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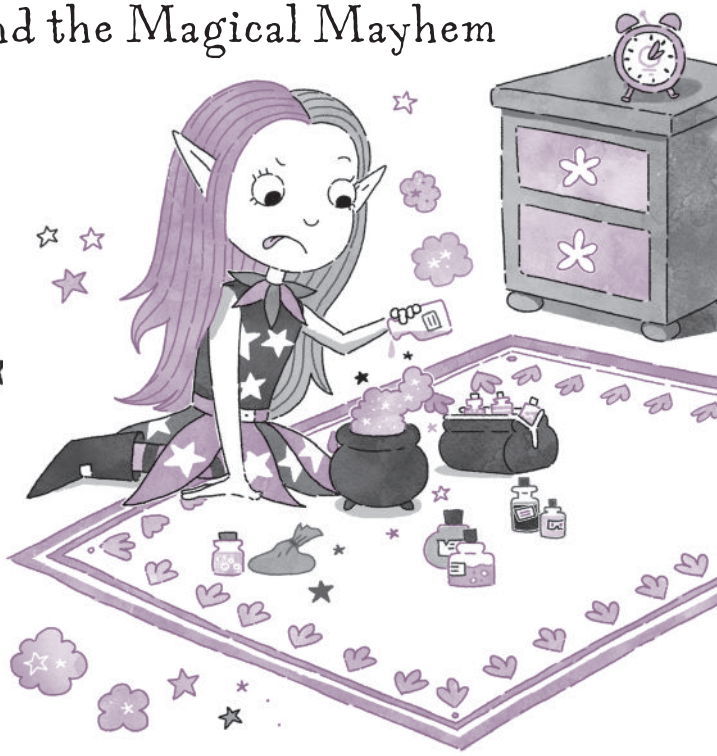
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From the world of ISADORA MOON

MIRABELLE

and the Magical Mayhem



Harriet Muncaster

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Chapter ONE

It was the first day of the summer holidays and Wilbur and I were feeling VERY excited. We were on our way to stay with our fairy grandparents—Granny and Grandpa Starspell! It was going to be the first time we had ever stayed at their house without Mum and Dad and it felt like an exciting adventure! Mum

had even bought me a new pair of frog-patterned pyjamas for the occasion. They were folded up neatly in my suitcase which Dad was carrying in his hand as we flew through the sky towards Glimmerview Fairy Village. It was easier for Dad to carry both my and Wilbur's suitcases as



he is a full fairy and has wings! Wilbur and I didn't inherit Dad's fairy wings—we're both more witchy like Mum, so we were both on our broomsticks instead. Suitcases can be awkward to carry on broomsticks as they swing around a lot!



'We're almost there!' said Dad excitedly as the clouds in the sky began to turn a fluffy pink colour like candyfloss and the roads below became empty of cars. Cars are not allowed in Glimmerview Fairy Village.

'Oh look!' cried Dad. 'There's the stream! I used to have such fun playing in the stream with my fairy friends when I was a boy. *Well-behaved* fun of course! We made flower garlands for each other, picked delicious fresh wild fruit, and had swimming races every day in the summer holidays. The sun was *always* shining. Oh, we did have such marvellous times! It was absolutely idyllic!'



Wilbur and I glanced at each other and rolled our eyes. Dad *loves* to go on about the wonderful childhood he had in Glimmerview, surrounded by nature. He also likes to point out that he was a very well-behaved child—unlike me.

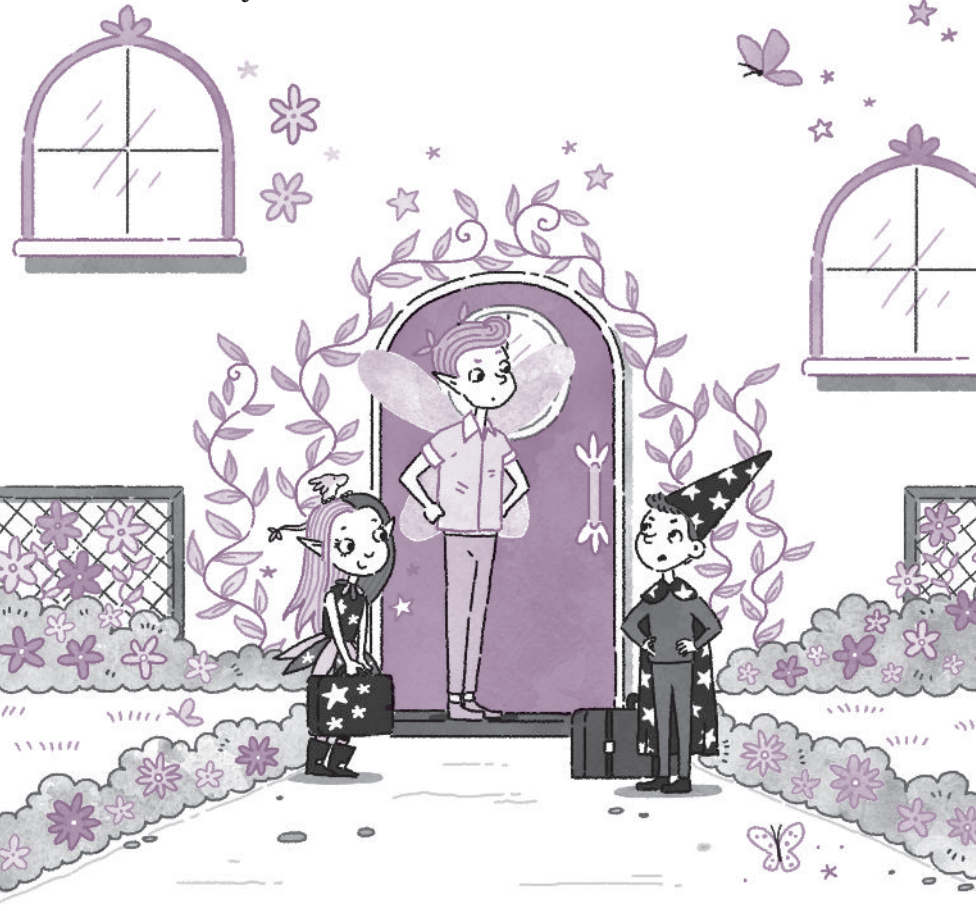
'And look,' continued Dad, pointing, 'there's Granny and Grandpa's house!'

'Oh yes!' I said, feeling excitement bubble up inside me again. There it was! A giant toadstool, standing in the middle of a beautiful flowery garden.

Dad landed by the front door of the giant toadstool and Wilbur and I landed next to him. Dad reached out to press the doorbell but before he did, he suddenly

seemed to have second thoughts.

'Mirabelle, Wilbur,' he said, turning round to face us, 'you *do* promise that you will be good at Granny and Grandpa's, don't you?' he asked.



Wilbur looked offended.

'I'm *always* good!' he said indignantly.

'I er . . . was really talking to Mirabelle,' said Dad, staring right into my eyes. 'You do promise to be on your best *fairy* behaviour don't you Mirabelle? You know Granny and Grandpa Starspell don't like mess or mischief, and mess and mischief *do* seem to follow you around!'

'Of *course* I'll be good!' I said to Dad. And I meant it! I really didn't want my lovely fairy grandparents to think badly of me. I was planning to be sweet and helpful and *fairyish*. I was sure being more fairy would impress them!

'And you know they don't like *any*

magic being used without supervision,' said Dad.

'I *know*!' I said, 'I won't do any magic without asking Granny or Grandpa first! I promise!'

'Good,' smiled Dad, looking relieved.

I smiled back feeling only a *tiny* bit guilty. He didn't know that I had put my travelling potion kit into my suitcase. I wasn't planning to *use* it of course! I just liked to have it with me. I have always felt more witch than fairy and I don't like going anywhere without some witch magic—*just in case*! My travelling potion





kit is my lucky charm!

Dad pressed the doorbell and a pretty tinkly tune played out throughout the house. Wilbur and I shuffled impatiently on the doorstep as we heard footsteps coming towards us from inside.

'My sugarplums!' cried Granny when she opened the door. She opened her arms wide and squashed us both into a hug. She smelt of talcum powder and roses and her pale purple hair had been coiffed into neat curls. Grandpa stood next to her, beaming down at Wilbur and me. He was small and neat just like Granny, with a pink pointed beard that had been decorated artfully with stars.



‘Come in, come in!’ cried Granny. ‘Alvin, you will come in for a cup of tea before you fly off won’t you?’

‘Of course, Mummy,’ said Dad. ‘Let *me* make it.’

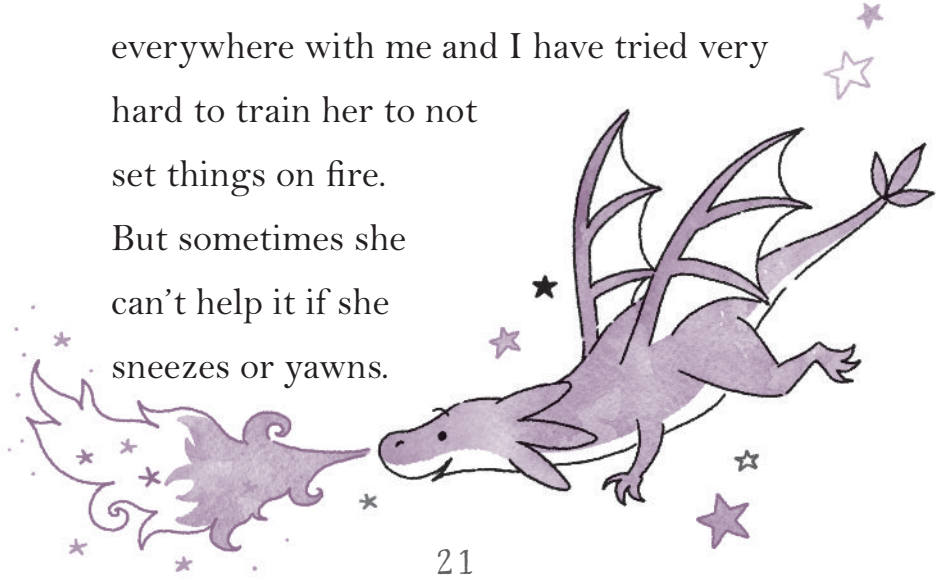
Granny led us into the little kitchen of the toadstool house. As we went through the hallway I smiled as I saw family photographs arranged all over the walls. There was Mum and Dad’s wedding photo!



And there was one of me with my cousins, Isadora and Honeyblossom.



When we got to the kitchen, we all sat down at the table which was covered with a pretty lacy tablecloth. It looked so clean! I didn't like to touch it just in case I got grubby fingerprints on it. I put my hands in my lap instead and stroked my little pet dragon, Violet, feeling a bit nervous about her making any scorch marks around the house. Violet comes everywhere with me and I have tried very hard to train her to not set things on fire. But sometimes she can't help it if she sneezes or yawns.



Dad put a cup of rose-blossom tea down in front of us all and I sipped mine carefully, being extra careful not to spill any over the side of the cup. Granny and Grandpa sat opposite, asking loads of questions about school. I was just telling them about my teacher, Miss Spindlewick, when I felt something silky brush against my legs.



‘Eee!’ I squealed, and slopped some of my tea onto the table cloth, leaving a bright pink stain on the spotless lace. Oh no! I felt my cheeks turn bright red.

Dad stared pointedly at me and frowned. He waved his wand to make the stain disappear before Granny and Grandpa noticed. Luckily they were now busy talking to Wilbur about wizard school.

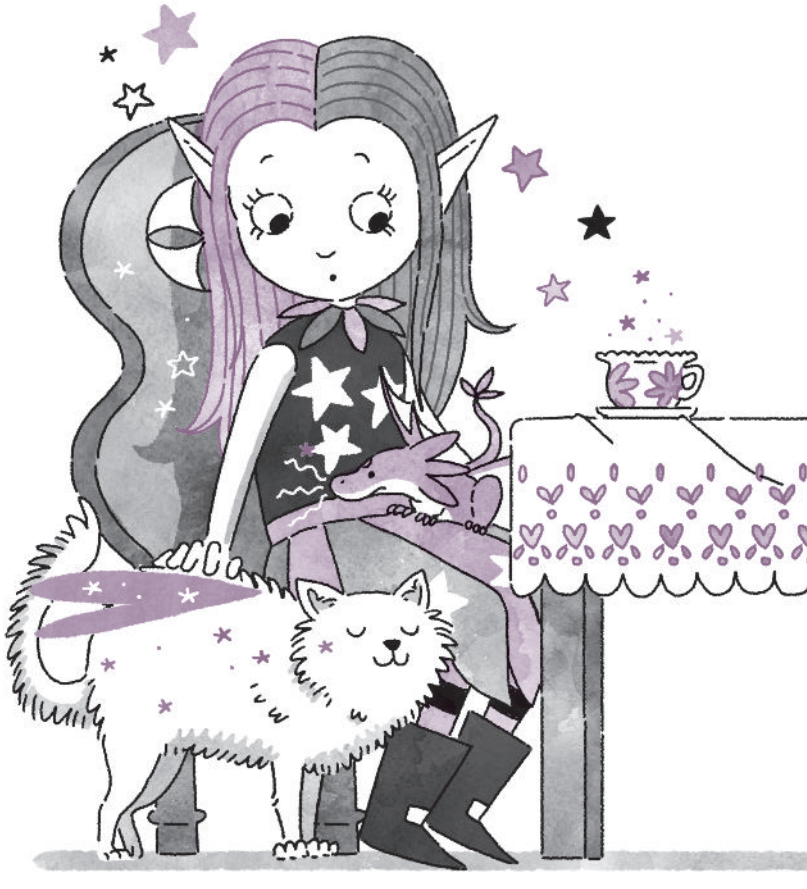


‘It was an accident!’ I mouthed.

I peered under the table to see who it was who had caused me to spill my tea, and I saw a big fluffy white cat with fairy wings looking up at Violet suspiciously.

‘That’s Snowspell,’ said Granny. ‘We adopted her recently. She’s quite old. She can’t fly any more. She likes to sleep a lot.’

‘Hello Snowspell,’ I said, reaching out my hand to stroke her. I felt Violet tense on my lap. Violet does not really like it when I pet other animals. She gave a little snort and a couple of purple sparks shot out of her snout, landing on my dress and leaving two tiny black burn marks.



I snatched my hand back up, feeling my throat tighten. *What if the sparks had landed somewhere else in Granny and Grandpa's perfect, pristine house?*

‘I think I’ll go and unpack my suitcase,’ I said hurriedly, sliding off my chair and holding Violet tightly to my chest.

‘Me too!’ said Wilbur, jumping off his chair and following me. Together we went back out into the hallway and grabbed our suitcases, lugging them all the way upstairs to the bedroom that we were going to have to share. I started to feel excited again. Sometimes it’s fun to share a room with someone else. Maybe we would be able to have a midnight feast!

I put my suitcase down on one of the neatly made beds and opened it, getting out my nice new pyjamas and putting

them under my pillow. I put my boring old fairy wand on the bedside table, then I took out my potion kit and stashed it under the bed. Violet fluttered around the room, sniffing at everything. By the time I had unpacked everything, I felt calmer again. The sun was shining through the window. It was a beautiful day! And it was lovely to be here at Granny and Grandpa's house. I was *sure* I could keep out of mischief and be more fairy for a couple of days.



Wilbur and I raced back down the stairs and hugged Dad goodbye. We stood in the garden and waved him off as he fluttered into the sky.

'What would you both like to do now?' asked Granny. 'I wondered if you'd like to go to the stream. Did you bring your swimming costumes?'

'Oh yes!' I cried excitedly.

'Lovely!' said Granny. 'I'll go and pack a picnic!'