

## **Winnie the Witch**

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Winnie the Witch lived in a black house in the forest.  
The house was black on the outside and black on the inside.  
The carpets were black. The chairs were black.  
The bed was black and it had black sheets and black blankets,  
Even the bath was black.



Winnie lived in her black house with her cat, Wilbur.  
He was black, too. And that is how the trouble began.



When Wilbur sat on a chair with his eyes open, Winnie could see him.  
She could see his eyes, anyway.  
But when Wilbur closed his eyes and went to sleep,  
Winnie couldn't see him at all. So she sat on him.



When Wilbur sat on the carpet with his eyes open, Winnie could see him.  
She could see his eyes, anyway.  
But when Wilbur closed his eyes and went to sleep,  
Winnie couldn't see him at all. So she tripped over him.



One day, after a nasty fall, Winnie decided something had to be done.  
She picked up her magic wand, waved it once and ABRACADABRA!  
Wilbur was a black cat no longer. He was bright green!



Now, when Wilbur slept on a chair, Winnie could see him.  
When Wilbur slept on the floor, Winnie could see him.  
And she could see him when he slept on the bed.  
But, Wilbur was not allowed to sleep on the bed...



...So Winnie put him outside. Outside in the grass.  
When Wilbur sat outside in the grass, Winnie couldn't see him,  
even when his eyes were wide open. Winnie came hurrying outside, tripped over Wilbur,  
turned three somersaults and fell into a rose bush.



This time, Winnie was furious. She picked up her magic wand, waved it five times, and...



ABRACADABRA!

Wilbur had a red head, a yellow body, a pink tail, blue whiskers, and four purple legs. But his eyes were still green.

Now, Winnie could see Wilbur when he sat on a chair, when he lay on the carpet, when he crawled into the grass.

And even when he climbed to the top of the tallest tree.



Wilbur climbed to the top of the tallest tree to hide.

He looked ridiculous and he knew it. Even the birds laughed at him.

Wilbur was miserable. He stayed at the top of the tree all day and all night.

Next morning, Wilbur was still up the tree.

Winnie was worried. She loved Wilbur and hated him to be miserable.



Then Winnie had an idea.

She waved her magic wand and ABRACADABRA!

Wilbur was a black cat once more. He came down from the tree, purring.

Then Winnie waved her wand again and again and again. ABRACADABRA!



Now, instead of a black house, she had a yellow house with a red roof and a red door. The chairs were white with red and white cushions.

The carpet was green with pink roses.

The bed was blue, with pink and white sheets and pink blankets.

The bath was a gleaming white.

And now, Winnie can see Wilbur no matter where he sits.

THE END