

Helping your children choose books they will love



Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website
created for parents and children to make
choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from
**Nitty Winnie, one of the books in
Winnie's Halloween Gift Pack**

Written by
Laura Owen

Illustrated by
Korky Paul

Published by
Oxford University Press

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.



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

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP

Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford.
It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship,
and education by publishing worldwide in

Oxford New York

Auckland Cape Town Dar es Salaam Hong Kong Karachi
Kuala Lumpur Madrid Melbourne Mexico City Nairobi
New Delhi Shanghai Taipei Toronto

With offices in
Argentina Austria Brazil Chile Czech Republic France Greece
Guatemala Hungary Italy Japan Poland Portugal Singapore
South Korea Switzerland Thailand Turkey Ukraine Vietnam

Oxford is a registered trade mark of Oxford University Press
in the UK and in certain other countries

Text © Oxford University Press 2012

Illustrations © Korky Paul 2012

The characters in this work are the original creation of Valerie Thomas
who retains copyright in the characters.

The moral rights of the author/illustrator have been asserted
Database right Oxford University Press (maker)

First published in 2012

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means,
without the prior permission in writing of Oxford University Press,
or as expressly permitted by law, or under terms agreed with the appropriate
reprographics rights organization. Enquiries concerning reproduction
outside the scope of the above should be sent to the Rights Department,
Oxford University Press, at the address above

You must not circulate this book in any other binding or cover
and you must impose this same condition on any acquirer

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data
Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-275825-5 (paperback)

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

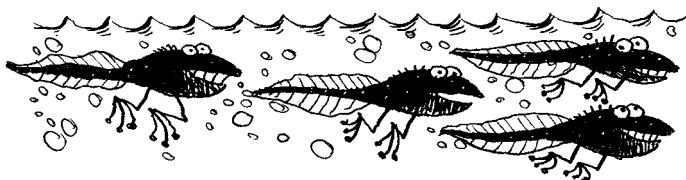
Printed in Great Britain

Paper used in the production of this book is a natural, recyclable product made
from wood grown in sustainable forests. The manufacturing process conforms
to the environmental regulations of the country of origin





Winnie's Wet Weekend

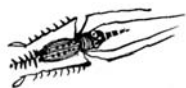


Plip! Plop! Water drip-dropped down from Winnie's ceiling. **Slosh!** Winnie's wellies waded ankle-deep through the water and **slap-splash!** her broom-mop squelched water into a bucket.

'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.



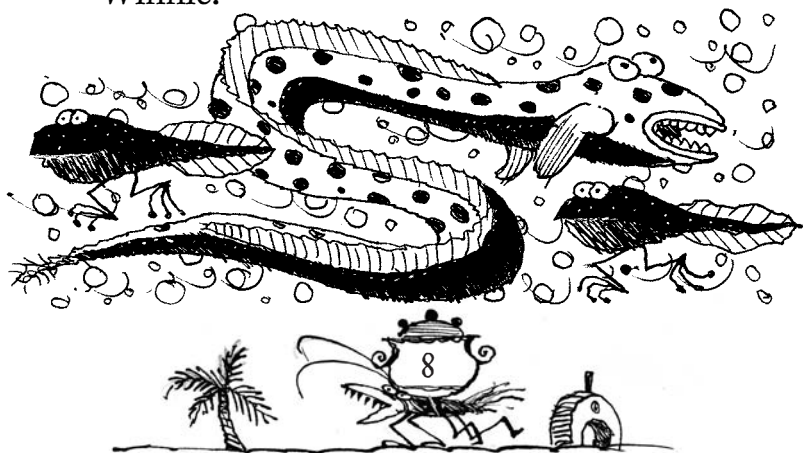


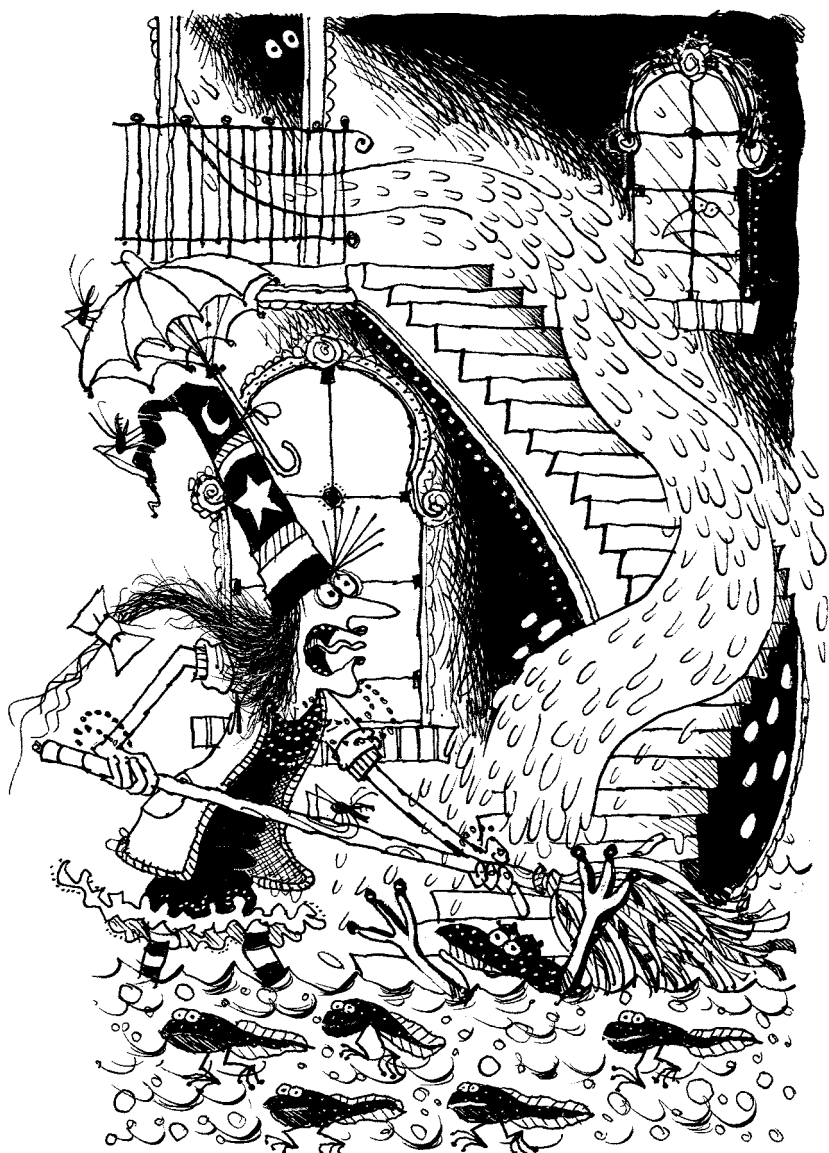
‘I hope Jerry can mend our leak soon,’
said Winnie. ‘Or we’ll all get flushed out of
the house just like . . .’

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-splash**
danced tadpoles like mini dolphins.

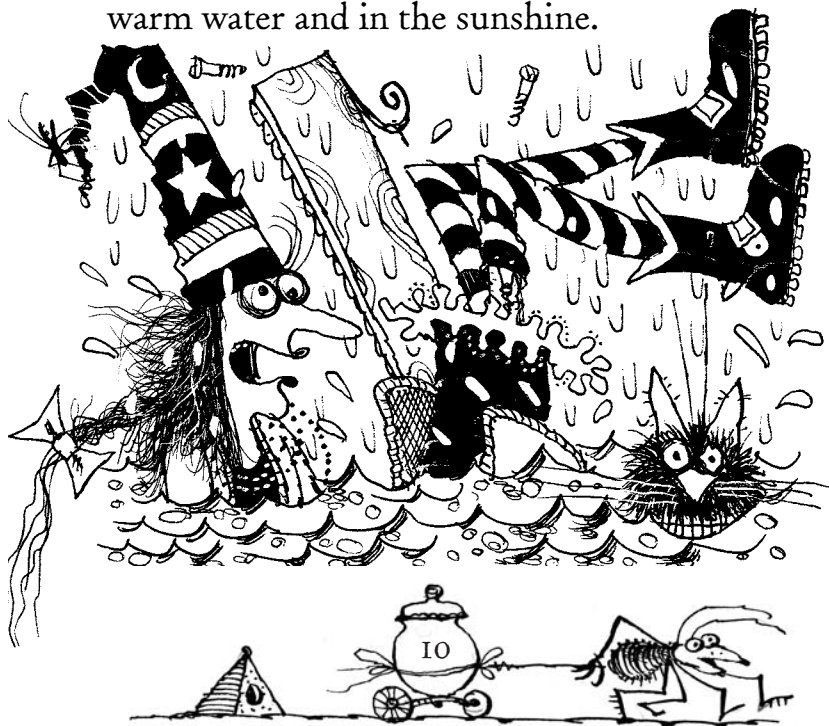
Swish-slither swam an eel towards
Winnie.







‘Eek!’ 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!'





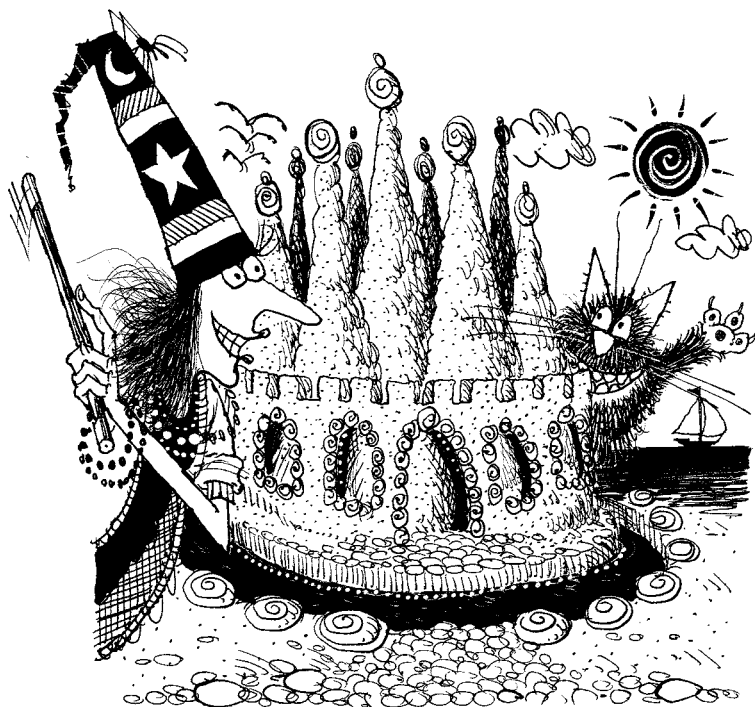
And instantly they were at the seaside.

‘Ah!’ sighed Winnie, kicking off her wellies and tucking her dress into her knickers. ‘Just look at that sea sparkling like a beetle’s back!’

‘Mrrow,’ scowled Wilbur.

‘You’re right,’ said Winnie. ‘I’ve had enough wetness for today, too. Let’s make a sandcastle instead.’





They dug a moat and threw all the sand into the middle to make a big castle mound. Then they shovelled sand into Winnie's hat, and upended it to make turrets. They used Winnie's wand to scrape door and window shapes, and they slapped on shells to make it all look lovely.



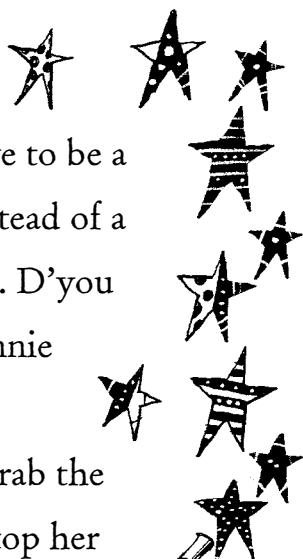


‘There! As pretty as a ferret in fairy wings!’ said Winnie. ‘I reckon we’ve earned ourselves a lice-lolly!’



They couldn’t decide which flavour lice-lollies to choose, so they had four each . . . which meant a lot of fast licking—**slurp slurp!**—and sticky paws. Then they used the lolly sticks to make a drawbridge over the moat.

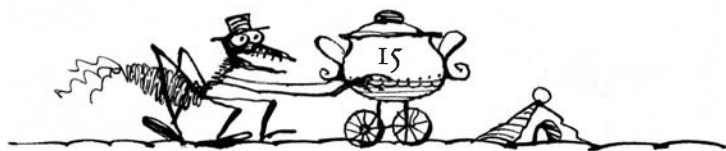


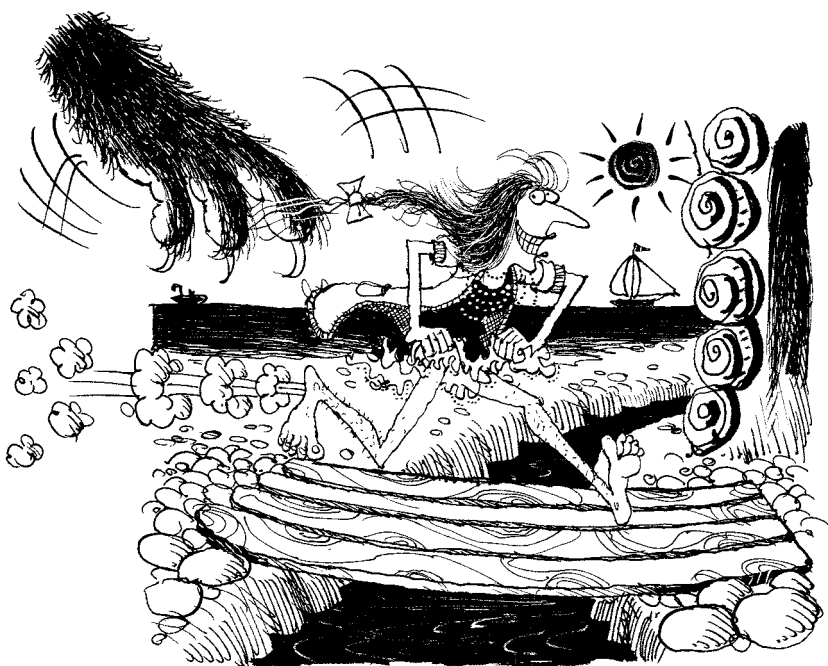


‘Ah!’ sighed Winnie. ‘I’d love to be a princess living in our castle instead of a witch living in a flooded house. D’you know, Wilbur, I think . . .’ Winnie picked up her wand.

‘Meeow!’ Wilbur leapt to grab the wand from Winnie’s hand to stop her from waving it. But he was too late.

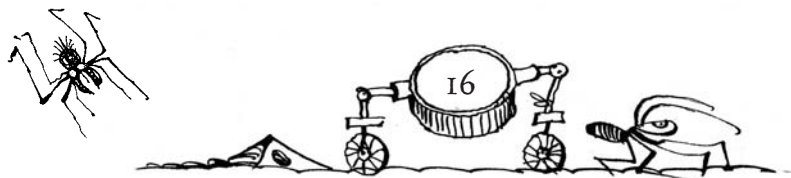
‘Abracadabra!’





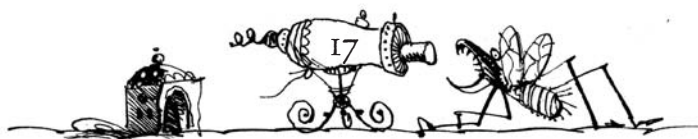
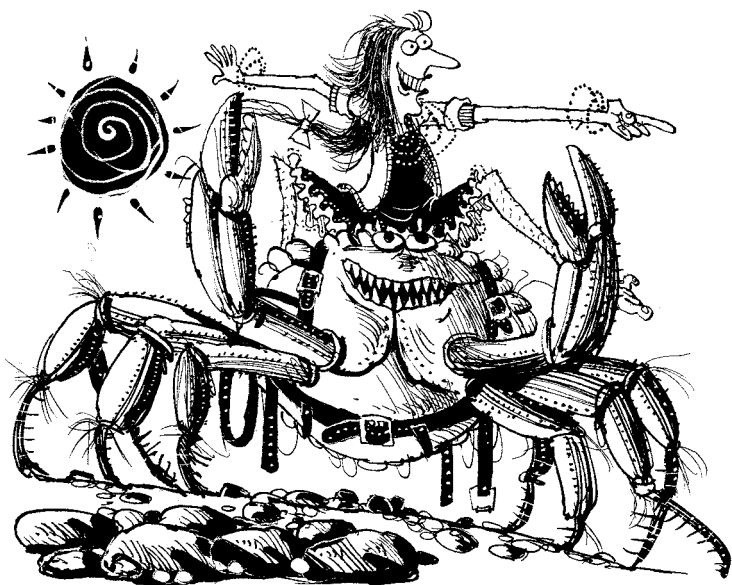
Winnie was a princess. A very very tiny princess, just the right size to fit into their sandcastle.

‘Mrrrow!’ said Wilbur, trying to catch her as if she was a mouse. But tiny Princess Winnie had picked up her skirts and run over the drawbridge and into the castle before he could stop her.



‘Oh!’ said Winnie as she looked around.
‘Oh, how princessy!’

There were seashell dishes and cups
on a table sculpted in the sand. There
were seaweed hammocks swinging in the
breeze outside. There was a crab neighing
in the sand-stable. Winnie flung herself
into the saddle. ‘Giddy-up!’ she said.





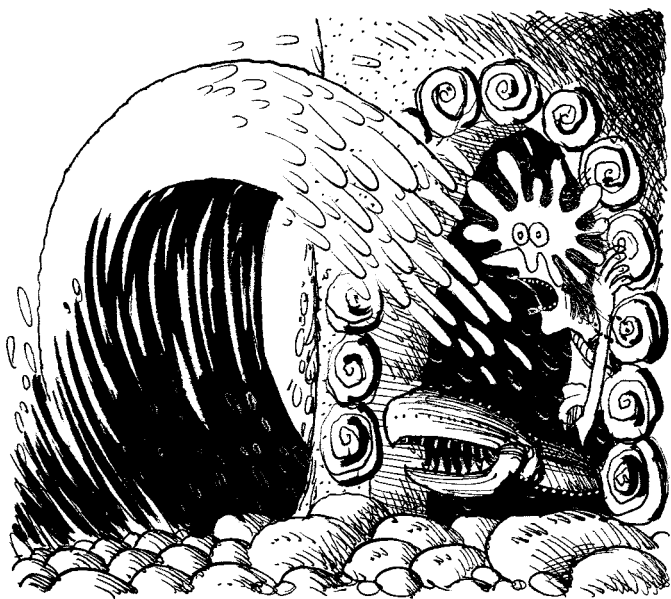
But—**swerve-whoops!** the crab
scuttled sideways. ‘Eeeeeerrrrrr,’ said
Winnie, holding on tight. ‘Please stop!’



Plop! Off she fell, then she staggered, all
dizzy-dizzy, before, ‘Eeeek!’ she screamed
because there was a huge eye looking
through the sand-stable door at her.

‘Meeow!’ Wilbur was trying to tell her
something urgent.





‘What water?’ Winnie leaned out of the stable door.



Slop! A wave whacked against the wall of the castle, saltily slapping Winnie in the face.

‘Heck in a handkerchief, the blooming tide’s coming in!’ said Winnie. ‘And it’s crumbling my walls!’





Wilbur dug, trying to make the moat take water around the castle instead of through it. But the sea is big and powerful, and Winnie's princess castle was small and made of sand.



'Help!' shouted Winnie. 'This castle is collapsing!' The wet walls were sagging and slipping all around her. 'Where's my wand?' wailed Winnie.

