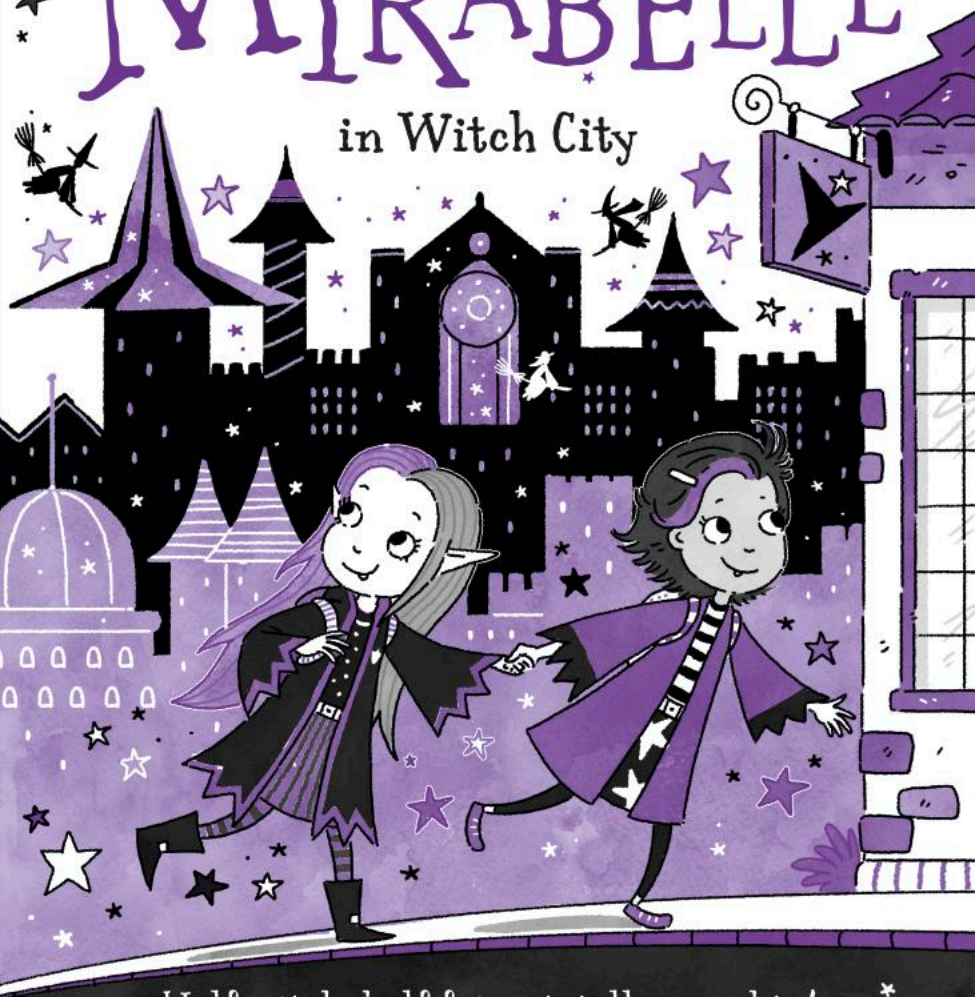
From the world of ISADORA MOON

MIRABELLE

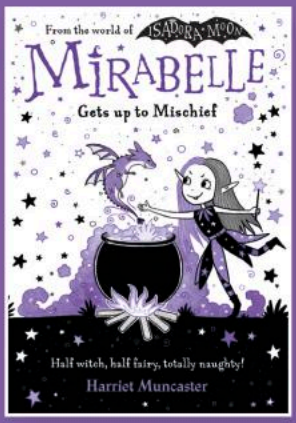
in Witch City

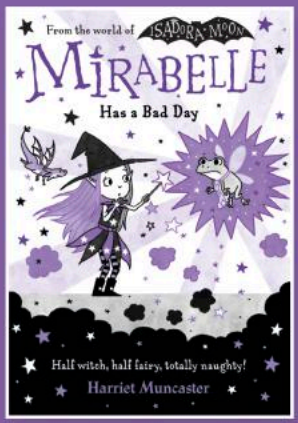


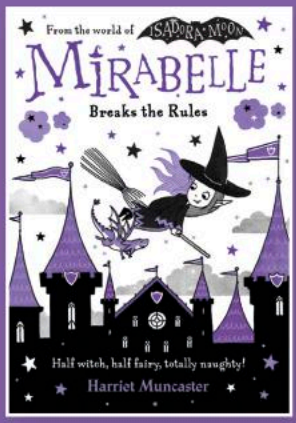
Half witch, half fairy, totally naughty!

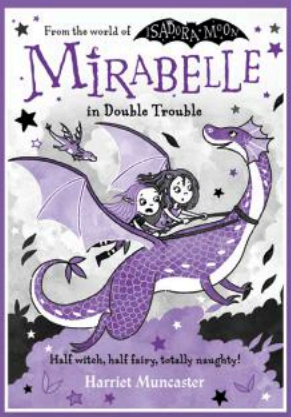
Harriet Muncaster

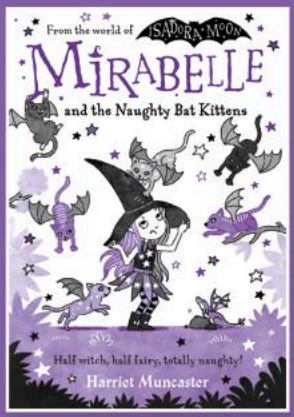
More mischievous stories to collect!

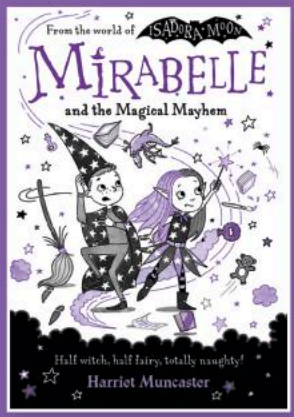












Five reasons why you'll love Mirabelle . . .

Mirabelle is magical and mischievous!

Mirabelle is half witch, half fairy, and totally naughty!

She loves making potions with her travelling potion kit!

Mirabelle loves sprinkling a sparkle of mischief wherever she goes!

She has a little baby dragon called Violet!



If you could go on a school trip anywhere, where would you go?

To the White House on the day the President changes
—George

To Africa to stay warm and ride a camel!
—Charlotte

To the seaside to catch crabs
—Aubrey



Illustrated by Mike Love, based on
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Chapter ONE

'Quiet please, witches!' ordered my spiky teacher, Miss Spindlewick, from the front of the train carriage. 'We are off to the big city today and so I need you all to *listen*!'

I stopped chatting to my best friend Carlotta and sat up straight in my seat. We were off on a very exciting school

trip to the Museum of Magical History. It was my first time going to Witch City and also my first time on the super speedy Broomstick Express. It was all so different and thrilling that my tummy felt full of sparkly butterflies!



'Mrs Hexworth and I are going to hand out the packed lunches in a moment, and I'd like you to put your food carefully into your backpacks,' said Miss Spindlewick as the train began to speed along. 'But *no* snacking until lunchtime!'

'Here you are,' said Mrs Hexworth, our history teacher, a few minutes later, holding a couple of slug sandwiches wrapped in plastic for me and Carlotta. There was also a packet of salt and vinegar spider leg crisps each, a carton of jellybug juice, and a squeezy tube of bog yoghurt.



'Oh, er no thank you, Mrs Hexworth,' I said politely. 'I bring my own packed lunch.'

'Oh yes, sorry, Mirabelle, I forgot,' said Mrs Hexworth, taking the food back and moving down the carriage to give it to someone else. I was very glad that Dad had made me a delicious picnic this morning for the school trip. I can't stand witch food! It's disgusting! I *am* half witch (and so is my brother Wilbur) but we didn't inherit Mum's love for eating bugs and critters. We much prefer fairy food like our dad!

'Yummy!' said Carlotta as she unzipped her backpack carefully, only

opening it a tiny bit to slip the food inside. I narrowed my eyes as a little velvety kitten paw shot out for a second.

'Carlotta!' I gasped. 'We were told not to bring our familiars!'



Carlotta went a bit pink and shuffled about guiltily in her seat.

'Shh!' she said. 'I couldn't help it! Midnight doesn't like to be without me!'

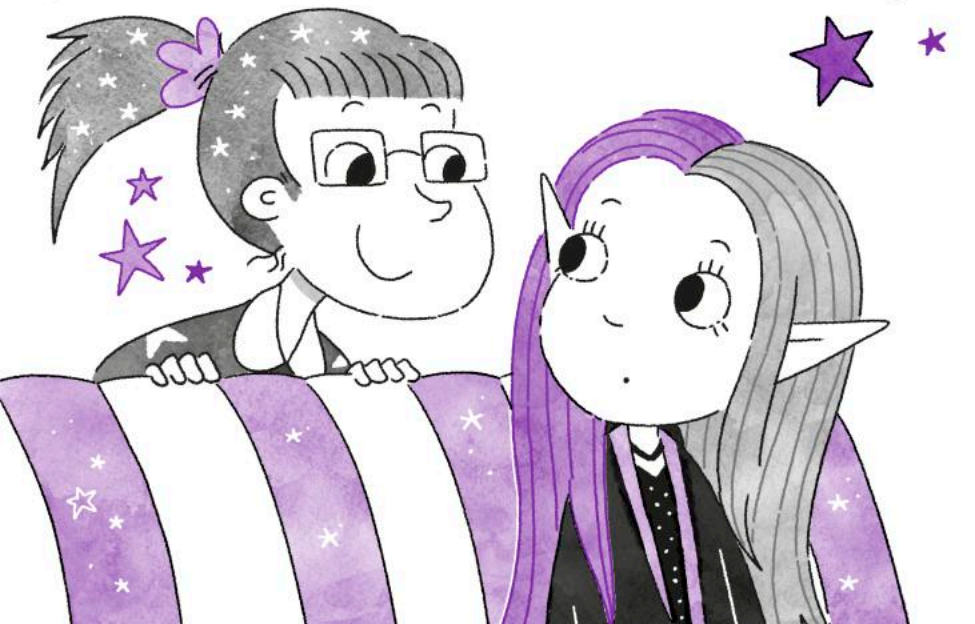
'Violet doesn't like to be without *me*!' I pointed out. 'But *I* still left her at home!'

I had felt a bit sad saying goodbye to my little purple pet dragon earlier that morning. She usually comes everywhere with me! But Mum and Dad had promised to look after her. They both work from home creating lotions and potions for their own beauty business so I knew that Violet wouldn't be lonely.

'Don't tell Miss Spindlewick!' whispered Carlotta.

'Of course I won't!' I retorted. 'But you'd better keep Midnight hidden. Miss Spindlewick will be *furious* if she finds out!'

'Furious about what?' asked the witch behind us, leaning forward to poke her head around my seat. It was Lavinia. Lavinia *can* be a bit of a goody-two-shoes. We used to not get on very well at all, but now we understand each other a bit better.



'Er, nothing,' I replied, deciding to change the subject. 'Are you looking forward to the museum, Lavinia?'

'Oh yes!' replied Lavinia. 'It's going to be absolutely fascinating! I hope there are lots of talks about the history of magic. I've brought my notebook so I can jot *everything* down. Are you looking



forward to it?'

'I am!' I replied. 'Although I think I'm more excited about seeing Witch City! I've never been before!'

'Me too,' said Carlotta. 'Witch City is so exciting! I went once with my big sister Edith. I can't wait to see it again!'



Lavinia looked surprised.

'I'm sure Witch City is great and all that,' she said, 'but nothing beats going to a *museum*. Just think of all the new things we can learn!'

Carlotta and I looked at each other and tried not to giggle. Typical Lavinia!

The train continued to speed along through a forest of dark fir trees and then past fields and towns. The buildings outside the window got taller and taller and shinier and shinier until we were surrounded by towers shaped like pointy witches' hats and skyscrapers that glinted with emerald-green glass.



'Oooh!' I breathed as I stared and stared. I had heard about Witch City lots of times, but being here was different. As the train slowed into the station, I could see hundreds of witches and wizards rushing about. The air felt electric and sparkly, as though it fizzed with its own magic.

