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Opening extract from

Nitty Winnie

Written by

Laura Owen

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Wilbur
Winnie the Witch
Nitty Winnie
Wendy
Mrs Parmar
The Little Ordinaries
Mr Ball
Miss Bolshoi

For Jennie Younger – K.P.
For my good friend Julie Harris, with enormous thanks – xx

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Laura Owen and Korky Paul

Nitty Winnie



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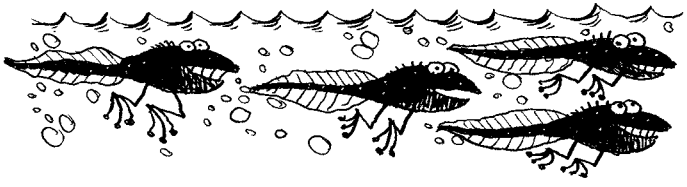
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Winnie's Wet Weekend



Plip! Plop! Water drip-dropped down from Winnie's ceiling. **Slosh!** Winnie's wellies waded ankle-deep through the water and **slap-splash!** her broom-mop squelched water into a bucket.

'Oh, soggy blooming sausages!' moaned Winnie. 'We'll have to start building an ark soon, Wilbur!'



'Mrrow,' agreed Wilbur, shivering on a high-up shelf.



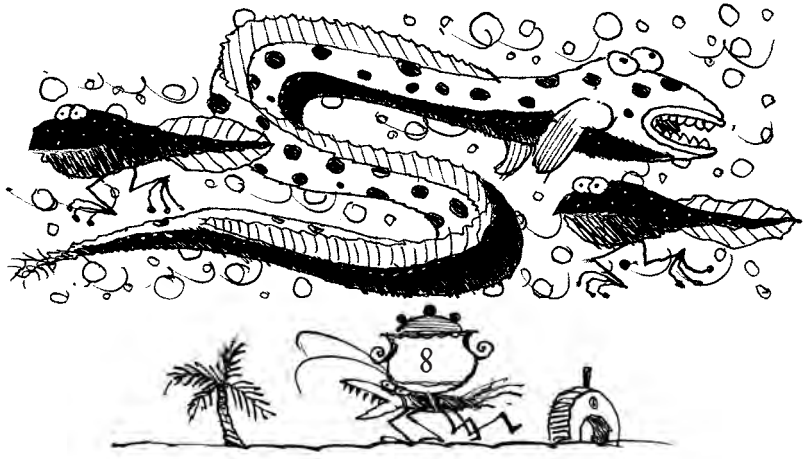


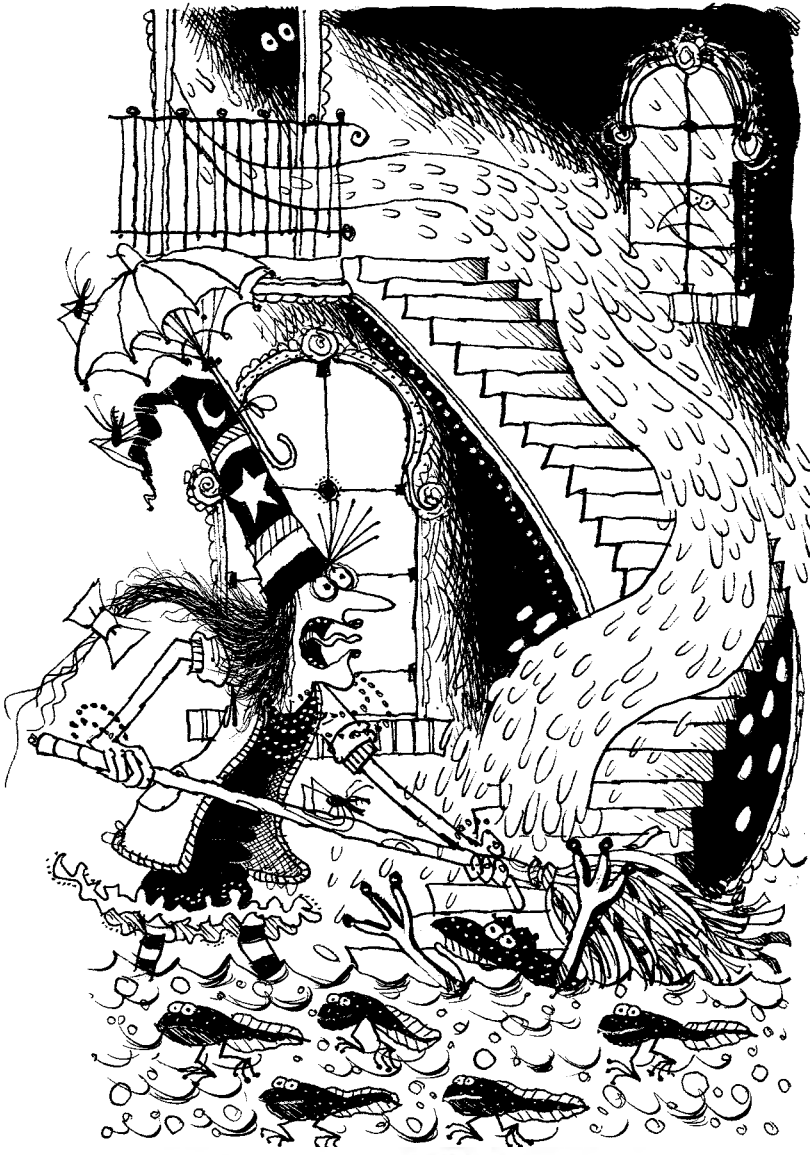
'I hope Jerry can mend our leak soon,' said Winnie. 'Or we'll all get flushed out of the house just like . . .'

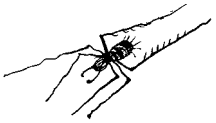
Wallop!-clonggggg! went Jerry's mallet on the water tank upstairs, and moments later—**sloossh!**—water came pouring, tumbling down the staircase. It was now up to Winnie's knobbly knees.



Croak! said a happy frog who was gazing up at Winnie. **Splish-splosh** danced tadpoles like mini dolphins. **Swish-slither** swam an eel towards Winnie.

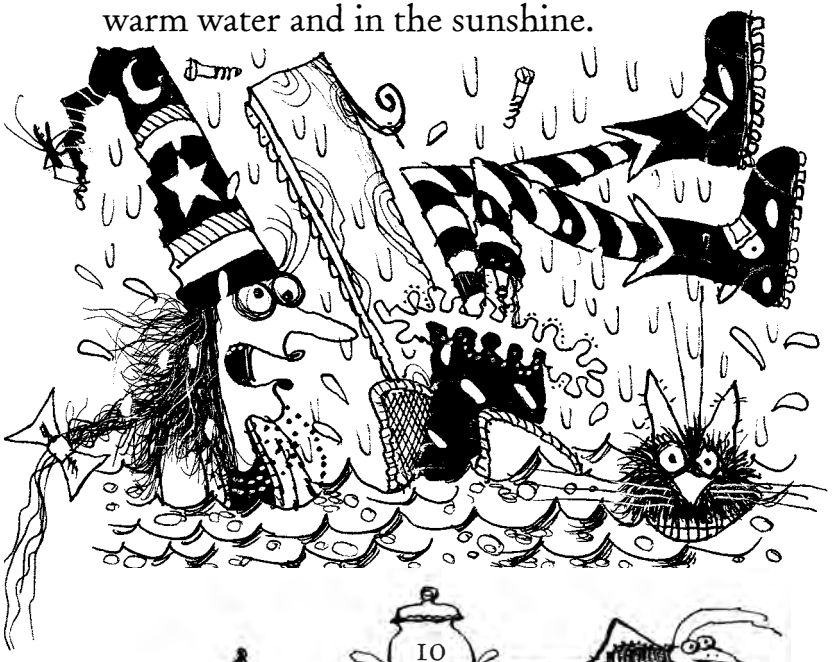


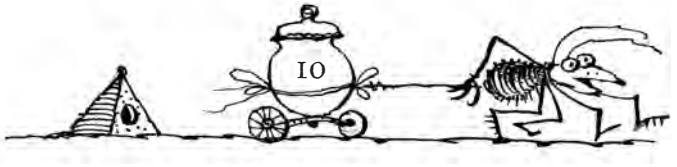




'Eeek!' Winnie scrambled up to join Wilbur on the shelf. **Creak!** went the shelf because it wasn't built for the weight of witches. 'Well, that's it!' said Winnie, as the shelf tipped them both—***splash!***—into the flood. 'If I'm going to wade in water and shrivel my toes to raisin-wrinkles, I'd rather wade and shrivel in warm water and in the sunshine.







Maybe even licking a nice-cream! Let's go to the seaside!'

'Meeow!' agreed Wilbur. He didn't much like the wet sea, but he did like sunshine and nice-creams.

So Winnie waved her wand.

'Abracadabra!'

