For vampires, fairies, and humans everywhere!

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ISADORA MOON

Rides a Bike



Harriet Muncaster

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Chapter ONE

It was a sunny afternoon in the summer holidays, and I was having a lovely time at my best friend Zoe's house. I love going there because everything is so different from at home. Zoe's family are human, and they have a TV in the kitchen and a trampoline in the garden and a pet puppy called Rolo.

Zoe and I were sitting in her back garden making daisy chains in the sunshine with Pink Rabbit and Coco the monkey. Pink Rabbit used to be my favourite cuddly toy, but my mum magicked him alive with her wand. She can do things like that because she's a fairy. I have a wand too because I am a vampire fairy (my dad is a vampire—yes



really!). One time, I magicked Zoe's cuddly monkey Coco alive for her when we were having a sleepover. Pink Rabbit and Coco the monkey love playing together!

'I've finished my necklace!' said Zoe, holding her daisy chain up in the air. It was so long that she was able to wrap it around her neck three times!

'I've made a crown!' I said, putting mine on my head.



Zoe lay down on the grass and stared up at the blue, blue sky. I lay down next to her and we watched the white fluffy clouds changing shape.



'What shall we do now?' I asked. We had already done so many things that day. We had played in Zoe's bedroom (she has the best dressing-up box of anyone I know!), we had baked fairy cakes, and we had jumped on the trampoline.



'Hmm,' said Zoe, and I could tell she was thinking hard. 'I know! Let's get out the bikes! We can go cycling. I got a new bike for my birthday, but I still have the old one!'

'Cycling?' I said uncertainly.

'Yes!' cried Zoe, jumping up and pulling me up too. 'It will be fun! Come on!'

Zoe led me to her garage, which was full of all kinds of things. Pots of paint and planks of wood and old flowerpots. Leaning up against the wall were some bicycles. There were two grown-up-sized ones and two smaller ones.

'This is my new bike,' said Zoe, reaching for the fancier-looking one, which