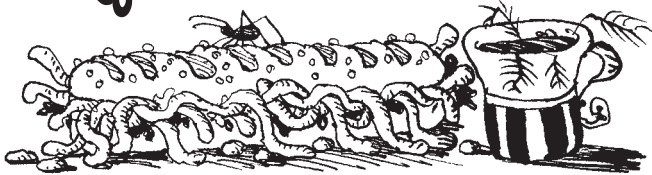


Winnie's After School Club



Winnie had spent the morning cleaning the toilets and the bath and her cauldrons and the oven. ‘There!’ she said as she sat down to munch her lunch. ‘I’ve done the boring things, and now I want an interesting afternoon. What shall we do, Wilbur?’

The calendar was blank. Wilbur was sprawling in the sunshine as flies hummed around his ears. He opened one eye, then closed it again.





‘You’re as boring as cleaning the toilet!’
Winnie told him. ‘Boring, boring, *boring!*’
But just then—**bleepety-bloop!**—
Winnie’s mobile moan rang. It was Mrs
Parmar in a tizzy.

‘Oh Winnie, I’m desperate!’ she said.
‘Can you help?’

‘Do you want me to do something
pretty with your hair?’ said Winnie. ‘I’ve
got some nice spider silk ribbons with
glitter-bug sequins which I could . . .’



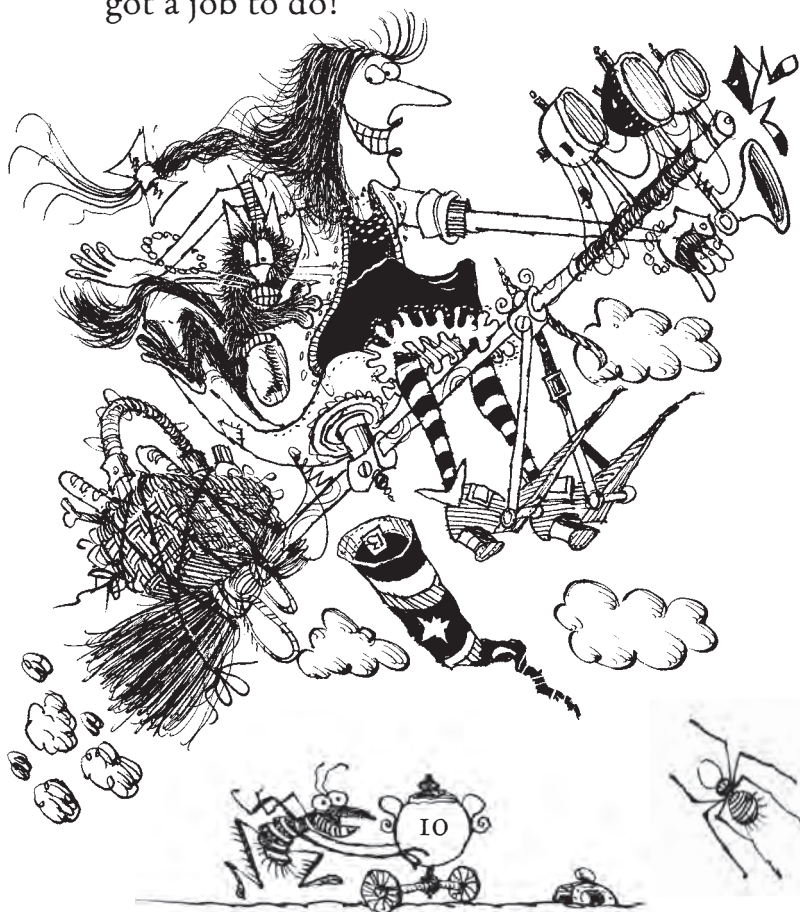


‘No!’ wailed Mrs Parmar. ‘Nothing like that! What I need is somebody to run the After School Club. There will be thirteen children with nobody to care for them unless ...’

‘... I look after them?’ said Winnie.

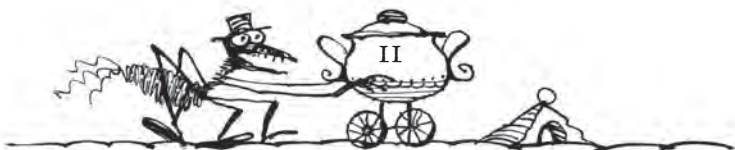
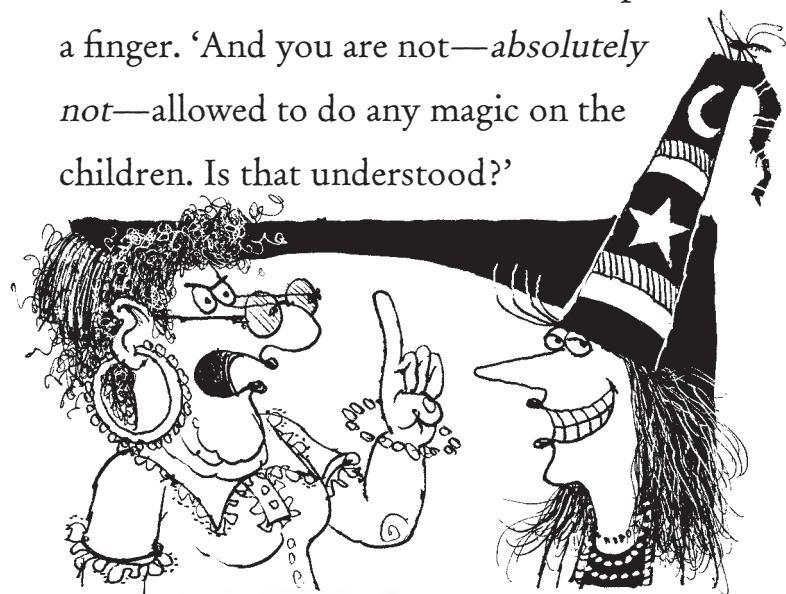


‘Oh, yes! Wilbur and I love playing with little ordinaries. Easy-peasy-caterpillar-squeezy!’ Winnie stuffed her mobile moan into her pocket before Mrs Parmar could say anything else. ‘Come on, Wilbur, we’ve got a job to do!’



In the school playground, the thirteen After School Club children were playing nicely. Some were skipping, some were playing with toy ponies, some were climbing the apparatus, and some were looking after dolls.

‘I’ll only be gone for one hour,’ Mrs Parmar told Winnie. Then she held up a finger. ‘And you are not—*absolutely not*—allowed to do any magic on the children. Is that understood?’



‘Understood and undersat,’ said Winnie.

‘This is going to be as fun as a flea bun!’

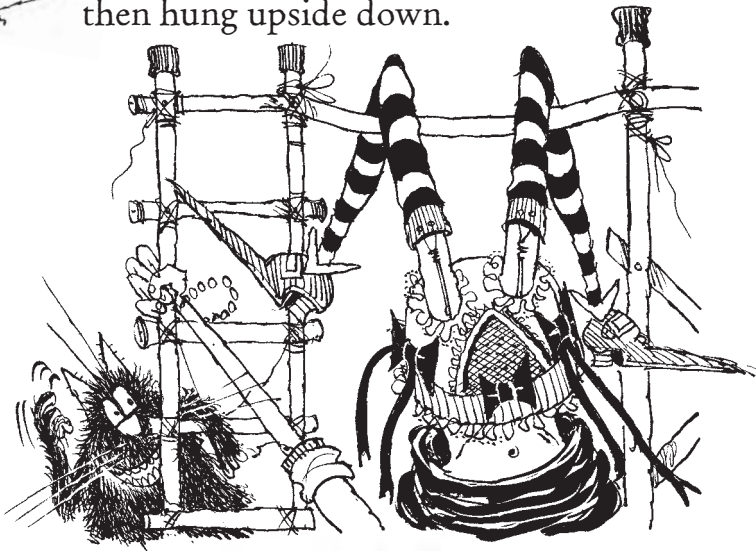
Mrs Parmar’s car drove away.

‘Come on, Wilbur, let’s join in!’ said Winnie. Wilbur began juggling with the footballs.



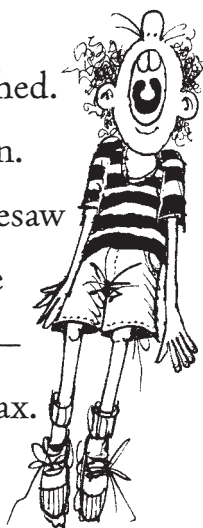
‘Give them back!’ shouted the children.

Winnie climbed up the climbing frame, then hung upside down.





The little ordinaries could see her bloomers. ‘He-ha-hee-hee!’ they laughed. Winnie went red and quickly got down. Then she jumped onto one end of a seesaw that had a small boy called Max on the other end—**clonk-weee-bump!**—and sent him flying. ‘Waaah!’ wailed Max. ‘Whoops!’ said Winnie.





‘Oi!’ said Daisy when Max landed on her toy ponies.

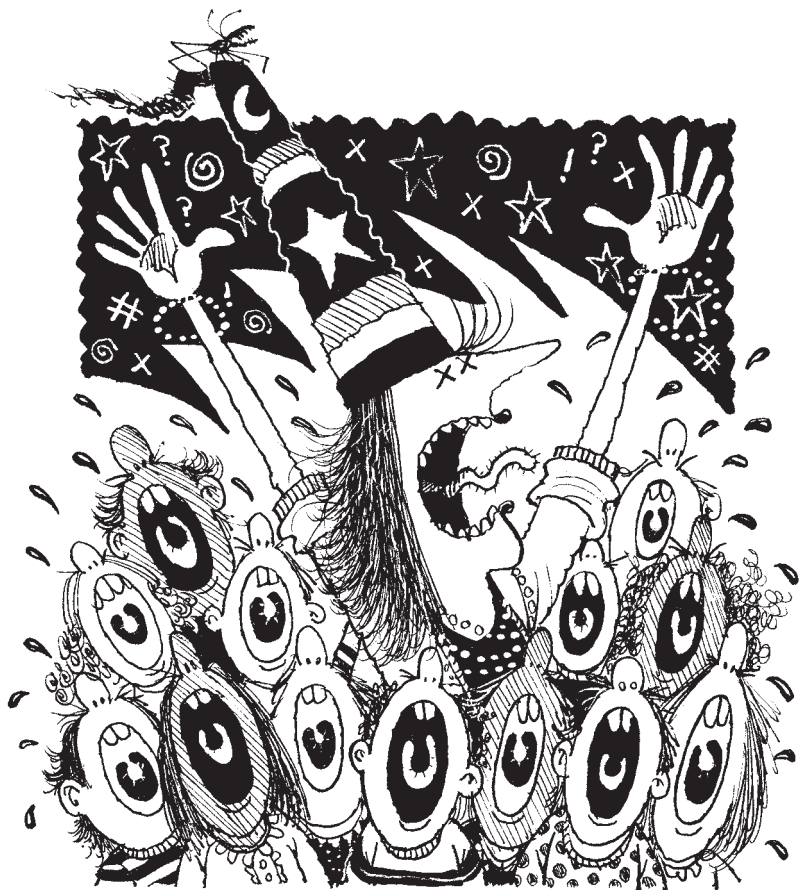
‘Watch what you’re doing!’ said Charlie when Daisy toppled backwards and knocked down his cricket stumps.



‘Hey!’ shouted the twins when Charlie slipped and squashed their rocket.

The skippers were tangled in their ropes. A footballer was hit on the nose by her ball. Not one child was happy.



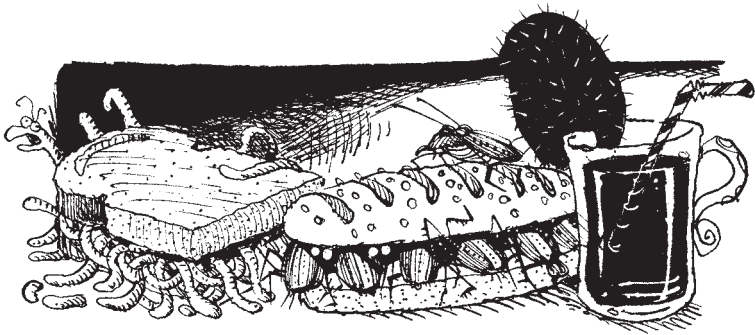


‘Oh dear!’ said Winnie. ‘It’s all going wrong-as-boiled-cabbage-pong!’

‘Waa!’ wailed thirteen little ordinaries.

‘What can I do to make it all better?’
wailed Winnie.





‘Meeow?’ Wilbur pointed at the picnic basket Winnie had brought with her.

‘Good idea, Wilbur. Food always makes things better!’ Winnie clapped her hands together. ‘Ahem! Shall we all have juice and snacks?’ she shouted and for a moment there was silence. ‘See?’ said Winnie. ‘That’s much better! Help yourselves, everyone. I’ve brought fresh worm sandwiches, crunchy cockroach toasties, and cactus cola.’

‘Yuck!’ complained the little ordinaries and they began wailing again.





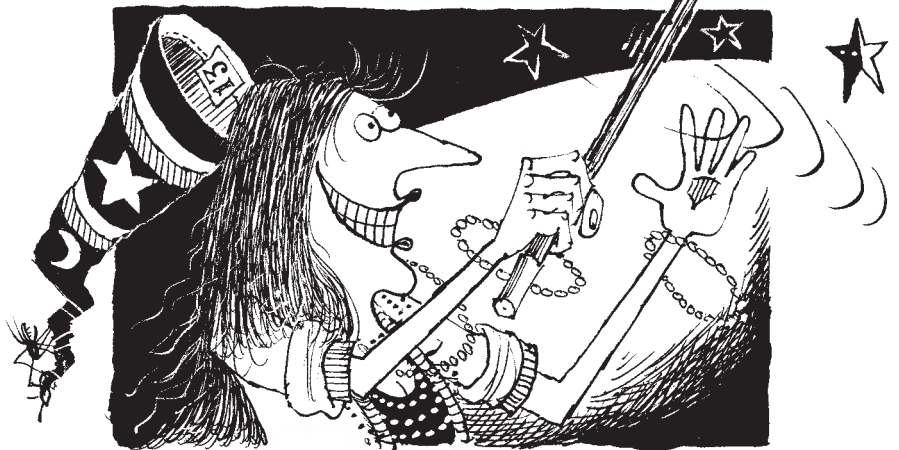
Wilbur covered his ears. Winnie wanted to do the same, but she was supposed to be in charge and keeping the children happy! Winnie suddenly knew what to do. She pulled out her wand.



‘Mrrro!’ Wilbur leapt high to snatch the wand before Winnie could finish waving it.

‘But I wasn’t going to use magic on the little ordinaries!’ Winnie told him. ‘Mrs Parmar said I mustn’t use magic on them, and I won’t. I’m going to use magic on something else!’

Wilbur handed the wand back to Winnie, then braced himself as she waved it wildly over the playground.

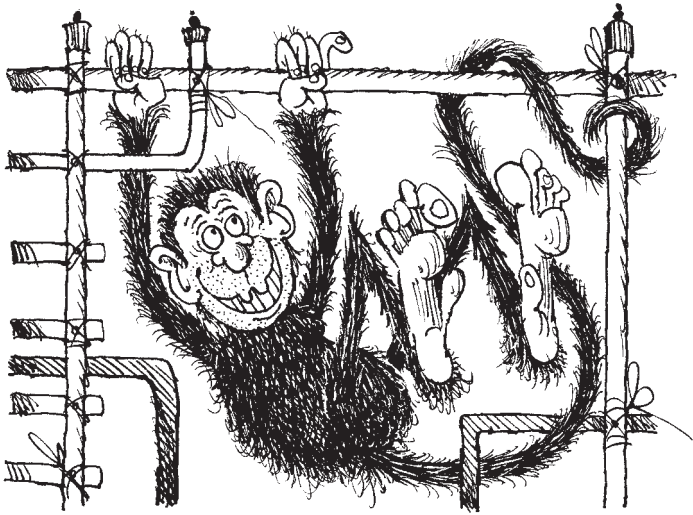


Abacadabra!

Instantly all the toys in the playground
came to life. The football was bouncing on
its own.

Come on,
give us a
KICK!





There were real monkeys playing on the climbing frame. ‘Ooo, ooo, ooo!’

Baby dolls were gurgling and burping for real.

Tiny ponies galloped past.

The skipping ropes untangled and swung themselves.

For a moment, the little ordinaries were absolutely silent, standing with gawping open mouths. Then somebody said,






‘That’s magic!’

And suddenly all the children were talking and laughing and cheerfully shrieking and happily shouting.

‘Phew!’ sighed Winnie. She sat in the sunshine with her hands over her ears.





It was not long before Mrs Parmar's car came around the corner and the first of the parents arrived to collect their children.



Up jumped Winnie. She quickly, sneakily waved her wand under the cover of her cardigan.

'*Abradacabra!*' she whispered, to undo her earlier spell. She wasn't sure if Mrs Parmar had heard.



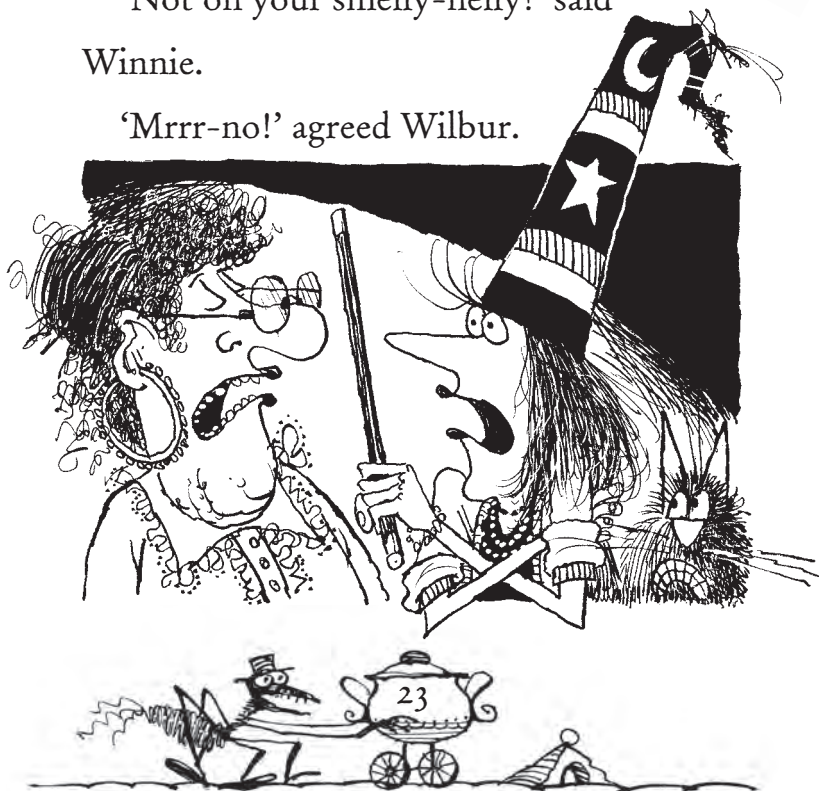
‘Has everything been as it should be?’
asked a suspicious-looking Mrs Parmar.

‘Brillaramaroodles!’ said the children
before Winnie could answer. ‘Mrs. Parmar,
please, please, please can Winnie look after
us again tomorrow?’

‘No!’ said Mrs Parmar.

‘Not on your smelly-nelly!’ said
Winnie.

‘Mrrr-no!’ agreed Wilbur.





Back home, Winnie closed the door and leaned against it.



‘Blissamaroodles!’ said Winnie. ‘No shouting or screaming. Let’s get clean, then have those nice snacks that the little ordinaries didn’t eat, and we can watch something magical on television. How does that sound, Wilbur?’

