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Opening extract from
**Hattie B Magical Vet:
The Fairy's Wing**

Written by
Claire Taylor-Smith

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Meddling Guardian!

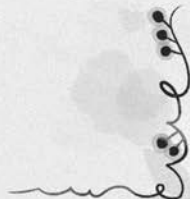
It is I, the almighty Ivar, King of the Imps. I have stolen TWO powers now. My plan is working—ha! I am becoming more powerful and soon I will rule the entire Kingdom of Bellua!

How charming that you are helping the creatures that I leave behind, trembling in my wake. I'm sorry they must be hurt for me to take their powers, but it can't be helped. Just you try to get in my way next time, Hattie B—I have a plan up my sleeve. I'm going to take the power of flight from a fairy. Then I'll be soaring with the birds and dragons and no one will be able to stop me!

Hahahaha!

Come back to Bellua if you dare. This time I'll be waiting for you . . .

King Ivar



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A Touch of Trouble ★.

The bell that signalled the start of another week of school had just rung and Hattie Bright joined the queue of pupils filing into the classroom. She was clutching a small box, which was taped down on all four sides.

Hattie's best friend, Chloe, joined her in the line. 'What did you bring in for the history



project then?’ she asked, looking at the box curiously.

‘A little china pot that my mum has on her dressing table,’ replied Hattie. ‘It’s got two handles and pretty blue flowers all over it. She

keeps bracelets and things in it. It used to belong to my grandma, but Mum said I could bring it in as long as I'm *really* careful.'

'You're lucky your mum let you bring it at all,' said Chloe. 'I don't think my parents would trust me with something that delicate – I'm so clumsy! When I told my dad I had to bring something in that had been passed down from an older generation, all he would dig out was this old atlas. I think it was my grandpa's. It's so dusty!'

Hattie peered at the old book poking out from under Chloe's arm and laughed in agreement.

‘Oh well,’ said Chloe as the two girls headed through the door, ‘at least we’ve both brought something in.’

In the classroom, the display was already taking shape. Mr Neal had covered a long table with an old lace tablecloth and Hattie’s classmates were placing a variety of items on it. There were toys, photographs, a shiny metal whistle and even tickets to a football match held in the 1960s!

While Chloe went off to clean her atlas, Hattie carefully removed the pot from the box. She’d just taken it out of the tissue paper it had been wrapped in for protection when she heard the swish of fabric behind her, quickly followed

by the sickly sweet voice of her mean classmate Victoria Frost as she spoke to her two sidekicks.

‘Where shall I put this then? I don’t think it’ll fit on that little table, do you, Jodie? Louisa, can you see anywhere I can hang it up?’

Hattie turned to see Victoria holding up a spectacular wedding dress. She couldn’t help but have a long look at it, taking in the thick creamy satin fabric, the pretty crystal beads sewn round the neckline and the panels of lace leading from the fitted top to the flowing skirt.

‘It’s beautiful, isn’t it?’ said Victoria, noticing Hattie’s admiring gaze. ‘It belonged to my grandmother. She wore it for her wedding, then she passed it on to my mum so she could



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wear it when she married my dad. I expect I'll get to wear it too one day,' she added, holding it against her.

'Oh, you'll *definitely* get married. Who wouldn't want to marry you?' said Jodie, and Louisa nodded her head in agreement.

Victoria beamed at her simpering sidekicks. 'Ask Mr Neal where I can hang it, will you?' She barked her order at Jodie, who scurried off with Louisa. Victoria then turned her attention back to Hattie, who was placing her mum's pot on the table, next to a purple bead necklace. 'What did you bring in, Hattie – that funny little thing? Why on earth would anyone pass *that* on? I mean, it can't exactly be worth much.

This dress is an antique. It must be worth thousands of pounds now!’

Hattie felt her blood begin to rise. Why did Victoria have to be so nasty about *everything*? And why did she always have to be better than everyone else? Hattie clenched her teeth, before remembering that Victoria wasn’t *always* the best at everything. Hadn’t Hattie beaten her in that swimming race not so long ago? The one where everyone had cheered her to victory while Victoria had been left shaking with fury?

The memory made Hattie feel braver. She swung away from the display table to face Victoria and tell her exactly what she thought of her stupid wedding dress. But, as she did so,

her elbow caught the little china pot. It all happened so fast, yet to Hattie it felt as if she was watching in slow motion: first the pot tipped to one side, then the other, and then it wobbled more, before finally falling over and landing on its side with a *clink*. Victoria let out a spiteful snort and Hattie reached for it with a feeling of dread.

As soon as she picked it up, Hattie knew she was in big trouble. Horrified, she saw that one of its delicate handles had broken off.

‘Oops!’ said Victoria with a sneer. She walked away, leaving Hattie to scoop up the handle.

Chloe came back over. ‘What’s happened?’

she asked, looking at Hattie with concern. Spotting a smirking Victoria nearby, she added, 'It wasn't vile Victoria being mean again, was it?'

Hattie didn't answer. Instead, she held out the handle on her palm.

'Did Victoria –'

Hattie didn't give Chloe a chance to finish her question. 'Victoria's mean but *she* didn't break it – *I* did!' said Hattie. 'I knocked it over and now it's broken. My mum's going to go absolutely crazy!'

Chloe put a friendly arm round Hattie's shoulders. 'I'm sure she'll understand,' she said, leaning in to peer more closely at the

piece of china. ‘It looks like a clean break. I don’t think it’ll be too hard to fix with some glue.’

Hattie wished she shared Chloe’s confidence, but Mum had trusted her to look after the pot and, with the school day barely even started, she’d already broken it! She sighed. ‘I’m going to be in so much trouble!’



At the end of the day Hattie was anxious to get home as quickly as possible. She was hurrying past the village Post Office when she heard someone call her name.

‘Hattie! Hello!’