

Wizzbang Wizard

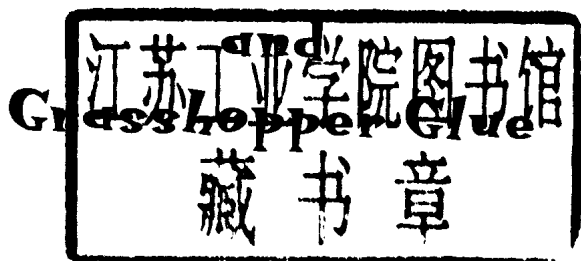
Dragon Danger



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Wizzbang Wizard

Dragon Danger



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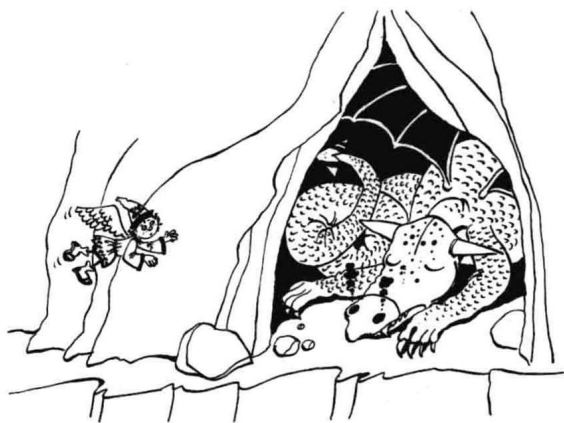
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To Isla and Ewan

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chapter one



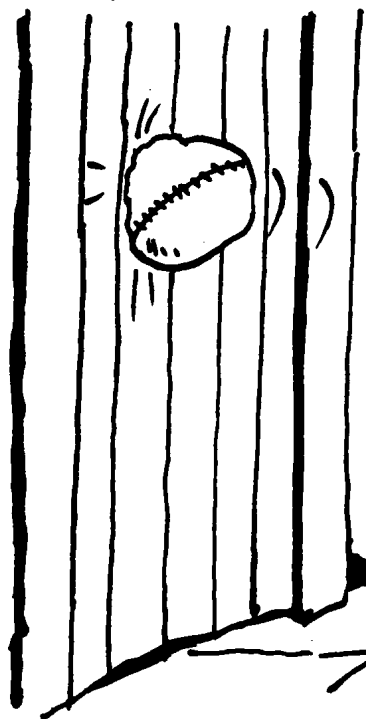
Near the little village of Muddling, at the very end of Lumpy Lane, was a very strange house. Sometimes there were spots on the roof and sometimes there were stripes. Sometimes the walls were

green and sometimes they changed to blue. For this was a wizard's house and it was a magical place to live.

The wizard was in the wizard room where all the magic books and potions were kept. He was a young wizard called Freddy Frogpurse and he was sitting on the edge of the table, dangling his legs.

"Now!" Freddy shouted.

At that moment, a leather ball stuffed with feathers dropped



down in front of Freddy from the ceiling.
With a skilful flick of his foot, he sent the
ball whizzing across the room. It hit the
middle of the door with a loud

whump!



“GOAL!” shouted Freddy. “That’s fifteen goals and only two misses so far!”



The ball slowly floated up from the floor to the ceiling. It drifted across the room towards Freddy then stopped just above his head.

“Now!” Freddy shouted again.

The ball dropped. Freddy kicked. The ball shot towards the door, but this time the door opened suddenly. There was a thump, a squeak and a cloud of black smoke.

Freddy leapt off the table.

“Odds! Are you hurt?”

He bent down and lifted the ball from the floor. Underneath was a small dragon.



Freddy carefully picked up the little creature.

“I’m really sorry, Odds!” said Freddy.


“I was just—”

The dragon struggled free. He rattled his scales angrily and blew another puff of black smoke through his nostrils.



“Master Freddy!” said the dragon.
“This is not the proper behaviour for a wizard!”

The dragon was called Odds-and-Ends
and he was the house dragon of Wizard



Cottage. The cottage belonged to a very grand wizard called Doctor Sneezer Frogpurse.

He had gone off on a World Wide Wizard Walk and had left his great nephew Freddy to look after his house.

“Master Freddy!” snapped the little dragon. “May I remind you that you are supposed to be learning about magic so you can become a clever wizard like your Great Uncle!”

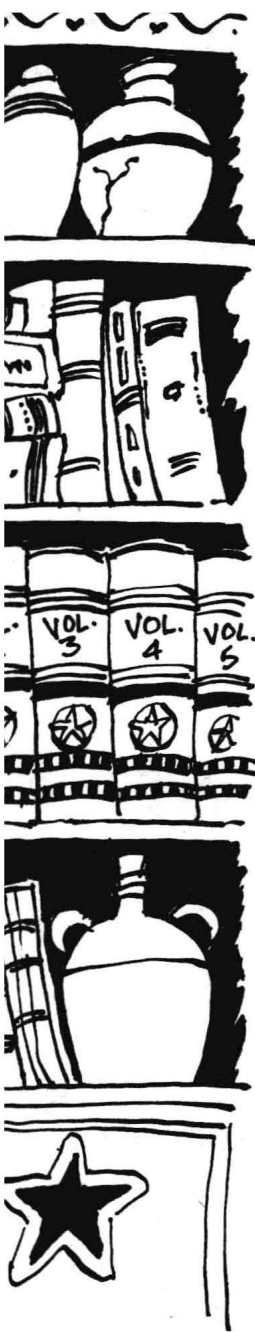
Freddy pointed to the leather ball.

“Don’t you think the spell I put on my football was clever?” he said. “It means I can practise when it’s wet outside.”

“That’s not proper magic,” snapped the dragon. “That’s just silly nonsense. I think you ought to get back to your books, Master Freddy.”

Freddy heaved a sigh. “You’re right, Odds.” He turned and went to the bookshelves, which stretched right up to the ceiling. He pulled a huge book from a shelf and laid it





on the table.

“That’s better,” said Odds-and-Ends. He turned and flew out of the room, blowing one last, angry smoke ring.

“I wonder why he’s in such a bad mood?” Freddy thought. “Now where was I?”

He opened the big book and flicked through it. It was *Volume One of the Wizard’s Handbook* (Fifty Volumes), but Freddy hadn’t got any further than the first few pages.

“Part 4: Stretching and shrinking

spells,” Freddy read. Then he gave a little yawn. “This first bit seems quite easy.”



He picked up his wand, gave it a few practice twirls, then cast a spell.

• Wizzbang-a-thingumajig! ★★

★ stretch-stretch-really-big! ★

★ he chanted and pointed his wand at the curtains.

The curtains began to stretch longer and longer. They piled up on the floor in

huge folds. Soon, they filled half the room and headed towards Freddy like waves.



Freddy grabbed the *Wizard's Handbook* from the table and flicked through the pages again. He found a spell just in time.

• Wizzbang-I -call! ★★

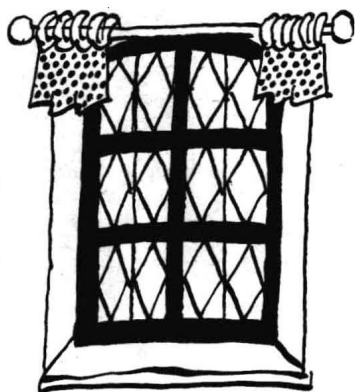


★ shrink-really-small! ★

The waves of curtain stopped growing and began to retreat.

“Phew!” said Freddy.

But now the curtains were the size of hankies, dangling from the curtain rail.



Just then, Freddy heard a shout from outside.

“Freddy! Are you in there? Have you got the football?”