



# Chapter Three

It was early Saturday evening, and Maud's mum was looking for her scissors. She was preparing for the opening night of the *Dracula* musical.

"Found them!" said Mrs Montague. "Now where did I put my needle and thread?"

"You're holding them," said Maud.

"This is going to be a disaster," said Mrs Montague, chopping a strip of material from the back of a costume.

"I'm sure it will be fine," said Mr Montague.

Maud wasn't sure, though. She had almost

snorted out her orange juice when she'd found out that the actress playing the damsel in distress was Miss Bloom, her old teacher from Primrose Towers. Maud remembered her lank brown hair and lilac cardigan. She couldn't think of anyone less likely to stand on a moonlit veranda in a ballgown while a vampire chomped into her neck.

"No, it won't," said Mrs Montague. "The dress is all wrong ..."

Just then, Milly flounced into the living room and shouted, "Hurrah! It's sleepover Saturday!"

Milly broke into her Sparkle Club Girls dance routine, which involved spinning around and juddering as if she was being electrocuted.

"You girls must promise to be good for the babysitter tonight," said Mrs Montague, frantically stitching.

Maud and Milly groaned together. Maud didn't agree with her sister on much, but they both disliked Tracy. She was a sixteen-year-old