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The Misadventures of Winnie the Witch

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Laura Owen

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The Misadventures of Winnie the Witch





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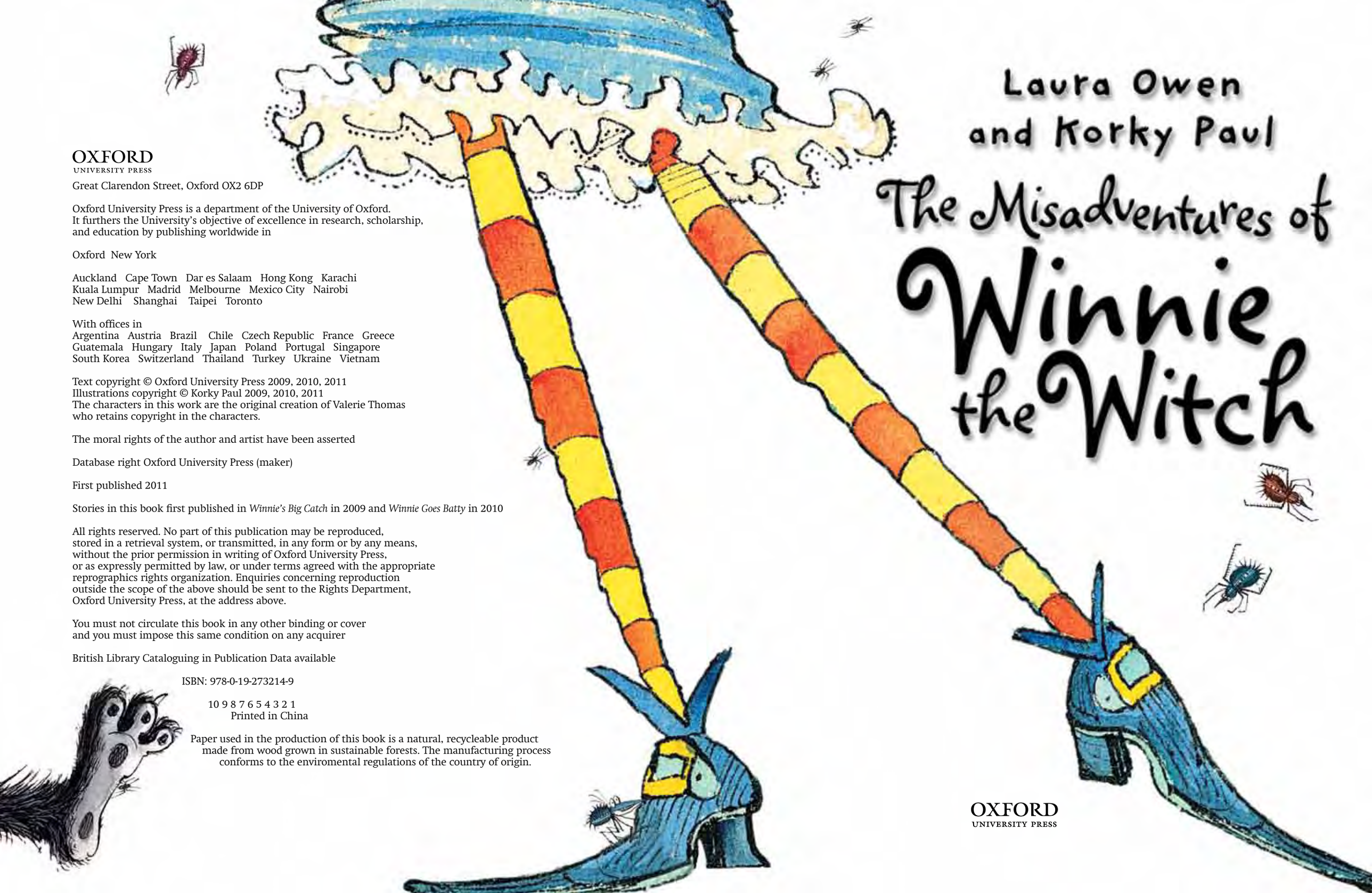
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Laura Owen
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Winnie's Knickers



Bump! 'Ouch!' Swerve! 'Ow-ow-ow!

Don't do that, Broom!' wailed Winnie.

Winnie was on her way home from shopping for groceries, riding her broom over the treetops. But a wiffly wind and having to dodge crows meant that it wasn't a smooth ride.

'My bum's black and blue!' said Winnie. 'A knobbly bottom on a knobbly broomstick is not a comfortable thing.'

She looked over her shoulder at Wilbur who seemed perfectly happy. 'It's all right for you!' she said.



'You've got all that fur to pad you!'

Winnie went quiet as they landed. She didn't say a thing as they went into the house. Or when she dumped the shopping bags. She stood still and she stroked her chin and she said 'Hmmm' in various different tones—'Hmm, hmmm, hmmm?'

'Mrrrow?' asked Wilbur.

'I'm thinking,' said Winnie. 'Thinking of a way to save my bum from getting bruised.' She fell back into an armchair. She waggled her bottom and bounced a bit. 'That's it!' she said. 'I'll upholster my bum!'

Winnie got out her rag bag and tipped rags onto the floor.



'Hmm. I need something soft next to my skin. Ooo, feel that, Wilbur! Bunny fluff. Lovely! Then something tough to protect me from the broom knobbles. How about this?' Winnie picked up a bit of rough canvas. 'But that won't look pretty. Hmm. I do like a pretty knicker.' She pulled out all sorts of fabric and chose the prettiest.



Winnie got her crocodile scissors and cut out her knicker shapes. Then she tried to thread a needle, but she couldn't get the thread through the hole.



'Blooming heck!' said Winnie. 'I need a bit of magic to help me with this. *Abracadabra!*'





In an instant there was a squeaking and a squawking as a rat, a toad and some fleas set to work. The fleas hopped through the eyes of needles to thread them, while the others stitched. Winnie clasped her hands in delight.

'Oo, I can't wait to try the knickers on!'





The knickers fitted perfectly. Wilbur put a paw over his mouth as Winnie looked at herself in the mirror. 'Both pretty and practical!' she said. 'Come on, Wilbur, let's go for a test flight!'

The knickers made all the difference. Even high in a thundercloud, with the broom swerving this way and that, bumping up and down, Winnie sat tight.



'Comfy as anything!' she said. 'Not a bruise! Er . . . are you all right, Wilbur?'

But when they got back to the house, Winnie started wagging her finger and saying 'Hmmm' again. 'You know, Wilbur, I really am a genius. These knickers are easy-peasy fat slug-squeezy to make with our little helpers. Let's make more of them and set up a knicker shop!'