

V. V.
EXTREEMELY
PRIVATE

PROPERTY OF BEA BLACK

*1 Piggoty Lane,
Little Spellshire,
Spellshire*



SATURDAY 1ST JANUARY

10:00am Home

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

- Get better at all things WITCHY, including things I'm already quite good at, like looking after frogs and flying and basic levitation AND all the things I'm a bit VERY useless at like Potions.
- Master all the **GO** tactics (ask Blair to show me how to do the loop-the-loop properly).
- Be the best vice-captain of the Dodos since the time of Minerva Moon.
- Find out who Minerva Moon is was.
- Persuade Dad that we NEED a family dog.
- Don't tell anyone non-witchy about the WITCH THING...  ELSE

10:27am

OK, OK, so I *did* tell Ash about the witchy thing because, once he'd seen me levitating a frog and then found a large, magical Finkelspark EGG under my bed, I really didn't have much choice. Anyway, I can't help being glad that he knows – now I can hang out with my best non-witch friend and my best witch schoolfriends at the same time (which is a huge relief because keeping them apart was very, very, VERY stressful).

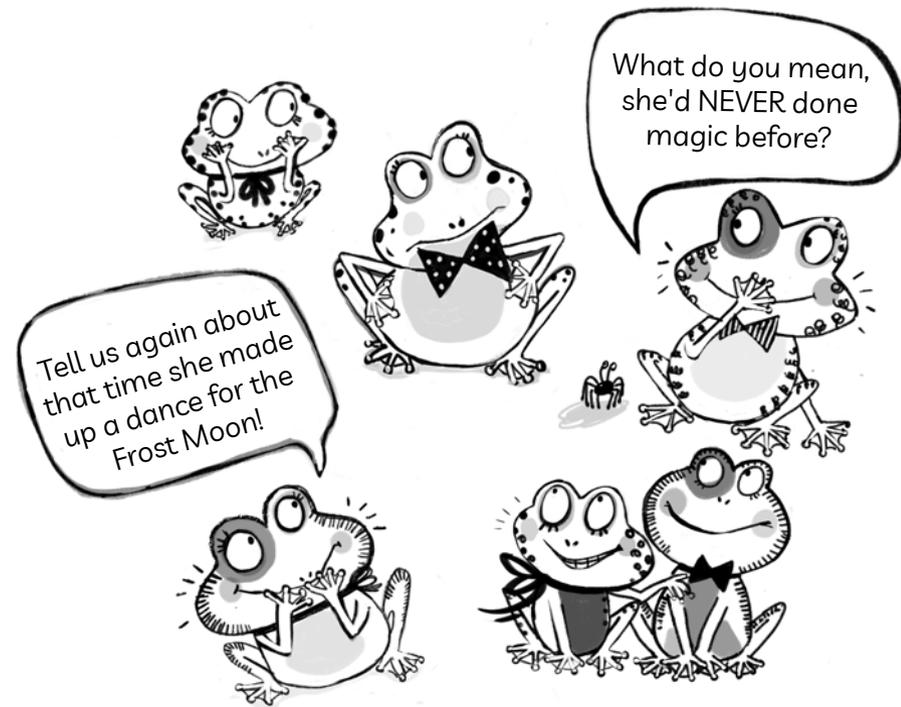
10:35am

Stan is hopping up and down in front of me like he's got ants in his pants.* I think he's trying to remind me that I have a best friend FROG to share secrets with. It's true – I can tell Stan *everything*. He wouldn't tell anyone ... even if he could talk.

10:41am

Wait ... I suppose he could tell the other class frogs about all my DISASTERS?

*If frogs wore pants.



Except no ... I can't imagine it. My secrets *are* safe with Stan. It was very nice of Mr Muddy to let me take him home for the holidays because, strictly speaking, class frogs are meant to stay in school.

"I might as well give you permission," he'd said with a grin. "*Unofficially*, I'm well aware that frog's been practically living at your house for weeks!"

Stan and I are inseparable and, although it's not always easy to tell, I like to think he's as happy about that as I am.

7:55pm

Me and Dad are just home from having tea at Ash's house. Iranian New Year isn't for ages, but Mrs Namdar had still prepared a feast of chicken and crusty golden rice and love cake. Given how terrible inventive Dad is at cooking, it's very lucky that we live next door to the Namdars.

Mr Namdar – who's an engineer in the army and away a lot – was home for the holidays. He looks like Ash and is very smiley. He is also very inkwizzi inquisitive.

First, he wanted to know how we were settling in Little Spellshire and I said I could never imagine living anywhere else, and

Dad said it was very nice, but that he was having a hard time writing his book.

"It's called *Understanding Little Spellshire's Most Peculiar Microclimate*," he said.

"Good luck understanding *that*," replied Mr Namdar

at the exact moment an unexpected lightning bolt struck the windowpane and everyone laughed (except Dad). Then Mr Namdar started INTERROGATING me about school.

"But what sort of 'arts' do you learn at a School of Extraordinary Arts?" he kept asking. "Is it mostly drawing and painting?"

I thought back to last term and making enchanted Winter Solstice masks with Mr Zicasso. "Um ... there is quite a lot of painting," I said.

"Dancing?"

I had a flashback of doing a witchy conga at the Halloween Ball and nodded. "Yes, we do lots of dancing."

"What about drama?"

"Definitely!"

Maybe we didn't do the sort of acting lessons Mr Namdar was imagining, but there was always LOTS of drama at Extraordinary!





SUNDAY 2ND JANUARY

6:33pm Home

Spent the day cloud-spotting with Dad. He loves clouds even more than he loves frogs or thunder-snow and nearly as much as he loves me. All the snow had melted and it was warm, so we lay on our backs and he pointed out a nimbostratus and a stratocumulus, and I pointed out a cloud shaped like a dragon and another one shaped like a toad. Stan didn't point out anything but he seemed to have a good time.

And now we're going to order pizza because Dad forgot to buy any food for tea.

9:01pm

Perfect Little Spellshire day.



11:01am Home

Can't believe it's the last day of the holidays and now I need to stop lazing around, eating fizzy skullsquiggles (although that is a Very Nice Thing to do), and wash and iron my school uniform. Ms Sparks always says, 'Extraordinary witches must learn how to do everyday, useful, Ordinary skills,' and Ms Sparks is the sort of headmistress who is usually right.*

2:33pm

Oooops, my school pinafore is now very short and there's a single hole in the back of my cape. It looks like I've inherited Dad's washing and ironing skills.

*Also, I don't know how to do any washing and ironing spells yet.

3:45pm Winnie's house

Went over to Winnie's so she could help me with some of my holiday homework that I hadn't ~~started~~ finished. Amara and Puck and Fabi were already there and everyone was talking about going back to school.

"It's going to be the best term yet," says Puck.
"I CAN'T WAIT!"

Odd. He's not usually *that* enthusiastic about lessons.

"Me neither," says Winnie with a big smile.
"Times tables!" She gives a dreamy sigh.

"Er ... I was talking about the school trip," says Puck, looking at her like she's a (friendly) alien.

Of course he was! We've been talking about it all holiday – only two weeks to go and, even though we still don't know *where* we're going, we're very excited.

8:55pm Home

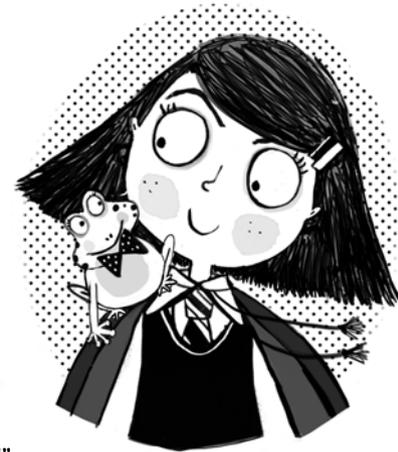
Winnie said the teachers would probably tell us EVERYTHING about the trip tomorrow so now I actually, literally can't wait to go back to school!*

*Extraordinary but true!

TUESDAY 4TH JANUARY

9:02am School

The first thing Mr Muddy said when he saw me and Stan was that I could stay as frog monitor, but I was only halfway through saying thank you when Hunter started yelling, "SIR, SIR, TELL US ABOUT THE SCHOOL TRIP!"



"Please tell us, Mr Muddy!" we all begged.
"I know! I know!" Li Lightening was practically self-levitating with excitement. "Is it Ogre's Causeway?"
Mr Muddy shook his head.
"Foggy Bottom?" suggested Polly Bucket.

Timetable: Year Seven (Form Teacher: Mr Muddy): Spring Equinox Term
Student Name: BEA BLACK

Time	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
09:00-09:15	Registration	Registration	Registration	Registration	Registration
09:20-10:00	Chem/Biology	Physics	Geography	Physics	Chem/Biology
10:05-10:50	Chem/Biology	Physics	Geography	Physics	Chem/Biology
10:55-11:15	Break	Break	Break	Break	Break
11:20-12:00	Maths	Maths	Maths	English	English
12:05-13:05	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch
13:10-13:55	PD	PD	Whole School Assembly	PD	PD
14:00-14:45	History	PE	Chem/Biology	Zoology	Friday Lecture
14:50-15:30	Art	PE	Chem/Biology	History	Geography

“Goblins’ Grotto?”

“Dragon’s Crag?”

“STOP!” Mr Muddy held up his hands to ward off our questions. “You are a terrible class for all talking at the same time!”

“*BUT, SIR, WHERE—*”

“Be patient, little witches. You’ll be told as soon as the decision has been made.”

“Wait, what?” Blair did not look impressed. “You mean *nobody* knows where we’re going?”

“Not yet. It’s a very tricky decision and not to be rushed. As Ms Sparks always says: ‘The trip must be right for the witches and the witches must be right for the trip!’ So for now –” he grinned, flicked his wand, and timetables started raining down on to our desks – “let’s concentrate on double physics. Such fun!”

11:01am

Breaktime and we're all eating fluffmallows and placing bets as to where we're going on our trip. I've never heard of most of the places.

"What's Goblins' Grotto?" I ask.

Blair rolls her eyes. "It's a grotto with goblins, *duh*."

Right. "What's Foggy Bottom then?"

"It's a *foggy*—"

"Never mind that," interrupts Winnie, waving the new timetable in our faces.

"We've got our first *Geography* class tomorrow!"

I thought only Winnie would be more excited about Geography than Foggy Bottom, but everyone stops talking about the trip and starts discussing the new teacher, Dr Pellicano.

"Has anyone met her yet?" asks Amara.

None of us have even *seen* her.

"Maybe she's not here yet," suggests Fabi. "My dad told me he'd heard she was on an expedition to the lair of the Abominable Snowman."

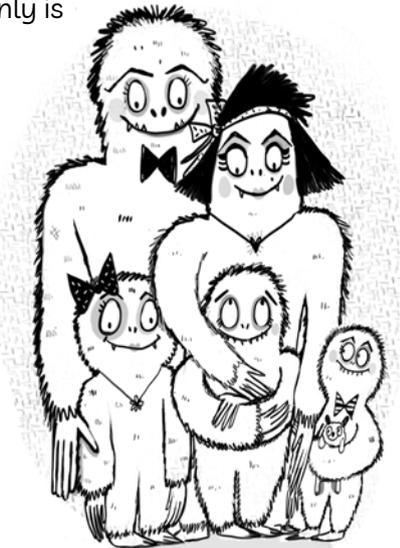


"The Abominable Snowman?" I giggle. "That's not a real thing."

And now everyone's laughing at me. *SIGH*.

11:13am

OK, so now I know that not only is the Abominable Snowman real, but he comes from a long line of VERY SHY Abominable Snowmen and has a wife and three mini-Abominables. According to Hunter, only a *toadbrain* wouldn't have known that. So I probably shouldn't have admitted that all



I knew about Dr Pellicano was her name (because I read it in the school newsletter).

"But she's FAMOUS." Izzi is shocked.

"Classic Bea," says Blair, waggling her eyebrows at her friends. "She knows less about the witch world

than my two-year-old sister.”

I go red. That might be true, but there’s no need for her to point it out. Classic *Blair* (looks like I’m not going to get on much better with her this term than last). But even my best friends seem a bit shocked that I don’t know about Dr Pellicano.

“But she’s flown across the whole wide world,” says Amara in awe.

“Lots* of people have done that!” I point out.

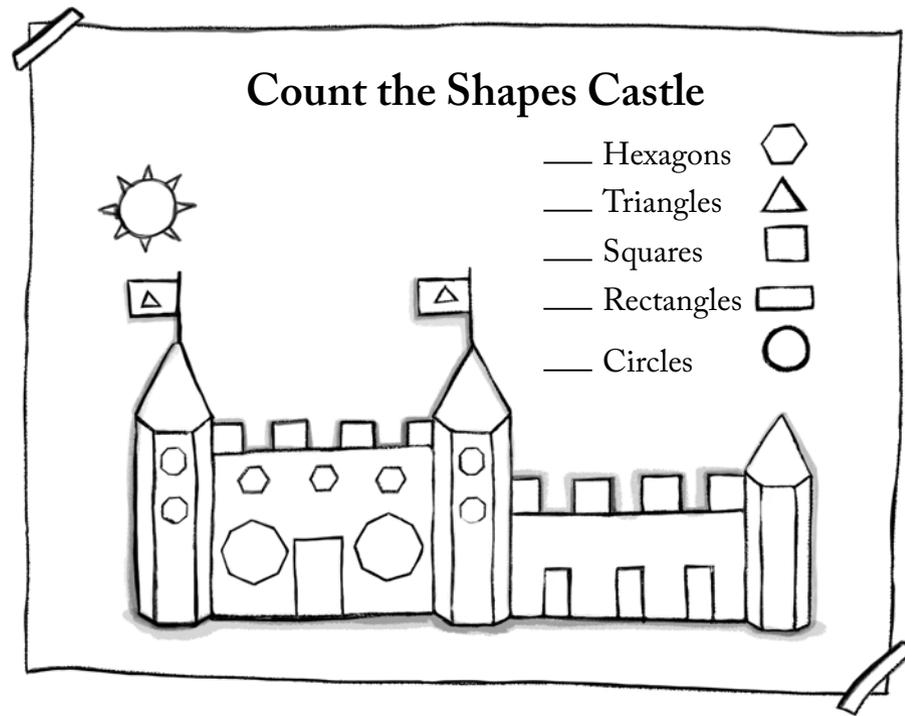
“Not on a broomstick,” says Blair with a snort.

11:25am

It looks like Mr Smith has spent the holidays coming up with more inventive ways to TORTURE us in Maths. But I can tell he’s missed us. I know we’re his favourite class, even if some of us** can’t remember what the difference is between a ~~parra~~ parallelogram and a ~~rom~~ rhombus (far less spell them).

*Well, a few.

**ME.



12:00pm

Oh dear. Mr Smith said we were the worst class he’d EVER taught and (in his words) “wouldn’t know how to work together to solve a simple maths problem if our lives depended on it”. I think he was ~~eggsa~~ exaggerating.

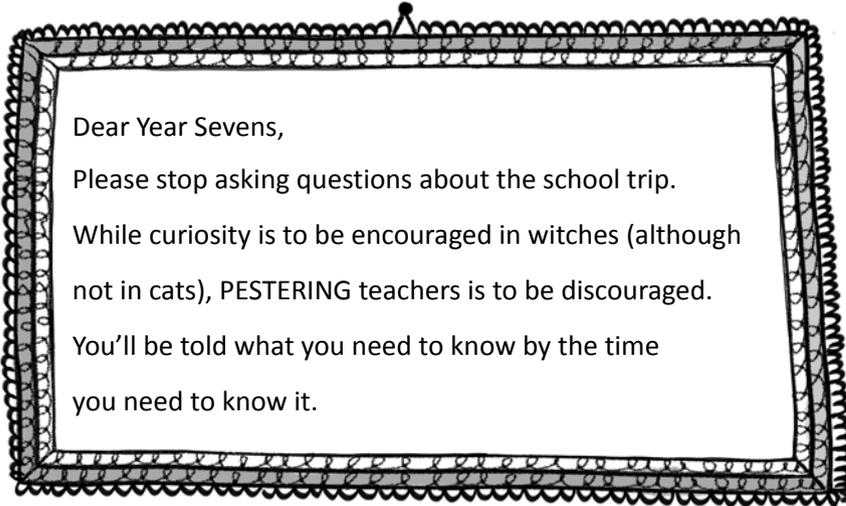
All this maths has made me hungry for lunch. I wonder if I’m witchy enough now to have developed a taste for witch sausages?

12:33pm
EEEEEEUGH.

NO! WITCH SAUSAGES ARE STILL DISGUSTING.

1:55pm

There's a 'helpful' message for us on the noticeboard:



3:16pm

First **GO** match of the term and we won! We **WON!**
WE WON!

Final score:

DODOS: 17

DRAGONS: 15

I scored SIX goals and pulled off a Stealthy Slither without falling off my broomstick, which surprised Hunter so much that *he* fell off and got stuck in a bush.

"FOUL!" he shouted at the exact same time as Ms Celery boomed: "Good work, Bea!"

I never thought I'd say this, but Ms Celery is turning out to be one of my favourite teachers.

6:03pm Home

"How was your first day back, Bea?" asks Dad,

rushing into the kitchen like a tornado's chasing



him.* *Dragons!* He has no idea how hard it is

when he asks questions like this. There's so much I want to tell him and I *can't*.



6:28pm

Our conversation went something like this:

*To be fair, it is VERY windy.



ME (aloud): Fine.

(inside head): *WILD! You have no idea!*

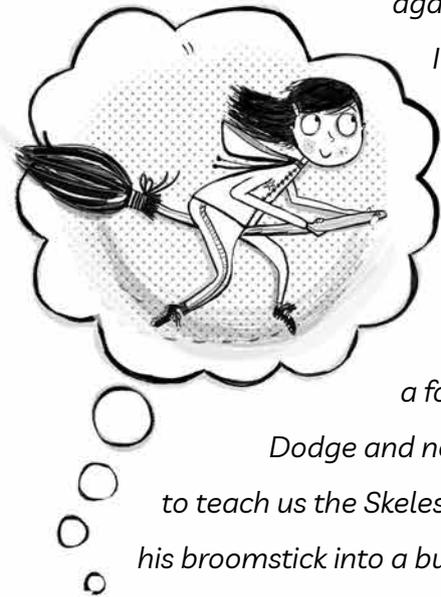
DAD: But what did you learn?

ME (aloud): Oh, nothing much really ... some useful geometry, a few experiments about moving forces in Physics and some new tactics in PE. Oh, and NOTHING about the school trip.

(inside head): *So much! Some useful geometry, how to levitate Fabi to the ceiling and back down again without dropping him AND*

*I played **GO**, which is the best broomstick-flying sport in the universe. I scored seven goals, but only six of them went down the Great Chimney so one counted as a foul, but I pulled off a Boggle*

Dodge and next week Ms Celery is going to teach us the Skeleshaker. Oh, and Hunter fell off his broomstick into a bush! Oh, and NOTHING about the school trip.



6:41pm

Now I come to think about it, I *do* have something I can tell Dad. "I don't feel like the NEW GIRL any more," I announce proudly.

It's true! I might know as much about Abominable Snowmen and other witch-world stuff as your average gerbil* and, of course, I can't do as much magic as the others can, but I'm catching up! It's not like I could have levitated Fabi on my first day. I know where to go (usually) and I know (nearly) everyone's names and I LOVE all the frogs *and* I'm used to the spiders and the mayhem.

I belong at Extraordinary!