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Opening extract from

Winnie Goes for Gold

Written by

Laura Owen

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Winnie Goes for Gold







Στο Καφενείο Μηνάς – Κ.Π.

(To Cafeneo Menas)

For all those who, like me, are never going to win a gold medal, but still enjoy having a go at things – xx

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Laura Owen and Korky Paul

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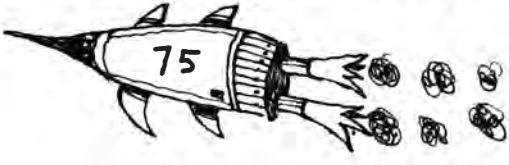
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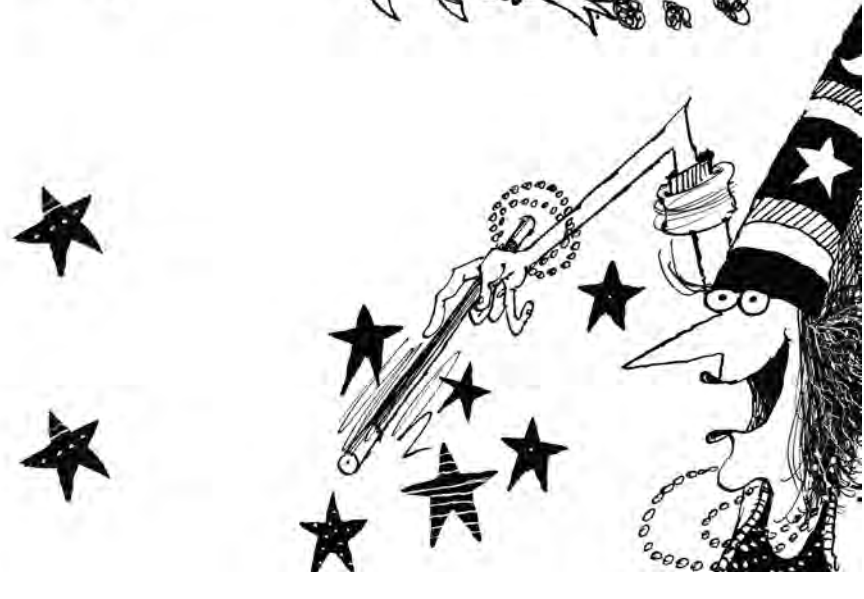


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Winnie Goes for Gold

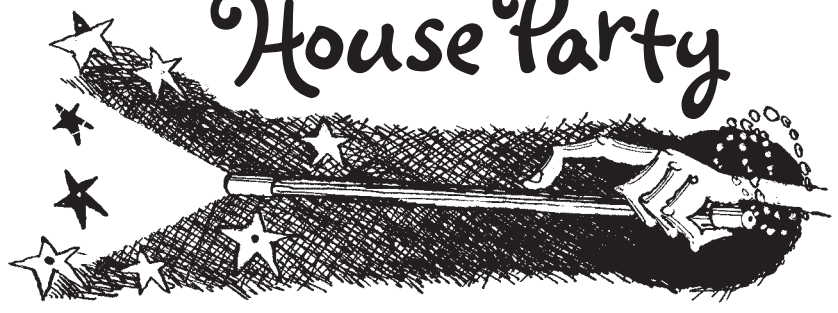








Winnie's House Party



Winnie woke in the deep dark middle of the night, clutching her tatty batty blankets and listening to the darkness, and wondered what had woken her.

Silence.

There should have been a sound of Wilbur snuffling and grunting.

'Wilbur?' Winnie picked up her wand. **Swish! 'Abracadabra!'** The end of the wand glowed like a torch, which scribbled





light around the room. Winnie shuffled into her slip-sloppers, pulled on her messing gown, and set off along the long dark landing. She felt terribly lonely, all on her only in that big house.

'Wilbur?'

Winnie opened door after door, but the only answer she got back from the empty rooms was her own echo.





'Where are you?' said Winnie.

'Where are you?' said the echo.

'I'm here, you fool!' said Winnie.

'I'm here, you fool!' said the echo.

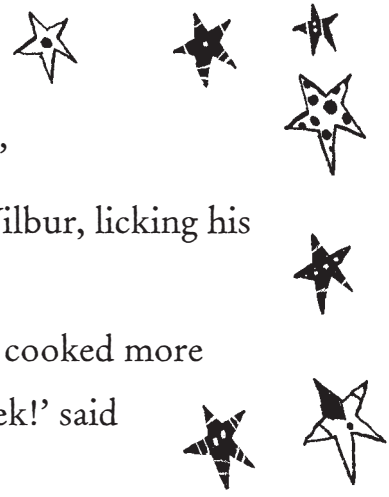
Crash!

'What was that?'

Winnie hurried downstairs to the kitchen and shone her wand-torch . . .







'Wilbur, there you are!'

'Mnmnmeeow,' said Wilbur, licking his lips.

'Heck, Wilbur! You've cooked more than we could eat in a week!' said Winnie.'Right, that's it!'

'Meeow?'

'We're going to have a house party!'

'Me-he-he!' laughed Wilbur.



'Not a party for houses! That would be as silly as a snail taking up clog dancing. A party for people in our house. We've got empty rooms and too much food. And I'd like people to talk to instead of just cats and echoes.'

'Mrrow!' scowled Wilbur.

