



CHAPTER ONE

SIBLINGS FALL OUT AND ROSE HAS SELF-DOUBT



Rose Falvey was in the garden shed at 23 Daffodil Close, Bashingford, tending to an injured parrot. It had been a year since Merdyn the Wild had gone back to the Dark Ages and since then her makeshift veterinary clinic had cured countless dogs, cats, hamsters and tortoises of various minor ailments and injuries using Rose's newfound magic powers. She used a pinecone spell so that the animals could talk to her and tell her what was wrong.

Her best friend and chief scientist Tamsin helped her out and nothing gave them greater pleasure than seeing a stricken pet walk out on their feet/paws. All they asked of the animals' owners was a voluntary donation to pay for the herbs they needed for spells (the type of magic Rose was capable of required a chanted spell PLUS a liberal scattering of herbs). School was going well, the vet

clinic was going well, she had a cool, brainy best friend – everything in Rose’s life was tickety-boo. There was only one problem. A problem that reared its ugly head (or pretty head, I should say) the very Saturday morning that you, our reader, joins this story. The problem was . . .

KRIS.

Rose was just mending the parrot’s leg with a bone-fixing spell (it had been chased around the front room by the family cat and caught its foot in the fireguard) when she heard an almighty explosion outside in the garden.

She burst out of the shed door to find her older brother Kris standing in the middle of the lawn performing some sort of magic show to twenty or so of his annoying schoolfriends.

“And now for Invisiboy’s signature spell!” he crowed.

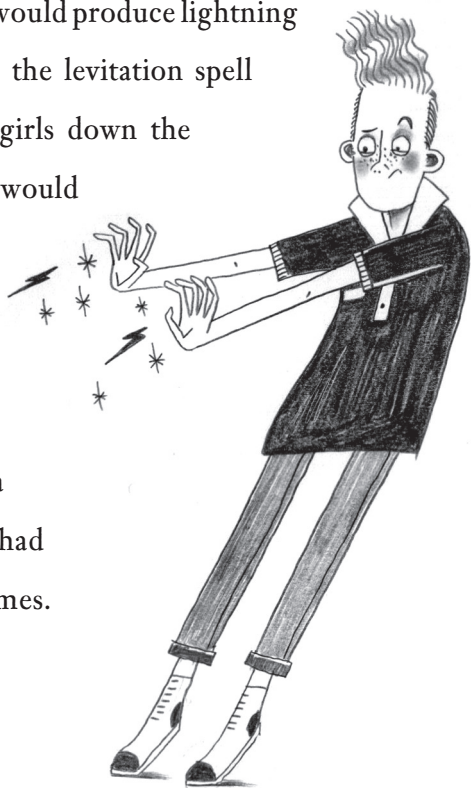
“PASSIFLORA INVISIBLATA!”

Kris then threw dried passion-flower petals over himself and promptly disappeared, much to the audience’s delight.

You see, Kris could also do magic. Those of you who

read the last book in this series (and if you haven't, what is **WRONG** with you?) will know that Rose found out she was related to Merdyn the Wild and so was a W-blood (wizard, witch or warlock). And Kris soon realised that if Rose could do magic, then so could he. How Kris used his powers, however, couldn't have been more different to how Rose used hers.

While Rose used her magic to help injured hedgehogs, Kris used his to help him hog the limelight! He loved to show off. He would produce lightning from his fingers and use the levitation spell to show off in front of girls down the shopping centre. He would make himself invisible to get into football matches and music concerts for free. He'd even started wearing a superhero outfit and had come up with a list of names.



1. LIGHTNING BOY!
2. MAGIC MAN!
3. AMAZITEEN!
4. THE BIG WOW!
5. FANTASTIKID!
6. THE INCREDIBLE KRIS!
7. PSYCHO-KID!
(I don't think he'd thought this one through, do you?)
8. THE BIG HALLOOBY!
(Your guess is as good as mine . . .)
9. FALVEY THE FABULOUS!
10. SUPERBOY!

As Rose watched Kris showing off in the garden that morning, she thought of a more appropriate name for him.

“Oi, Idiotboy!” she called out.

Kris rematerialised in front of the crowd. “It’s Invisiboy!” he huffed angrily.

“I don’t care who you are, we had a deal, remember? You don’t put on stupid magic shows while my vet clinic is open.”

“Boo!” A couple of boys shouted at Rose as if it were a pantomime.

“And you lot can shut up and get out of my garden,” Rose rasped back at them, not exactly helping to dispel their belief that she was the villain.

“But your dumb vet clinic is ALWAYS open, like ALL weekend!” Kris complained. “So when am I supposed to do my magic shows?”

“I dunno!” Rose said, exasperated. “At school? On the street? Or how about never at all? You shouldn’t use magic to entertain; you should use it to help people. With great power comes great responsibility.” Rose regretting saying this sentence almost as soon as it had left her mouth. She liked the phrase and she meant it, but it was from the movie *Spider-Man* and she was worried someone might notice.

“That’s from *Spider-Man*,” said a small kid

with glasses.

“I don’t care if it’s from the land of the Wizard of Oz!” Rose countered. “Take your magic show elsewhere! I have a parrot’s life to save.” And with that she stomped angrily into her shed. Kris told his friends to go home and stormed off to his room.

I’m afraid that the event I just described for you had become commonplace in the Falvey household since Merdyn had left. There is no easy way of putting it, dear reader.

THE SIBLINGS WERE AT WAR!

As far as Rose was concerned it was all Kris’s fault. He had let his powers go to his head and become a complete hufty tufty*.

For Kris it was Rose who was causing all the problems. Since she’d saved the world from Jerabo the Great and his sneaky son Julian Smith in the battle of Stonehenge, Rose had become no fun at all. All she wanted to do was mend animals and talk about responsibility. Booooooring!

Kris was so angry with his sister for spoiling his fun that he had vowed to prove himself better than Rose at

*An old word for “show off”. I told you, you should have read the last book!

magic. And so he came up with new, exciting spells that she couldn't perform. The invisibility spell was one of them, and he had recently perfected a memory-wipe spell.

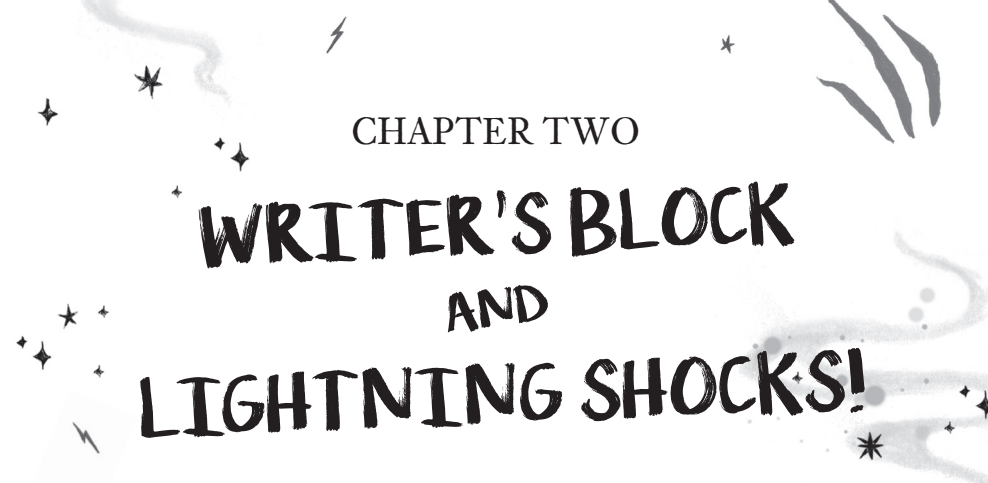
Rose was furious as she had been trying to perfect that spell for ages but just couldn't get it right. Stupid Kris had mastered it in weeks! Even more annoying was that he wouldn't share it with her. It would have been soooo useful in her vet clinic. She could get cats to forget being traumatised by dogs, and dogs to forget being traumatised by cats. But would Kris share it? No. Kris didn't see why he should share it when she wouldn't give him the pinecone spell that Rose used to allow her pet guinea pig, Bubbles, to speak. He wanted to use it on a wasp, which Rose thought was ridiculous (and so did Bubbles).

What annoyed Rose most – although she hated to admit it – was that deep down she knew she just wasn't as good at magic as Kris. I mean, yes, she'd saved the world once, but she had had Merdyn to help her then, the greatest wizard of all time. On her own she was just a mediocre W-blood at best, and she hated Kris for spelling it out (literally) so clearly for her.

Rose's beloved father, who had died a few years ago, had always told Rose that she would do something special with her life, would BE something special. When she found out she could do magic, she'd thought that was it! THIS was what her father had meant! But now Kris could do magic too. Not only that, he could do magic BETTER than her. Well, what made her so special now? Nothing. These were the thoughts that went through her head every night and which would keep her awake until she cried herself to sleep.

"Would you mind keeping the noise down please?" a voice would often pipe up from the cage in the corner of her bedroom. There sat a yellow guinea pig, munching on muesli.

*The voice
was from Bubbles,
A beloved pet
who didn't care for troubles.*



CHAPTER TWO

WRITER'S BLOCK AND LIGHTNING SHOCKS!

Caught in the middle of her warring children was their poor mum Suzy. It was the last thing she needed. She was having problems of her own! She had started singing again recently. She was doing gigs to hundreds of people, singing songs from her old band The Mondays, but the fans wouldn't keep coming back for the same six songs. She needed some new tracks but was struggling with writer's block.

One quiet Sunday morning she was on the verge of completing a wonderful new song. It was called "Mother's on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" and was about a tired mum who had writer's block and was sick of her kids fighting (I don't know where she got that idea from, do you?). She had just begun to write the lyrics, the words spilling from her pen on to the paper, when she heard an

argument erupt down the corridor.

“Keep out of my room!” screamed Kris.

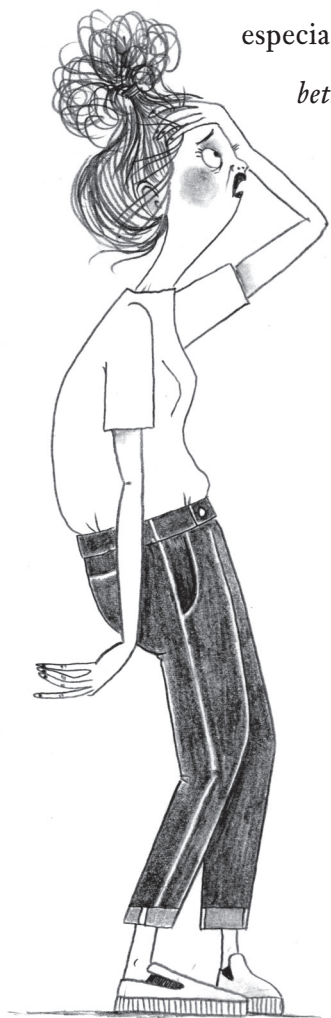
“I don’t want to BE in your room!” Rose yelled back.

“I just want the spell!”

Suzy put her earplugs in, which had been bought especially for these occasions. *Ah, that’s better*, she thought and carried on writing.

Meanwhile, the argument was escalating. That morning Rose had begged Kris for the millionth time to let her have the memory-wipe spell. She’d had someone bring in a pet rabbit who’d had a bag of carrots fall on its head and it was now traumatised by the sight of carrots. But they were the only things that it liked eating, so now it was starving to death.

Kris tried to bargain with



her. “I’ll lend it to you if I can do magic shows ALL DAY Saturday.”

“Saturday’s our busiest day!” Rose protested.

“Then no memory-wipe spell,” Kris sang in an annoying whiny voice that he knew really wound Rose up.

“Look, *stupid hair boy*,” Rose hit back, using the one thing SHE knew would wind him up: any criticism whatsoever of his hair. (Kris was a little vain; he had so much hairspray in it he needed to keep at least ten metres away from candles or it would burst into flames.) “I’m going to create my own memory-wipe spell soon. And guess what? It’ll be WAY better than yours . . .”

“That’s fine then!” Kris cut in. “You don’t need mine!”

Rose lost her temper. “But I need it now! A rabbit is starving to death!”

“You know what the real problem is here, Rose,” Kris retorted, still smarting from the hair comment. “You just can’t stand that I’m better at magic than you!”

“WHAT?!!” Rose yelled back in fake disgust, “You wouldn’t even know you could DO magic if it wasn’t for me.”

Kris had spotted a weakness. “That’s not the point! The point is I’m better at it than you and you hate it.”

“I am WAY better than you!” his sister yelled.

“Then do your own spells and stop embarrassing yourself by begging for mine!” Kris shouted back.

“I’ll tell you what I really hate if you must know.” Rose had never been angrier in her life. “YOU, Kris! I hate YOU! I wish I’d never had a brother!”

“Ha!” Kris laughed in her face. “You think I want *you* as a sister!? A boring goody two shoes!!”

At that moment something inside Rose snapped. Without thinking she reached for some dill leaves from a pouch in the herb belt round her waist and threw a lightning spell.

“HOLCUS CRACKAJACKA!”

she screamed as she threw the dill leaves, and white electric streams crackled from her fingers and whizzed past Kris’s head, singeing the left side of his hair.

KABOOM!

The ferocity of the explosion blew Kris’s door off its

hinges and incinerated the contents of his room: bed, duvet, trendy retro record player, hair products and hairdryers (one for every different hairstyle) – the lot – then smashed a two-metre circular hole in the far wall.

“Oh . . . MY . . . GOD!!” exclaimed Kris and immediately ran downstairs and into the garden. Rose knew what he was going to do and followed him, shouting, “Nononononononononono!”

Rose got to the garden just as Kris was throwing HIS dill leaves over Rose’s beloved shed.

“HOLCUS CRACKAJACKA!”

he yelled and – BOOM! – of course his lightning spell was even more powerful than Rose’s and the wooden shed was blasted from its concrete base UP INTO THE AIR!

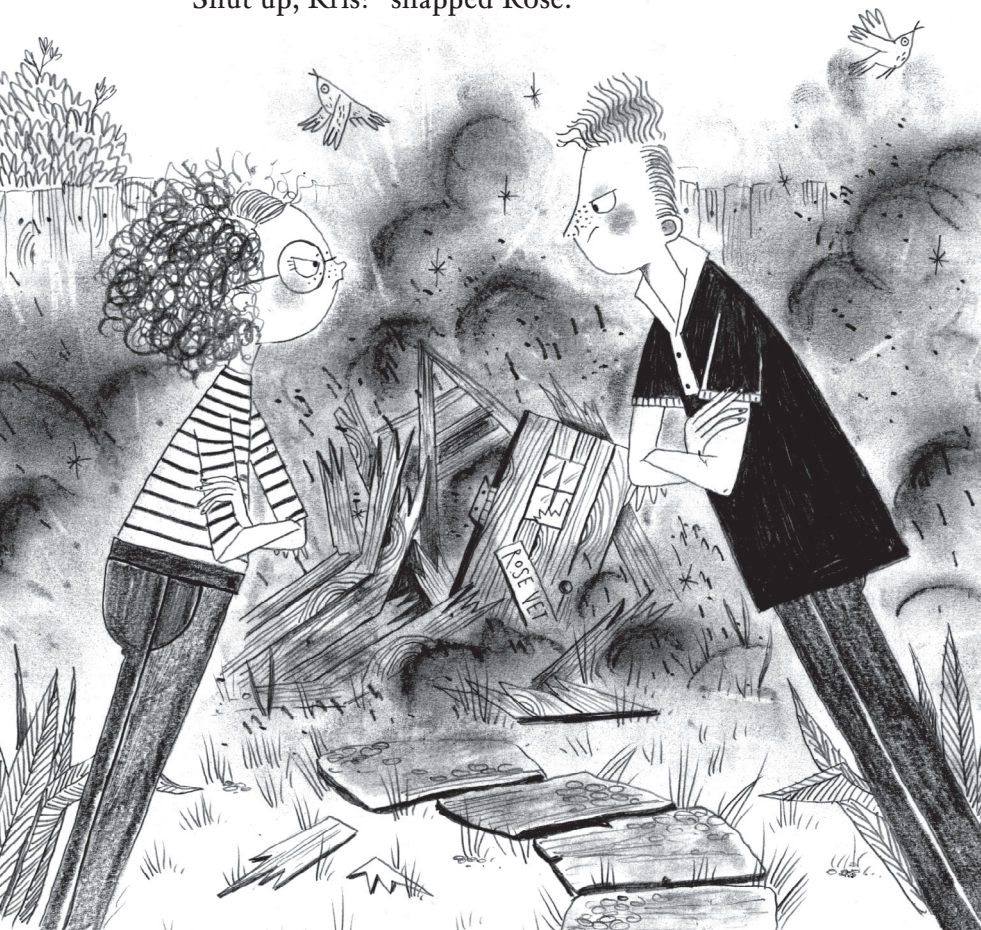
As it flew vertically into the sky and came crashing down in a heap of crumpled wood and veterinary instruments, Rose found herself jealous that even Kris’s blooming lightning spells were better than hers!

“RIGHT!! THAT’S IT!!!” came a voice from behind

the children. The voice was Mum's. The noise from the two explosions had finally penetrated the earplugs and she was now standing in the garden in front of the twin destroyers of her home. "I'm banning magic from this house! For six months! And if I hear one word of complaint, it'll be **FOR EVER!**"

Kris started to complain. "But—"

"Shut up, Kris!" snapped Rose.



"*Me* shut up?" Kris retorted. "This is all your fault."

"ENOUGH!!" Suzy bellowed. The bickering siblings fell silent. "No magic for six months. And you can *both* share the blame! It's just about the only thing you *can* share!"

Upstairs in Rose's room, Bubbles had been listening to the whole farrago with faint amusement. Humans were so complicated, he thought. They want for so much. He was happy with a bowl of organic pet-shop grains and a snooze.

*Magic should have brought joy
to their life.*

*Instead it had brought
trouble and strife.*