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Opening extract from

Mini Winnie

Written by

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For Zac – K.P.
For Mary Goodhart with love – xx

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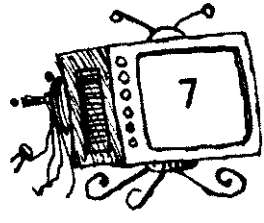
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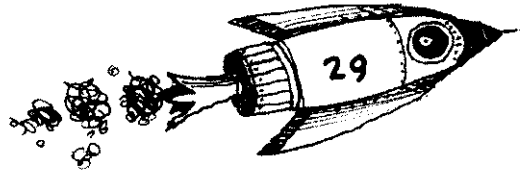
Contents



Winnie's Awful Auntie

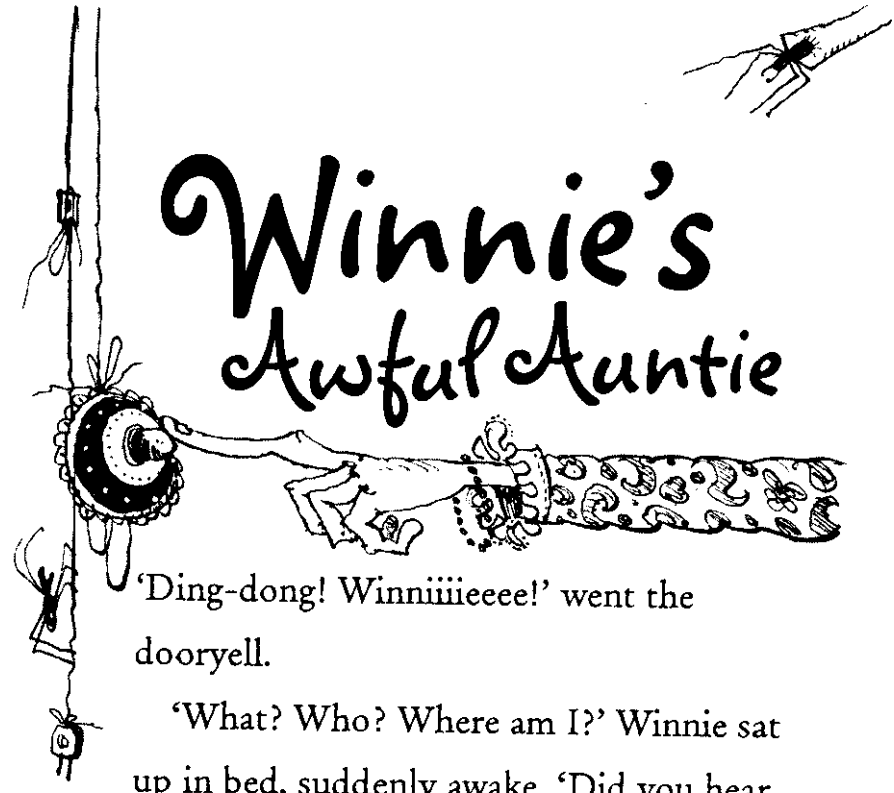


Winnie Goes Cleaning




Winnie
and the
Ghost in the Post
53
Mini
Winnie
77





Winnie's Awful Auntie

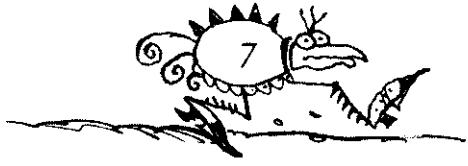
'Ding-dong! Winniiiieeee!' went the dooryell.

'What? Who? Where am I?' Winnie sat up in bed, suddenly awake. 'Did you hear something, Wilbur?'

Wilbur rolled over, stretched, yawned, and flopped back into sleep.

'Just a dream then,' said Winnie. She lay down, stretched, yawned and . . .

'Wiiiinnnniiiieeee!' went the dooryell.







'Oh, nits' knickers, there really is somebody there,' muttered Winnie. 'I'd better have a look.'

Winnie went to the window and peeped out. 'Oh, gnats' kneecaps, it's Auntie Aggie. Look at all that luggage! She's planning to stay!'

Wilbur buried his head under the sheets.

'It's no good hiding,' said Winnie. 'She always knows.' Winnie called out of the window, 'I'll be down in the shake of a maggot's bottom, Auntie Aggie.'






КУТ
КУПЕ
КУПЕ
AA
AA



Winnie picked up her wand. 'I'd better make the place smell right for aunties. Brace yourself, Wilbur. Abracadabra!'

And instantly the lovely comfortable smell of mildew and mould was replaced by the sweety-tweety-neaty smell of pink petally rosy-posy pong.

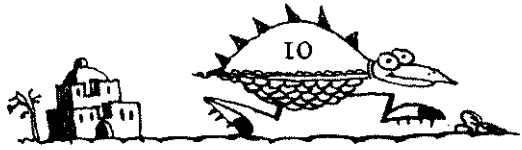
'Mrrow!' complained Wilbur, putting a paw to his nose.

'I know!' said Winnie. 'Here, have a clothes peg.'

'Winifred Isaspell Tabitha Charmaine Hortense, will you please open this pesky door?!' Auntie Aggie's voice made Winnie's house shake.



'Deep breath, Wilbur. I'm going to let her in.'





Auntie Aggie seemed to fill the house with pinkness. She looked at Winnie, pointed at the clothes peg on her nose, and said, 'What in the witchy world is *that* for?'

'Oh, didn't you dow dat dese are da noo fashion?' said Winnie.

'How silly you young people are!' said Auntie Aggie. 'Take it off at once!'



'Yes, Auntie Aggie,' said Winnie.

Auntie Aggie pulled a hanky from her sleeve, spat on it, then wiped it over Winnie's face.



'Yeuch, get off!' said Winnie.

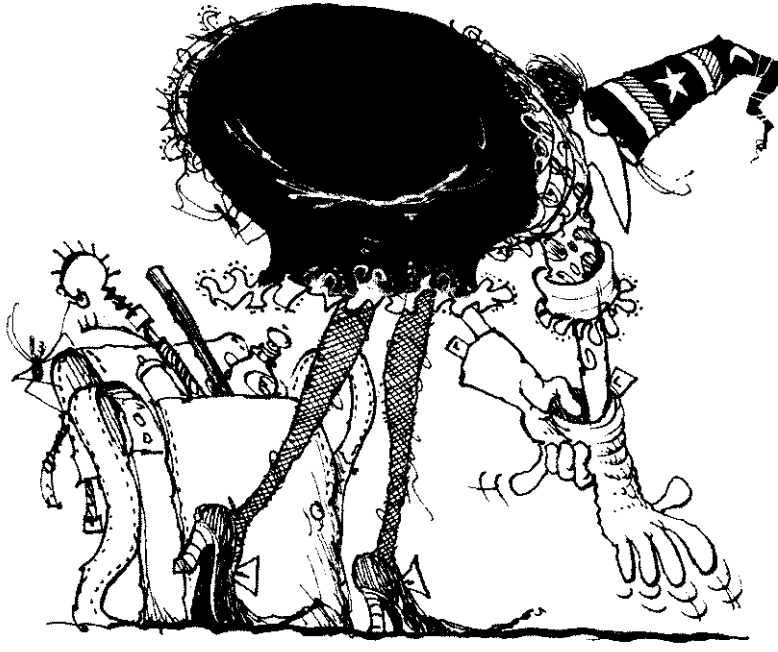
'I've come to sort you out, young lady,' said Auntie Aggie.





'But I don't—' began Winnie.

'Don't argue!' said Auntie Aggie. 'Now, where to begin?' She looked around the kitchen and tutted. 'Dear, oh dear!' She bent over, sticking her large pink-frocked bottom in the air, as she took rubber gloves from her bag, and pulled them on.





Then she waved her wipe-clean between-every-wish wand. 'Spit spot!' she commanded, and instantly all Winnie's stuff leapt up onto shelves and into cupboards.

Slam-slam-slam went the cupboard doors.

'Now I won't know where anything *is!*' wailed Winnie.

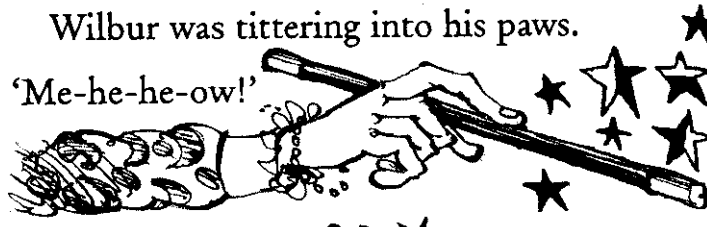
'Nonsense!' said Auntie Aggie. 'I'll smarten you up next.'



'But I don't—' began Winnie.

'Spit spot!' went Auntie Aggie, and instantly Winnie was swallowed in a smart business suit and her hair neatly styled.

Wilbur was tittering into his paws. 'Me-he-he-ow!'







Auntie Aggie looked at Wilbur. 'That stinky cat has got to be changed!' she said, and she raised her wipe-clean-between-every-wish wand and—

'No!' said Winnie. She leapt towards Wilbur, but her suit skirt was tight and her legs went **wang!** and she fell **bang!** onto the floor.







Suddenly Wilbur wasn't a cat any more.

'What have you done, you silly old sponge pudding?' wailed Winnie. 'Where's my Wilbur?'

'He's become a sweet little clean little wabbit,' said Auntie Aggie.

'But I want *Wilbur!*' wailed Winnie. 'My *Wilbur!* I'm a witch, not a magician! Give Wilbur back!'





'Er . . . no,' said Auntie Aggie. 'You young people don't know what's best. You'll soon love Wilbur the wabbit more than you ever loved that stinky cat. He can live in a nice pink cage.'

'Never!' said Winnie. She was gazing into the wabbit's eyes. She could see real Wilbur trapped inside the silly face with floppy ears.

Auntie Aggie wagged a plump finger at her. 'You wait, Winifred. When I'm an old witch I won't have the energy or magic to help you like this, and then you'll be sorry!'

Twitter-twee twitter-twee.

'It's my phone,' said Auntie Aggie. 'I'll take it outside and be back in a jiffy.'





Out bustled Auntie Aggie.

'Don't panic, Wilbur!' said Winnie. 'I'll have you out of there in one snail-second, but first I'm going to magic Auntie Aggie!'

'Snuffle?' asked Wilbur.

'Yes,' said Winnie. 'Did you hear Auntie Aggie say that she'd not be able to do magic on us once she's an old lady? So I'm going to turn her into an old lady, just for as long as she stays here. Then I'll get you back, my Wilbur, my friend, my companion cat!'

As Auntie Aggie came back into the room, reaching for her wipe-clean-between-every-wish wand, Winnie waved her own wand. She shut her eyes tight and wished with all her might, 'Make Auntie Aggie much much older than me—Abracadabra!'

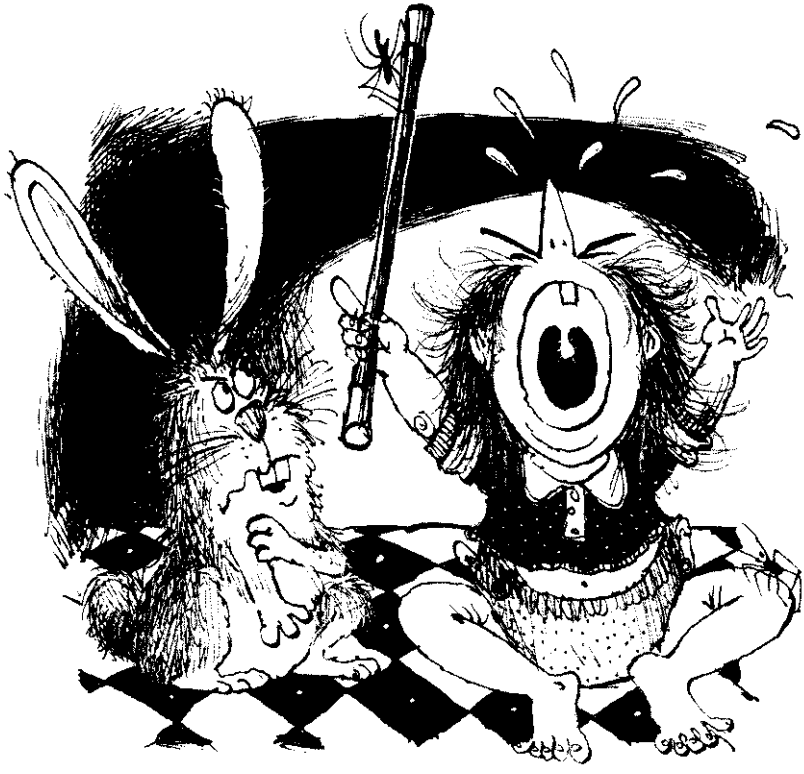
Gasp! went Auntie Aggie.

Gasp-nibble! went Wilbur the wabbit.

'Waaaaaaa!' went a little Winnie baby on the floor.

Wilbur glared at Winnie's wand, but





there was nothing wrong with the wand's magic. Auntie Aggie *was* much much older than Winnie, because Winnie had gone backwards and become her baby self!

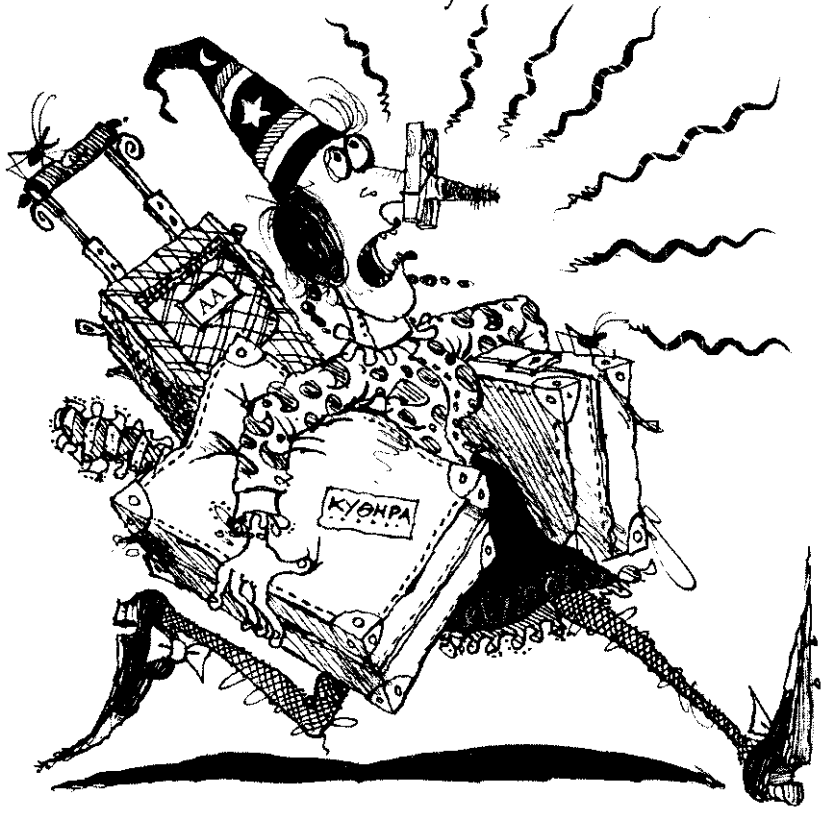
'Is that you, Winnie?' said Auntie Aggie.

She moved towards the door. 'Oo, I can't abide babies! Noisy smelly nasty things! I had to wait so many many years until you were old enough for me to work on you, Winnie, and now look what you've done!'

'Waaaaa!' went baby Winnie, kicking her legs and waving her fists. Then suddenly baby Winnie went quiet. A look of concentration came over her face. And a stinky smell filled the room.

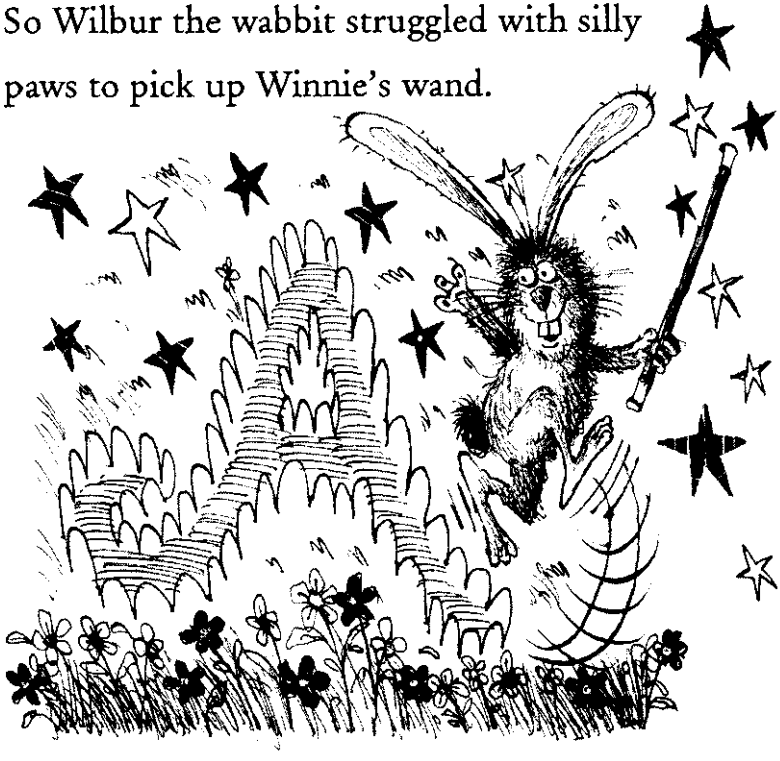


'Poooooey! Ooo, dear!' said Auntie Aggie. 'Quick, where's that clothes peg? That's it, I'm off!' And off she went, grabbing her bags and hurrying out of Winnie's house and away.

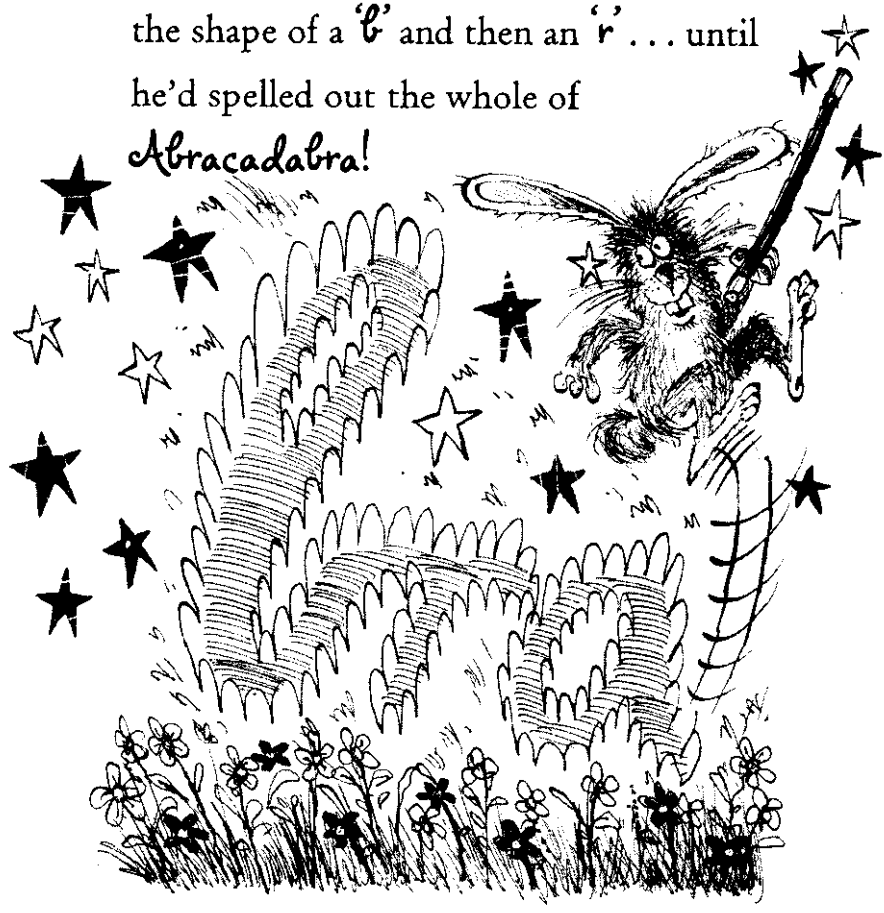


Meanwhile, baby Winnie had got on to her hands and knees and was crawling at top speed out of the door.

Snuffle-nibble! went Wilbur the wabbit, but baby Winnie took no notice. So Wilbur the wabbit struggled with silly paws to pick up Winnie's wand.



Then he hopped the wand all over the lawn—boing! boing!—hopping in the shape of an 'A' and—boing! boing!—in the shape of a 'b' and then an 'r' . . . until he'd spelled out the whole of Abracadabra!



Then, instantly, Winnie was back to her old self.

'Wilbur, you're a genius!' she said. Then she waved the wand. 'Abracadabra!'



And instantly Wilbur was back to being proper Wilbur the cat again.

'Meow!' said Wilbur. 'Meow meow meow!'

'I know,' said Winnie. 'I'll be more careful what I wish for next time! But I don't think we'll see Auntie Aggie for a while!' Winnie patted Wilbur's tatty head. 'Oo, Wilbur, I'm so very very glad you're not really a wabbit!'



