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opening extract from

Winnie says Cheese

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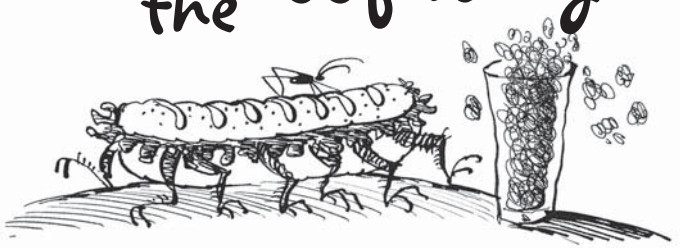
Oxford

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Winnie and the Toof Fairy



Winnie and Wilbur were watching a wrestling match on telly and sharing a few snacks.

'Pull him over!' shouted Winnie at the telly. She jumped up from the sofa. 'Go on, grab him!' She shot out an arm to grab the air to show the wrestler how he should be doing it, but unfortunately Wilbur was in the way. **POW!**

'Mrrow!'

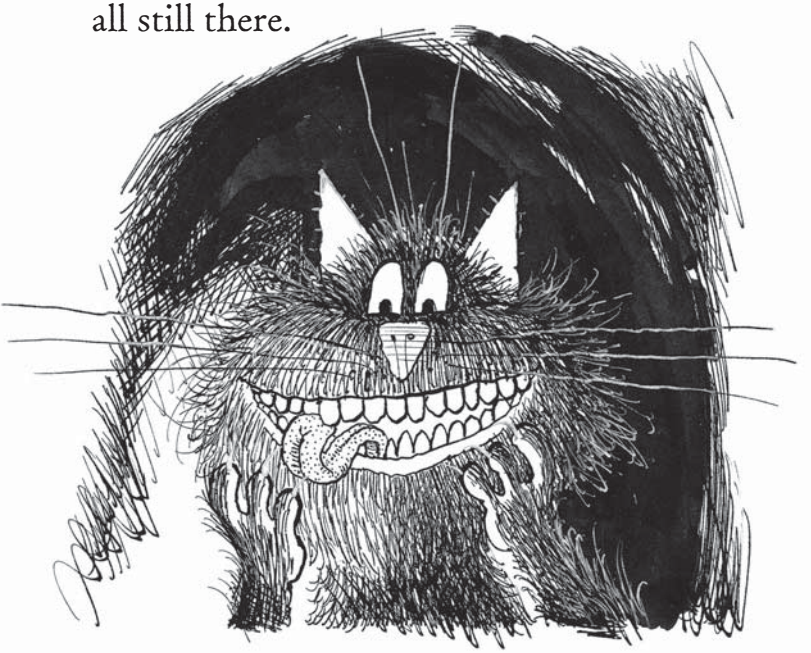




Wilbur's paw was over his mouth. There was a look of panic in his eyes.

'Oh, heck, Wilbur!' said Winnie. 'Have I punched all your teeth out?'

Wilbur slowly took his paws away from his mouth. He opened his mouth and felt for each tooth with his tongue. They were all still there.



'Thank stinky cheese for that!' said Winnie. 'Shall I take you to Mr Drillikins the dentist, just to check you over?'

'Mrow-ow-ow!' said Wilbur, hurrying up the curtains to get out of reach.





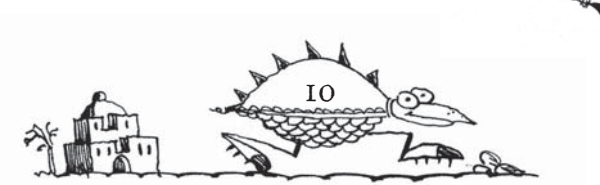
'All right, all right!' said Winnie. 'But you be careful. Those teeth might be loose. You suck a nice warm-worm and frogspawn smoothie through a straw. I'll finish off the nibbles by myself.'

Winnie settled back on the sofa.

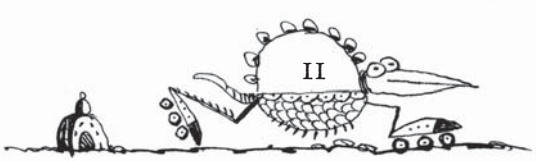
'Trip him up! Pull his hair!' she shouted while she dipped an elephant's toenail into stinkwort sauce and popped it into her mouth. Chew-chew. 'Tickle him!' she screamed as she took a liquorice rat's tail and began to chew-chew-chew on that.

But, suddenly, 'Mnnn!' mumbled Winnie, her hand to her mouth. She stuck long fingers into her mouth and pulled out . . .







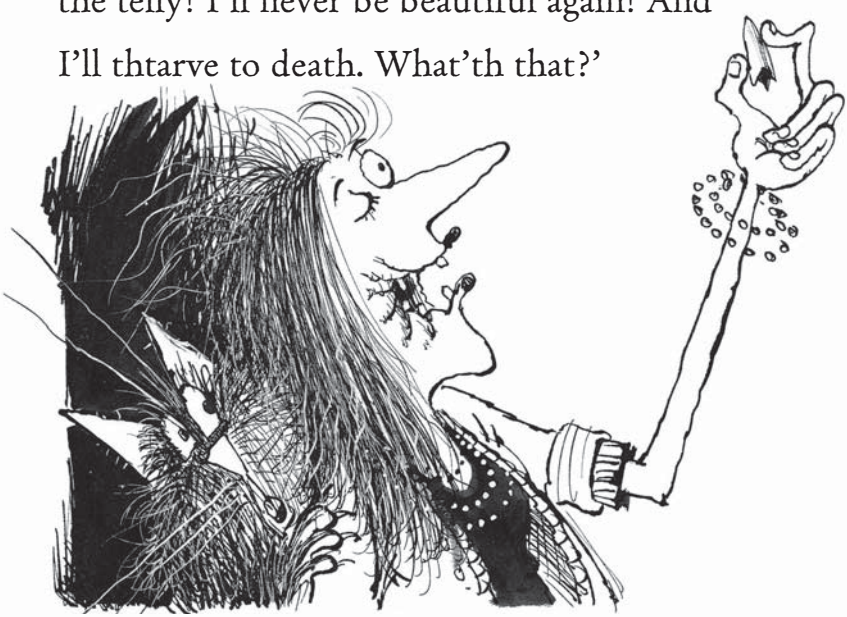

II



'A toof!'

'Meeow!' said Wilbur, looking with interest.

'What am I going to do without thith toof?' asked Winnie, holding it up. 'I need thith toof! I can't talk properly wivout it! I'll look like one of them wrethlerth on the telly! I'll never be beautiful again! And I'll thtarve to death. What'th that?'



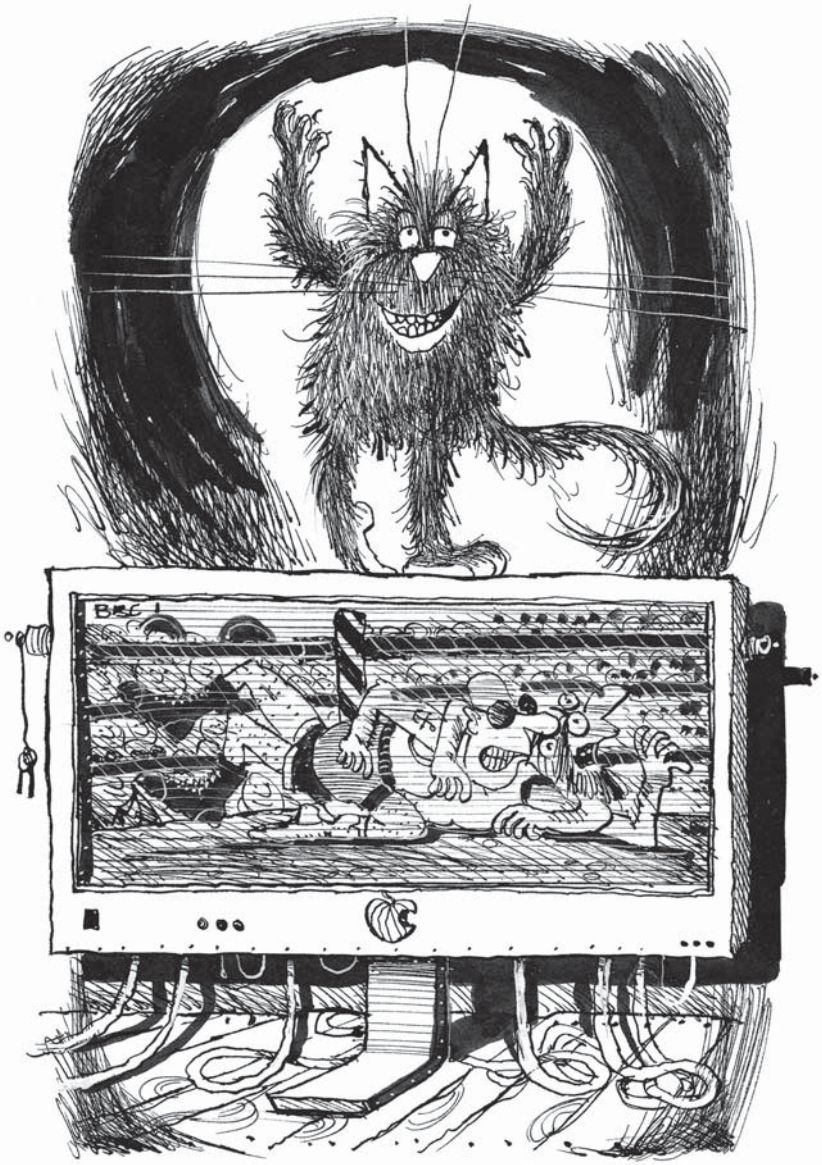


Wilbur was nudging Winnie, offering her his straw.



'No!' wailed Winnie. 'I don't want thmoothies thucked through a thtraw!' But Wilbur had grabbed hold of the telephone book and was pointing at a phone number. 'NO, no, no!' wailed Winnie, even louder. 'I'm not going to Mr Drillikinth! Never!'







But Wilbur had one more helpful hint to try. He was pirouetting on his toes, his arms curved above his head and a soppy look on his face.

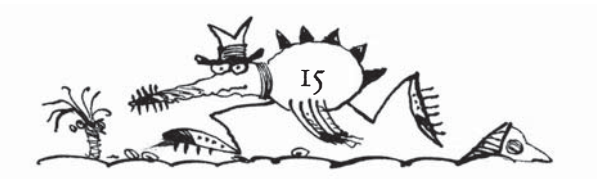


'What on erf?' asked Winnie. Then she got it. 'Oh, I know! You're being a fairy!' Wilbur nodded enthusiastically. 'Of courth!' said Winnie. 'I can leave my toof for the toof fairy and get a wifth from her in ecthchange for the toof. Oooo, what thall I chooth for my wifth, Wilbur?'



Actually, choosing her wish was easy. There was one thing more than any other that Winnie wanted just then.

'I mutht write a note to tell the fairy my wifth,' said Winnie. 'Where'th my pen, Wilbur?'

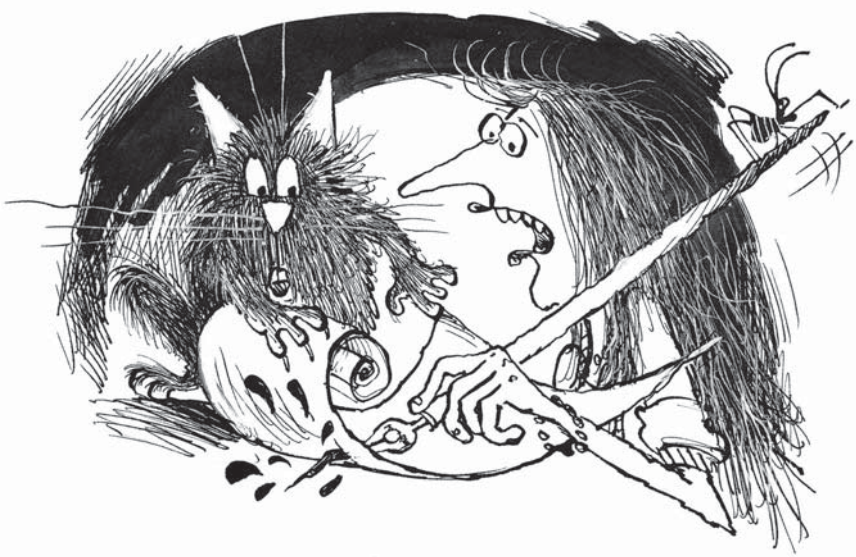


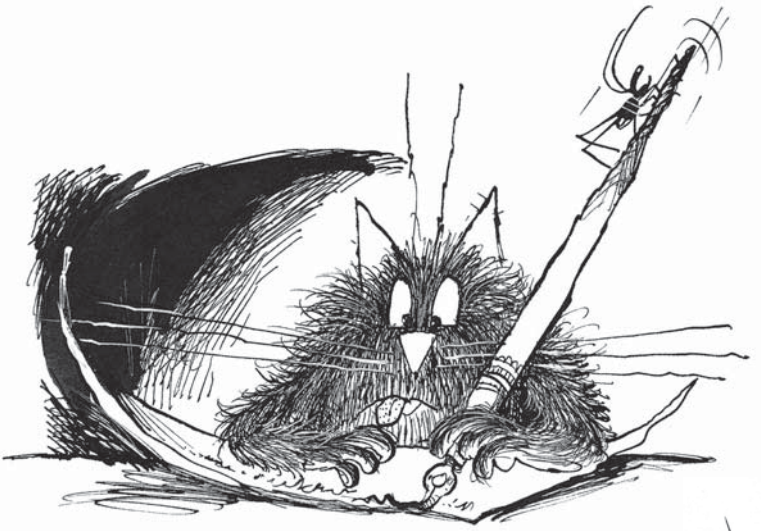
Winnie scrawled with her pen.

'There! Lookth good, doethn't it!'

Wilbur curled a lip and shook his head.

'Oh, thtop looking at me like that, cat!' said Winnie. 'You know I'm not very good at writing. I jutht thought a fairy might underthtand. Will you write it for me, pleathe, Wilbur?'







Wilbur did write it, in his best paw-writing. He wrote it very tiny and just right for a fairy. It said:







'Thweet dreamth, Wilbur,' said Winnie.

Winnie was woken in the night by something tickling around her face.

'Atithoo!' sneezed Winnie. Then, 'Poo!' she shouted. 'What'th that 'orrible thmell?' Then she sank back into snoring, *Snooore, phiew, snooore, phiew.*

The little-wittle tooth fairy smelt of summer breezes wafting over dew-fresh meadow flowers sprinkled with icing sugar and love. Nobody had ever said 'poo' to her before. She put her tiny fists on her teeny pink waist. She stomped weeny green-slippered feet across Winnie's pillow.



She grabbed hold of a titchy handful of Winnie's tangle of hair, and heaved herself up onto Winnie's cheesy-white cheek. Then she took her wincy little wand and—**WHACK!**—she walloped it hard onto Winnie's great snoring mountain of a nose.

'Eh? What?' said Winnie, sitting up.





The fairy tumbled, but she flapped her incy-wincy mauve wings to flutter to where the tooth and the note were waiting for her.

The tooth fairy held her meeny-miny-mo wand to glow over the note, and she read Winnie's wish. And a minuscule wicked grin came on to her fairy face. **Zip-zap** went the wincy yellow wand and—

Gulp! 'Eh, what was that?' said Winnie, feeling for her mouth. 'Hey, Wilbur! Guess what? I've got my new tooth! I can say, "Six silly slugs sat sipping sausage syrup through straws!" My wish has come true! Here, let me have a look!'

Winnie jumped out of bed and grabbed her wand.

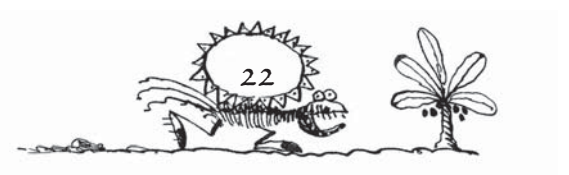
'Abracadabra!'



Instantly the candles were lit and a mirror was gleaming with a come-hither look. Winnie arranged herself into a charming pose in front of the mirror. Then she smiled, and . . . oh, dear.

'Mrrow-hissss!' Wilbur scrabbled under the bed covers.

'Oh, heck!' cried Winnie as she saw





herself. 'Whatever has that blooming fairy done? She's given me a fearful fang! I look a right fright!'

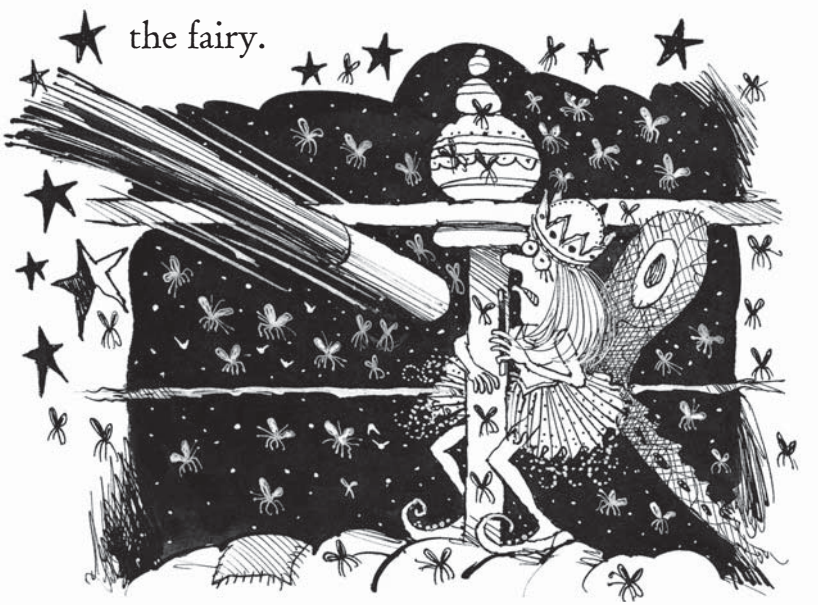


Winnie's eyes were darting here and there, looking for a fairy twinkle . . . and she spotted it, still on her pillow.

'There it is!' shouted Winnie. She swung her wand to swat it,

'Abracadabra!'

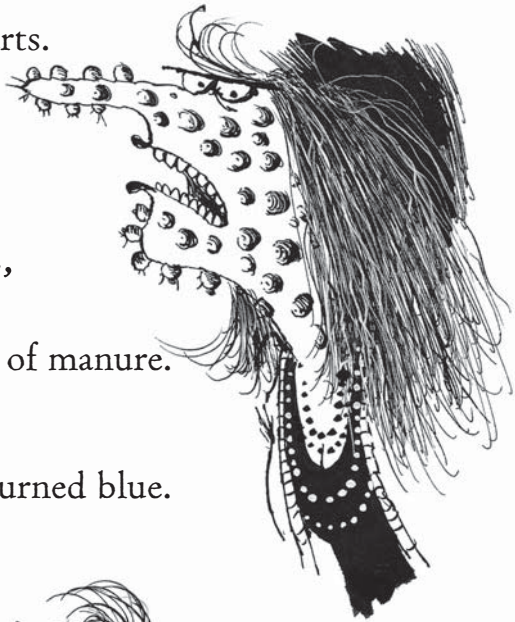
Instantly the twinkle around the fairy was replaced by a buzz of midges around the fairy.





But . . . **zip-zap** went the tiddly tooth fairy wand. And instantly Winnie was covered in warts.





'Abracadabra!'

The fairy smelt of manure.

Zip-zap!

Winnie's skin turned blue.

'Abra—'





'MMEEEEOOWWW!' interrupted Wilbur. He'd poked his head out from the covers and found something nestling under the pillow. It was something as tall as the tooth fairy and not perhaps quite as white as it might be, but Wilbur knew just what it was and where it was needed. He held it out to Winnie.

'My tooth!' said Winnie. 'My very own dear tooth! Oh, Abracadabra!'



And instantly Winnie's own tooth was back in her head, and the fang and the warts and blue had all gone. And so had the tooth fairy.





'Well,' said Winnie as she snuggled back into bed. 'That just goes to show, doesn't it?'

'Meow?' asked Wilbur.

'It shows that if you want a wish doing, you'd better just blooming well do the wish yourself,' said Winnie.

'Meeow,' agreed Wilbur.





