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Opening extract from

Winnie the Twit

Written by

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For Jac – K.P.
For Susie Goodhart, with love – xx

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Winnie's Perfect Pet



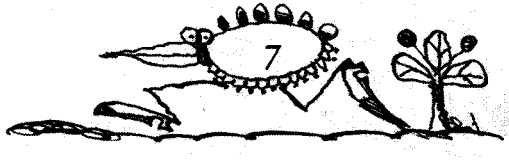
Wilbur was lying in the sun on the front doorstep, slumped in the sunshine, when Winnie came rushing over.

'Wilbur!' she said. 'Oh, Wilbur, there's a **huge** man as big as a ginormous giraffe moved in next door! And he's as rude as a bee's fluffy bottom! He called me a scruff!'

Wilbur opened one eye. He looked at Winnie, then he closed the eye again.



'Play with me, Wilbur,' said Winnie.



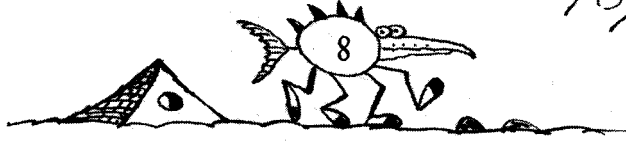


'Take my mind off that rude man. That's what a good pet would do.'

Wilbur yawned. He got up slowly, arched his back high, stretched his legs long, then sagged back into snoozing.

'You're as lazy as a hot lizard full of lunch!' said Winnie. 'Come on, let's play tennis, Wilbur!'





Winnie rushed indoors. She crashed through the kitchen. She bumped through the battery. She wriggled through the wormery. She skipped through the spidery. Then she came to the hall where she tugged open the door under the stairs, and out fell . . . everything!

'There it is!'





Winnie pounced. First, she tugged at something grey and tatty. Then she pulled out something that looked like a big holey spoon, and something else that looked like a mouldy old orange. She nipped into the loo . . . and came out looking like . . . um . . . this!





Winnie skipped, wriggled, bumped, and crashed back outside.

'What d'you think, Wilbur?'

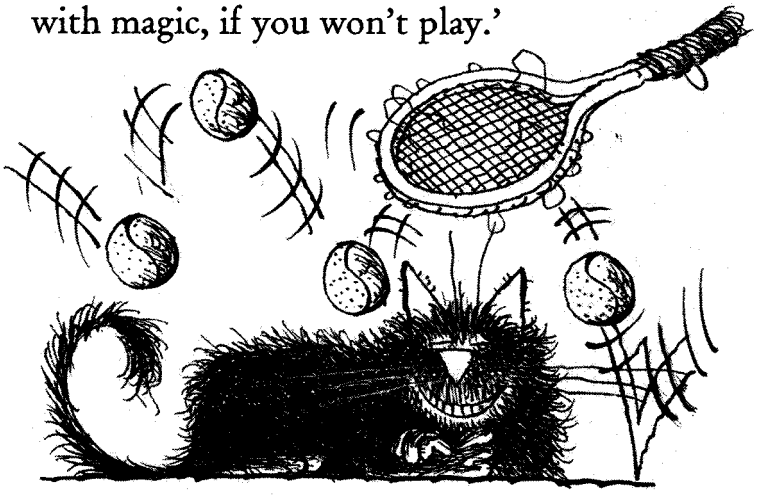
Wilbur just put his paws over his face.

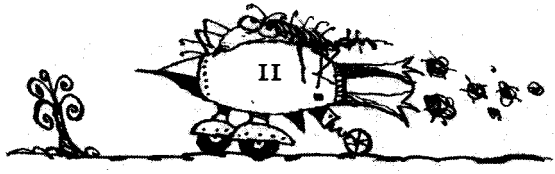
Winnie bounced the ball all around Wilbur. **Bounce, bounce**. 'Come on,' she said. 'Time to play!'



Wilbur didn't move.

'You're no fun,' said Winnie. 'I'll play with magic, if you won't play.'

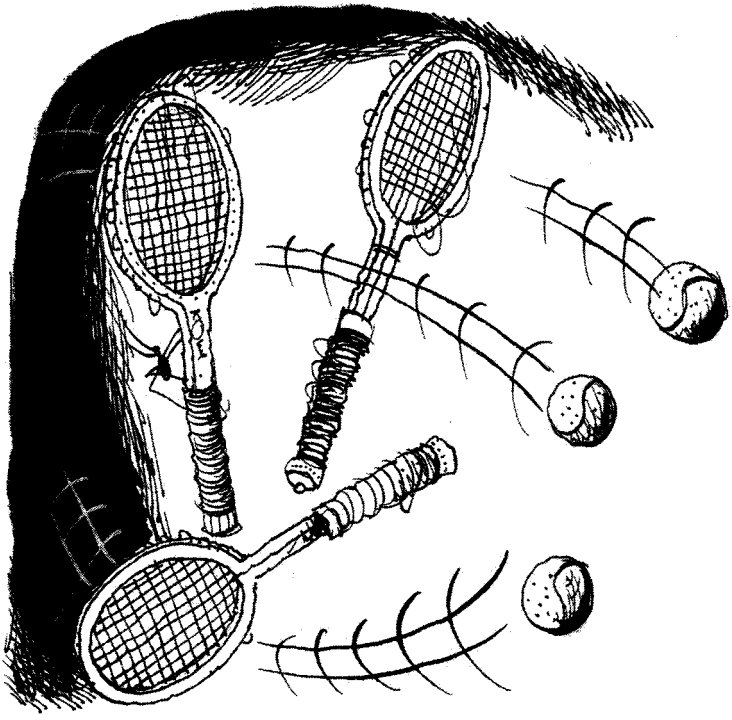






Winnie pointed her wand at the racket and ball. 'Abracadabra, abracadabra, abracadabra!' she shouted.

In an instant there were three tennis rackets and three more balls, all in the air. The rackets were hitting balls at Winnie.



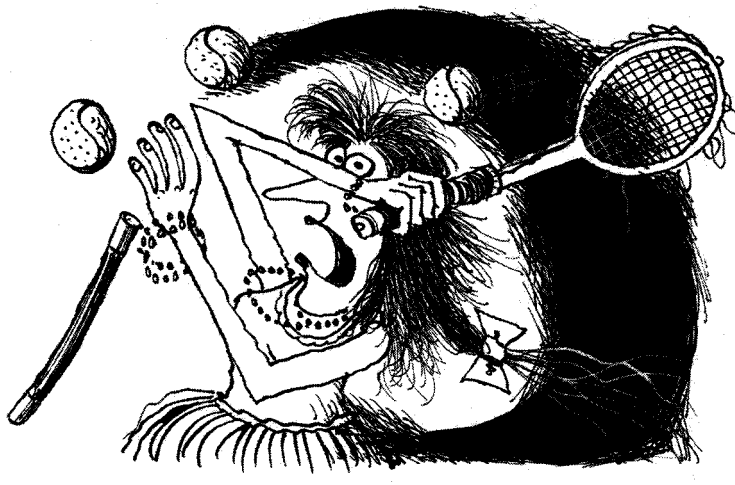


Winnie waved her own racket, up 'Hup!', down **'Ooph!'**, around **'Aah!'**, but she missed every ball.

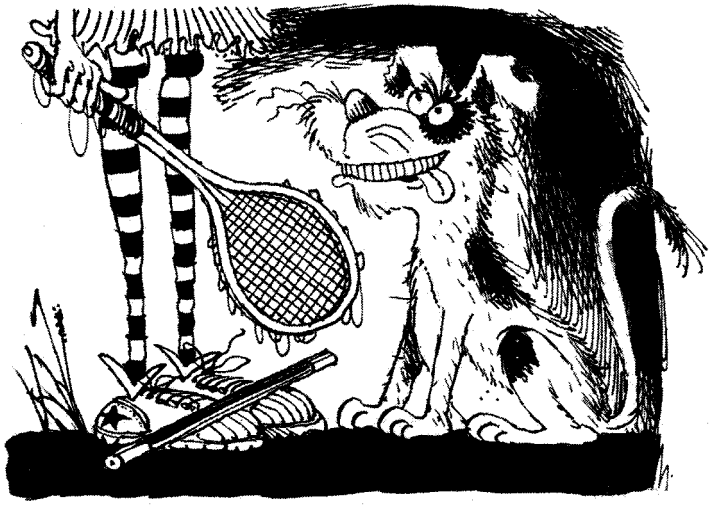
'Ow! Ouch! Get off! Stop!' she shouted. 'Gnats' knickers!' she said. 'Nobody's nice to me today, not even my wand!'



Winnie picked up her wand and she threw it far into the undergrowth but, a moment later, the wand was back . . . in the mouth of a dog.



The dog came bounding up to Winnie. It dropped the wand at Winnie's feet, then grinned up at her and wagged its tail.



'Who are you?' said Winnie. 'Do you want me to throw it again?'

Winnie threw the wand again, and again, and again. And each time the dog brought it back and wagged for more. Winnie threw the ball too.









'Fetch!'

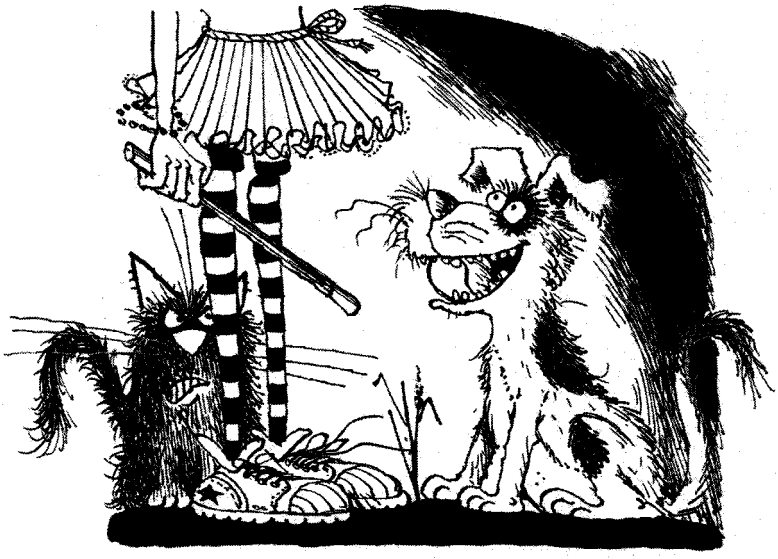
Back came the dog with the ball.

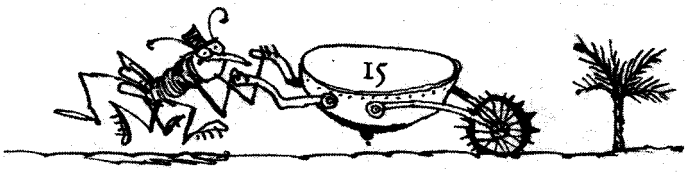
'Clever boy! Did you see that, Wilbur? Isn't he a clever dog?'



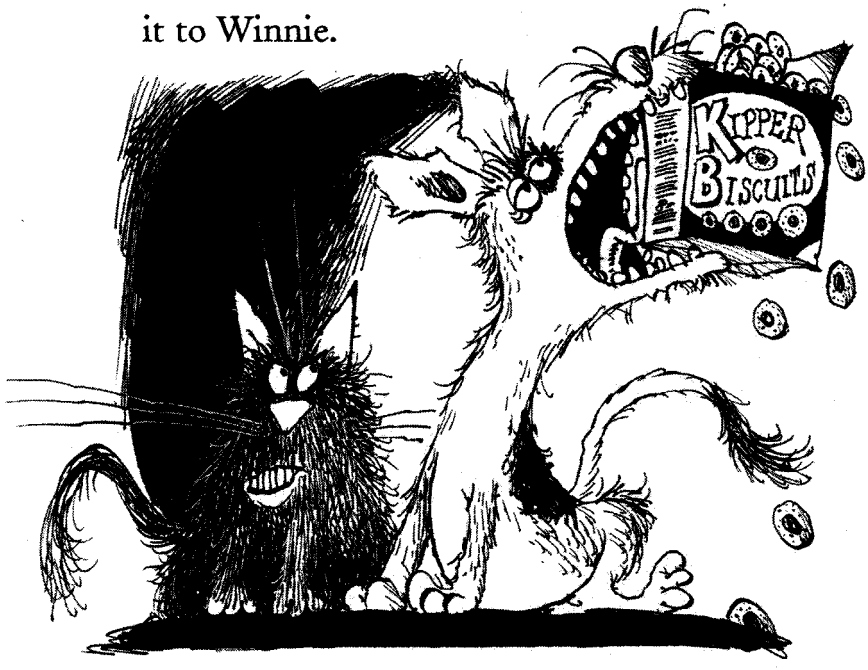
'Mreow,' said Wilbur.

'Don't you like him?' said Winnie. 'I do. I like him ever so much. Let's all have lunch together.'





So they went into the kitchen. Wilbur nudged the dog. Wilbur winked at the dog. Wilbur pointed at a packet of kipper biscuits. Wilbur nodded in the direction of Winnie. The dog grinned and nodded his head and wagged his tail. He took the biscuit box in his mouth and he presented it to Winnie.



'For me?' said Winnie, not really looking. 'Oh, isn't he a good dog, Wilbur?' Winnie dipped a hand into the box, then popped a biscuit into her mouth.

'Euch! Pah!' spat Winnie. 'Yuck! Horrible, horrible! Kipper biscuits, I hate 'em!' She danced around, making faces and waggling her tongue.

The dog hid under the table.

