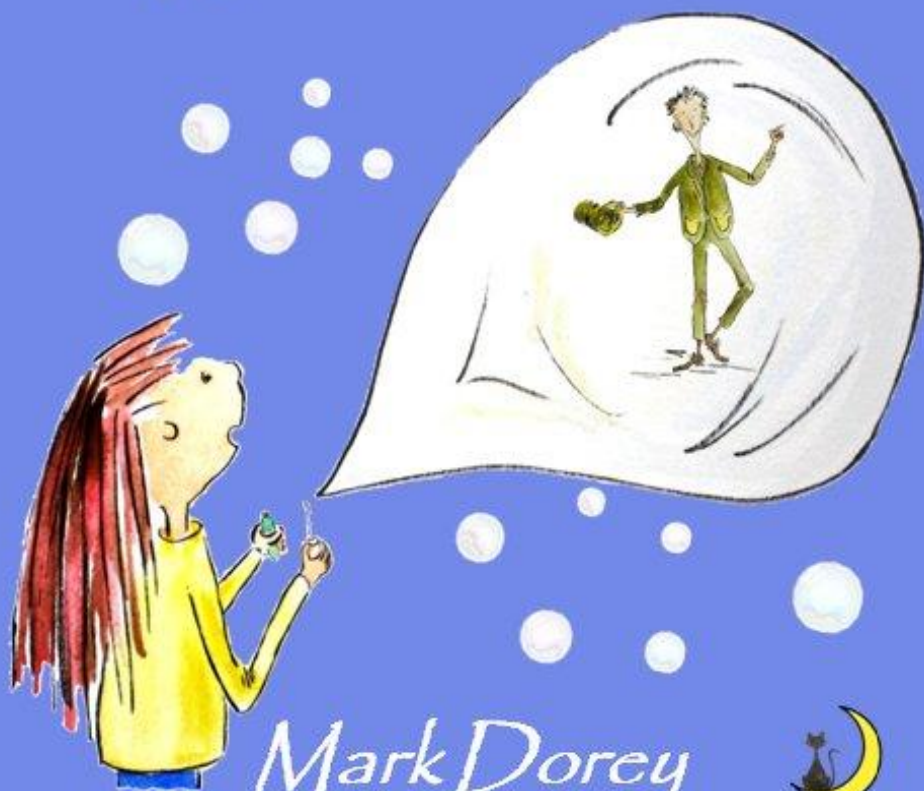





Polly's
Magic
Bubbles

and the Quest for Dizzelwood



This Tomser Cat Book
Belongs To:



See if you can spot Tomser Cat 
hiding somewhere in the pages of this book!

Polly's Magic Bubbles
and the Quest for Dizzelwood



Mark Dorey

illustrated by Liz Dorey



Tomser Cat Books

Other brilliant books by Mark & Liz Dorey

Can We Walk to the Moon?

Many thanks to
Parc Lewis Primary School, Pontypridd
for helping to choose the final *Polly* cover!

Polly's Magic Bubbles

and the Quest for Dizzelwood

Chapter 1	Too Late!	1
Chapter 2	Magic Bubbles	7
Chapter 3	Over the Rooftops	15
Chapter 4	Rainbow Ride	23
Chapter 5	A Meeting with the Queen	35
Chapter 6	The Tree of Darkness	43
Chapter 7	Through the Spikes!	53
Chapter 8	Sor-Ben-Rez	61
Chapter 9	Some Difficult Choices	71
Chapter 10	By Royal Appointment	83
Chapter 11	A Strange Message	95





Chapter One

TOO LATE!

“Sorry,” said the man peering into his empty suitcase. “They’re all gone.”

“All gone?” Polly gaped in disbelief. “But you had three left; a blue one, a green one and a—”

The man shrugged, his grubby T-shirt failing miserably to cover his bulging stomach. “Sold the last one a few minutes ago.”

“But I wasn’t that long, and you promised!” Polly gave him her best annoyed stare, her £2.50 weighing heavily in her hand.

The man scratched the patchy clumps of hair stuck to his chin like bits of dirty cotton wool, clearly not used to being stared at by disappointed and very annoyed eight-year-olds. “Sorry,” he said sheepishly. “You snooze, you lose.”

Polly definitely hadn't snoozed, so she didn't know how she could have lost anything, but lost she had. Tears started to well up in her eyes.

"Look, come back next week," said the man, hastily packing away his empty case before shuffling off.

The park was filled with kids, laughing and playing with bubbles floating everywhere, some of them most probably coming from a bubble gun that should have belonged to Polly.

She stared down at her unspent £2.50 in despair.

"Excuse me," said a voice.

Polly nearly jumped out of her skin. A wiry old man wearing an ill-fitting suit stood behind her.

"You like them, don't you?" The old man bent close, his crooked, tall green hat teetering above blue eyes that sparkled and danced. A stale smell wafted from his crumpled moss-brown suit much too close to Polly's crinkling nose. "The bubbles," he said. "I saw you watching the bubbles."

Polly didn't know what to do – she knew that she shouldn't speak to strangers. She looked around to see if she could see her parents or the park keeper, but there was no one around, so she just nodded.

The old man smiled a surprisingly dazzling smile. "Well, today is your lucky day!"

Polly wasn't sure whether to make a run for it.

"How much do you have?"

TOO LATE!

Polly opened her hand.

“Mmmm ... I’m not sure if that’s going to be enough.” The man glanced over his shoulder, looking this way and that, before turning his attention back to Polly. “But then again,” his eyes twinkled mischievously, “I think I can trust you.” Another dazzling smile flashed across his face before it went really serious; the most serious looking face that Polly had ever seen as he bent in even closer. “I can trust you, can’t I?”

Polly nodded, unable to move.

The old man rummaged inside his crumpled jacket.

Polly wanted to leave. “I have to go,” she said, trying not to sound worried. “My parents will—”

“Ah-Ha! Here it is!” The old man waved his hand in the air with a flourish, as if conducting an invisible band.

Polly turned to walk away. “I have to go!”

“Don’t you want to see?” The old man was somehow in front of her, his hand outstretched.

“Bubbles,” he said, his blue eyes sparkling.

There in his wrinkled hand was a tiny green bottle, crowned with a gold top that shone like the sun - like a normal bottle of bubbles but a lot prettier and a lot, lot smaller.

Polly dodged past his hand. “I really have to go.”



"Magic bubbles," said the old man.

Polly stopped dead in her tracks.

Magic bubbles!

"Yes, indeed!" said the old man reading her thoughts, his head bobbing up and down on an invisible spring.

Polly turned for a closer look.

The old man snatched his hand away. "Ah, ah, ah! Money first."

TOO LATE!

There can't be many bubbles in there ...

"Oh, I promise you, little one, there's lots of bubbles inside!" The old man's eyebrows danced up and down like fluffy caterpillars.

"Maybe," replied Polly still unsure, "but they'd be too tiny to see."

"These bubbles are much bigger than you could ever imagine!" The old man bent in again, so close that their noses were almost touching. "Bigger and better than any bubble gun!"

Polly thought for a moment. "How much?"

The old man scratched his chin thoughtfully. "Well, normally a lot more than what you have there, but I would hate for you to be disappointed twice in one day."

Polly looked around again to see if she could see her parents. "I don't know, I was supposed to get a bubble gun. I really have to go—" She turned back to the old man, but he had vanished into thin air!

How strange!

Polly breathed a sigh of relief. The old man was a bit creepy, but at least she still had her money.

Magic bubbles, what nonsense!

Polly opened her hand. Her money was gone and there was the tiny bottle of bubbles, along with a crumpled piece of yellowed paper with some writing on it:



Thank you for purchasing your Magic Bubbles!

Twelve blows - but not too hard!

Only twelve and no more.

use your last Bubbles very carefully!

Refunds definitely not available.

A sudden gust of wind caught the paper, blowing it out of her hand, where it promptly turned to dust and vanished!



Chapter Two

MAGIC BUBBLES

Polly stared at the shiny green bottle in her hand.

What a waste of £2.50!

Carefully unscrewing the gold top, she took out the blower. The stick was as thin as a needle, all jagged with a tiny hole hardly big enough to see through, let alone blow a bubble!

*'Much bigger than you could ever imagine!
Bigger and better than any bubble gun!'*

The old man's voice stirred on the breeze, although he was nowhere to be seen.

Polly held the blower up for a closer look. A sudden gust of wind caused the teeny-tiny amount of soapy liquid to form a bubble, which grew *Bigger ...*

and **BIGGER ...**

and **BIGGER ...**



The bubble was now the size of her head!

Polly stared, open mouthed as the bubble detached itself and started to bounce over the grass like a large see-through football. With each bounce, it picked up flowers and blades of grass, plucking them with an invisible hand. Quickly screwing the top back on the tiny container, Polly gave chase.

Closer and closer and closer, the bubble now almost in reach ...

Another gust of wind launched the bubble skywards, up and over the trees until it vanished from view.

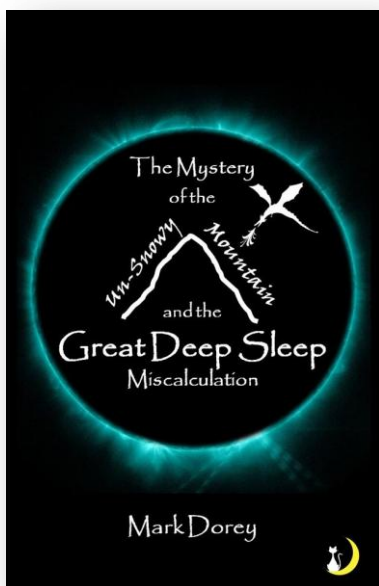
Thank you for previewing our book

*Polly's Magic Bubbles
and the Quest for Dizzelwood*

You can carry on reading Polly's amazing adventures available in paperback now from

www.tomsercat.com

*Also available from
Tomser Cat Books*



Keep following the Cat...

