

**Guided Reading – Monday’s extract**

**Chapter 1**

Isadora Moon, that’s me! And this is Pink Rabbit. He comes everywhere with me. Even on school trips! I have only ever been on one school trip before – we went to the ballet – so I was very excited when our teacher, Miss Cherry, announced that we would be going on another one in a week’s time!

“Oh lovely,” said Mum when I brought the letter home to show her. A historic castle museum! That will be interesting. Would you like Dad and me to volunteer again?

“Erm…” I began hesitantly. Mum and Dad had volunteered on my last school trip and it had been fine (mostly) but I am always a little unsure about them offering to help out. The thing is that my Mum is a fairy and my Dad is a vampire (which makes me a vampire fairy, by the way). They are not quite like other parents and sometimes it can be embarrassing.

“You can,” I said. “If you really want to. Except Miss Cherry said they only need one volunteer this time. So only one of you can come.

“Ah,” said Mum, looking slightly disappointed. “That’s a shame. You’d better take your Dad then. You know how much he loves old castles!”

“I do!” agreed Dad who was jiggling my baby sister Honeyblossom up and down. “I would love to go!” He whipped a pen out from underneath his cloak and briskly signed the letter.

**Guided Reading – Tuesday’s extract**

“I hope I will get to wear one of those fashionable hi-vis jackets again,” he said. It was a very striking look.

“Yes,” agreed Mum. “You did look handsome in it. They were lovely and bright weren’t they? I believe the word for that is fluorescent.”

“Fluorescent!” said Dad. “I love that word!” He handed the letter back to me. “I can’t wait for the trip!” he exclaimed. “I just adore old castles. Do you think it will be haunted? I do hope so!”

“I don’t know,” I replied. “I’ll have to ask Miss Cherry.”

“Haunted?!” said Miss Cherry in surprise when I asked her the question the next day at school. “Of course the castle won’t be haunted! You mustn’t be frightened of that!”

“I’m not frightened,” I said. “I just – “

“Haunted?” asked my friend Zoe from behind me. “Did you say the castle was haunted, Isadora?”

“No, I was just – “

“It’s haunted!” cried Zoe loudly, putting her hand over her mouth in shock. “Oh my goodness!”

“Eek!” cried Samantha, wide-eyed. “I’m scared of ghosts!”

“Everyone’s scared of ghosts,” said Bruno.

“The castle is haunted!” shouted Jasper.

Soon the whole class was in an uproar. Samantha’s face had gone very white.

“Now, calm down, everyone,” said Miss Cherry loudly. “The castle is NOT haunted.”

“But what if it is?” squeaked Samantha.

“It’s NOT,” sighed Miss Cherry, rolling her eyes. But no one was listening. The idea that the castle was haunted had firmly planted itself into everyone’s head.

“I bet the ghost trails around the castle corridors, wailing and moaning,” said Zoe.

“I bet it has red, glowing eyes and very sharp teeth,” shivered Sashi.

“I bet it eats children for breakfast,” said Bruno.

“Oh help!” gulped Samantha, trembling.

**Guided Reading – Wednesday’s extract**

“Now, Dad,” I said, the night before the school trip. “I know you’re a vampire, but you must make sure you don’t oversleep tomorrow. We have to be at school at nine o’clock to catch the coach.”

“A coach!” said Dad. “How exciting! I have never been on one of those before. And don’t worry Isadora I will make sure I am ready. I am planning to set five extremely loud alarms. The first one will go off at 5 a.m. That will give me about two and a half hours to do my hair. It’s not much, I know, but it will have to do.”

“Great” I said happily. “Thanks, Dad.”

“Oh my,” said Mum. “Five alarms! I shall have to magic up some special earplugs for myself tonight!”

“Don’t worry, Mum,” I said. “You can sleep in my room tonight. We can set up a camp bed! Maybe we could even roast marshmallows like we did when we went camping!”

Mum laughed. “That’s very sweet of you, Isadora,” she said. “But I don’t mind really. It’s nice to be awake at the crack of dawn sometimes. Nature is very beautiful at that time.”

“Oh, ok,” I said, feeling slightly disappointed. “Could we still have marshmallows, though? We could have them for pudding tonight?”

“Great idea!” said Mum, glancing out of the window at the wet weather. “I do so love being out in the fresh sparkling rain!”

**Guided Reading – Thursday’s extract**

“Oh, ok,” I said, feeling slightly disappointed. “Could we still have marshmallows, though? We could have them for pudding tonight?”

“Great idea!” said Mum, glancing out of the window at the wet weather. “I do so love being out in the fresh sparkling rain!”

“Erm…” began Dad.

“I’ll magic us up a shelter,” said Mum. “That way the campfire won’t go out.”

Dad looked a bit worried. He hates the rain because it messes up his perfectly groomed Vampire hair.

“Maybe we could cook the marshmallows indoors?” He suggested. “Over the stove?”

“Oh no!” said Mum, horrified. “Why would we want to miss this glorious weather?”

Dad and I stared out of the window at the darkening grey sky, as Mum pottered around getting things ready for the campfire. Rain was pouring down in sheets.

“I do hope it will clear up for the school trip tomorrow,” said Dad. “Otherwise we’re going to get very wet.”

“I’m sure it will,” said Mum confidently. It’s probably just a little shower.”

But we had to have our marshmallows under the magical shelter and by the time we went to bed, the rain was still hammering down on the roof of our house.

**Guided Reading – Friday’s extract**

**Chapter 2**

When I woke up in the morning it looked even greyer than it had the night before.

“Oh dear,” I said to Pink Rabbit as I hopped out of bed. “I think we’re going to need raincoats today!” Pink Rabbit shivered and looked a bit worried. He hates getting wet because he is made of stuffing. I opened my wardrobe door and pulled out his little plastic cape.

“You’ll be fine if you wear this,” I said, putting it on him. “You’ll stay perfectly dry! And it looks very smart!” Pink Rabbit looked pleased. He bounced up and down in front of the mirror, posing and preening while I put on my own clothes. Then we both made our way downstairs to the kitchen.

Dad was already there, drinking his red juice. His hair looked perfectly sleek and vampire-y and he was wearing his best black waterproof cape.

“I told you I would be ready,” he yawned, hurriedly putting on his sunglasses to hide the dark rings under his eyes.

“Well done, Dad! I said, sitting down at the table and reaching for a piece of toast.

“I’m not too sure about the weather though,” continued Dad, glancing anxiously out of the window. “It’s pouring! I hate getting my hair messed up in the rain.”

I looked at the black clouds outside and at the raindrops running in streaks down the window.

“We will have to take umbrellas,” I said.