

For Review Only

Rachel Tey

Tea in Pajamas

Marshall Cavendish Editions

What if, by doing something ordinary, you unlocked the gateway into a world of the extraordinary?

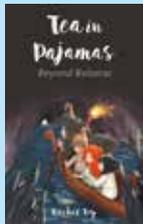
For Belle Marie and Tess Brown, having tea on Wednesday afternoons – barefoot and in pajamas – transports them from their homes to the storybook land of Belzerac, where they befriend animals like Cheesy Bear and Monsieur DuPorc, the mayor of Belzerac.

But one Wednesday, Tess suddenly vanishes.

Together with her new classmate Julien Edgehawk, Belle embarks on a quest to rescue Tess, taking them through a glittering sapphire forest and an underground concert hall to meet an enchanted tree and the mysterious Musicians.

Can they save Tess before it is too late, or will Belle and Julien themselves get lost in Belzerac?

Tea in Pajamas is an original tale of friendship, finding yourself and seeing the magic in the everyday.



Belle's adventures continue in *Tea in Pajamas: Beyond Belzerac*

visit our website at: www.marshallcavendish.com/genref



“Evocatively escapist!” – Melanie Lee, author of *Imaginary Friends* and *The Adventures of Squirky the Alien*

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Tick Tock, Tick Tock...





On Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Belle Marie sat down for tea. Except she had never been fond of tea. Instead, she fancied coffee, served from a teapot and drunk from a teacup. Into the delicious dark brew she added a spoonful of sugar and dribbled whirls of fresh milk. And though she liked the smell of her mother's freshly baked butter scones, Belle preferred the soft, flaky texture of croissants.

There was yet another important component of teatime – she had to be in pajamas. If you thought it odd that at exactly 3 o'clock every Wednesday, eleven-year-old, auburn-haired Belle from

the tiny town of Michelmont would come home from school, change into night clothes and savor croissants and coffee at teatime, you shared the sentiments of her parents, Mr and Mrs Marie, and her older brother, Éric. Unlike her, they were perfectly content with buttered raisin scones, washed down nicely with cups of Earl Grey. They also never wore pajamas in the afternoon or went about barefoot.

To all this, Belle paid little attention, for there were more pressing matters at hand. Unbeknownst to her family (and the rest of the world), a midweek tea session at home in sleepwear was no ordinary affair. It was the crucial step to unlocking the doors and stepping into a wondrous place of magic – Belzerac.

7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 ... Belle finished the last of her croissant and put down her teacup. She dusted the flaky pastry crumbs off her striped cotton pajamas and smoothed down her mane of ginger

curls. “I’m ready now,” she whispered, “let’s go.”

It always happened quickly from that point. The last thing she remembered hearing was Éric asking, “What’s for tea?”