# Witchy Boo

## Casts Her First Spell



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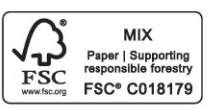
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# Scaring is NOT Caring!

Boo loved weekends.

Weekends meant no school. They also meant spending time with Wibbs, her black-and-white cat. But this was a very special weekend, because she was going to Moonlight Hollow's Friends Club! It was her first-ever visit, and although she was a teeny-tiny bit nervous, she was also



super-duper excited. Boo had even woken up extra early because she didn't want to be late. Not even by a second.

Her mum was starting a new job as a receptionist at Moonlight Hollow's Dance School. And even though Boo could have gone to Scare Club with her brothers, what she really wanted was to make friends. Because at Friends Club, every creature was welcome, unlike at her school. At The School for Spooktacular Ghosts, only ghosts were allowed to join. Boo thought that was a silly rule, because even though she was a ghost, she didn't fit in at all. All the ghosts there loved scaring, especially her big boo-rothers. But Boo didn't like it. Not one little bit.




Boo was in her room getting ready when . . .

'Aaargh!' screamed Boo.

'Stop doing that.'

'Never!' laughed Boo's two annoying, scary brothers.

They always teased her for not being scary.

Her eldest brother, Shriek, had won the

'Best Scarer Ever' award every year at the Moonlight Hollow Festival, since . . . well, forever. Her other brother, Shock, always came second. No other creature stood a chance. Her mum even had a special cabinet in the hallway with all the trophies and certificates their family had won. There were hundreds. Boo thought the award she'd got for 'The Ghost Who Tried Their Best' was silly compared to her family's trophies. She didn't think she would ever be as scary as them.

'Mum!' Boo called. 'Shriek and Shock are scaring me . . . **AGAIN!**'

**'OO-oo-OO!** You're such a telltale,'

said Shock, poking out his tongue. 'Isn't she, Shriek?'

'Yep,' he agreed, before **swooshing** through the wall and out of Boo's bedroom, *just* in time to not get caught by Mum, leaving Shock still pulling faces at Boo.

Wibbs purred and rubbed herself against Boo before standing in front of her – her fur fluffed up protectively. Boo was sure that if Wibbs could speak she would tell her brothers to stop making fun of her.

'How many times do I need to ask you two to stop scaring your little sister?' Boo's mum said as she came into the bedroom,

calling loudly enough for Shriek to hear too. 'You know she doesn't like it . . . yet.'

Shock crossed his arms in a sulk before swooshing down to the kitchen. Mum gave Boo a hug and said, 'It won't always be like this, Boo. Once you've learned to



scare, I'm sure you'll be able to get your brothers back. Scaring *is* caring, after all.'

'Not for me, it isn't,' said Boo quietly. She hated disappointing her mum. And it wasn't just scaring Boo wasn't good at. Other ghosts were able to touch things and move things around really easily, but Boo had to use all of her strength and concentration. She wasn't good at anything ghosts were supposed to be good at.

'Anyway, don't you worry about Shriek and Shock,' her mum said. 'Nearly ready?'

Boo nodded. She could think about scaring later. First she had to finish getting ready for Friends Club. 'I'll be down in a second.'



‘OK, my beautiful Boo,’ Mum replied, before swooshing out of Boo’s room.

Boo quickly twisted her floaty hair into a plait, closed her eyes and concentrated really hard until her fingers tingled. Then she put on her favourite bow and matching backpack. She gave Wibbs a cuddle and said goodbye. Wibbs replied with a meow and a nose boop.

‘I won’t be long, I promise,’ she said, before swooshing out of her bedroom. It was time to go to Friends Club.



