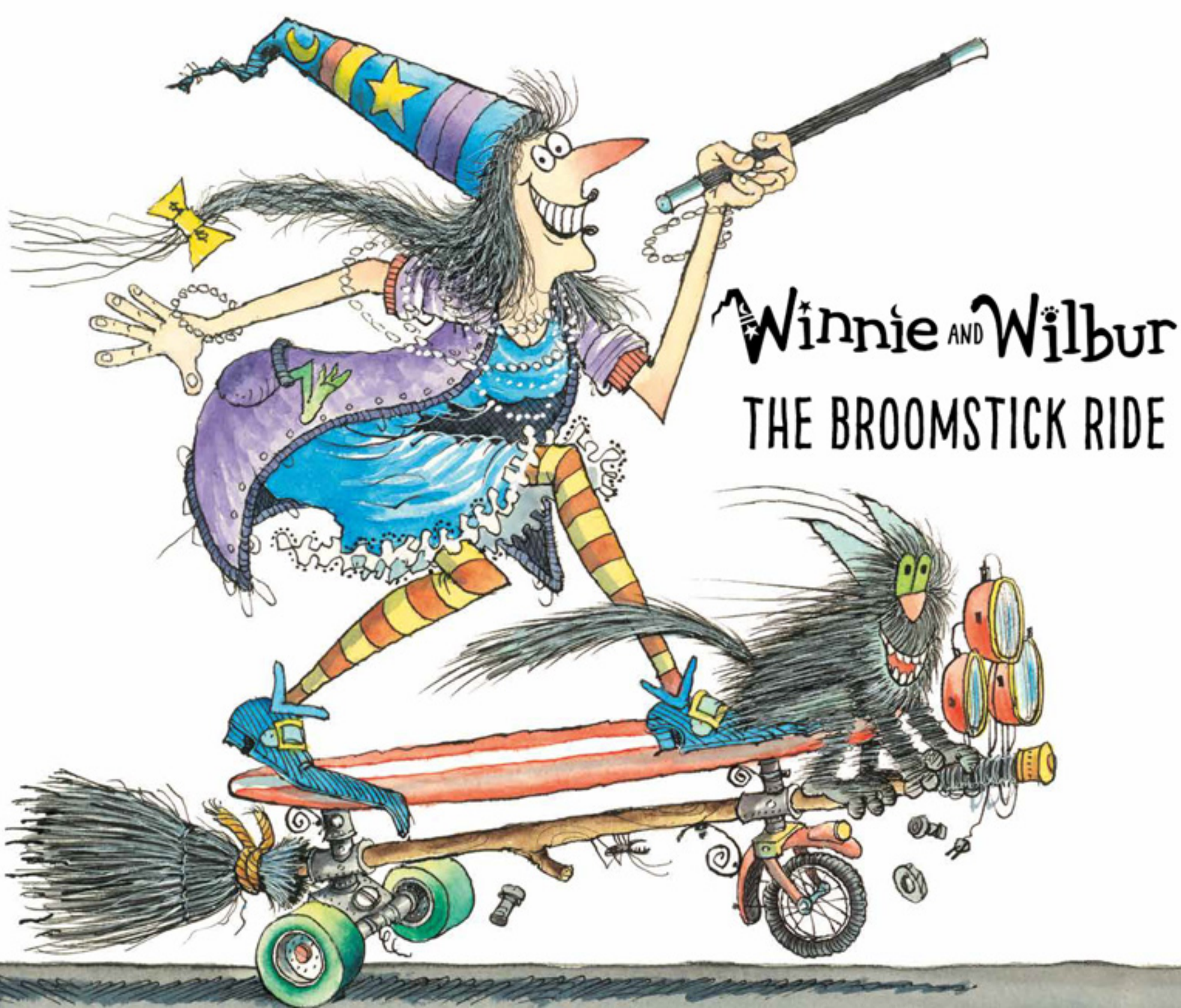


Winnie AND Wilbur
THE BROOMSTICK RIDE

Winnie the Witch always travelled by broomstick.
It was a wonderful way to travel.

Winnie would jump onto her broomstick.
Wilbur would jump onto her shoulder.
And they would zoom up into the sky.

There were no traffic lights.
No traffic jams.

Just the empty sky.

Well, that was how it used to be.
But, just lately, the sky had become
rather crowded.

Last week, Winnie didn't see a helicopter.
Wilbur lost two of his whiskers.

The week before that,
she didn't see a hang glider.

Wilbur's tail was bent.



The week before that, a very tall building suddenly got in her way.

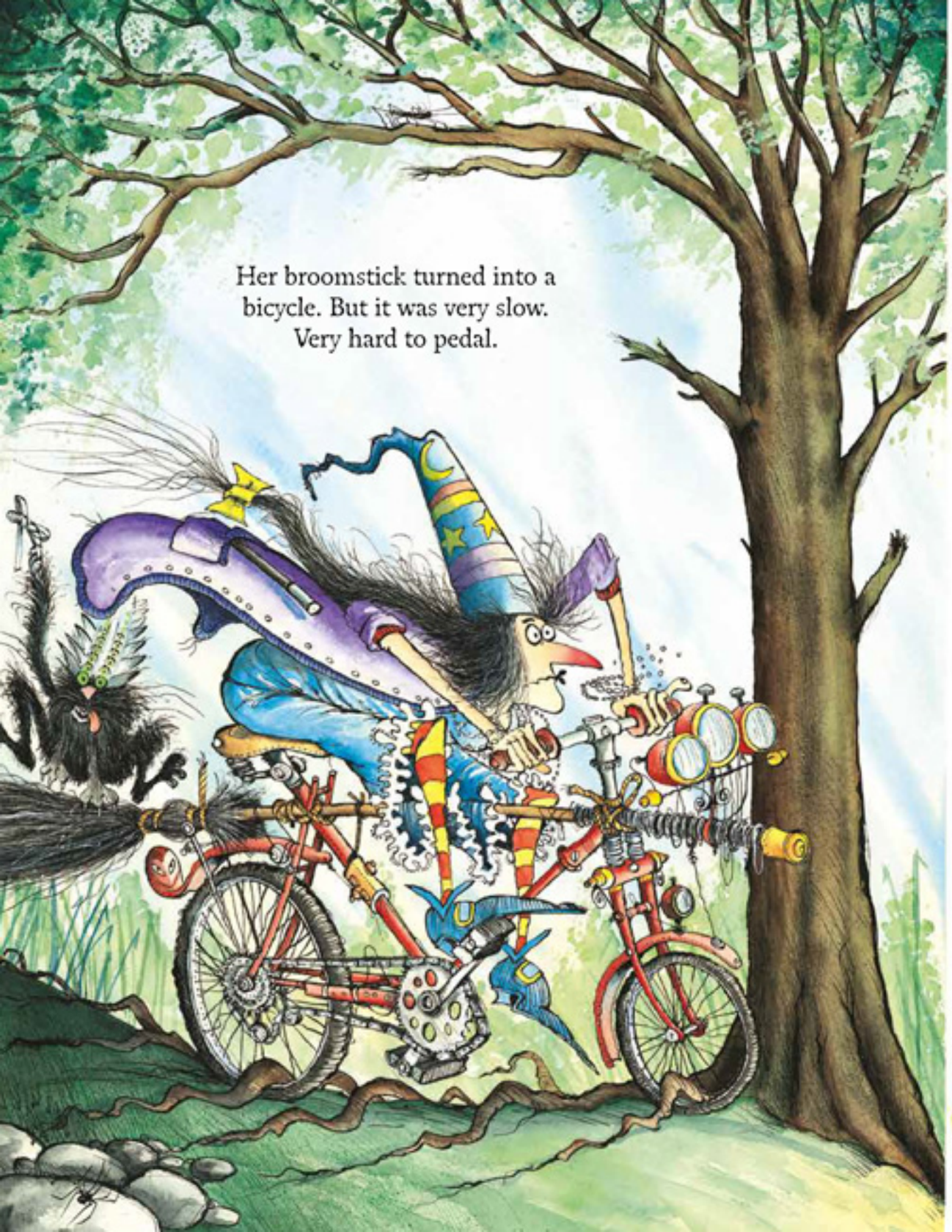
Wilbur lost a clump of fur.



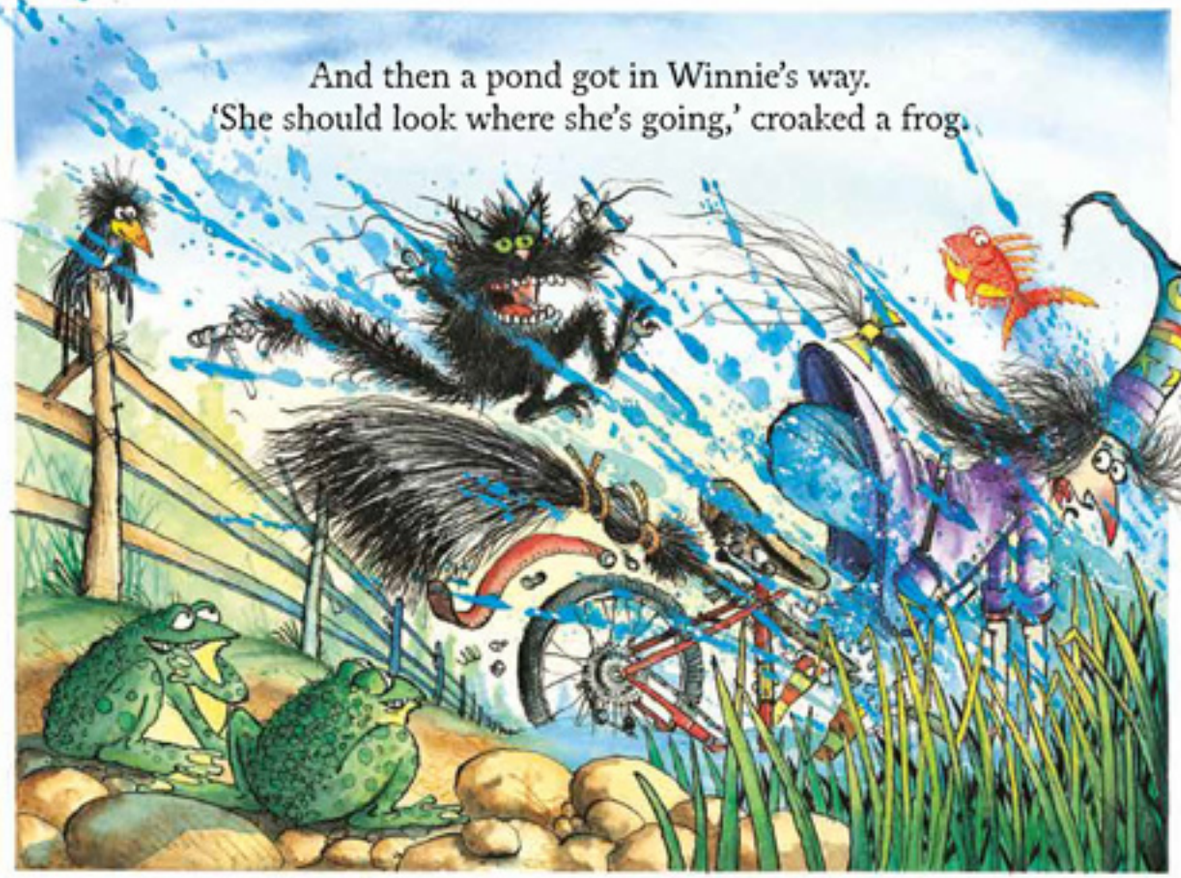
'The sky is too dangerous, Wilbur,' said Winnie.
'We'll have to try something else.'
So she took out her wand, waved it, and shouted,

'Abracadabra!'

Her broomstick turned into a
bicycle. But it was very slow.
Very hard to pedal.



And then a pond got in Winnie's way.
'She should look where she's going,' croaked a frog.



'A bicycle is worse than a broomstick, Wilbur,' said Winnie.
'We'll have to try something else.'
So she took out her wand, waved it, and shouted,



Her bicycle turned into a skateboard.
The skateboard was fast.
But it was hard to steer.
And impossible to stop.

Winnie was stopped. By an ice-cream seller.
'Can't you see where you're going?' he shouted.

'A skateboard is worse than a bicycle, Wilbur,' said Winnie.
'We'll have to try something else.'
So she took out her wand, waved it, and shouted,

'Abracadabra!'