greater pleasure than seeing a stricken pet walk out on their feet/paws. All they asked of the animals' owners was a voluntary donation to pay for the herbs they needed for spells (the type of magic Rose was capable of required a chanted spell PLUS a liberal scattering of herbs). School was going well, the vet

clinic was going well, she had a cool, brainy best friend – everything in Rose's life was tickety-boo. There was only one problem. A problem that reared its ugly head (or pretty head, I should say) the very Saturday morning that you, our reader, joins this story. The problem was . . .

KRIS.

Rose was just mending the parrot's leg with a bone-fixing spell (it had been chased around the front room by the family cat and caught its foot in the fireguard) when she heard an almighty explosion outside in the garden.

She burst out of the shed door to find her older brother Kris standing in the middle of the lawn performing some sort of magic show to twenty or so of his annoying schoolfriends.

"And now for Invisiboy's signature spell!" he crowed.

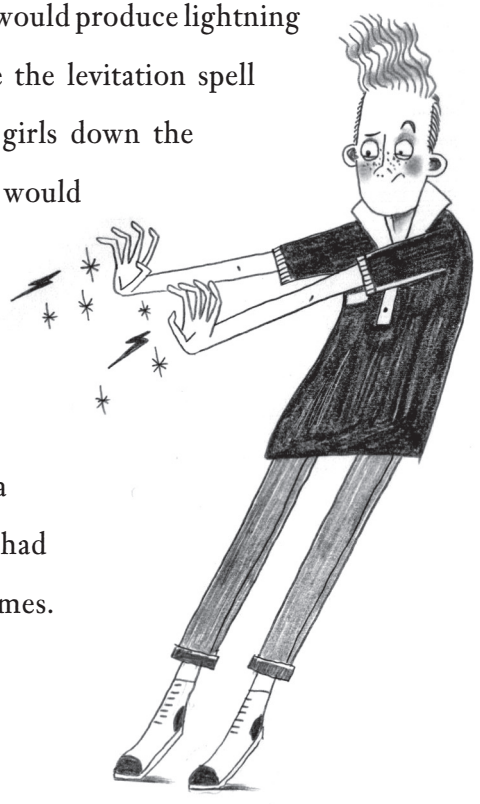
"PASSIFLORA INVISIBLATA!"

Kris then threw dried passion-flower petals over himself and promptly disappeared, much to the audience's delight.

You see, Kris could also do magic. Those of you who

read the last book in this series (and if you haven't, what is WRONG with you?) will know that Rose found out she was related to Merdyn the Wild and so was a W-blood (wizard, witch or warlock). And Kris soon realised that if Rose could do magic, then so could he. How Kris used his powers, however, couldn't have been more different to how Rose used hers.

While Rose used her magic to help injured hedgehogs, Kris used his to help him hog the limelight! He loved to show off. He would produce lightning from his fingers and use the levitation spell to show off in front of girls down the shopping centre. He would make himself invisible to get into football matches and music concerts for free. He'd even started wearing a superhero outfit and had come up with a list of names.



1. LIGHTNING BOY!
2. MAGIC MAN!
3. AMAZITEEN!
4. THE BIG WOW!
5. FANTASTIKID!
6. THE INCREDIBLE KRIS!
7. PSYCHO-KID!
(I don't think he'd thought this one through, do you?)
8. THE BIG HALLOOBY!
(Your guess is as good as mine . . .)
9. FALVEY THE FABULOUS!
10. SUPERBOY!

As Rose watched Kris showing off in the garden that morning, she thought of a more appropriate name for him.

"Oi, Idiotboy!" she called out.

Kris rematerialised in front of the crowd. "It's Invisiboy!" he huffed angrily.

"I don't care who you are, we had a deal, remember? You don't put on stupid magic shows while my vet clinic is open."

"Boo!" A couple of boys shouted at Rose as if it were a pantomime.

"And you lot can shut up and get out of my garden," Rose rasped back at them, not exactly helping to dispel their belief that she was the villain.

"But your dumb vet clinic is ALWAYS open, like ALL weekend!" Kris complained. "So when am I supposed to do my magic shows?"

"I dunno!" Rose said, exasperated. "At school? On the street? Or how about never at all? You shouldn't use magic to entertain; you should use it to help people. With great power comes great responsibility." Rose regretting saying this sentence almost as soon as it had left her mouth. She liked the phrase and she meant it, but it was from the movie *Spider-Man* and she was worried someone might notice.

"That's from *Spider-Man*," said a small kid

with glasses.

"I don't care if it's from the land of the Wizard of Oz!" Rose countered. "Take your magic show elsewhere! I have a parrot's life to save." And with that she stomped angrily into her shed. Kris told his friends to go home and stormed off to his room.

I'm afraid that the event I just described for you had become commonplace in the Falvey household since Merdyn had left. There is no easy way of putting it, dear reader.

THE SIBLINGS WERE AT WAR!

As far as Rose was concerned it was all Kris's fault. He had let his powers go to his head and become a complete hufty tufty*.

For Kris it was Rose who was causing all the problems. Since she'd saved the world from Jerabo the Great and his sneaky son Julian Smith in the battle of Stonehenge, Rose had become no fun at all. All she wanted to do was mend animals and talk about responsibility. Booooring!

Kris was so angry with his sister for spoiling his fun that he had vowed to prove himself better than Rose at

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*An old word for "show off". I told you, you should have read the last book!

magic. And so he came up with new, exciting spells that she couldn't perform. The invisibility spell was one of them, and he had recently perfected a memory-wipe spell.

Rose was furious as she had been trying to perfect that spell for ages but just couldn't get it right. Stupid Kris had mastered it in weeks! Even more annoying was that he wouldn't share it with her. It would have been soooo useful in her vet clinic. She could get cats to forget being traumatised by dogs, and dogs to forget being traumatised by cats. But would Kris share it? No. Kris didn't see why he should share it when she wouldn't give him the pinecone spell that Rose used to allow her pet guinea pig, Bubbles, to speak. He wanted to use it on a wasp, which Rose thought was ridiculous (and so did Bubbles).

What annoyed Rose most – although she hated to admit it – was that deep down she knew she just wasn't as good at magic as Kris. I mean, yes, she'd saved the world once, but she had had Merdyn to help her then, the greatest wizard of all time. On her own she was just a mediocre W-blood at best, and she hated Kris for spelling it out (literally) so clearly for her.

Rose's beloved father, who had died a few years ago, had always told Rose that she would do something special with her life, would BE something special. When she found out she could do magic, she'd thought that was it! THIS was what her father had meant! But now Kris could do magic too. Not only that, he could do magic BETTER than her. Well, what made her so special now? Nothing. These were the thoughts that went through her head every night and which would keep her awake until she cried herself to sleep.

"Would you mind keeping the noise down please?" a voice would often pipe up from the cage in the corner of her bedroom. There sat a yellow guinea pig, munching on muesli.

The voice
was from Bubbles,
A beloved pet
who didn't care for troubles.