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Opening extract from

Hubble Bubble: The Glorious Granny Bake Off

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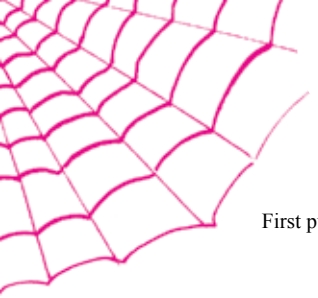
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There was nothing Pandora loved more than spending time with her granny. Araminta Violet Crow was exciting, funny and kind. The only tiny problem was you never quite knew what she'd get up to next. You see, Pandora's granny was (whisper this next bit) … *a witch.*





Splaaaaaaaat!

A shower of eggs flew across the sitting room and exploded on the spidery wallpaper. One just missed Pandora's head as she peeped round the curtain, looking for Cobweb, Granny's nervous black cat.

Pandora had been helping Granny do some baking when Granny had decided to test her new *Magic*-mix mixer.

It hadn't minded the butter, or even the bananas, but it hadn't liked kippers, spell books, or socks. And so it had exploded and Cobweb had shot out of the room to hide.

Suddenly a *boooooooooom* could be heard in the kitchen. What had Granny done *now*?

The kitchen was thick with clouds of fluffy flour when Pandora hurried in. "Granny!" she coughed. "Oh, Granny – are you OK?"





But Araminta Violet Crow was used to magical mishaps. "Yes, dear!" came a cheery voice from deep in the swirling, white mist. "I'm tickety-boo! And I'll have this place ship-shape in no time!"

Granny peeped out of the floury fog and Pandora giggled. "Oh, Granny," she said. "You look funny!"



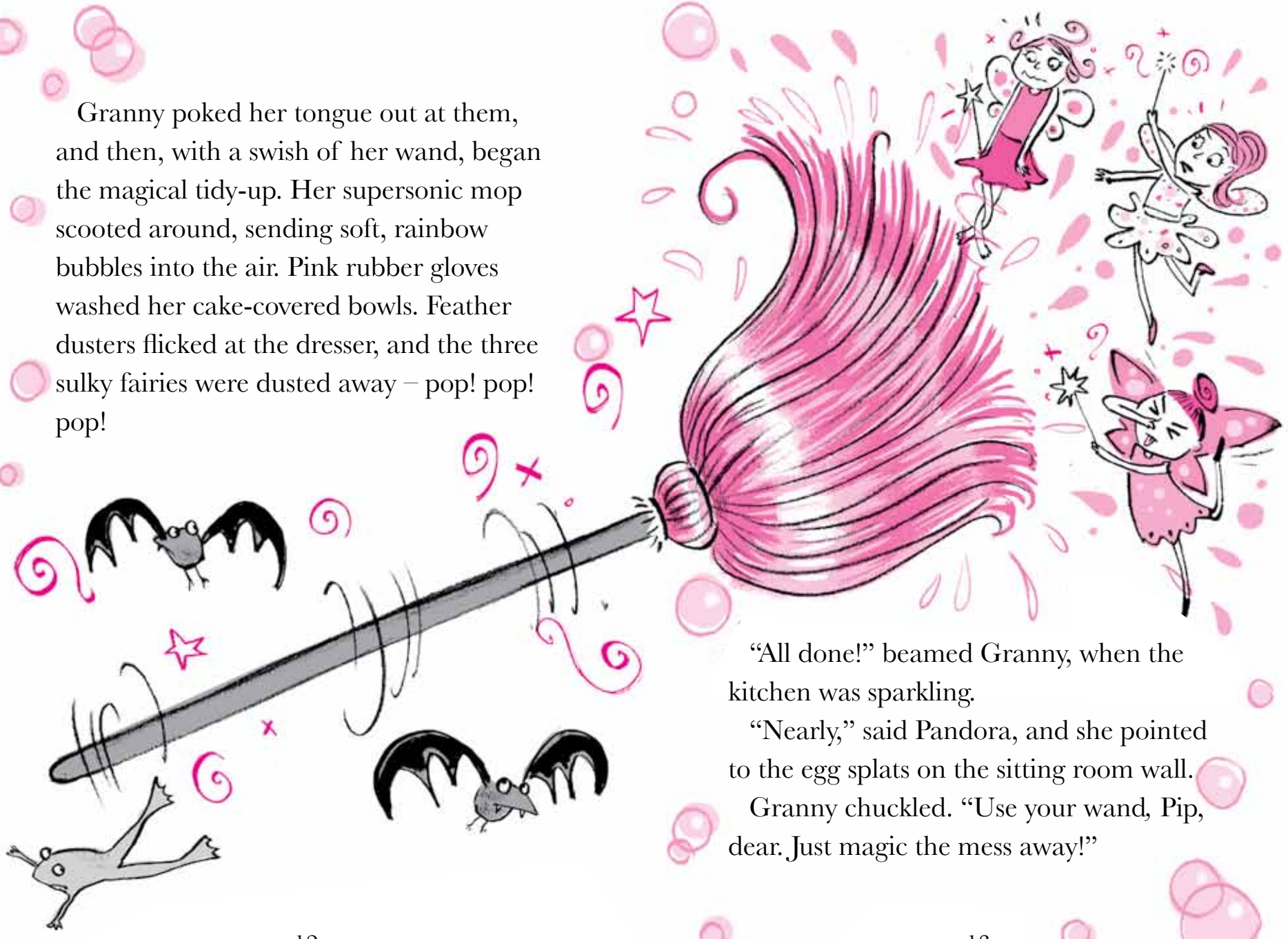


Granny's hat was spattered with egg and her cloak was dusted with flour. Her favourite frog, Croak, was lapping cake mixture off Granny's bent wand.

"I was just making fairy cakes," Granny shrugged, "when those bad-tempered fairies started throwing the eggs around! Fairy cakes are meant to have fairies in them, aren't they?"

Pandora saw three fairies sat on top of the dresser, scowling.

Granny poked her tongue out at them, and then, with a swish of her wand, began the magical tidy-up. Her supersonic mop scooted around, sending soft, rainbow bubbles into the air. Pink rubber gloves washed her cake-covered bowls. Feather dusters flicked at the dresser, and the three sulky fairies were dusted away – pop! pop! pop!



"All done!" beamed Granny, when the kitchen was sparkling.

"Nearly," said Pandora, and she pointed to the egg splats on the sitting room wall.

Granny chuckled. "Use your wand, Pip, dear. Just magic the mess away!"

Pandora bit her lip nervously. She had something to tell Granny. Something she knew that Granny wouldn't like.

Pandora sat Granny down on the sofa and took a deep breath. "I promised Mum I wouldn't do magic," she said. "Not for the whole of half term."

"Oh no!" cried Granny. Then she looked thoughtful. "Was it because of what happened at the library?"

Pandora nodded sadly.





Granny and Pandora, in a moment of reckless fun, had magicked the three little pigs out of their fairy-tale book. Then they'd magicked the big bad wolf out, too (to tell him to be nice to the pigs). Trouble was, he was *starving* and the three "little" pigs were actually very fat and juicy and yummy-looking…

The librarian had called Pandora's parents, who were "very disappointed" in her and Granny. Now Pandora wasn't allowed to do magic for a whole week!



And so, when Pandora's mother, Moonbeam, had dropped her off at Granny's house that morning, she'd told her to, "*Be good.*"

Pandora knew this was really code for, "*Keep Granny out of trouble…*" But that was easier said than done with a wacky, witchy granny *with a wand*!

Pandora's parents were coming to spend the afternoon with her and Granny. They'd taken time off work especially. But Pandora knew they'd be horrified if all *Granny* wanted to do was have food fights with fairies!

"I think we ought to go out when Mum and Dad get here," said Pandora.

"Out?" replied Granny. "Where?"

"Well," said Pandora, glancing at Granny's newspaper. "How about *here*? Creakington Hall is a big stately home with suits of armour and dungeons and stuff. There's *even* meant to be long-lost treasure! We could go on a treasure hunt!"

Granny's eyes sparkled. "Mmmm…" she said. "Now that might be fun!"

With that, Pandora heard her parents' car pull up outside the house. "Great!" she cried, grabbing Granny's hand. "Let's go!"

