

THE
CONJUROR'S COOKBOOK
VOLUME 4
FAIRY CAKE



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HATCHLING
BOOKS

SAMPLE CHAPTER

The Guests Arrive



‘Yes,’ said Jake, ‘it’s my birthday. We’re having a party this afternoon.’

‘And you’re not invited,’ snapped Granny.

‘Why not?’ asked Dewlally, leaping back into the kitchen. ‘After all, I am your fairy god-daughter!’

‘You couldn’t care less about us until a moment ago,’ said Granny. ‘You were just about to leave.’

‘But that was before you invited me to your party,’ said Dewlally.

‘We haven’t invited you!’ said Granny firmly. ‘You’re not coming.’

‘Why not?’ pleaded Dewlally.

‘Because you’re bound to cause trouble,’ said Granny.



‘I won’t!’ said Dewlally. ‘Oh please, please, pretty please, I promise I’ll be good.’

Jake didn’t say anything, but he gave Granny an imploring look. He wanted Dewlally to come to the party too.

‘Look, even if she did behave herself,’ said Granny, ‘and I don’t believe for a moment that she would, she’d cause enough trouble just by being seen. Most people don’t believe in fairies!’

‘That’s not a problem,’ said Dewlally. ‘I can make myself invisible, look!’

The fairy vanished and then reappeared a moment later.

'Oh no!' said Granny. 'That settles it. It would be even worse if we couldn't keep an eye on her!'



'That's not fair!' said Dewlally, stamping her tiny foot.

'Well, that's how it is!' said Granny. 'So off you go!'

'Shan't!' said the fairy. 'I'm going to hold my breath until you change your mind!'

'Please yourself,' said Granny.

Dewlally took a deep breath and then clamped her mouth shut. After a few seconds, her face turned red and her eyes began to bulge.

'Can't we do something?' asked Jake, 'she looks like she's going to explode!'

'She's bluffing,' said Granny. 'I'm not sure that fairies even need to breathe.'

'I hate you!' gasped Dewlally, letting out her breath. 'You're horrid and I don't want to go to your stupid party anyway. I hope you all have a really awful time!'

And she jumped back on to the window sill and disappeared off into the garden.

'Good riddance!' said Granny, shutting the window. But she saw Jake looking a little sad.

'Cheer up,' she said, giving him a hug. 'It's your birthday, remember. You're supposed to be enjoying yourself. Let me show you what I've prepared for your party.'

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Granny had been cooking for days and the kitchen was stuffed with delicious treats. The fridge was overflowing with quiches, jellies and trifles. And the larder shelves were groaning with sausage rolls, pasties and cakes and puddings of every description.

Jake's mouth was watering so much he had to wipe it on his sleeve.

'Why don't you take it through and lay it out on the table, while I make the sandwiches?' said Granny. 'And feel free to nibble. There's plenty more.'

By the time they had finished setting out the food, the guests were starting to arrive. They were all Jake's school friends. Jake's parents had meant to come too but they had both caught flu and were spending the day in bed.

'Come in! Come in!' said Granny ushering everyone into the cottage.

Jake's best friend Nigel arrived with his

mother. Jake often teased Nigel about her because she was always fussing over him.



'Is Nigel sure he'll be all right without Mumsy?' she asked.

'Yes, mum,' said Nigel, blushing. 'It's only a birthday party. I'm not climbing Everest!'

'Well, all right then,' said his mum, giving him a big sloppy kiss. 'But promise to phone me if you feel poorly and want to come home.'



'This is our phone number,' she said, handing a piece of paper to Granny, 'and Nigel's doctor's and the hospital's and these are his special tummy ache pills. Oh and here's an extra jumper in case he gets cold. Now, have I forgotten anything?'

'There's no need to worry,' said Granny. 'He's only here until seven o'clock.'

'But that's ages' fussed Nigel's mother. 'Shall I come back a bit earlier, in case you have any trouble?'

'Thank you for offering, but please don't bother,' said Granny. 'I'm sure we'll have no trouble at all.'