PUFFIN BOOKS





Dotty Sutton is an Edinburgh-based author, illustrator and model maker. The dictionary definition of 'dotty' is 'eccentric or slightly mad', which is a description she is rather flattered by.

Dotty has illustrated books including *Alex vs Axel: The Impossible Quests* by Sam Copeland, which was a Waterstones Book of the Month, and *The Notwitches* by Gary Panton.

When not drawing, she's building tiny worlds and puppets out of paper and clay, or inspiring the next generation of adventurers as a Cub Scout leader.

She's excited to finally let the characters living in her brain escape out on to the page and into the world!



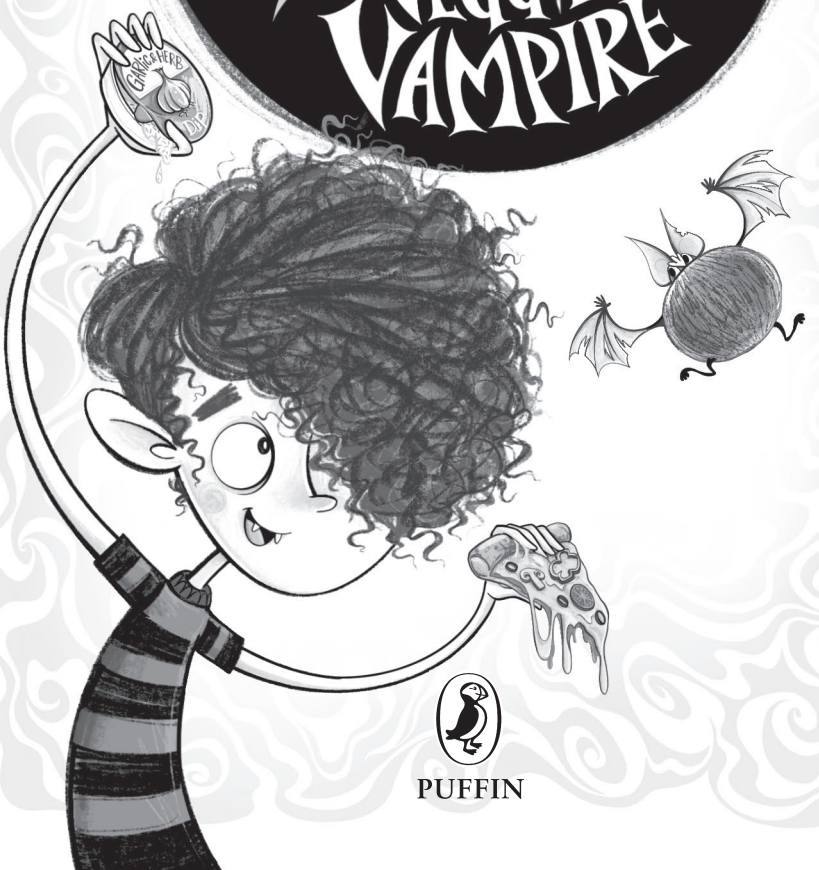


For my Mummy

Dotty Sutton

Moth

The Veggie Vampire



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TIMOTHY HAWTHORNE
VLAD THE LAD
Biscuit
AUNTY GWEN


NIBBLES
LEECH
MORGAN
GRAVE



PROLOGUE
The Night of the Bite

In the *teeniest-tiniest* attic, at the top of a **RICKETY-RACKETY** manor house, Master Timothy Hawthorne lay snuggled up in bed with a hot cup of tea.

Timothy didn't like tea – he preferred hot chocolate with eight marshmallows, but his parents never allowed sweet treats at bedtime. Little did they know how this silly rule would come back to bite them . . .

As the clock clanged midnight, there was a blinding **FLASH OF LIGHTNING**. A shadowy figure appeared on the windowsill. Timothy jumped, spilling tea on his stripy pyjamas.

‘Evening, sunshine,’ came a velvety voice as smooth as vanilla custard.

Timothy’s large lamp-like eyes blinked in surprise. ‘W-who are you?’

‘The name’s Solo. *Spike Solo,*’ the visitor announced, raising his head to show a single **sharp tooth** glinting in the moonlight. ‘Blimey! Something in here smells . . . FANGTASTIC!’

Timothy glanced nervously down at his tea. Surely he didn’t mean his boring old brew.

‘Um . . . y-you can come in and have some if you like?’ he stammered, offering up his cup with a trembling hand.

Spike chuckled. ‘Oh, go on then.’ He licked his lips. ‘Just a sip!’

In less than a heartbeat Spike Solo leaped from the windowsill and the room plunged into darkness.



There was a **BITE**.

An **'ouch!'**

A triumphant *'Nice one!'*

And in another dazzling flash of lightning, Spike Solo vanished without a trace.

Timothy's teacup clattered to the floor.

He stared down at the single prick on his right wrist. An electric tingling travelled up his arm, all the way to the tips of his teeth, which began jittering uncontrollably. A fuzzy feeling fizzed in his tummy and, to his horror, Timothy began to float into the air.

Higher he rose, floating among the rafters, until he thought he might **BURST** through the roof, but then . . .

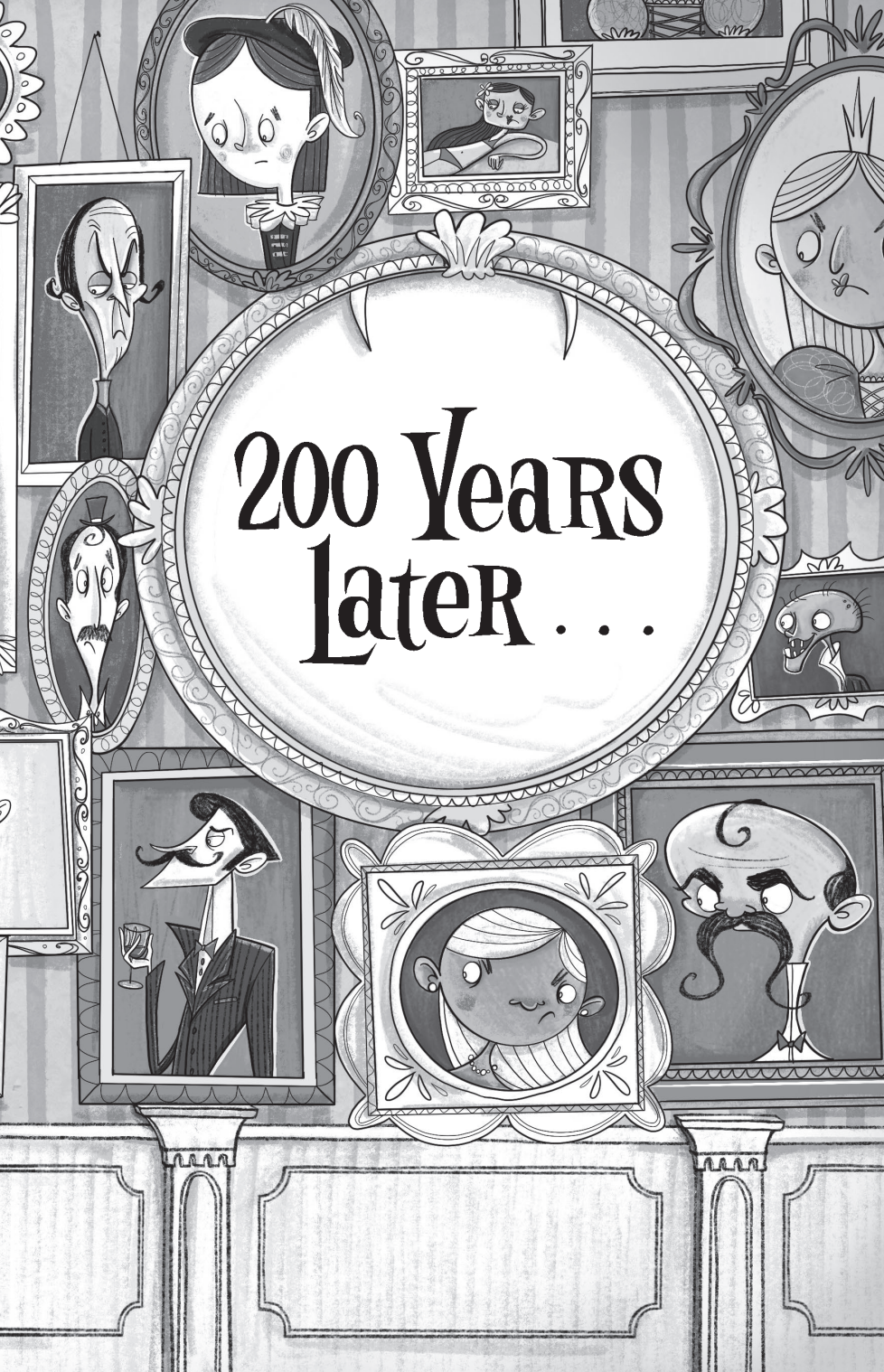
Paaaaaaaarp!

Timothy farted. And not just any fart. A fart as thunderous as three hundred balloons being let loose at the same time. He whizzed through the air, bouncing off the beams like a rubber

ball, before crashing back down to his mattress. He sat for a moment, in a dizzy befuddlement.

The fuzzy feeling had gone and all he had left was a new pair of perfectly pointy *fangs*...




200 Years
Later . . .

HAWTHORNE MANOR
HOTEL