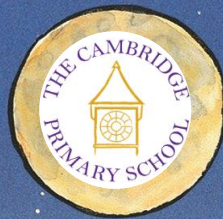


Room on the Broom

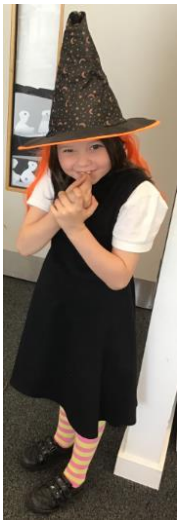


Julia Donaldson

Axel Scheffler



The witch had a cat and a very tall hat,
and long ginger hair which she wore in a plait.
How the cat purred and how the witch
grinned,
As they sat on their broomstick
and flew through the wind.



But how the witch wailed
and how the cat spat,
When the wind blew so wildly
it blew off her hat.



“Down!” cried the witch,
and they flew to the ground.
They searched for the hat
but no hat could be found.



Then out of the bushes
on thundering paws.
There bounded a dog
with the hat in his jaws.

He dropped it politely, then eagerly said
(As the witch pulled the hat firmly down on her head),
“I am a dog, as keen as can be.
Is there room on the broom for a dog like me?”



“Yes!” cried the witch,
and the dog clambered on.
The witch tapped the broomstick
and whoosh! They were gone.



Over the fields and the forests
they flew.

The dog wagged his tail
and the stormy wind blew.

The witch laughed aloud
and held on to her hat,

But away blew the bow
from her long ginger plait!

“Down!” cried the witch,
and they flew to the ground.
They searched for the bow
but no bow could be found.

Then out from a tree,
with an ear-splitting shriek,
There flapped a green bird
with the bow in her beak.
She dropped it politely
and bent her head low,

Then said (as the witch tied
the bow in her plait),
“I am a bird, as green as can
be. Is there room on the
broom for a bird like me?”



“Yes!” cried the witch,
and the bird fluttered on.
The witch tapped the broomstick
and whoosh! They were gone.





Over the reeds and the rivers
they flew.

The bird shrieked with glee
and the stormy wind blew.
They shot through the sky to
the back of beyond.

The witch clutched her bow
and let go of her wand.



“Down!” cried the witch,
and they flew to the ground.
They searched for the wand
but no wand could be found.

Then all of a sudden from out
of the pond,

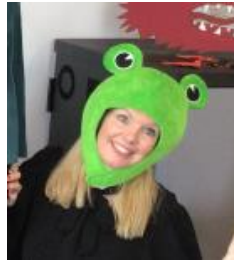
Leapt a dripping wet frog
with a dripping wet wand.

He dropped it politely,
then said with a croak (as the
witch dried the wand on the
fold of her cloak),

“I am a frog, as clean as can
be.

Is there room on the broom
for a frog like me?”

“Yes!” said the witch, so the
frog bounded on.



The witch tapped the broomstick
and whoosh! They were gone.

Over the moors and the mountains
they flew.

The frog jumped for joy and...



...THE BROOM
SNAPPED IN TWO!

Down fell the cat and the
dog and the frog.

Down they went tumbling
into a bog.



The witch's half-
broomstick flew into a
cloud,
and the witch heard a
roar that was scary and
loud...

“I am the dragon, as mean as can be,
And I’m planning to have WITCH
AND CHIPS for my tea!”

“No!” cried the witch, flying higher
and higher.

The dragon flew after her, breathing
out fire.

“Help!” cried the witch, flying down
to the ground.

She looked all around but no help
could be found.



The dragon drew nearer and,
licking his lips,
Said, “Maybe this once I’ll have
witch without chips.”

But just as he planned to begin on
his feast,

From out of a ditch rose a horrible
beast.

It was tall, dark and sticky, and
feathered and furred.

It had four frightful heads, it had
wings like a bird.

And its terrible voice, when it
started to speak,

Was a yowl and a growl and a croak
and a shriek.

It dripped and it squelched as it
strode from the ditch,

And it said to the dragon,

“Buzz off! –

THAT’S MY WITCH!”

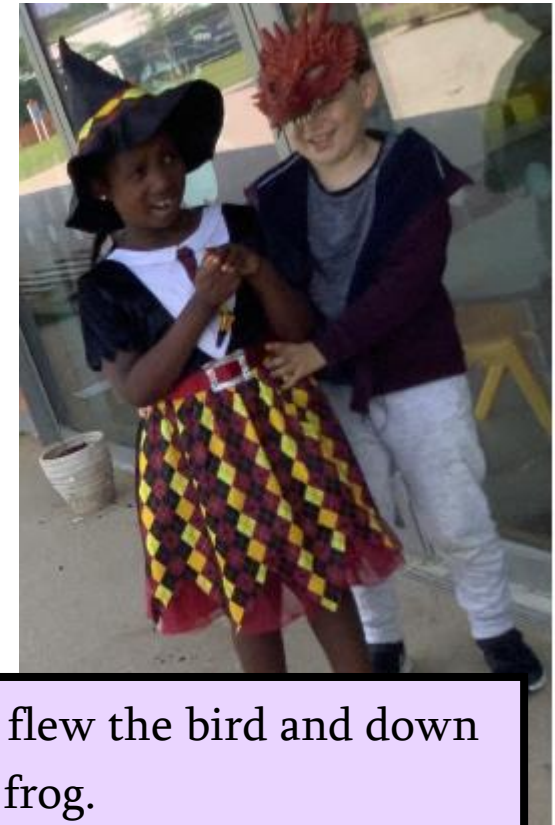


The dragon drew back and he started to shake.

“I’m sorry!” he spluttered.

“I made a mistake. It’s nice to have met you but now I must fly.”

And he spread out his wings and was off through the sky.



Then down flew the bird and down jumped the frog.

Down climbed the cat,
and “Phew!” said the dog.

And, “Thank you, oh, thank you!”
the grateful witch cried.

“Without you I’d be in that dragon’s
inside.”

Then she filled up her cauldron and
said with a grin,

“Find something, everyone, throw
something in!”

So frog found a lily, the cat found a
cone, the bird found a twig and the
dog found a bone.



They threw them all in and the witch stirred
them well,
and while she was stirring she muttered a
spell.

“Iggety, ziggety, zaggety, ZOOM!”

Then out rose...

...A TRULY MAGNIFICENT
BROOM!

With seats for the witch and the cat
and the dog,

A nest for the bird and a shower for
the frog.



“Yes!” cried the witch and they all
clambered on.

The witch tapped the broomstick
and whoosh! They were gone.



The witch had a cat and a very tall hat,
and long ginger hair which she wore in a plait.
How the cat purred and how the witch
grinned,
As they sat on their broomstick
and flew through the wind.

“Julia Donaldson and the children
of The Cambridge Primary School
have come up with another
gem...We loved it.”

INDEPENDENT

