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## TILLY AND THE LOST FAIRY TALES



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*For my mum and dad, who have always let me find  
my own path.*





## A LITTLE MAGIC

**F**ive people proved to be far too many to fit inside a wardrobe.

‘Remind me again why we had to bookwander from in here?’ Tilly asked, face squished uncomfortably close to her grandad’s shoulder.

‘As I rather think you know,’ he replied, ‘we don’t *technically* have to bookwander from inside a wardrobe – but it adds effect, don’t you think?’ But he sounded decidedly less sure than when he’d first suggested the idea half an hour ago.

‘I mean, if the effect you’re going for is a much closer relationship with each other and our personal hygiene choices, then, yes, it does add effect,’ Oskar said, voice muffled by Grandma’s scarf, which was

simultaneously tickling his nose and getting fluff in his mouth every time he spoke.

‘I bet the Pevensies didn’t have to deal with this,’ Tilly said.

‘Yes, but they were emptying straight out the other side of their wardrobe,’ Grandma said. ‘Which does rather give them an advantage.’

‘Yes, yes, okay,’ Grandad admitted. ‘It has become abundantly clear that my attempts at a little poetry and whimsy weren’t entirely thought through.’ He shuffled his way back towards the door and shoved it open. Tilly, her best friend Oskar, her two grandparents and her mother all fell gasping into the cinnamon-scented air of the bookshop.

‘I mean, it isn’t even a wardrobe,’ Oskar complained. ‘It’s a stock cupboard.’

‘Honestly,’ Grandad huffed. ‘I was just trying to add a sense of adventure. Mirror the journey into Narnia, have some fun. Goodness knows we could all do with a generous dollop of fun at the moment. A little magic.’



‘It’s already literally magic,’ Tilly pointed out.

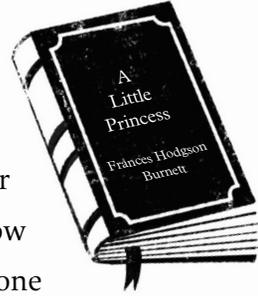
‘I’m wasted on this family, I truly am,’ Grandad said. ‘Shall we try again from out here? We’ve still got an hour or so before we need to go to the Underlibrary for the Inking Ceremony.’

‘Actually, Dad, I think I might pass on this one,’ Tilly’s mum, Bea, said quietly, smoothing down her crumpled clothes. ‘The shop is so busy before Christmas, and I’m sure an extra pair of hands wouldn’t go amiss. You know how it is . . .’ She tailed off, smiled wanly, and headed out to Pages & Co., the bookshop the Pages family lived in and owned. Tilly sagged a little.

‘She hasn’t bookwandered once since we got back from *A Little Princess*,’ Tilly said, trying not to sound petulant.

‘I know, sweetheart, but try not to worry,’ Grandad said. ‘I’m sure she’ll get back into it soon enough. It’s no surprise after being trapped inside one story for nearly twelve years. Imagine how frightening that must have been for her.’ As always, when he thought about his daughter being imprisoned inside

a tampered-with copy of *A Little Princess*, a look of distress swept across his face. 'But we've got her back for good,' he went on. 'And now that we know Enoch Chalk was the one who trapped her, he won't be able to get away with anything like that ever again.'



'If he's ever found,' Tilly pointed out.

'Did Amelia manage to find out anything about the book he escaped from before she was fired?' Oskar asked.

'Amelia wasn't fired,' Grandad said. 'She was asked to step back from her position as Head Librarian at the Underlibrary, while the situation is investigated properly.'

'I mean, that sounds a lot like getting fired to me,' Oskar said under his breath.

'And, in answer to your question: no, frustratingly not,' Grandma said. 'She barely had any time before the Bookbinders started poisoning the other librarians' views about her capabilities. They'd been looking

for a reason to get rid of her as soon as she was first given the job, and her handling of Chalk was merely an excuse. Those hardliners, with their silly self-important – not to mention self-appointed – name, blustering around pretending they were focused on anything other than their own power and influence.’ Grandad laid a hand on Grandma’s arm and she took a deep breath. ‘Sorry,’ she said. ‘Now is not the time, and here is not the place.’

‘Should I know who the Bookbinders are?’ Oskar said, and Tilly was glad, not for the first time, that he didn’t mind asking about what he didn’t know.

‘They are a nonsense!’ Grandad said. ‘A group of librarians who push for stricter rules and for more control for the Underlibrary over the lives of bookwanderers. They rallied around Chalk – although they must be red-faced now everyone knows he was a renegade Source character. But embarrassment often pushes people several more steps down the path towards hatred, and I worry that their championing

of a colleague who proved to be fictional is fuel for their witch hunt for Amelia.'

'A nonsense they may be,' Grandma said. 'But they're bringing an alarming number of librarians over to their ways of thinking. People are worried about how the role of the Underlibrary is evolving, and fear is another thing that pulls people towards hatred.'

'Aren't the librarians worried about where Chalk is?' Oskar said. 'Isn't it dangerous for him to be out there somewhere?'

'I think they're torn between concern about what he is up to, and wanting to sweep it under the carpet so the other Underlibraries don't find out.'

'The other Underlibraries?' Oskar asked. 'In other countries, you mean?'

'Yes,' Grandad said. 'There are Underlibraries in most countries, although not all of them have Source Libraries. But I think that's enough politics for now; we have a long afternoon ahead of us, which will likely be even more draining than an eternal winter ruled over by an evil queen. Let's have something to eat.'



A lunch of scrambled eggs and sliced avocado on hot buttered bagels passed in tentative silence. Although they initially tried to maintain conversation, Grandma and Grandad were firmly inside their own heads, and a vague sense of impending doom hung over the table. The squeak of knives on plates and the sound of the dishwasher whirring in the background was all that could be heard for some time.

‘Is it really that bad?’ Oskar asked nervously, trying to break the silence. ‘I feel like we’re about to go to a funeral.’

‘Well, it’s certainly a funeral for our dear Amelia’s career,’ Grandad grumped. ‘Not to mention potentially the death of the future of British bookwandering as we know it.’

‘That does sound *quite* bad, then,’ Oskar said.

‘Come now, Archie,’ Grandma said. ‘Leaving aside our personal sadness for Amelia, this is not quite so dramatic as all of that. Bookwandering will continue,

the British Underlibrary will continue. These things come in waves. You know that there was always going to be pushback against Amelia's approach – those old-fashioned cronies were always angry that someone with more forward-facing ideas got the Librarian job when several of them had been hankering after it. Life will go on as usual, it always does.'

'Until, of course, it doesn't,' Grandad said ominously. Grandma gave him a stern 'not in front of the children' look and he harrumphed, pushing his chair back with a squeal. He sullenly dumped his dirty plate by the sink, and turned to leave – before heading back sheepishly and washing it up carefully without making eye contact with anyone.

Once the rest of the lunch things had been cleared away, and everyone had checked for crumbs on their smart clothes, they traipsed out of Pages & Co., leaving Bea in charge for the afternoon.

'Are you sure you two want to come?' Grandad checked.

'Yes,' Oskar and Tilly chorused, not sure there'd

ever be a bookwandering scenario that they would choose to miss out on.

‘I haven’t explicitly checked with the Underlibrary that you’re allowed,’ he said, as if that thought had just occurred to him. ‘But they’re hardly going to turn you away if you’re already there, are they?’ he concluded, more to himself than anyone else.

‘I know it’s sad for Amelia,’ Tilly said. ‘But I do want to see what happens when a new Librarian is chosen.’

‘You said there was a vote?’ Oskar asked.

‘Yes,’ Grandma said. ‘Anyone who wants to put themselves forward for the position can make their case, and then it’s up to the other librarians to choose who they think is most suited for the role.’

‘So you were voted for?’ Tilly asked her grandad.

‘He won over thirteen other candidates!’ Grandma said proudly.

‘How many are there this time?’ Oskar asked.

‘Only three, I believe,’ Grandma said. ‘It would seem the situation with Chalk has rather cooled some people’s ambitions. Who would want to be in charge

*A Little Magic*

of that mess? So I believe there's Ebenezer Okparanta – who's worked at the Underlibrary since time began as far as I know, and a woman, Catherine Caraway, who's a bit of a wild card . . .'

'And then there's Melville Underwood,' Grandad said. 'He's an interesting character. Disappeared for decades with his sister, Decima, not long after I started working at the Underlibrary, and no one thought we'd ever see them again. They used to run fairytale tours for bookwanderers, and all sorts can go on in those stories. But he emerged again a couple of weeks ago, completely out of the blue, and without his sister. I'm sure he'll talk about his triumphant return in his speech, but he's a bit untested for the job. I'd put money on them electing Ebenezer. He's the safe bet, and I'm not sure this is the time for surprises.'



## FAIRY TALES ARE FUNNY THINGS

**G**randad had booked a taxi to King's Cross, and the sleek black car waiting on the street outside the bookshop did not help with the funereal atmosphere.

'You said one of the candidates used to run fairytale tours?' Tilly asked, wondering about the unusual phrase her grandma had used. 'What does that even mean?'

'Well, fairy tales are funny things,' Grandad said. 'Do you know where they come from? Who wrote them?'

'The Brothers . . . something?' Oskar tried.

'The Brothers Grimm,' Tilly said authoritatively. 'And Hans Christian Andersen. Lots of people.'

'You're right – but that's not the whole story,'

Grandad said. 'Those people did indeed write many fairy tales down, and put their own spin on them for sure, but they didn't make up most of the stories themselves – they collected them. Fairy tales and folk tales are born around campfires and kitchen hearths, they're whispered under blankets and stars. Where they really come from, who had the idea first, which version is the original, it's almost impossible to trace as we only have what was written down, which is rarely where they started.'

'And can you think about why that might make them more dangerous?' Grandma asked.

'Because . . .' Tilly started confidently, but to her frustration couldn't think of anything. Oskar sat deep in thought.

'Is it something to do with Source Editions?' he said. 'Usually when something is dangerous in bookwandering, it's to do with that.'

'Yes, you're getting warmer,' Grandma said. 'Keep going.'

'If there's lots of different versions . . .' Tilly said.

‘... And we don’t know where they came from ...’  
Oskar continued.

‘... Then are there even Source Editions at all?’  
Tilly finished.

‘Precisely,’ Grandad said. ‘We have Source Editions  
of many of the different versions of course, that act  
loosely like Sources, but these stories aren’t rooted

in written-down storytelling. They  
come from oral storytelling, stories  
that are told out loud and passed  
down generations and around  
communities.’

‘And roots are what make  
things stable,’ Grandma went  
on. ‘Fairy tales are rooted in  
air and fire, not paper and ink,  
so the usual rules don’t apply.  
Layers of stories bleed or crash  
into each other and you can end  
up wandering into an entirely  
different version of the story



with little way of getting out. It's incredibly dangerous to try and wander from inside one story to another; it's like trying to find a route on a map but you don't know where you're starting from. Not to mention, fables fade in and out of existence; we tell new versions and we lose old ones. So they're seen as a bit of a risk for bookwandering. Sometimes the Underlibrary would organise group visits led by someone who was a bit more comfortable there, and understood the risks and what to do to stay safe – or try to stay safe.'

'Have you been inside any fairy tales? Can you take us?' Tilly asked. Her grandparents exchanged a look and she couldn't help but wish they weren't quite so good at communicating without speaking. She wondered if she would ever be a team like that with someone and experimented by glaring at Oskar meaningfully.

'Are . . . are you okay?' he asked nervously. 'You look like you need to sneeze.'

'Never mind,' she said, blushing and turning back to Grandma and Grandad. 'You didn't answer my question.'

*Tilly and the Lost Fairy Tales*

‘Actually, your grandma is one of the few bookwanderers who does bookwander in fairy tales officially and safely,’ Grandad said, looking at her proudly.

‘How come?’ Oskar said.

‘Well, as you both know, I used to work in the Map Room at the Underlibrary,’ Grandma said. ‘And as well as looking after the plans of real-life bookshops and libraries, it was also part of my job to know as much as I could about the layout of stories themselves. I did a bit of fairytale exploring back in the day, but that project was abandoned after . . . Well, after a difference of opinion, let’s say.’

Tilly thought about her grandma, who always took everything in her stride, and was intrigued. ‘There’s got to be more to that story?’ she pushed.

‘But it will have to be told another time,’ Grandad said. ‘We’re here.’

