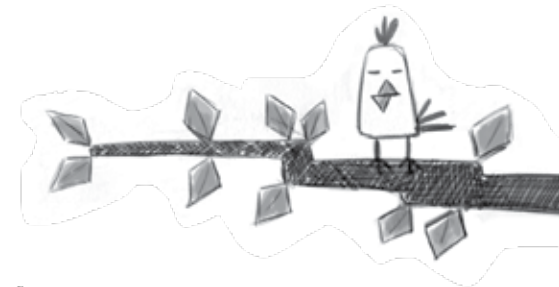


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For Iris - MC

To Ashley and the awesome students at Tucker  
Road Bentleigh Primary School, Victoria - PC

To my Aussie family; Daniel, Ertan, and Stephanie - AT



# The Frog-Hog

Princess Jayne didn't *mean* to turn her sister into a Frog-Hog. A frog would have been enough.

'Clean your room,' Princess Sara said one day when their royal parents, the King and Queen of Alzania, were out of the palace. Sara was only three years older than Jayne but she was very bossy.

'You can't order me around,' Jayne hissed. 'Besides, I've got things to do and places to be! And Nanny said—'

'Nanny's in bed sick,' said Sara with a smirk, 'so I'm in charge!'



Jayne clenched her fists. 'I'll show you!' she said, and then muttered a spell she remembered from her *Book of Magic Spells*. 'Abi-neek iggy-got froggy-goop ele-phoon hoggy-woggy . . . Aaa-**CHOO!**'

She said the spell correctly, but at the last second, sneezed!

There was a blue flash, a nasty smell, and a puff of smoke. Jayne saw a small, ugly animal sitting on the floor, wearing Sara's tiara. It was the size of a pumpkin but the shape of a hog, with slimy green frog's skin and a wide froggy mouth.

‘Eww!’ Jayne covered her nose.

The ‘Frog-Hog’ smelled *bad*.

**SLUUURP!** The Frog-Hog’s tongue shot out, caught a fly and gulped it down. Then, squealing, it bolted from the room.

Jayne chased it down the stairs, out the front door and into the street, where it ran off at top speed.

‘Sara! Come back!’ she shouted.  
‘I’m sorry!’

Sara darted between the legs of a skinny, golden-haired boy. It was their brother, Prince Thomas!

Jayne grabbed his arm. ‘Tom!’ she

gasped. ‘Help me!’

‘I’ll try,’ said Tom, wide-eyed.

Jayne dragged Tom down the street. As they ran, she told him everything that had happened.

‘Can you turn her back?’ her brother asked, alarmed.

Jayne’s mouth fell open. She hadn’t thought of that. How *do* you turn a Frog-Hog back into a person, even a yucky person like Sara? And what if she didn’t turn back all the way? What if Sara still had a frog’s face? Well okay, maybe that wouldn’t be so bad . . .



Jayne caught sight of her sister, hopping along towards the main square. ‘There she goes! Quick!’

They chased after her, puffing and panting, dodging men and women and carts and horses and large piles of horse poop.

‘Look, she’s gone into that alleyway,’ said Tom, pointing.

Skidding into the alleyway, they ran to the end. Tom flung out an arm to stop Jayne. Then he put his finger to his lips.

Jayne peered around the corner. A huge hairy witch had trapped Sara. It was Morwen the Hairy—the meanest of all the witches! She hated humans so much that she had cast a spell preventing them from entering her house.

‘Well, well, my lovely,’ Morwen crooned to the Frog-Hog. ‘It’s not