

Early★Reader

Happily Ever Arthur

Arthur wishes his life was more like
a fairy tale. But when his wish
comes true, can he trust everything
he's read before?

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Happily Ever Arthur

By Jenny Jinks

Illustrated by
Michelle
Simpson



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'Happily Ever Arthur'

An original concept by Jenny Jinks

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Illustrated by Michelle Simpson

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Chapter 1

It was an ordinary, boring day and Arthur was on his way to school. On his way, he pretended to fight off a terrifying dragon, just like the hero in his favourite fairy tale.

Suddenly, Arthur thought he saw a snake on the path ahead. It was just a fallen branch, but Arthur didn't know that.

"Aaah!" screamed Arthur. He tripped and fell into a bush.



"Ouch!" Arthur said, hitting his head against something hard. There was a wishing well hidden in the middle of the bush.

What was that doing there?

Arthur dug in his pocket, pulled out a coin and made the same wish he always wished.

"I wish my life was more like a fairy tale," he said.

As Arthur threw the coin into the well, he began to feel dizzy. He leant against the well and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again, it was dark. Had he fallen asleep?

He tried to stand up, but there was something above him. He seemed to be in a long dark tunnel. Where was he?

The tunnel was just big enough to crawl down. Arthur crept along it, hoping he would find a way out.



Just as Arthur was beginning to think that the tunnel might never end, he came out into a gloomy little room. There were bars across one wall. It looked like a prison cell!

A loud roar came from somewhere above him. Arthur jumped.

“Where am I?” Arthur asked.

“The dungeons,” croaked a creepy voice. And from out of the shadows stepped a witch!





Chapter 2

Arthur gasped. He had read a lot about wicked witches. He knew they were not to be trusted.

“Don’t be frightened, I’ll look after you. How did you get here?” the witch asked. “You’ve got a bump on your head. Let me help.”

The witch took a step closer to Arthur and rummaged around in her cloak.

“No!” Arthur said a bit too loudly, taking a step

back. “I’m fine. Thanks.”

“Suit yourself,” the witch shrugged. Arthur was surprised to see her put a plaster back in her pocket.

The loud roar came again, shaking the dungeon walls.

“What is that?” Arthur asked.

“That, my dear,” the witch said, “is my poor dragon.”

“Dragon?” Arthur gasped.

