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Opening extract from

Winnie and Wilbur: Disgusting Dinners and Other Stories

Written by

Laura Owen

Illustrated by

Korky Paul

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LAURA OWEN & KORKY PAUL

Winnie AND Wilbur

DISGUSTING DINNERS and other stories

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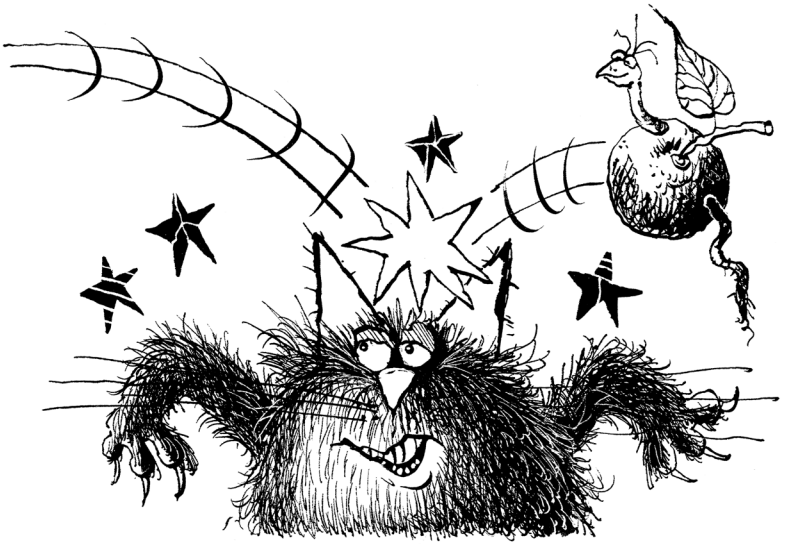
WINNIE'S

Wheels

Yawn! went Winnie standing in her sloth slippers, watching raindrops slide down the window like baby snails.

'It's raining, it's pouring,
my cat is snoring.
This is so blooming
boring, boring, boring!'

Winnie put fingers on two different raindrops on the other side of the window. She followed the drops downwards to see which drop would win.

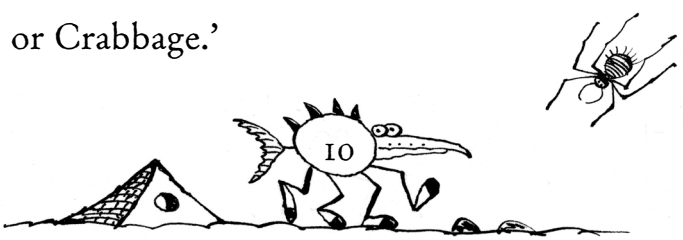


'Drippy-drop won!' she said. Wilbur opened one eye, then closed it again, and yawned widely, showing his fangs.

Winnie took a pongberry from the fruit bowl and she threw it at Wilbur.

'Mrrow!'

'Let's *do* something!' said Winnie. 'I know, I'll ring Jerry next door and see if he'd like to come and play Crocodile Snap or Crabbage.'



But, 'I'm just packin' to go on holiday, missus,' said Jerry down the telling moan. 'Toodle pip.'

'Holiday?!' said Winnie. 'A holiday, Wilbur! That's exactly what we need. We'll get away for a nice holiday!'

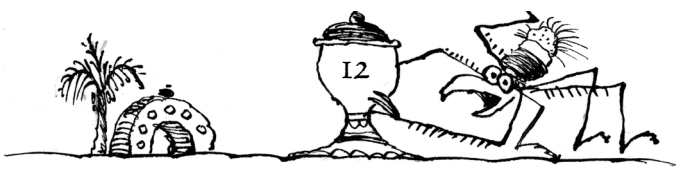
Suddenly Winnie had energy again. 'Abracadabra!'

A pile of holiday brochures landed on the table. Winnie pounced on them. 'Come on, Wilbur! Help me choose!'

Winnie found holidays by the sea. 'Lovely!' said Winnie.

'Mrrow!' said Wilbur.

'You've had enough of wetness from all this rain, have you?' said Winnie. 'This one looks dry!' she said, waving a picture of an African plain with lions prowling.

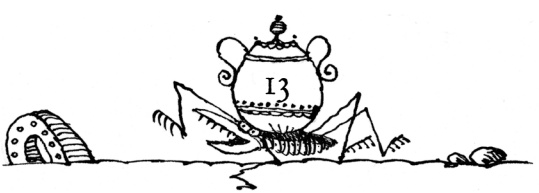


'Meeeow!' squeaked Wilbur.

'Don't you like cats that big?' said Winnie. 'Where do you want to go, then?'

Wilbur pointed at a holiday for old people which showed a fat cat lying snoozing in front of a fire.

'That'd be about as exciting as watching the Snail Olympics!' said Winnie.



'Oh, dear! Perhaps I should just leave you with my sister Wanda and her cat Wayne while I go on holiday on my own?'

'MRRRROW!' said Wilbur, his eyes opening wide and his claws clinging tightly to the tatty rat-leather chair he was sitting on.

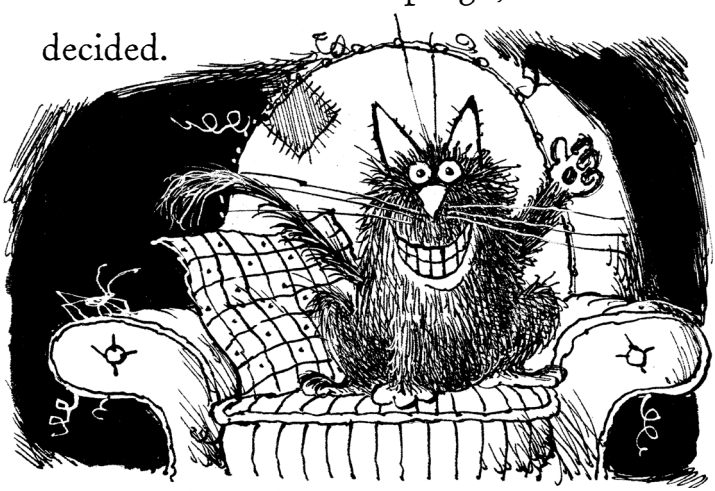
'Oh, all right! Don't get your whiskers in a whizz!' said Winnie. 'I'd rather have a

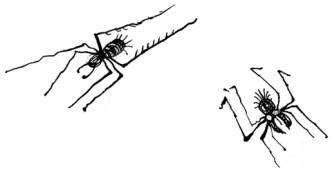
holiday with you. But where can we go where we'll both be happy?' Then—**zing!**—'I've got it!' she said. 'Let's go on a mystery tour!'

'Meeow?' said Wilbur.

'You know,' said Winnie. 'A journey where we just set off and keep going until we find somewhere we like. Then we stop and enjoy it.'

Wilbur did a claws-up sign, so that was decided.





Winnie got packing.

'Elephant snorkel and seal flippers in case we go in the sea. A bunny-bonnet hat and skunk boots in case we find snow. Squashed-fly biscuits and best mouldy-oldy cheese and radish-reptile relish in case we don't like the food when we get there. Midge attraction cream, crocodile bite lotion, a waiter-charming potion, pig crackling oinkment for sunburn. A tent and pegs and matches and pans and . . . oh,' said Winnie. 'This bag isn't going to be anywhere near big enough.'

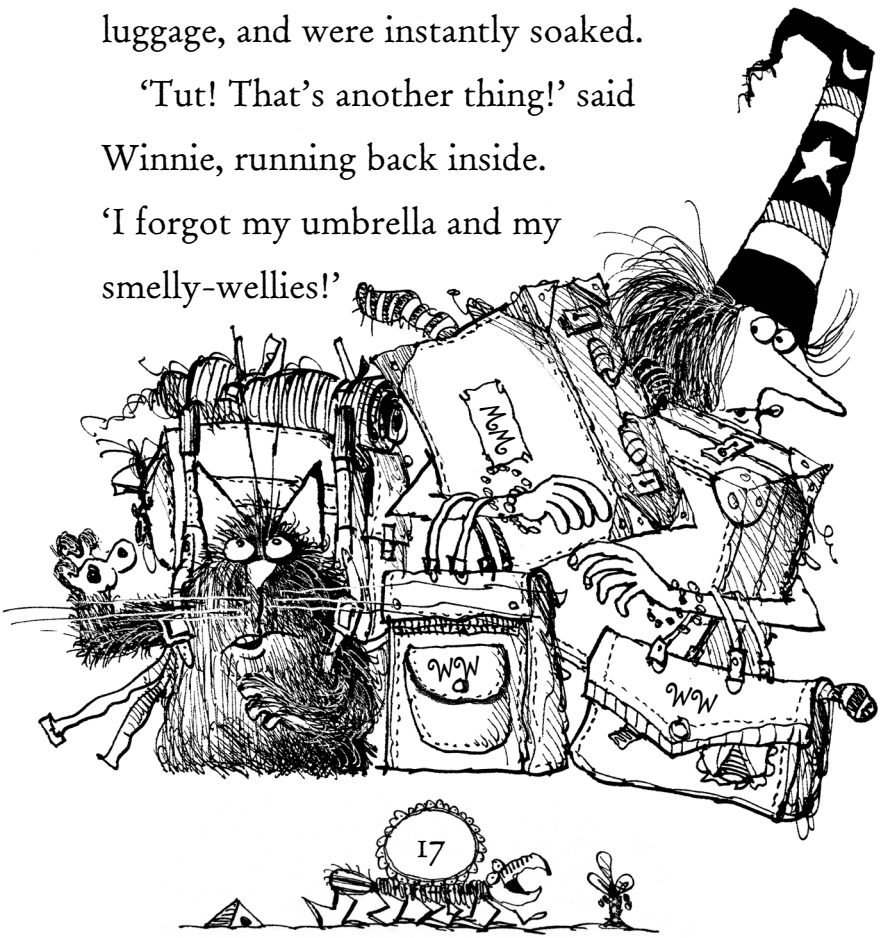
Winnie filled a suitcase too, and a trunk. Then Wilbur came staggering along with his backpack full of fish-fin bits and his comfy-wumfy blanket and his sun

glasses and his goggles and his maps and his tin opener and his whisker cream.

'Pile it all in, Wilbur!' said Winnie. 'We'll manage somehow!'

They staggered outside with their luggage, and were instantly soaked.

'Tut! That's another thing!' said Winnie, running back inside. 'I forgot my umbrella and my smelly-wellies!'



They climbed onto Winnie's broomstick.

'Off we go, Broom!' shouted Winnie. 'Take us wherever you like! Oooo, this is exciting! I wonder where we'll end up!'

Heave! went Broom. **Strain-tug-heave!** Nothing moved.