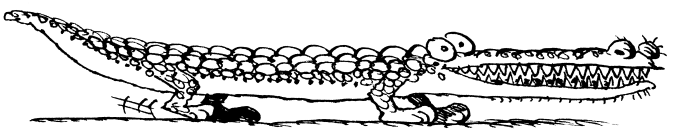


WINNIE
Shapes Up



Snap-snap-snap-snap-snap!
went the alarm croc beside Winnie's bed.

Snip-snap!

'What? Where? Why?' Winnie opened a bleary eye. *Yawn!* 'It can't be time to get up already, can it?

Wilbur yawned wide and stretched long.

'Heck, Wilbur!' said Winnie, sitting up. 'I've had a whole night's sleep, so why am I so sluggy-sloth tired?'

Yawn! went Wilbur.







'You're as blooming bad as I am!' said Winnie. 'We should be fitter than this!'

With eyes only half open, stumbling and fumbling, Winnie reached for her clothes. 'I need to get active, and that'll make me healthy. You have to wear special clothes to do that.' Winnie pulled up tracksuit trousers . . . but they got stuck halfway up her legs. 'Heck! It's worse than I thought!' said Winnie. 'I'm as fat as a football! Help me to heave them up, Wilbur!' So Wilbur heaved and Winnie heaved, and the trousers went up, but they were so tight Winnie's legs could hardly bend. 'And the tracksuit top is just as blooming tight!' complained Winnie as she wrenched the zip upwards.













'Me-he-heow!' laughed Wilbur.

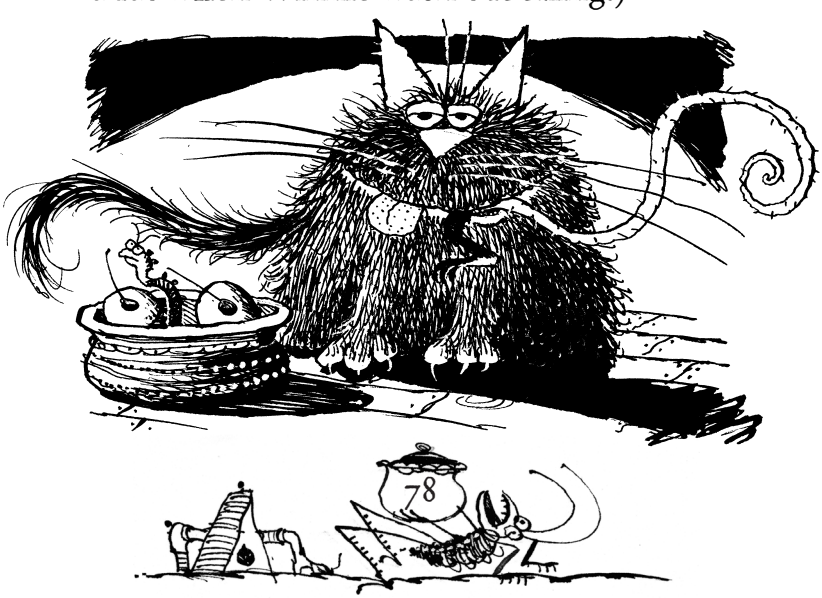
'Don't laugh!' said Winnie. 'You're as unfit as I am! We need exercise and healthy food.'



'Meeow!' wailed Wilbur.

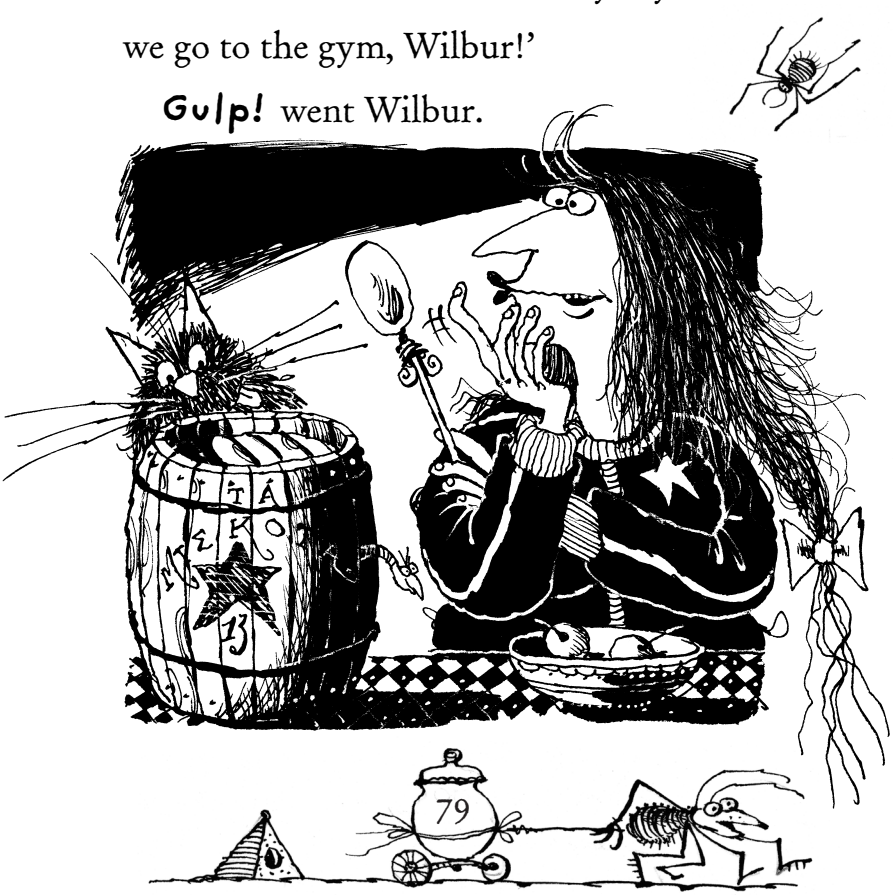
'Well, it's no good being too tired to get up in the morning and too fat to fit our clothes,' said Winnie.

So they had just two pong berries each for breakfast. (Although Wilbur gobbled a rat when Winnie wasn't looking.)



Rumble! went Winnie's tummy. Winnie looked longingly at the biscuit barrel. 'Chocolate suggestive biscuits! Tipsy creams!' Then she shook her head. 'No!' she said. 'There isn't any room for biscuits inside this tracksuit anyway. Off we go to the gym, Wilbur!'

Gulp! went Wilbur.



There was a personal trainer at the gym. He was big. He was muscly. His name was Nigel.

'Flex your arm!' said Nigel. Winnie bent her flabby arm but it wouldn't flex. 'Bend and stretch!' said Nigel. Winnie bent, but she couldn't bend very far. She tried to stretch, but her tracksuit was so tight she couldn't do that very well either. 'Dear, oh dear,' said Nigel. 'You need a complete workout!'





'Me-he-heow!' laughed Wilbur.

'And so does your cat!' said Nigel. 'Go and get dressed in your sporty gear, cat!'

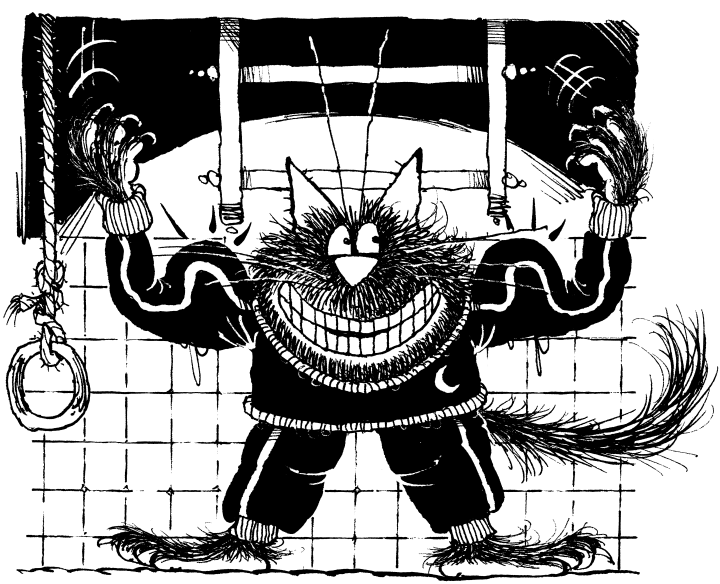
Wilbur came back in a cat tracksuit.



'Tee-hee!' laughed Winnie.

'Flex your arms!' Nigel told Wilbur.

Wilbur did, and—**boing!**—up popped some impressive bulges.







'Wow!' said Winnie. 'I never knew . . .'

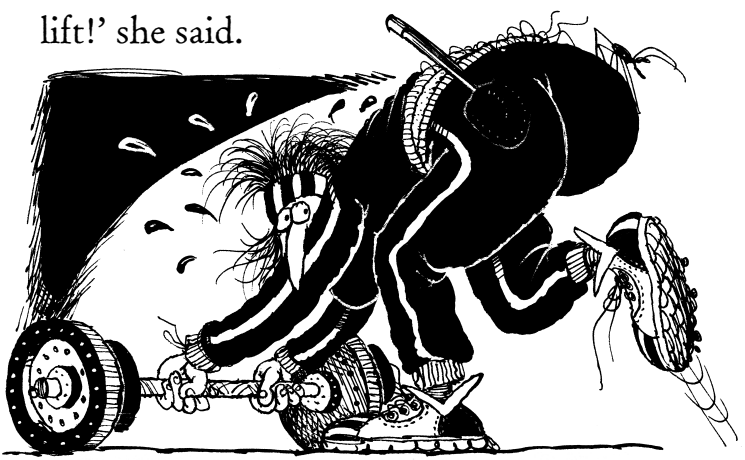
'Cut the cackle and get working, Winnie!' said Nigel. 'Wilbur is already in good shape.'

So Wilbur relaxed on a lounger and watched.



'Lift those weights!' said Nigel to Winnie.

Winnie tried. **Heave! Huff-puff!** Wheeze! 'They're too blooming heavy to lift!' she said.







'No excuses!' said Nigel.

But when Nigel turned away for a moment, Winnie whipped out her wand.

'Abracadabra!'



And instantly the weights became as light as a feather. Up-up-down! 'Easy-peasy give-someone-you-love-a-squeezy!' said Winnie.

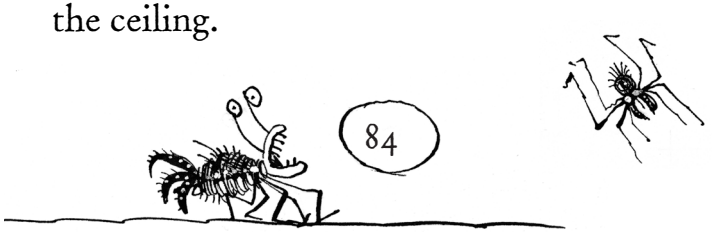






'Oh! That's better,' said Nigel. He didn't know that Winnie had made all the weights in the gym weightless. They were so light they were starting to lift people up into the air.

'Help!' they called, hovering near the ceiling.





Nigel told Winnie to get on the treadmill.

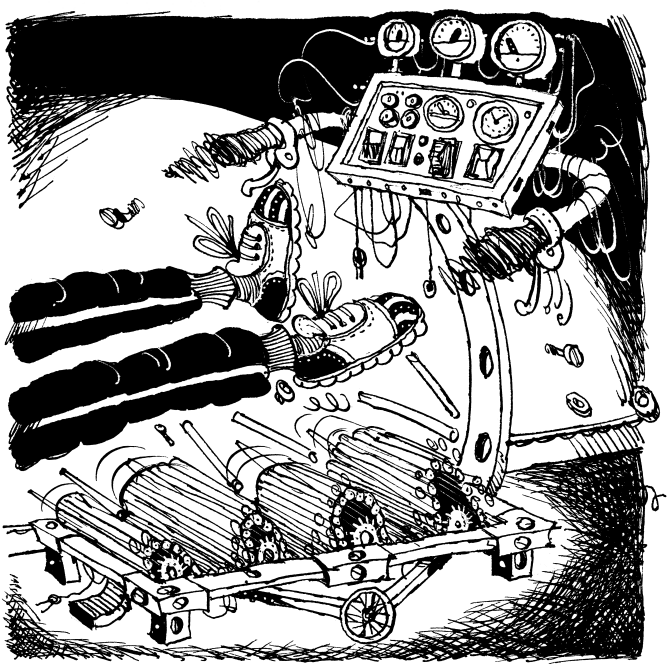
The treadmill was boring.

'It's just walking!' said Winnie. 'I can do that at home!'

'You should be jogging, not walking!' said Nigel.

'All right, I will!' said Winnie. Out came the wand. 'Abracadabra!'





Instantly all the treadmills were going so fast they were just a blur, and people were flying off them backwards.

'Stop!' said Nigel. So Winnie stopped.

'Can I go home now?' she asked.

'No! You're going swimming next,' said Nigel.