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WORDS AND PICTURES BY

JENNY MCLACHLAN







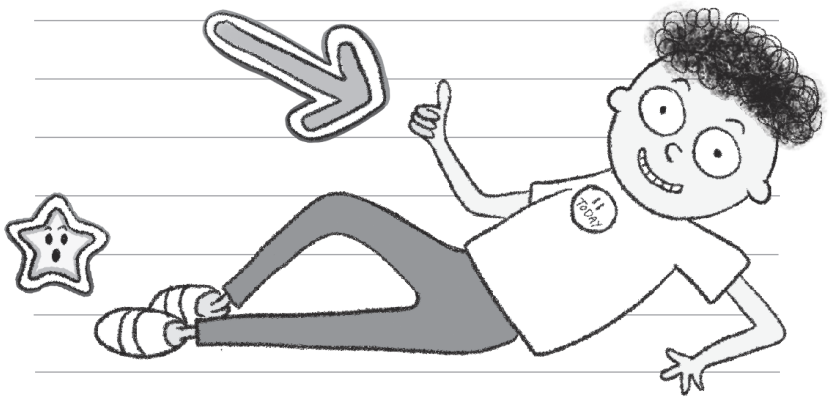


1. STRANGE TUESDAY

Something strange has happened to me.

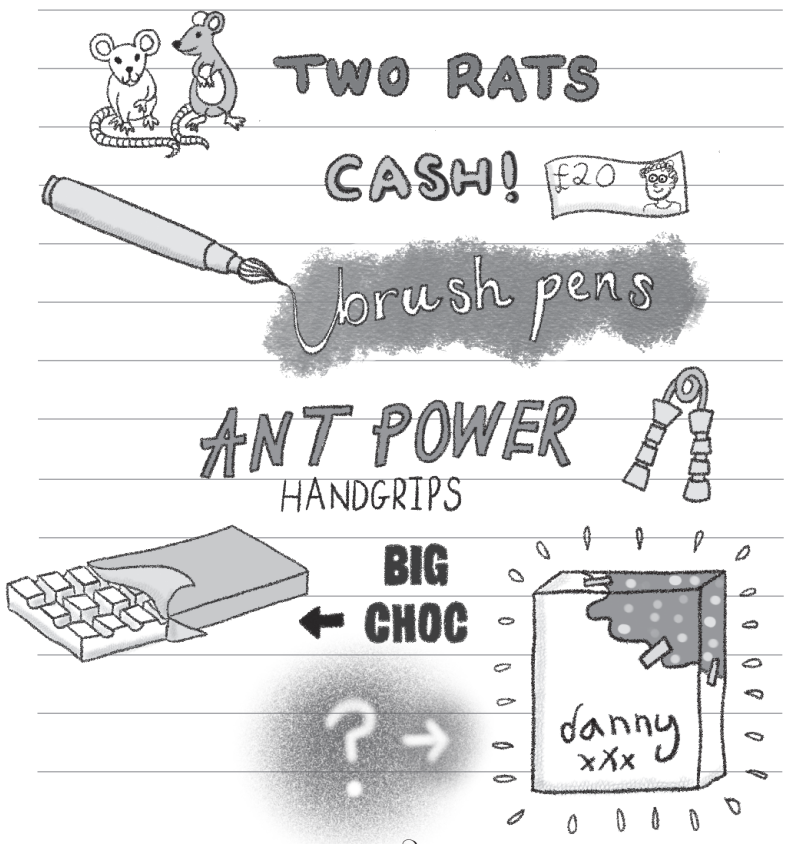
It's so massively strange that I've decided to write this diary so I don't forget a single thing.

If this diary is ever turned into a film (which it probably will be) then the actor who plays me, Danny Todd, needs to be eleven, small (but strong), handsome, good at drawing, funny and look like this.



Right, back to the strange thing.

It began this morning when I went downstairs to open my birthday presents. I got six. Five were good and one was bad. I've put them in a list. I'll let you decide if the list goes from good to bad, or bad to good. P.S. I've kept one of the presents a mystery.



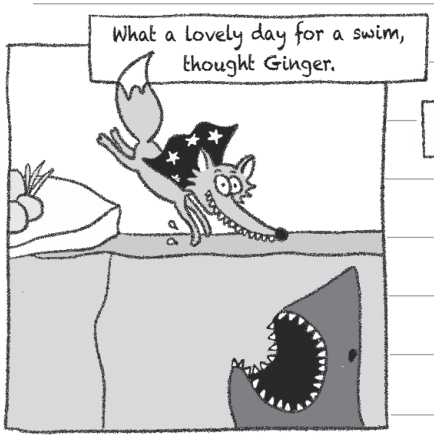
I'm excited about the rats. I've wanted rats for ages and now I've got two. I've called them Tony and Noah because Mum will only let us have pets if we give them human names.

Cash is always good.

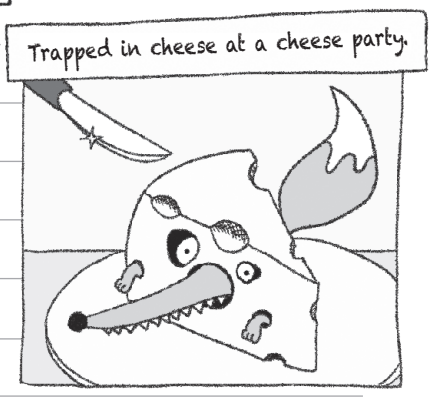
The brush pens are amazing because I draw cartoons about a fox called Mystic Ginger who wears a cloak.

Every one of my Mystic Ginger cartoons ends up with Mystic Ginger about to die in a terrible way.

Like this . . .



Or this . . .



I got the hand grips so I can get muscly fists before I start secondary school. I actually wanted **DEADLY VIPER HAND GRIPS** like my best friend Kabir, but Dad says mine are better because ants have a better grip than vipers (plus, I looked on Amazon and they were ten pounds cheaper).

The massive bar of chocolate was from my mean-but-boring big-sister, Jasmine.



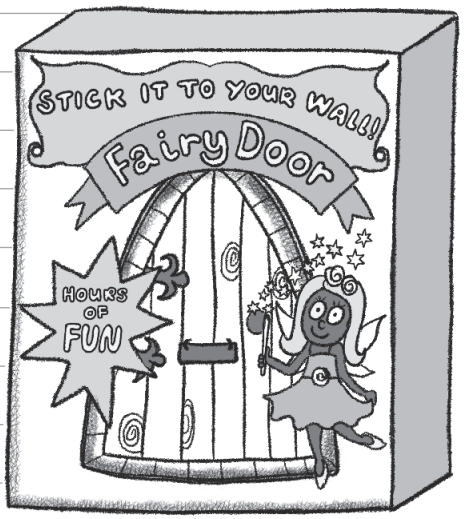


The mystery present was from my kind-but-wild little sister, Sophie.

'Got you this, Danny,' she said then she threw a badly wrapped present at my face. She can't help her wrapping or her throwing – she's only three – but Mum and Dad should have supervised her present buying.

Because when I ripped off the paper I discovered Sophie had got me this.

That's right. A fairy door. You're supposed to stick it to your bedroom wall and it does . . . absolutely nothing. It just looks like you've got a fairy door stuck to your bedroom wall.



'Oh great,' I said, sarcastically. 'Just what I've always wanted . . . *NOT*.'

Mum told me off for being mean, but we all knew Sophie had chosen a present for herself.

Before I could take the fairy door out of its box and see if the little letter box opened, Sophie snatched it out of my hands and ran upstairs with it, cackling like a witch.

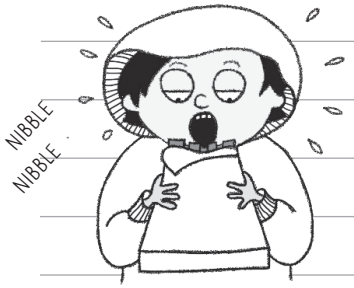
Mum, Dad and Jasmine thought this was

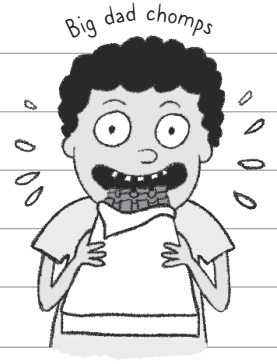
really funny, but I told them I was one present down now, and they owed me another one.

Mum said I was spoilt and to teach me a lesson she ate a row of my chocolate bar.



Then I said that I was TWO presents down so Dad and Jasmine both ate a row of my chocolate bar.

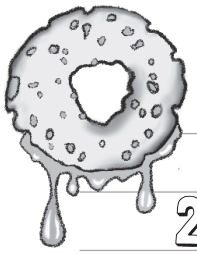




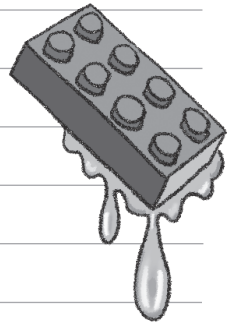
I shut up after that.

I spent the rest of the day eating chocolate, training Tony and Noah and giving myself fists like Iron Man.

Then IT happened. The strange thing and the reason I'm writing this diary.

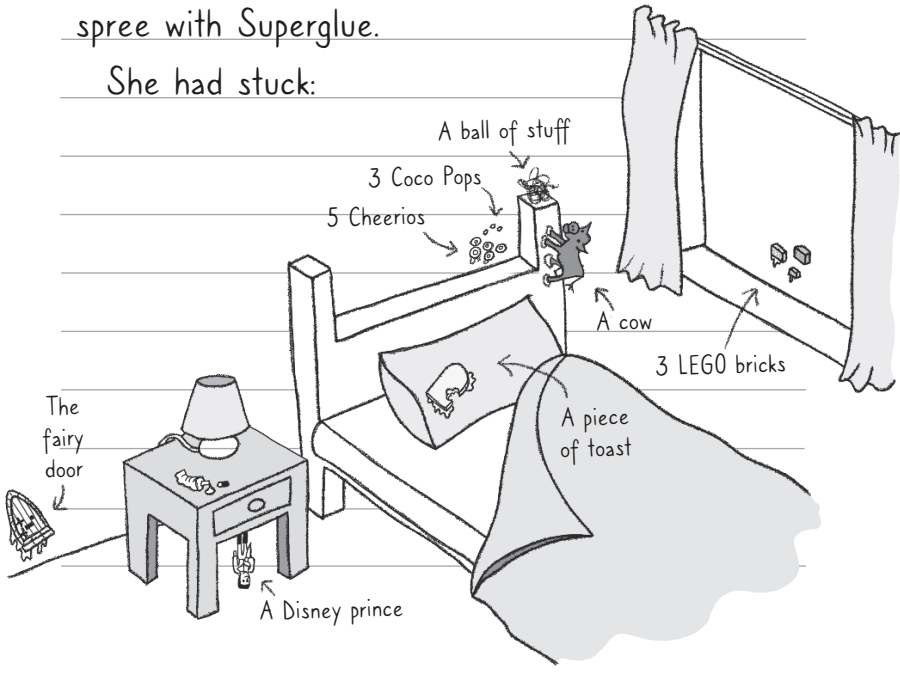


2. SOPHIE AND THE GLUE



I was using my new powerfully strong fists to carry Tony and Noah's cage into my bedroom when I discovered Sophie had been on a sticking spree with Superglue.

She had stuck:



Not only had she stuck the fairy door to my bedroom wall she'd stuck a load of other stuff too and she'd done it really badly.

She hadn't even fled the scene of the crime. She was crouched down next to the fairy door and whispering into the tiny letter box, 'Hello, fairy . . . are you in there?'

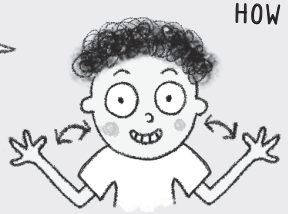
I was so angry I did something mean.



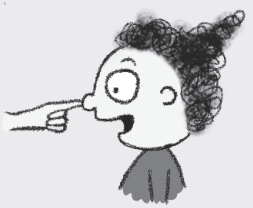


This is what I did . . .

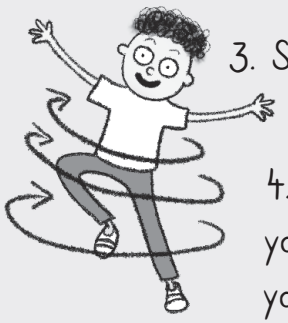
HOW TO SUMMON A FAIRY



1. Slap your cheeks



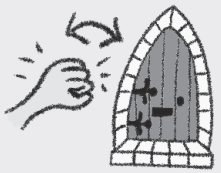
2. Prod sister's nose



3. Spin around three times



4. Scrunch up your face like you're doing a poo (but don't actually do a poo)



5. Knock on the fairy door

6. Say the magic rhyme



Oh fairy, oh fairy, oh fairy who eats jam. Step through the door and meet a boy called Dan.

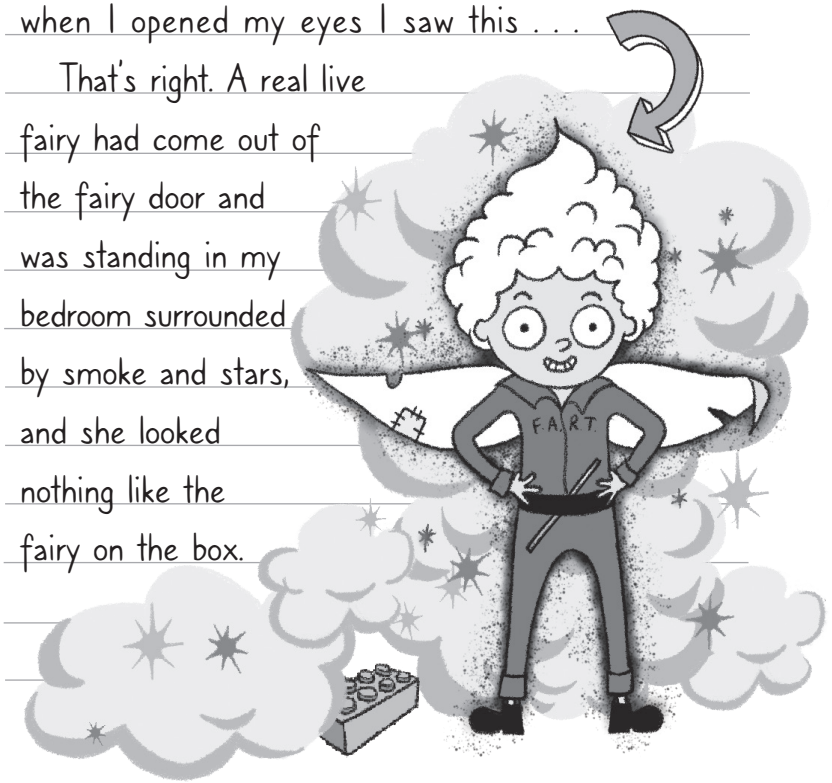
I know, it was a rubbish rhyme, but I was making it up on the spot.

Sophie got so excited that she made her hands go like a starfish and she started panting like our dog, Frida. She looked so funny that I started laughing.

And that's when the fairy door exploded off the wall and hit me in the face.

I fell to the ground clutching my nose and when I opened my eyes I saw this . . .

That's right. A real live fairy had come out of the fairy door and was standing in my bedroom surrounded by smoke and stars, and she looked nothing like the fairy on the box.



Suddenly the smoke and stars were sucked through the hole in the wall. Then the fairy picked up the door and used her wand to screw it back into place. Then she turned and ran towards me and half-flew, half-scrabbled up my body until she was fluttering in front of my face.



'I belong to YOU, Boy,' she said, poking me in the forehead with her wand. 'You are my master and I will stay by your side until you DIE!'

'But, but, but . . . I don't want you!' I shouted.

'Not true. You said I was gorgeous and smelled of sweets!'

'I was being sarcastic!' I whimpered.

'Tough,' she said. 'If you didn't want me you shouldn't have called me out of Fairyland using the ancient humany-fairy-sacred-ritual and done all those magic words, should you?'

'But I made them all up!' I said, and then I started to cry because for some reason the fairy had decided to jab her wand into my nose again and again.

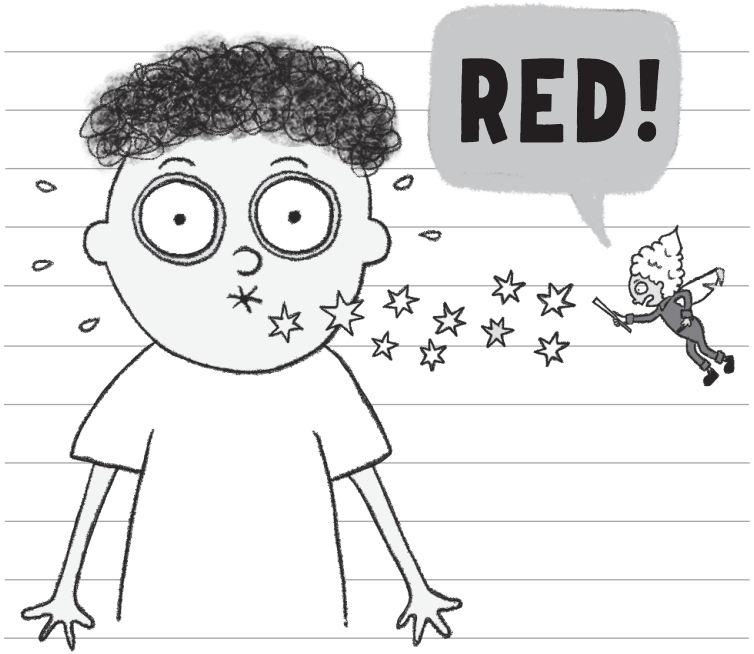


For the record, Sophie wasn't looking scared or crying. No, she was gazing at the fairy with a look of total love on her face.

At this point I decided to do what I always do when I'm scared or need something.



Quick as a flash, the fairy whipped out her wand and shouted,



Stars exploded, I tasted strawberry laces and then my lips glued together.

Next the fairy zoomed close to my eyes and hissed, 'Do anything else, Boy, and I'll BITE you!'

So I ran towards the door and she bit me.

3. The Biting

During all this Sophie did nothing <u>*AT ALL*</u> to help me. She just sat there with her mouth hanging open like she does when she watches *Timmy Time*.

If Sophie had wanted to help me she could have squashed that fairy in one of her sticky fists.

The fairy nibbled my ear like it was a corn on the cob. Luckily for me she's got a small mouth and even smaller teeth.

