



Praise for

THE MAGICIAN NEXT DOOR

“Charming, heart-warming and fantastical.
A gorgeous story about the importance of friendship
and the magic of the memories we carry within us.”

MEL TAYLOR-BESSENT

“A tale that will sweep you away.”

SINÉAD O'HART

“Filled with heart, humour and adventure,
this is a warm hug of a story.”

J. J. ARCANJO

“Storytelling at its magical best.”

JENNY MCLACHLAN

“Witty, cosy and heart-warming.”

IONA RANGELEY

“An absolute modern classic.”

ZOHRA NABI

“For fans of cosy magic and wild adventure.”

AISHA BUSHBY



To my wee ones, J & B.
R.C.K.

For Maisie and Olive Mantle – who I think
are both absolutely magical.

A.M.



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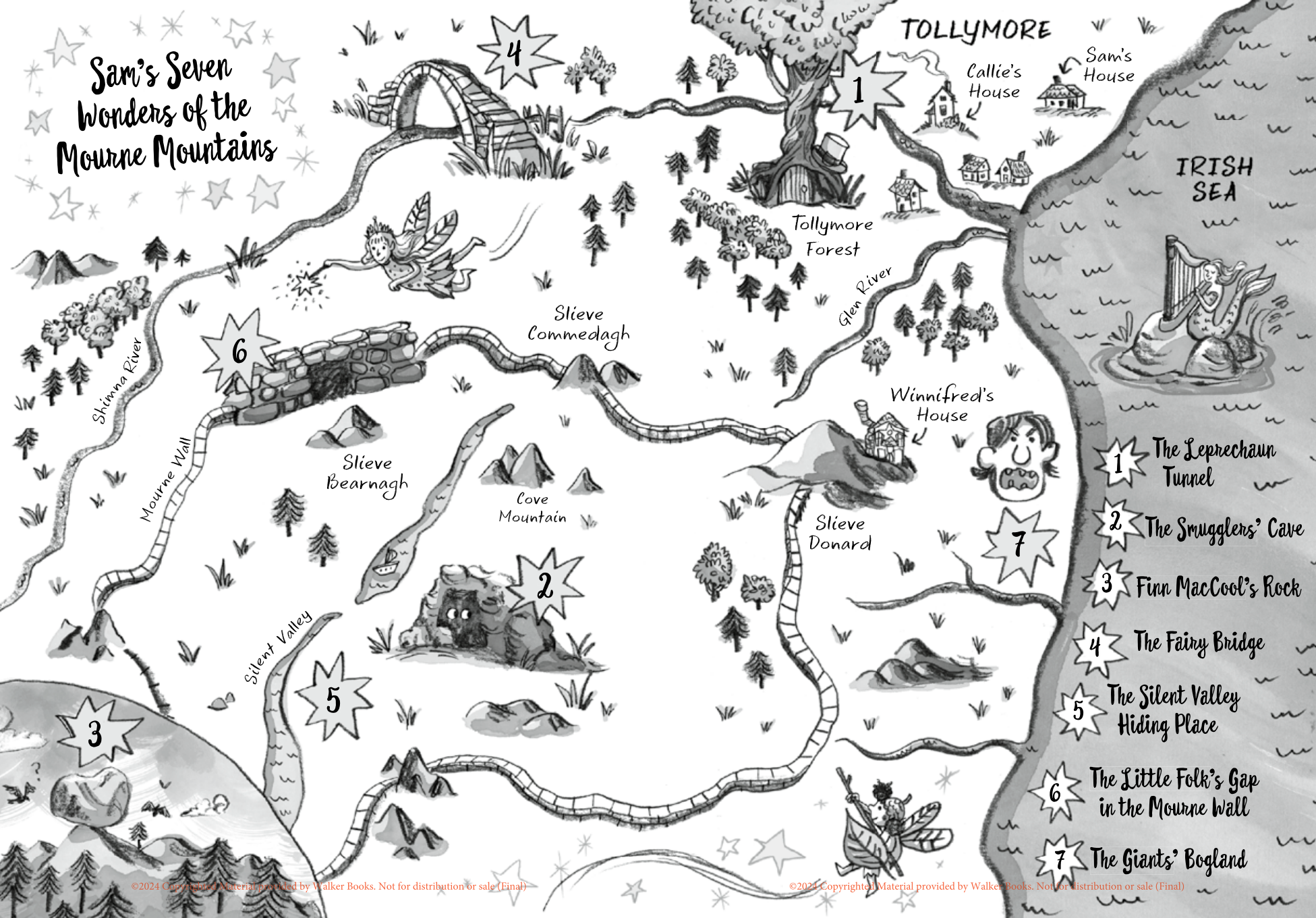


RACHEL CHIVERS KHOO

Illustrated by Alice McKinley



Sam's Seven Wonders of the Mourne Mountains



TOLLYMORE

IRISH SEA

Glen River

Shinna River

Mourne Wall

6

4

1

Callie's House

Sam's House

Tollymore Forest

Slieve Commedagh

Winnifred's House

Slieve Bearnagh

Cove Mountain

Slieve Donard

7

2

Silent Valley

5

3

1 The Leprechaun Tunnel

2 The Smugglers' Cave

3 Finn MacCool's Rock

4 The Fairy Bridge

5 The Silent Valley Hiding Place

6 The Little Folk's Gap in the Mourne Wall

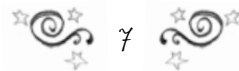
7 The Giants' Bogland

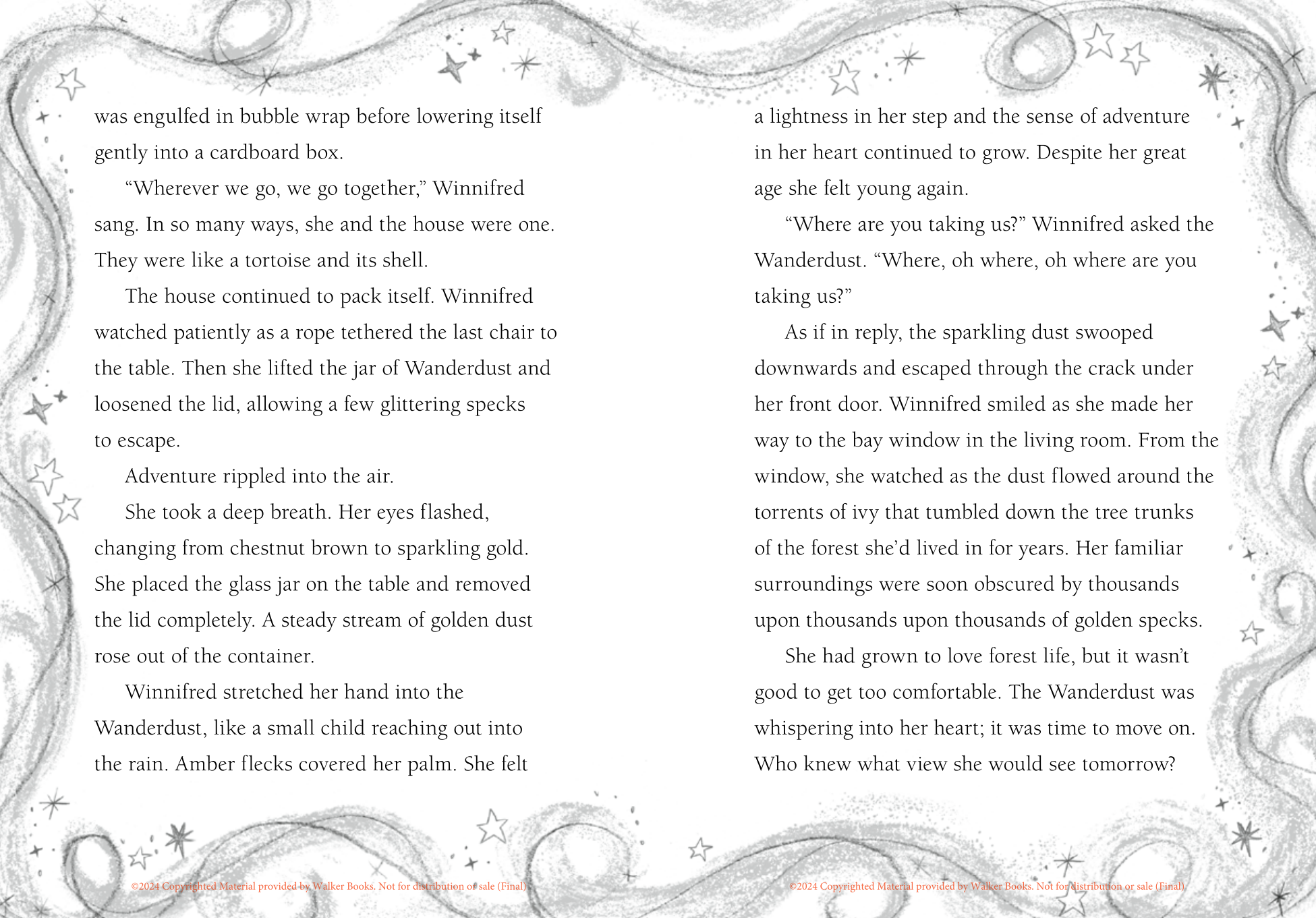


1 The Magician's House

Winnifred Potts sat at her kitchen table and eyed the precious jar in front of her. Thousands of golden specks of Wanderdust swirled inside the glass container. Winnifred sensed the restless excitement; the same excitement was inside her own heart. *Tonight was the night.*

The magician busied herself boxing up breakables and tying down furniture. It had been years since she'd last travelled via Wanderdust, but she remembered a lot of jostling and bumps along the way. At the snap of Winnifred's fingers, a crystal vase swooped from the mantelpiece and





was engulfed in bubble wrap before lowering itself gently into a cardboard box.

“Wherever we go, we go together,” Winnifred sang. In so many ways, she and the house were one. They were like a tortoise and its shell.

The house continued to pack itself. Winnifred watched patiently as a rope tethered the last chair to the table. Then she lifted the jar of Wanderdust and loosened the lid, allowing a few glittering specks to escape.

Adventure rippled into the air.

She took a deep breath. Her eyes flashed, changing from chestnut brown to sparkling gold. She placed the glass jar on the table and removed the lid completely. A steady stream of golden dust rose out of the container.

Winnifred stretched her hand into the Wanderdust, like a small child reaching out into the rain. Amber flecks covered her palm. She felt

a lightness in her step and the sense of adventure in her heart continued to grow. Despite her great age she felt young again.

“Where are you taking us?” Winnifred asked the Wanderdust. “Where, oh where, oh where are you taking us?”

As if in reply, the sparkling dust swooped downwards and escaped through the crack under her front door. Winnifred smiled as she made her way to the bay window in the living room. From the window, she watched as the dust flowed around the torrents of ivy that tumbled down the tree trunks of the forest she’d lived in for years. Her familiar surroundings were soon obscured by thousands upon thousands upon thousands of golden specks.

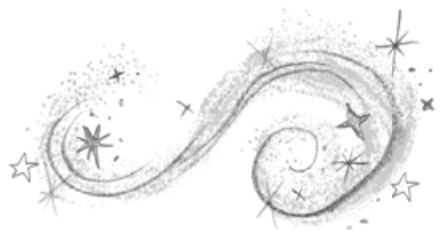
She had grown to love forest life, but it wasn’t good to get too comfortable. The Wanderdust was whispering into her heart; it was time to move on. Who knew what view she would see tomorrow?

A seascape, a rainforest, a mountaintop panorama? The whole wide world was waiting. There were so many wondrous places to see.

The Wanderdust was multiplying and growing in strength by the minute. Moving a magician's house was a mighty task.

Winnifred sat down in her favourite armchair and lifted a half-forgotten mug of nettle tea. The armchair nudged itself gently towards the window, careful not to spill Winnifred's drink. She patted the armrest in gratitude. Then she set her mug down and opened her arms wide.

"Off we go then," she said to the house. "Up and away we go!"



"You can't wallow in bed all day long," Callie's dad told her, as he opened the bedroom door.

Callie peeked out from under her duvet. "I can."

"But it's such a beautiful day." Her dad pulled the curtains open to reveal the mountain view.

Callie squinted as bright sunlight flooded into her cluttered bedroom.

"Ouch!" her dad cried, stumbling over a box on the floor. "It's been *five weeks*, Callie. When are you going to unpack properly?"

Callie looked around at the cardboard boxes.

