

Dottie Blanket

Written by
WENDY MEDDOUR

Illustrated by
MINA MAY
(age 13)



and the
Hilltop

Wendy Meddour is an award-winning children's author and illustrator. Her debut novel was picked as one of the *Guardian's* 'Outstanding children's books of the year' and she won the John C Laurence Award for 'writing that improves relations between the races'. Wendy was brought up in the hills near Aberystwyth and spent many years teaching English at Oxford University. She is also the author of the bestselling 'Wendy Quill' books.

Mina May is one of the youngest professional illustrators in the world and has been illustrating the 'Wendy Quill' series for Oxford University Press since she was ten. *The Bookseller* described her debut as 'a visual inspiration' and *Dottie Blanket and the Hilltop* is her fourth book. Mina May is thirteen. She is also Wendy's daughter.



*To my brave, bold and outward-bound parents -who fostered
my big love of hilltops.*

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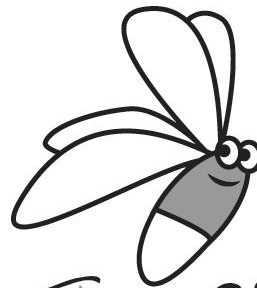
*To my amazingly fabulous Mum,
who somehow does everything at the same time!*

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Dottie Blanket and the Hilltop

by Wendy Meddour

illustrated by Mina May



Firefly

Chapter One

The Job that got Lost



Dottie Blanket believed in magic.

Not the witch and broomstick kind.

Not the rabbit in a top-hat kind.

Not even the pillow and Tooth Fairy kind.

No. There was only one kind of magic that Dottie believed in and that was the 'Close your Eyes Tight, Stand on One Leg and Make a Wish' kind. And she practised every night before bed.

Of course, it didn't always work. When Dottie wished that her baby brother would turn into a guinea pig, *he didn't*.



And when Dottie wished that she could do the splits, *she couldn't*.

And when Dottie wished that her hair was the colour of candyfloss, *it wasn't*.

But Dottie never gave up. She knew that magic only happens when you're not expecting it. So she just kept on trying. Every night.

And there was one wish that she wished for more than any other...

'*I wish,*' said Dottie, closing her eyes and trying her hardest not to wobble, '*that I lived on a bright green hilltop.*'

Now, you might think that 'a hilltop' was an unusual wish for a girl that wasn't quite nine. And you'd be right.

But Dottie had a very good reason. In fact, she had two.

The first was