

Oliver Moon's Fangtastic Sleepover



Sue Mongredien



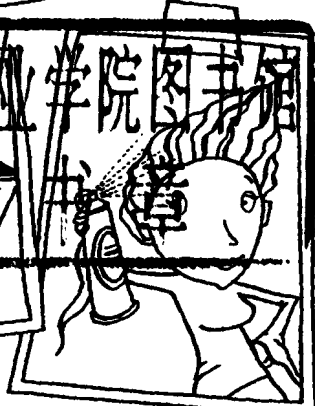
My Family



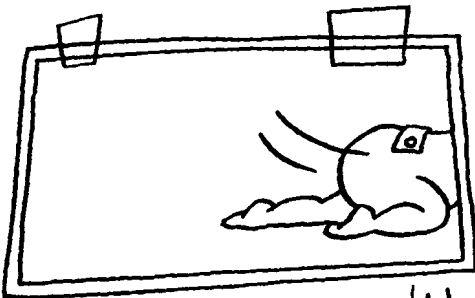
Dad



← Me
Oliver
Moon



Mum



my sister, the Witch Baby

Oliver Moon's
Fangtastic
Sleepover



Sue Mongredien



Illustrated by



Jan McCafferty



For Joe Savage, with lots of love

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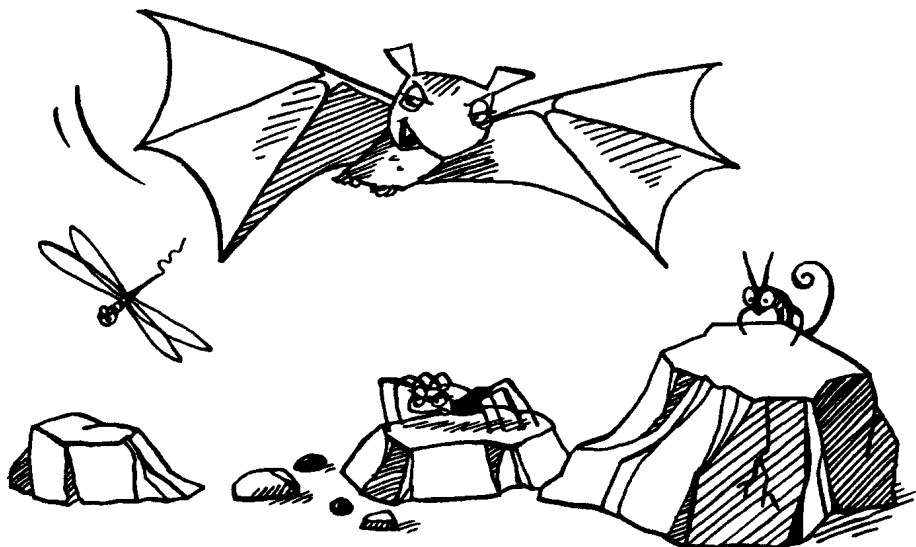
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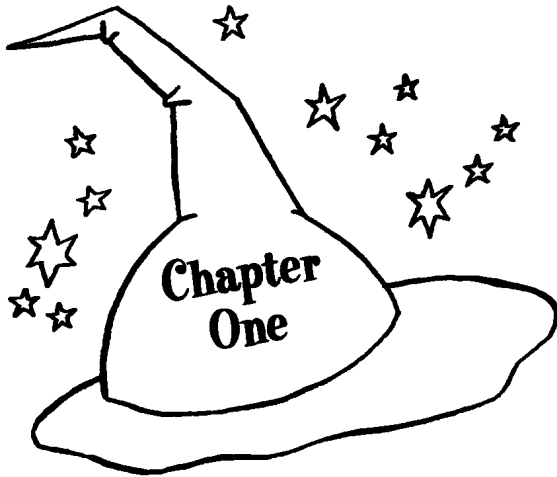
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“Come on, Mum, there’s no need to *cry*,” Oliver hissed. He gazed around the school playing field, hoping that no one else could see the way his mum’s eyes were glistening. “I’ll be *fine*!”

Mrs. Moon sniffed and dabbed at her eyes with a bright green handkerchief. “I know,” she said, pressing her lips together.

“But...” She shook her head. “I’m going to miss you, that’s all.”

“*Me miss Ollie!*” added the Witch Baby, Oliver’s sister. She suddenly burst into noisy tears and threw her arms around Oliver’s legs. “Come back, Ollie!”

“I haven’t gone yet!” Oliver said. He tried to step out of his sister’s clutches, but she clung on even tighter. “And I’m only going for *one night!*” he reminded them.

Oliver sighed. He and his classmates were gathered on the field with their families, saying goodbye before setting off for the school trip. But nobody seemed to be making half as much fuss as his mum and sister!



Mrs. Moon blew her nose loudly. “Yes, yes, I know,” she said. “I’m sure you’ll have a great time. It’s just that you’ve never stayed away from home before, so...” She took a deep breath, then put on a big fake smile. “Now – did you remember your toothbrush?”

“Yes, Mum,” Oliver replied. “You asked me that five minutes ago, remember?”

“Come on, everyone,” shouted Mr. Goosepimple, Oliver’s teacher, just then. “It’s time to fly!”

“I’d better go,” Oliver said, prising his sister’s sticky fingers off his legs. “I’ll see you tomorrow, okay?”



“Have you got your packed lunch?”
Mrs. Moon went on.

“Yes, Mum. Look, I’ve really got to go now, so—”

“And your pyjamas?”

“Yes, Mum. So—”

“And a clean pair of pants?”

Oliver gritted his teeth. He was starting to lose his patience. “Yes, I’ve got a clean pair of pants!” he replied, rather louder than he meant to. Someone nearby sniggered – Bully Bogeywort, it sounded like – and Oliver felt himself turn hot with embarrassment. Honestly!

“Oliver,” Mr. Goosepimple called.

“When you’re ready...?”

Oliver looked round and saw that all his classmates were lined up in front of their teacher, astride their broomsticks. Everyone was waiting for him and,

judging by their giggles and smirks, they'd all heard what he'd just said about his pants. Typical! "Bye, Mum. Bye, Sis," he gabbled, kissing them both and then rushing to join his friends.

"Take care!" his mum called after him.

"Take CAKE!" his sister added in a bellow.

"And don't forget those clean pants!" Bully Bogeywort said loudly, with a horrible grin. Oliver pulled a face at Bully, then kicked one leg over his broomstick, and lined up with the rest of his class.

"Everyone here? Excellent," Mr. Goosepimple said. "I'll just send all our bags on to the museum, and then we can be off. Leachville Haunted House Museum, here we come!"



Oliver felt a thrill of excitement as he and his classmates soared into the air and flew after their teacher. He'd never been on a school sleepover before! He'd been looking forward to it for ages, imagining telling spooky ghost stories with his friends, and having midnight feasts. "This is going to be so cool," he called across to his best friend, Jake Frogfreckle.



Jake grinned back. "Too right!" he shouted. "I hope we see some spooks!"

Oliver nodded. "The spookier the better," he declared. Oh, he was so pleased that Mr. Goosepimple had chosen "Ghosts and Ghouls" as their class project this term at Magic School. He couldn't think of anything he'd rather be learning about!



Leachville wasn't very far from Cacklewick, Oliver's home town, and it only took the school group half an hour or so to fly there. After bumping down in the museum grounds, Oliver looked up at the towering stone building in front of him, feeling even more excited.

The Haunted House Museum was old and ramshackle, with ivy all over the front of it and big, dusty windows. Oliver knew it was really famous for all of the creepy creatures and spirits that lived there. Just gazing at it was enough to send a shiver down Oliver's spine. He could hardly believe they were going to be spending the night there!

"Here we are," Mr. Goosepimple said, patting his windswept hair back into place.