



The crayon jumped out of her hand.  
It started writing on the wall.  
"Oh, no! Not Hagbag!" groaned  
Drusilla. "I hope she doesn't want to stay  
for long."

All of a sudden, there was a puff of  
blue smoke. Hagbag had arrived. She was  
a large witch with three chins and purple  
hair.



"Drusilla, you old witch!" cackled  
Hagbag. She gave Drusilla a hug that  
nearly squeezed the life out of her.

Dad scooped Alis up just before her fingers plunged into the sponge. "How about one last paddle before we eat?" he said.

"Yes!" Bryn whooped. Glyn barked. Alis laughed.

Mum nodded. "Come on then."

They splished and splashed in the gentle waves. Glyn bounded through the foam.

"Don't get too sandy," Bryn warned. "Dad will make you have a bath."

"No!" Glyn cried. "I hate baths!"

Bryn knew the rest of his family couldn't speak Dog. He was the only one who could understand Glyn. And he didn't just speak Dog – he could speak Cat and Pigeon and Hamster and all kinds of other animal languages, too. Seagulls whirled above their heads, and Bryn could hear them yelling at each other to get out of the way.

Then he charged through the surf to splash Dad. "Here I come!" he yelled.



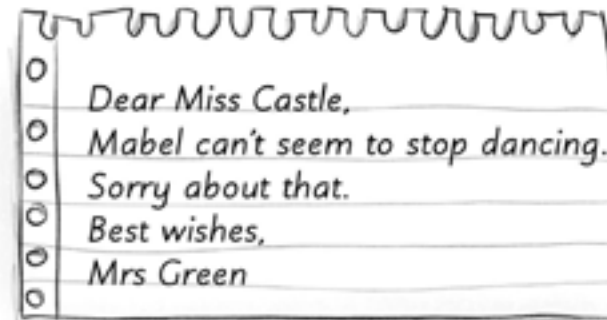
Mabel's feet did not stop dancing the next day at school.

She did the rumba down the road and pirouetted in the playground. She did the lindy hop in Literacy and the samba during Science.



"Mabel Green!" said Miss Castle, her teacher. "Will you please sit still!"

"I can't, Miss Castle, I'm sorry!" said Mabel. "My mum's given me a note."



"Hey, Mabel, what's going on?" said Douglas, the Jesmond Juniors' striker. "Are you doing some form of new training?"

"Er, yes," said Mabel, "that's it – it's for my ..." (what had Dad said?) "er ... coordination! Of course," she added, "it's a real pain."

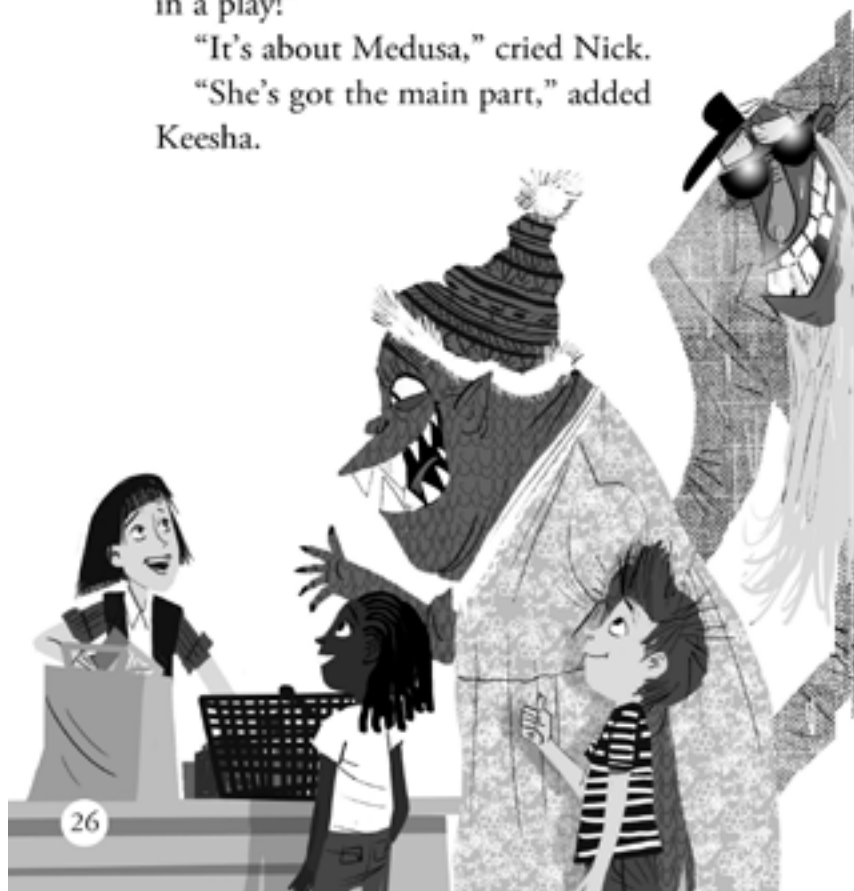


## Chapter 4 Boms Wants Food!

"It's OK," shouted Keesha, snatching the hat off the floor and shoving it back on to Med's head. "She's ... she's in a play!"

"It's about Medusa," cried Nick.

"She's got the main part," added Keesha.



The woman's shocked face suddenly broke into a smile. "I'm in a drama group," she said. "In the last play I got the part of a chair."

"Maybe you'll get a table or something bigger in the next one," said Nick, taking the shopping bags and hurrying the others out of the shop.

"Phew, that was close," said Boms, as they started making their way back to Fenton Road.

"You saved the day," said Med, patting Keesha on the back.

"No problem," smiled Keesha.

As soon as they returned to number 9, Nick got busy in the kitchen. Packets were prised apart, tins were opened, herbs were sprinkled.

