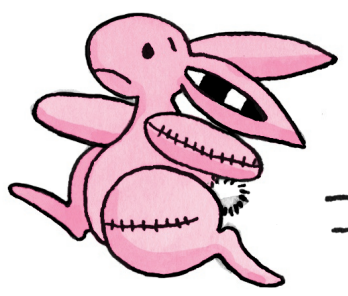


I wasn't sure about having a vampire party. I think my friends would find it a bit scary. A vampire party is always held in the dead of night and you have to dress very smartly and have very neat hair. Vampires are very fussy about their appearance. They like to play flying games, and shoot across the sky at lightning-quick speed. My wings can never keep up as they are more flappy, like fairy wings. Vampires also like to eat red food at their parties and drink red juice. I hate all red food.



‘I was being Pink Rabbit!’ I told him.
‘And Pink Rabbit dressed up as me. It was so much fun. We had cake and ice cream and party bags and we played pass the parcel.’

‘Pass the what?’ said Mum.

‘The parcel!’ I said. ‘It goes round and round in a circle and at the end there’s a surprise!’

‘Sounds very odd,’ said Mum. ‘And what is a party bag?’

‘It’s a little bag you give the guests at the end of the party,’ I explained. ‘It’s full of little presents and also a slice of the birthday cake wrapped in a tissue.’

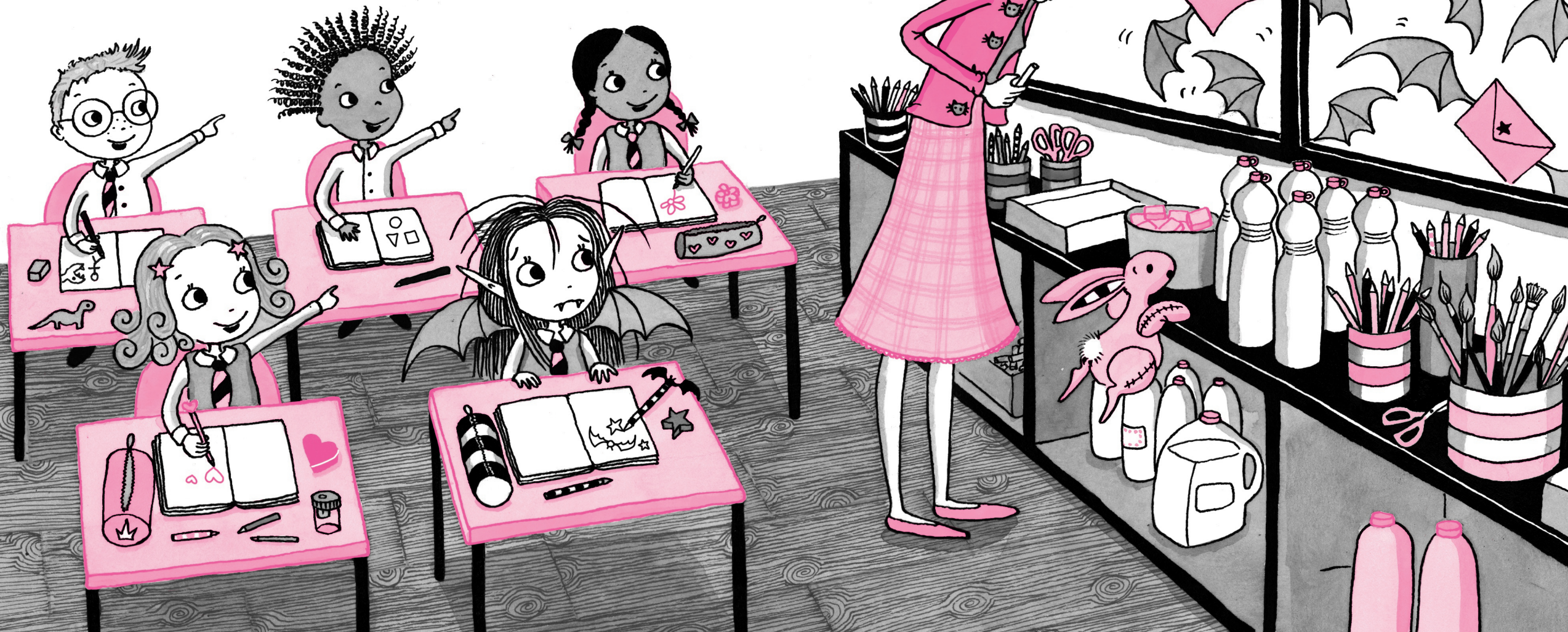
‘I didn’t know humans ate tissues,’ said Dad.

‘The week before, it was Oliver’s birthday,’ I continued. ‘He had a bouncy castle at his party, and a magician.’



The next day at school we were in a maths lesson when suddenly there came a great flapping sound from outside.

‘What on earth is that?’ said Miss Cherry, darting towards the window.



They don't have wings.'

'How boring,' said Dad who was in the middle of sticking stars onto a 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY' banner.



'You are planning a human birthday party, aren't you?' I asked worriedly.

'Yes,' said Dad. 'Don't worry, Isadora. We have it all under control.' He tapped his list of ideas. 'We are following your instructions exactly.'

I peered again at the list. 'Pass the parcel, magician, cake, balloons, presents, bouncy castle, fancy dress, party bags.' Invitations could now be crossed out.

'OK,' I said, feeling reassured once again. 'But you know you don't have to include all those things in the party. Most human parties just have one or two of those things.'

'Of course,' said Dad absent-mindedly.

I made myself a peanut butter sandwich and made my way upstairs to my turret bedroom.



‘It’s the way they do it at vampire and fairy parties,’ I explained proudly.

Mum and Dad smiled down at me and then everyone started to sing.

‘Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy biiiirthday, Isadoraaa . . .’

I tried hard to blow all the candles out. It took a long time and in the end everyone had to join in.

Dad started to cut the cake.

‘This top layer is the red layer,’ he said. ‘Specially for vampires.’ He handed a piece to Oliver.

‘The second layer is for fairies,’ said Mum. ‘It’s got flower petals in it and changes flavour whenever you take a bite.’