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original artwork by Harriet Muncaster



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From the world of

ISADORA MOON

MIRABELLE

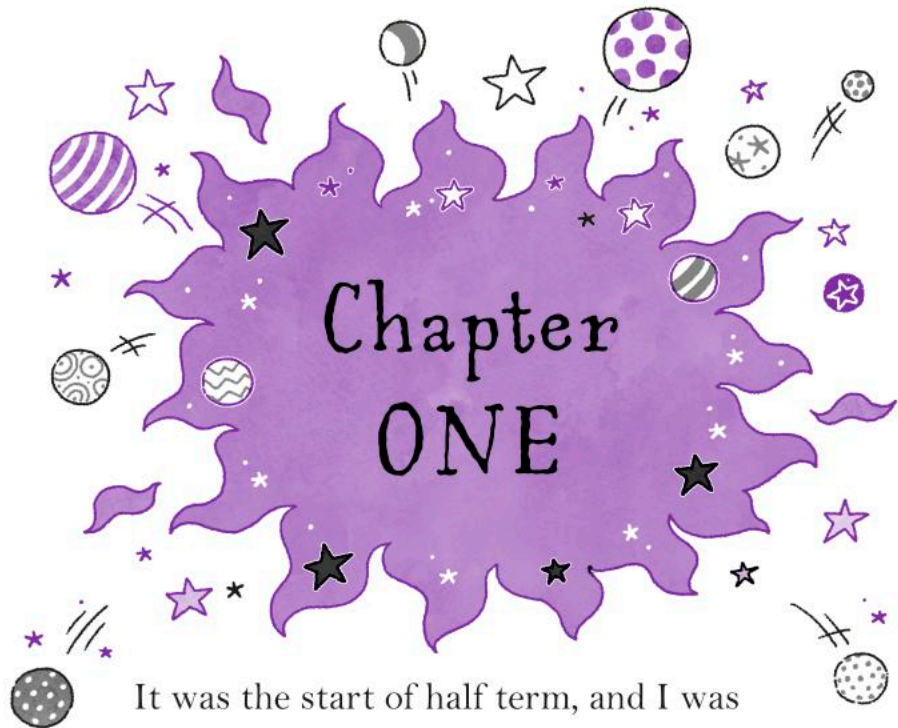
and the Baby Dragons



Harriet Muncaster

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It was the start of half term, and I was in my bedroom polishing Violet's scales. Violet is my very special pet dragon and I *love* looking after her! Happy little puffs of smoke twirled out of her nose as I gently rubbed her with a soft cloth until her scales shimmered and shone.

'MIRABELLE!'



The door burst open, and my brother, Wilbur, barged into my bedroom, making Violet jump. A plume of purple fire shot out from her nostrils and scorched my duvet.





'Wilbur!' I sighed in exasperation.
'Look what you've done!'

Wilbur glanced at the scorch mark on
the duvet.



‘That’s not *my* fault,’ he said. ‘It’s Violet’s!’

‘It’s *completely* your fault,’ I said. ‘*You* shocked Violet!’

Big brothers can be *so* annoying sometimes.

‘All right, I’m sorry,’ replied Wilbur. ‘But I *do* think Violet could do with some extra training.’

‘She does *not* need extra training,’ I huffed.

‘Well, anyway,’ Wilbur said, ‘never mind that. I’ve come to tell you something exciting!’

‘*What?*’ I asked suspiciously.

‘Mum just got a call on the crystal

ball from one of her friends, Gladys . . .'

'Gladys?' I said. 'You mean the witch who lives at the top of Stickle Mountain? The one who owns the dragon sanctuary?'

'Yes,' said Wilbur. 'And she's invited us to visit for half term. We're leaving tomorrow!'

'*Really?*' I gasped, completely forgetting my annoyance. 'Are you *sure?*'

