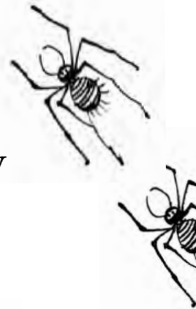


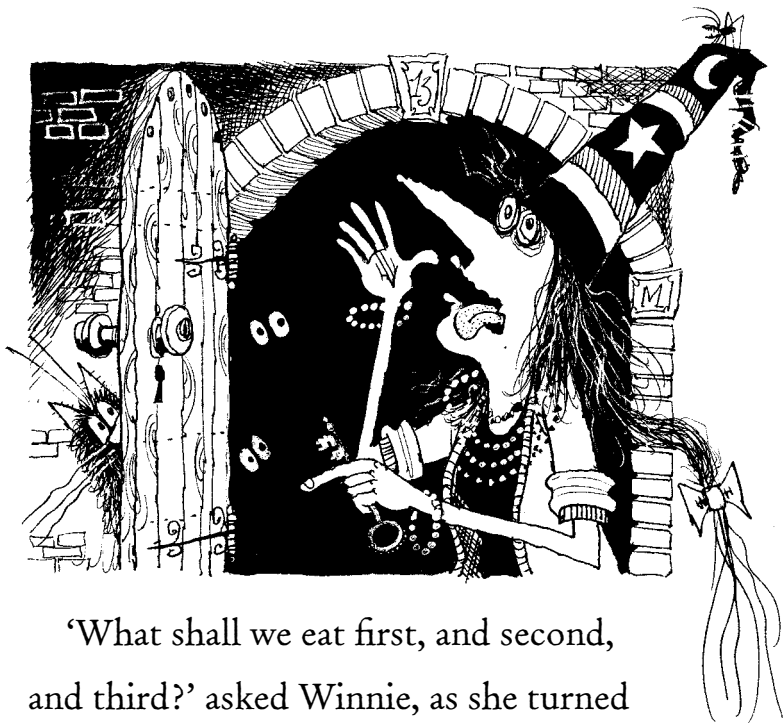
Winnie Grows Her Own



‘Home sweet-as-a-sweetie home!’ said Winnie, skipping up the path to her front door. She and Wilbur had been staying with her sister Wendy. It had rained all week, and Wendy had been on a gherkin and grapefruit diet. ‘That holiday was about as much fun as an itchy armpit,’ said Winnie.

But now the sun was shining, and they were home.





‘What shall we eat first, and second, and third?’ asked Winnie, as she turned the key in her front door, and—**creak**—pushed it open. ‘What shall we . . . oh!’ A waft of stale air hit them from the damp, cold house. They put down their cases.

‘Mrrow?’ said Wilbur.

‘We’ll open the windows and it’ll soon be as fresh as a dodo,’ said Winnie.

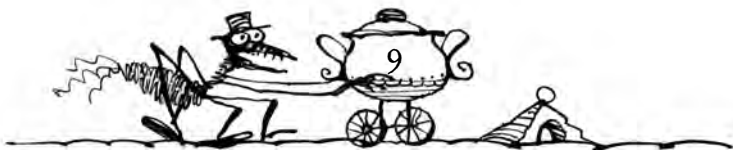
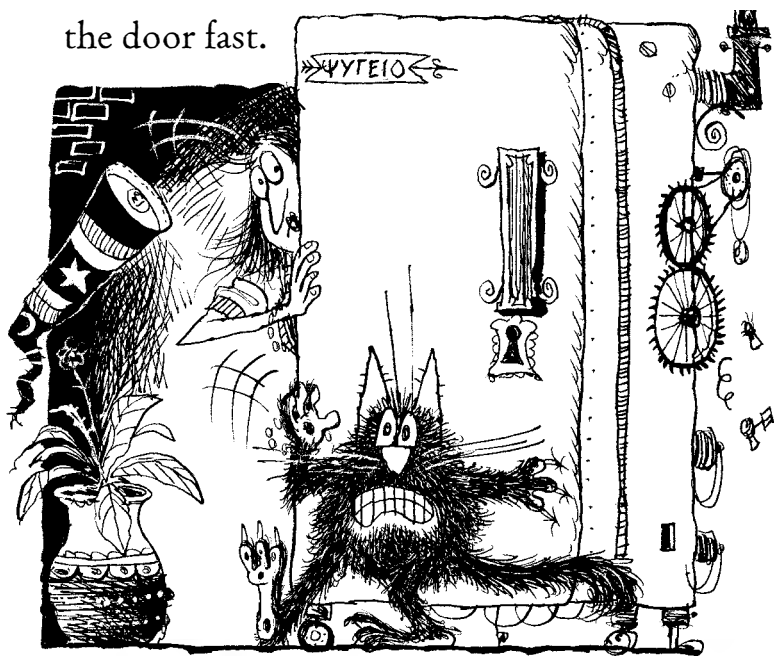


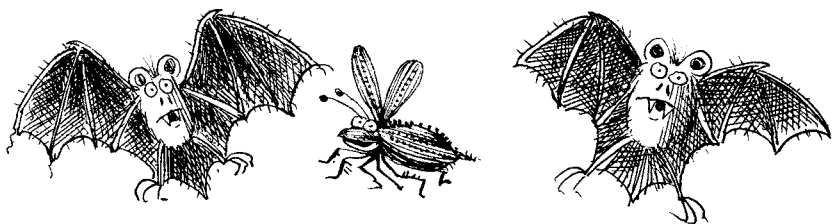


Meanwhile it was warmer and nicer outside the house than in it.

'Let's make a great big feast, and eat it outside while the house airs,' said Winnie.

Wilbur opened the fridge. It was empty except for one withered cheese worm and a very disgusting smell. **Slam!** Wilbur shut the door fast.





Winnie opened the larder door—
creak!—and out flew two bats and a
beetle. The shelves and racks were bare.

‘Oh, polecat petticoats!’ said Winnie.
‘I forgot that we emptied everything
before we went to Wendy’s. We’ll have to
go shopping.’

So Winnie and Wilbur went to the shop.
But the shop was, ‘Shut for the holidays’.

‘Oh, botherations!’ wailed Winnie.
‘Now what? I really fancy a picnic!’ Her
tummy rumbled.

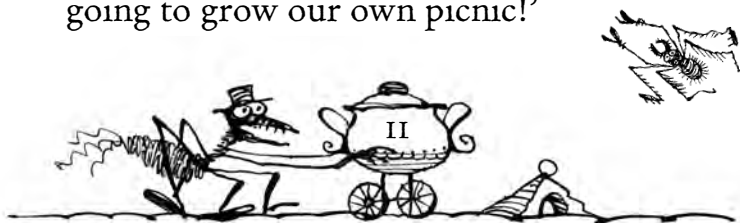




On the walk home they passed fields of cows and corn. They saw people carrying bags of food for picnics. That gave Winnie an idea.



‘Get your dungarees on, Wilbur. We’re going to grow our own picnic!’





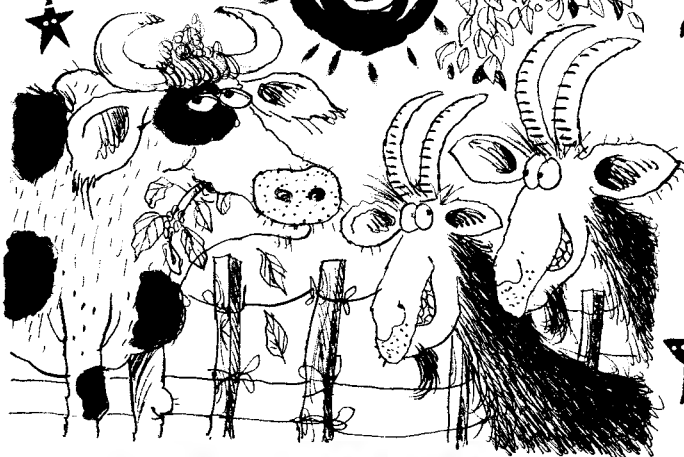
Back in her garden, Winnie rolled up her sleeves. 'We need butter and cheese.' Winnie waved her wand once. 'Abradacabra!' And instantly there was a cow.

'Moo!'



Winnie waved her wand again. 'Abradacabra!' And there was a pair of woolly goats.

'Berrr!'





'I want salad and crisps for the picnic,'
said Winnie. She pointed her wand and
zapped. And tomato and potato and
pepper and cucumber plants appeared.

'And we need buns and bread, so ...'
Winnie waved and waved her wand.



Abradacabra!

