Winnie’s Troublesome Wand, read by Fiona Fullerton

Winnie saw herself in the hall mirror and sighed.

‘Just look at that scraggy old hair! Maybe I should put it up today? In a Bun? In a croissant? In a doughnut? What do you think, Wilbur?’

Wilbur yawned – then – plop – something was pushed through the letter flap, which immediately began munching it.

‘Oi! Stop eating that, you naughty letter flap!’ said Winnie, grabbing the envelope. She pulled out a card with fancy-nancy twiddly-twirly writing on it.

‘A witchogram!’ said Winnie. The card wiffled with nasty smells and seemed to bubble in her hand.

Luckily for Winnie, who wasn’t at all good at reading, witchograms always read themselves out loud in witchy voices.

Winnie the Witch,
You are invited to come to
THE ANNUAL WITCHES’ SPELLING COMPETITION
Held at
SCRATCHY BOTTOM HALL
This Friday 13th R.S.V.P

‘Meow?’ asked Wilbur, pointing at the R.S.V.P.

‘That means “reply soon (to be) very polite”,’ explained Winnie. ‘I’ll say “no”. I don’t like spelling tests.’ So Winnie fed the card back to the letter flap. Then she felt in her cardigan pocket for her wand to send her reply witchogram. But her wand wasn’t there. It wasn’t in her dress pocket or her knicker pocket either. It wasn’t anywhere.

‘I had it just one maggoty minute ago!’ wailed Winnie. ‘I can’t do magic to find the wand without having the wand to do the magic to find that wand that I can’t do magic without. Oo, my head hurts!’

‘Meow?’ suggested Wilbur pointing a paw above his head.
‘Of course!’ said Winnie. ‘Great Aunt Winifred’s wand will be in her truck in the attic. I’ll use that one.’

Winnie and Wilbur went up the grand staircase – clomp! clomp! – up the spindly staircase – clankety clang! – then up the wobbly rope ladder – whoops! – to push open the trap door – creak! – and climb up into the dark attic where things squeaked and scuttled.

There was a big musty fusty old trunk in a corner. ‘Great Auntie’s trunk! Said Winnie.

She lifted up the lid – creak! Then she plunged a hand into the trunk, and brought out Great Aunt Winifred’s…. best bloomers. ‘Euch!’

Winnie’s fingers felt around in the trunk some more and brought out… ‘Great Auntie’s wand!’ said Winnie. ‘Ooer, it does look a bit old-fashioned, doesn’t it. Do you think it still works?

The wand did work, but in an old-fashioned way. When Winnie wanted better light to help her to climb down the wobbly ladder she waved the old wand,

‘ABRACADABRA!’

And instantly there were flickering candle flames all over the attic.
‘They’ll set the house on fire! said Winnie. Puff! Puff! ‘This whacky wand is just too old fashioned, Wilbur I need a modern one.’

So Winnie went to her computer, and – click! click! – found Wendel’s Wonderful World of Wands where she ordered the Silver Streak 13MXIII wand that had all the very latest features.

**Ding dong! Ping Pong! Sing a song!**

‘That’s the doorbell,’ said Winnie, hurrying downstairs. ‘Witchmail is super-fast!’ She opened the door.

‘Miss W. Watch? Asked the postman.
‘It’s Witch, not Watch!’ said Winnie.
‘Festering figs, do I look like a watch?’
‘Well,’ said the postman. ‘You do have a face and two hands. Ha! Ha!’
‘Do you want to be turned into a frog postman?’ said Winnie.
‘Er,’ said the postman. ‘No, Miss. Silly of me to say that. Could you please sign here, Miss Whatever-your-name-is?’
‘Wow!’ said Winnie as she drew the slender silver sparkling wand from the package. ‘Look at all those buttons flashing, Wilbur!’ The first button Winnie tried made the wand invisible. ‘Where’s it gone?’ said Winnie. But then the wand let her know exactly where it was by poking her bottom. It reappeared, and made Winnie jump because it spoke.

“What magic shall we perform mistress?”

‘Oo,’ said Winnie, licking her lips. ‘I would like a big squidgy chocolate puffball filled with onion cream and sprinkled with sugared ants’. She waved her wand.

‘Abracadabra!’

But – plonk! – it wasn’t a chocolate puffball that instantly arrived. ‘That would not have been wise,’ explained the silver wand. ‘I have replaced your order with a healthier option. I hope that you find it acceptable.’

‘A carrot! I’m not a rotten rabbit, you know!’ said Winnie. Humph! I’m going to magic my lovely old scruffy wand back.

‘Abracadabra!’