Oliver Moon's Summer Howliday

Sue Mongredien

Oliver Moon folded his swimming trunks and put them on top of the pile of clothes on his bed. There! That was everything he needed. He was really looking forward to going on holiday to the seaside. He couldn't wait!

Oliver waved his wand over the suitcase that was on the floor nearby. "Click, clock, clack… Clothes be packed!" he chanted.

He grinned as his suitcase promptly opened up, and his clothes flew inside, arranging themselves neatly. Being a wizard came in very handy sometimes!

Mrs. Moon, Oliver's mum, came into the bedroom just then, followed by the Witch Baby, Oliver's sister, who was wearing a shiny silver bucket on her head. "Holiday now!" the Witch Baby was saying excitedly, trying to dig up Oliver's carpet with her new silver spade. "Holiday now?"

Mrs. Moon smiled. "Nearly," she said. "Oh good, Oliver, you're all packed. I'll send your case off to the holiday house, with the rest of our things." She waved her wand over Oliver's case, and a swirl of purple sparkles drifted across it as she began chanting the address: "Mildew Cottage, Forest Lane, Little…atchoo!" She sneezed suddenly and blew her nose with a large black handkerchief.

Before she could say another word, Oliver's suitcase had vanished in a bright purple flash.

"No, wait, come back!" Mrs. Moon shouted in alarm, stuffing her handkerchief back in her cloak pocket. "I hadn't finished!"

Oliver stared at the spot on the floor where his case had been. His case, with all his favourite clothes, new swimming trunks, new Frisbee and his very best cool-wizard sunglasses! "But…where's my stuff gone?" he asked.

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"Gone!" sang the Witch Baby, tripping over her spade and giggling. "Gone, gone, gone."

Mrs. Moon looked sheepish. "I'm not sure," she confessed. "Hopefully to the right place. I've been sending other bits and bobs to Little Spelling-on-Sea all morning. With a bit of luck, the wand will know where to send your case, too." She crossed her fingers quickly.

A shout came up from Mr. Moon, who was downstairs. "Let's go!"

"We'd better not keep your dad waiting," Mrs. Moon said, picking up the Witch Baby and heading for the door. "Come on, Oliver. Time to fly!"

Little Spelling-on-Sea was about an hour's broomstick ride away from the Moons' home in Cacklewick. It was a small village, nestled in the coastline, with a golden, sandy beach, and dark, spooky forests.

"It's this one, I think!" Mr. Moon called, pointing his broomstick down in the direction of a large garden just near the beach.

Oliver steered his broomstick towards his parents, and landed on the grass moments later.

Mrs. Moon unstrapped the Witch Baby from her baby seat. "Very nice," she said approvingly, looking around. "I love this place already! I do hope we see the ghost while we're here."

"Ghost?" Oliver echoed, turning to her in interest.

Mrs. Moon nodded. "Didn't I say? The cottage is haunted, apparently. That's what it said in the brochure, anyway."

"Cool!" Oliver grinned. He couldn't help wondering what the ghost looked like. Perhaps it would be the ghost of an old wizard or witch, a really ancient, spooky one. Or maybe it would be a ghost boy that Oliver could play with!

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He ran ahead to the cottage and peered in through the grimy windows. Imagine how jealous Jake, his best friend back home in Cacklewick, would be if Oliver sent him a postcard saying he'd met a real ghost on holiday!

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