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Opening extract from

Spooky Winnie

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To Anny and Gary, for all those wonderful road trips - K.P.
In loving memory of Noushki, the Wilbur to my Winnie – xx

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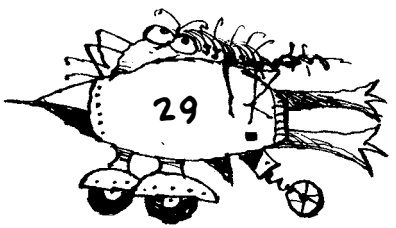
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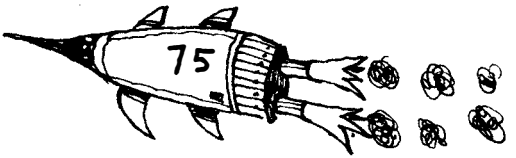
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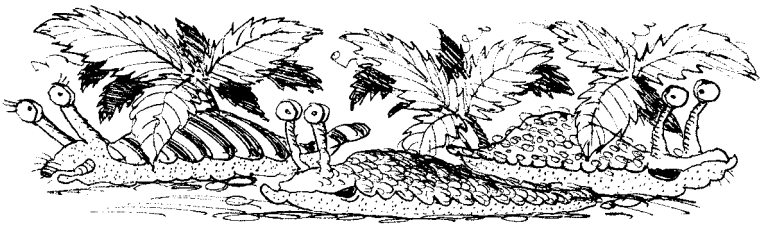


Spooky Winnie





Winnie's Time Machine



Winnie looked at her garden, and sighed. 'That flower bed looks like a noodle-doodle salad with added slugs on the side. Still, it'll look better when I've planted this nice lolly-lily plant. And it'll give me fresh lollies to pick all summer long! Now, what can I find for the lolly-lily plant to grow up?'



Winnie stuck her spade into the earth, and was about to dig when,





Crash! Ting! Ping!

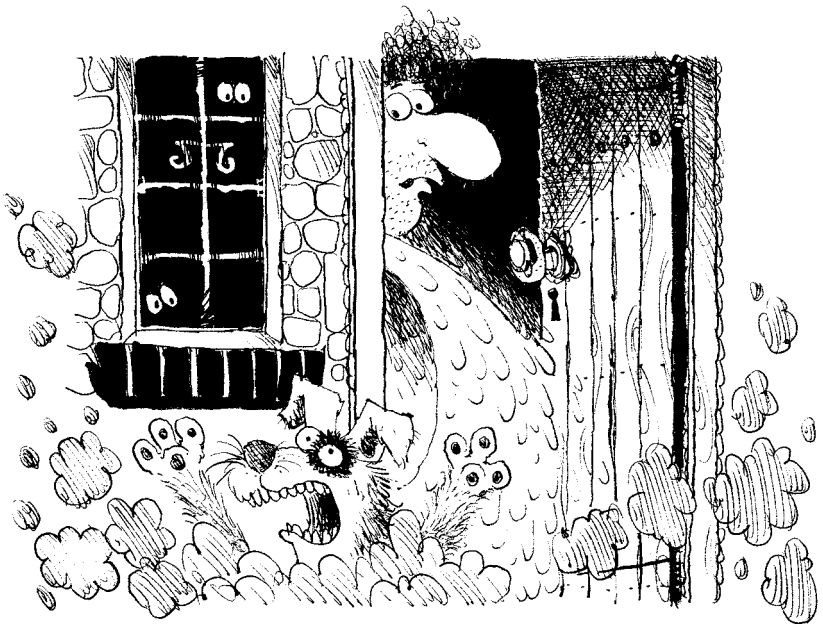
'Oh dear, oh no, oh blow!'

'That's Jerry next door,' said Winnie to Wilbur. 'Come on, catman, let's see what he's up to.'



High over the fence leapt Winnie the Witch, and Wilbur scrabbled over after her. They opened Jerry's giant front door,





and—**sploosh!**—out swept Scruff the dog, surfing a frothy warm wave of water.

'What in the witchy world?' began Winnie.

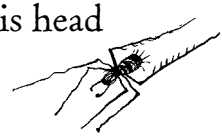
'It's me washing machine, Missus,' said Jerry, squelching through a soggy pile of clothes. 'I was just washing me smalls when me machine started banging.





I couldn't find me hammer, so
I gave it a tap with me mallet
instead and, well . . . it's broke!
I've got nuffink to wear now!'

'I'll do your washing in my machine if you like,' said Winnie. Wilbur put his head in his paws, but,

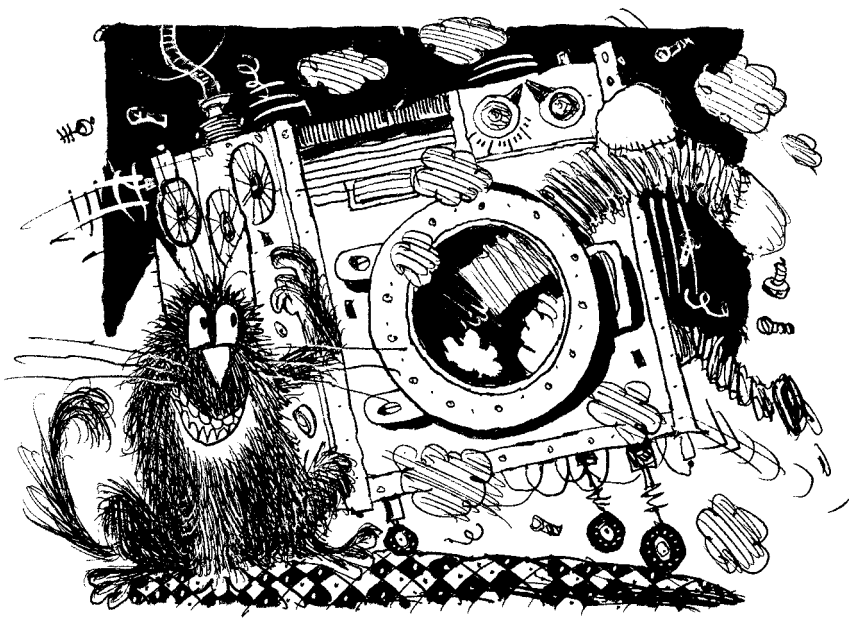


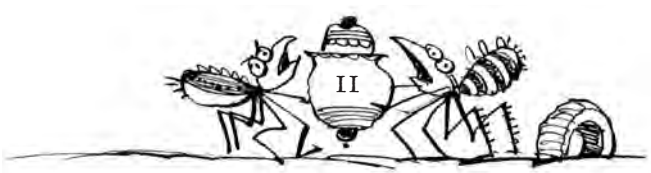
'Oh, fanks, Missus!' said Jerry.

Winnie had forgotten that Jerry's smalls weren't small at all. Jerry's smalls were huge!



'It only takes three of his great soggy pongy socks to completely fill my little machine,' said Winnie. **Squirt-slosh-churn-rattle-sigh-clunk!** went her washing machine as it worked on the giant socks. 'How am I going to fit all his other clothes into it?' she wondered.

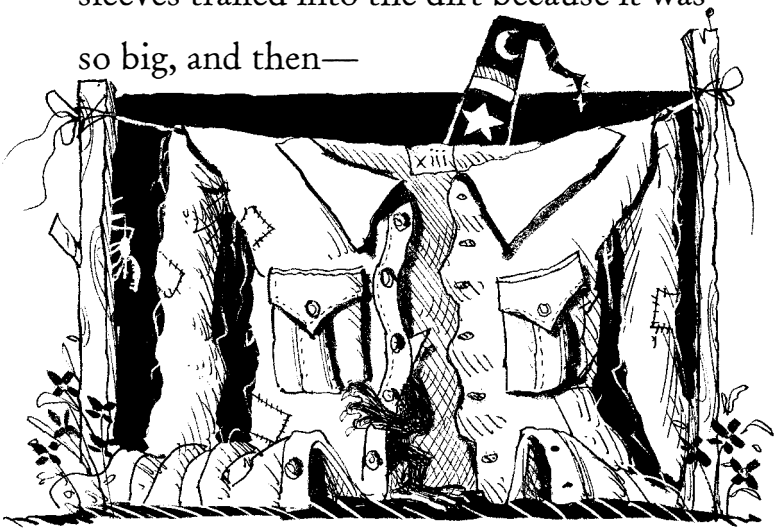






Then Winnie pulled out something from a pocket in Jerry's huge overalls. 'It's Jerry's hammer! No wonder his machine was banging!'

Worse than doing all the washing was hanging it up to dry. Wilbur helped Winnie to heave a giant shirt the size of a sofa cover onto her washing line. The sleeves trailed into the dirt because it was so big, and then—







—the washing line collapsed under the weight.

'Jitterbug juice jelly, the whole blooming lot is dirty again!' said Winnie. 'Jerry!' she shrieked. 'You'll have to put up a new washing line for us!'

