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Wendy Quill is Full Up of Wrong

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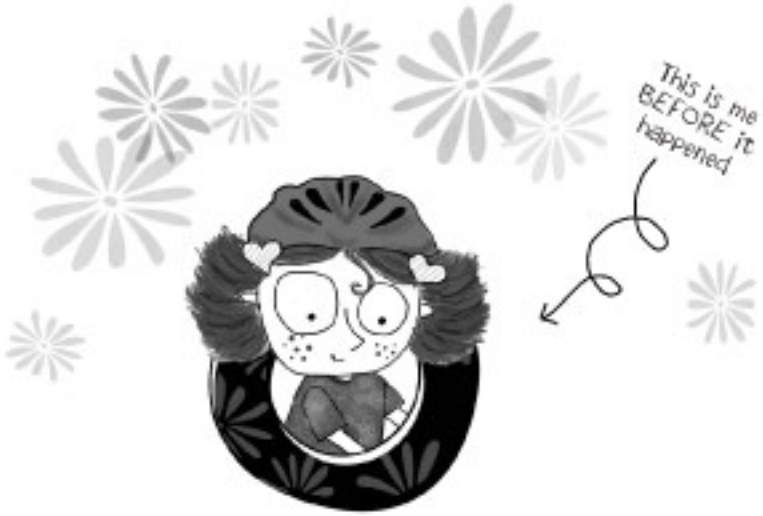
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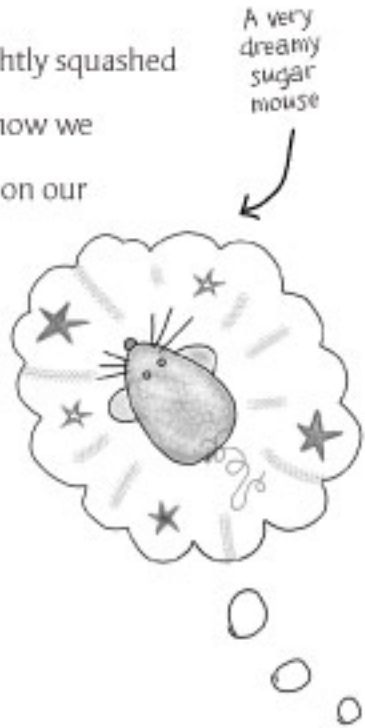
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Most of us have probably slightly squashed someone. Even if we didn't know we did. Especially if we were out on our bikes and looking completely the wrong way (you know, sort of dreaming about sugar mice and things). But it doesn't always end in



DISASTER and the police don't actually always come. In fact, *sometimes*, slightly squashing someone by accident has a



Like the time I squashed a lady down the shops. I'd just been given a brand-new, second-hand red bike (to go with my not-quite-so-new red watch)—and was cycling to the shops for the FIRST TIME EVER, absolutely all on my own.




Swooshing professionally to the left
Swooshing professionally to the right

(The shops are much further than the brook and you have to go across two zooming roads.) That's why my tummy was all fluttery and I was feeling a little bit sick (but in a happy way). Dad had even given me some pocket money to buy some sweets because I'd spotted some rare birds.



Anyway, I was so busy dreaming about sugar mice and things (and trying really hard not to fall off), that I forgot to TINGLE my bell when I whizzed around the corner. And the corner was actually very sharp:



CRASH!

KERPLUNK!

WHIRRRR



'Ouch!'

I said, completely out loud (because that's what you say when corners hurt).

Look! My handle bars have even gone twisty!

'Good heavens! What on earth . . . well, blow me down!' said a voice (because that's what you say when you get squashed). I looked up from my twisty handlebars. There was a walking-stick rolling on the pavement and someone else's legs all on the floor! I didn't know really who it was, though, because all I could see was a raincoat.



'I'm ever so sorry,' I said to the raincoat. 'I hope that your legs are not hurt?'

'You really should be more careful, my dear,' said the raincoat. 'In fact, I'm not sure someone your age should be allowed down the shops on your own.'

Something inside me gasped! Not allowed down the shops! On my own! But this was my very first time! Oh no! What if Mum and Dad found out? Or even Miss Pinch? Or maybe a policeman with a hat!!! They might stop me taking Bathilda Brown down the brook ALL BY MYSELF and that would be like a nightmare!!! Without actually thinking (or maybe because I was

