For vampires, fairies, and humans everywhere!

And for my sparkly Celestine.

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based on original artwork by Harriet Muncaster

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ISADORA MOON

Under the Sea



Harriet Muncaster

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Chapter ONE

It was Saturday morning, and we were all having breakfast in the kitchen when suddenly there was a loud tap-tapping on the window. It made me jump, and I accidentally dropped my toast on the floor! Pink Rabbit bounced onto my lap in alarm. (Pink Rabbit used to be my favourite stuffed toy, but my mum magicked him

alive for me with her wand. She can do things like that because she is a fairy.)

'Bird!' shouted my baby sister Honeyblossom from her high chair, and she pointed her chubby little finger at the window.



'It's a seagull,' said Mum. 'How odd! Seagulls don't usually visit our town; they live by the sea.'

'Don't let it in!' said Dad, hiding behind his vampire cape. 'It will steal my red juice! Seagulls are *notorious* for stealing food.'

My dad is a vampire, and he only eats food if it is red. He is very protective of his red juice.

'The seagull won't be interested in your red juice, Bartholomew,' said Mum, rolling her eyes fondly. 'But I think we SHOULD let it in. It's carrying something in its beak!'

'Ooh, what could it be?' I said,

hugging Pink Rabbit to my chest excitedly until he squirmed for me to let go.

Mum opened the window, and the seagull came flapping into the room. It landed in the middle of the table and dropped a letter right next to the honeypot. Dad immediately swiped his red juice away and hid it under his cape.

'It's for Isadora!' Mum exclaimed.



'Me?!' I squeaked, feeling excited and nervous all at once. Why would a seagull be bringing *me* a letter? I reached out and picked it up, tearing open the envelope. Mum, Dad, and the seagull leaned in to look.

'It's an invitation!' I said, pulling out a beautiful shell-shaped card, studded all over with glinty pearls. 'From my mermaid friend Marina. She wants me to come to her birthday sleepover next Saturday!'



'Ooh!' said Mum. 'How exciting!'

'I do hope I won't have to accompany you,' said Dad, shuddering. 'I hate getting my hair wet.'

'You don't bring your mum and dad with you to a sleepover,' I said. 'I'm supposed to go on my own!'

'On your own?!' said Dad. 'What, all that way to the sea? Under the water?'

I felt my tummy swirl with anxiety.

'I'm sure it will be very safe,' said Mum. 'Marina's parents will be there.'

I stared at the invitation. There was a little section at the bottom with a checkbox where I could tick whether I wanted to attend the party or not. I did

want to attend. But . . . it would be very far away. Last time I went to a sleepover I felt a little bit homesick, but it was only a few roads away at my best friend Zoe's house. Dad was able to visit me during his nightly fly.

'I think you'll have a lovely time,' said Mum. 'Marina says that she'll meet you on the beach and give you another magic necklace to wear so you can breathe underwater.'

'But I won't be able to come home easily if I want to . . .' I said.

'I'm sure you won't want to,' said Mum. 'You'll be having too much fun!'

'Squawk!' went the seagull and tapped

his foot impatiently.

'I think he wants to get back to the beach,' said Mum, handing me a pen.

I took a deep breath and then ticked the box at the bottom of the invitation to say that I would be attending. Mum snipped it off. There—it was done! I couldn't change my mind now. I handed the section with the ticked checkbox back to the seagull who took it in his yellow beak. Then he flapped back up into the air, towards the window, swooping down to snatch up my piece of toast from the floor on his way.

'I told you!' said Dad as the seagull disappeared out of the window. '*Notorious*

for stealing food!'

'Well, I think it was kind of him to fly all this way to deliver an invitation,' said Mum. 'If I'd thought of it in time, I would have magicked him up a cone of chips!'

