

# The Magic Potions Shop



The  
Young  
Apprentice

Abie  
Longstaff  
&  
Lauren  
Beard



## Contents

Cover

About the Book

Title Page

Dedication

Map of Arthwen

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Chapter Eight

Chapter Nine

Potions

Ingredients

About Tibben

Sneak Preview

About the Author

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## About the Book

Deep in the forest there's a very special tree, and inside its trunk you'll find **The Magic Potions Shop!**

It stocks every kind of potions: Shrinking Potion, Exploding Powder and even *Flying* Potion!

Tibben is learning to be a Potions Master. He tries very hard to help all the elves, sprites and goblins who come to the shop - but things don't always go to plan . . .

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RHCP DIGITAL

**For K & E, and for the Folly Farm Gang**

- A.L.

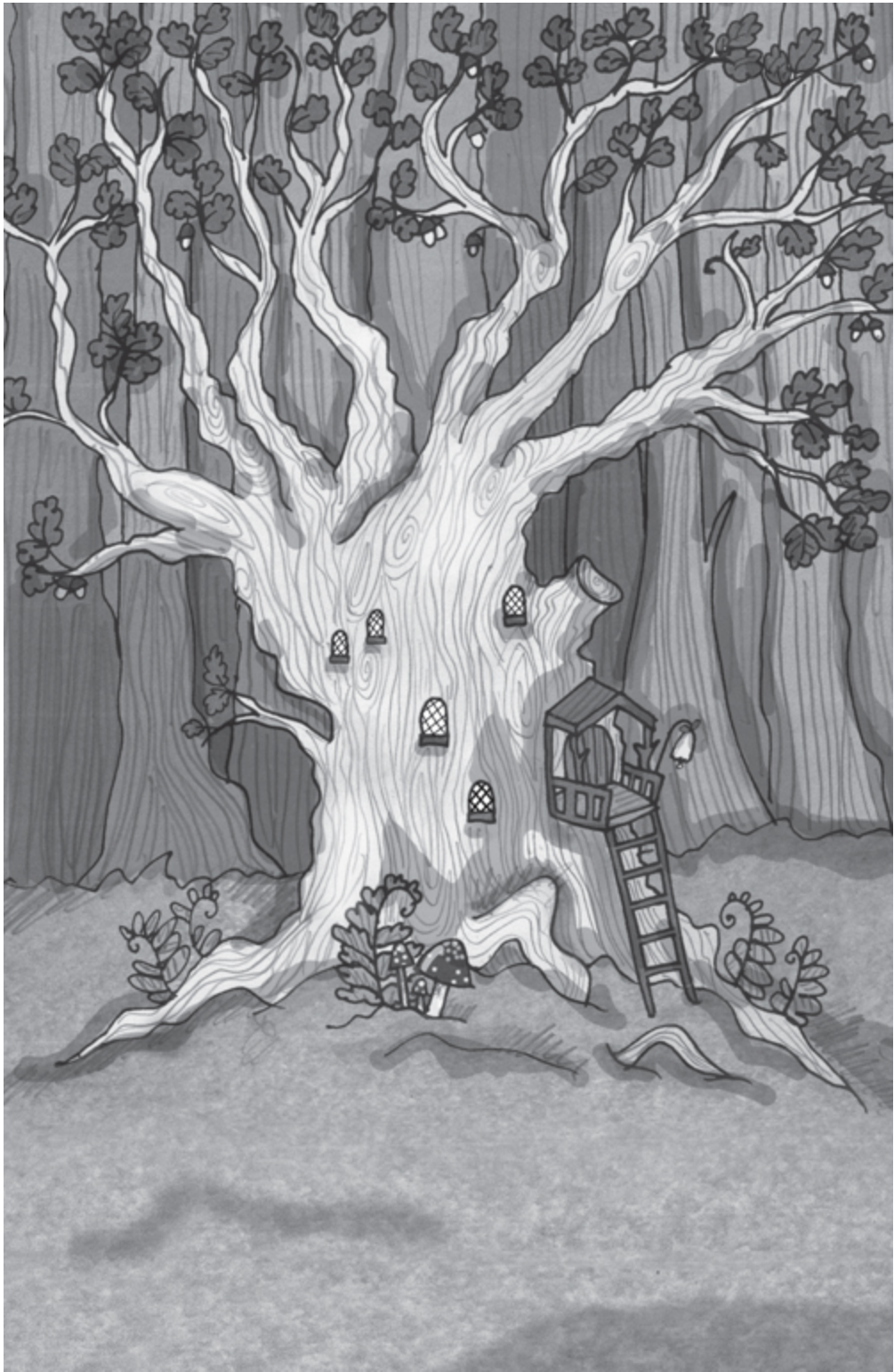


**For Mum**

- L.B.

# Kingdom of Arthwen





# Chapter One

In the Kingdom of Arthwen,  
    there was a very unusual shop.  
It wasn't on the high street;  
    it was deep in the forest.  
It wasn't in a building;  
    it was inside a tree.  
It didn't sell food, or clothes,  
    or toys: this shop sold potions.

People travelled from miles around to find the old tree in Steadysong. It was the biggest tree in the land and its enormous branches stretched up to the sky. At the base of the tree, inside the hollowed-out trunk, was the Potions Shop, its wooden shelves creaking from the weight of thousands of jars and bottles and pots. Fairies came there to get **Glitter Dust** to make them shine. Princes popped in for *Handsome Cream* to make them look their very best. And Cloud Giants bought **Growth Potion** to put into their babies' bottles.





Above the shop, at the top of the tree, was where Tibben and Grandpa lived.



Grandpa was the Potions Master. He was ninety-nine years old and Tibben thought he was wonderful. He might look small and wrinkly and frail, but Grandpa was so powerful! He could mix something to make you speak cat, something to make you six metres tall, or something to make Brussels sprouts taste like ice cream.

Grandpa travelled up and down the kingdom, helping creatures from the Frozen Tundra in the north to the Parched Desert in the south. He had been the Potions Master for many years and his cloak sparkled with **Glints**, the magical signs of potions skills. Each **Glint** was different in size and shape and colour: some shone with a blue-green pearly light; some were tiny bright dots; others glowed the deep orange or brown of the rocks.

Tibben wanted to be a Potions Master just like Grandpa one day, but for now he was an Apprentice. He spent all day climbing up and down the rickety old ladders in the shop, fetching



liquids,



gases,



powders,



pastes,



creams,