The Witchling's Wish





For Ann & Iain – the kindest people I know,

love L.F. xxx

For Aria, Ella, Leia and Loretta

– S.M.



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The Witchling's Wish

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Above the misty mountains,
below a glowing moon,
lived a lonely little Witchling
with a wobbly, knobbly broom . . .

And a squeaky, leaky cauldron,
and a not-so-pointy hat,
and a spell book full of spellings,
in a cave of inky bats.

Now, the Little Witchling
didn't mind
the beetles in her bed,

and she didn't mind
the drip,
drip,
drip
of water on her head.

But deep inside
her Witchling heart
there was
an empty space,

"I wish I had a friend," she sighed,
"to fill this lonely place."

"I can't **grow** one!
I can't **sew** one! Hmmm . . ."
The Witchling scratched her head,
"I know!" she cried,
"I'll cast a spell . . .

and **MAGIC** one instead!"

So she opened up her spell book
and she checked her shopping list,



for all the things she'd need to weave
a **friendship-making wish** . . .

"A cup or two of cobwebs, some earwax from a lizard . . .

a pirate's boot,

a blue owl's hoot

and snowflakes from a blizzard."

"At last," the Little Witchling hummed,
"my spell is almost ready!
All that's missing is some furriness from . . . Oh!

A *One-Eyed* TEDDY?"