

NATIONAL BESTSELLER

Room on the Broom



The witch had a cat
and a hat that was black.

And long ginger hair
in a braid down her back.

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!” said 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 out loud
and held on to her hat,

But away blew the bow
from the braid—just like that!



**“Down” cried the witch,
and they flew to the ground.**

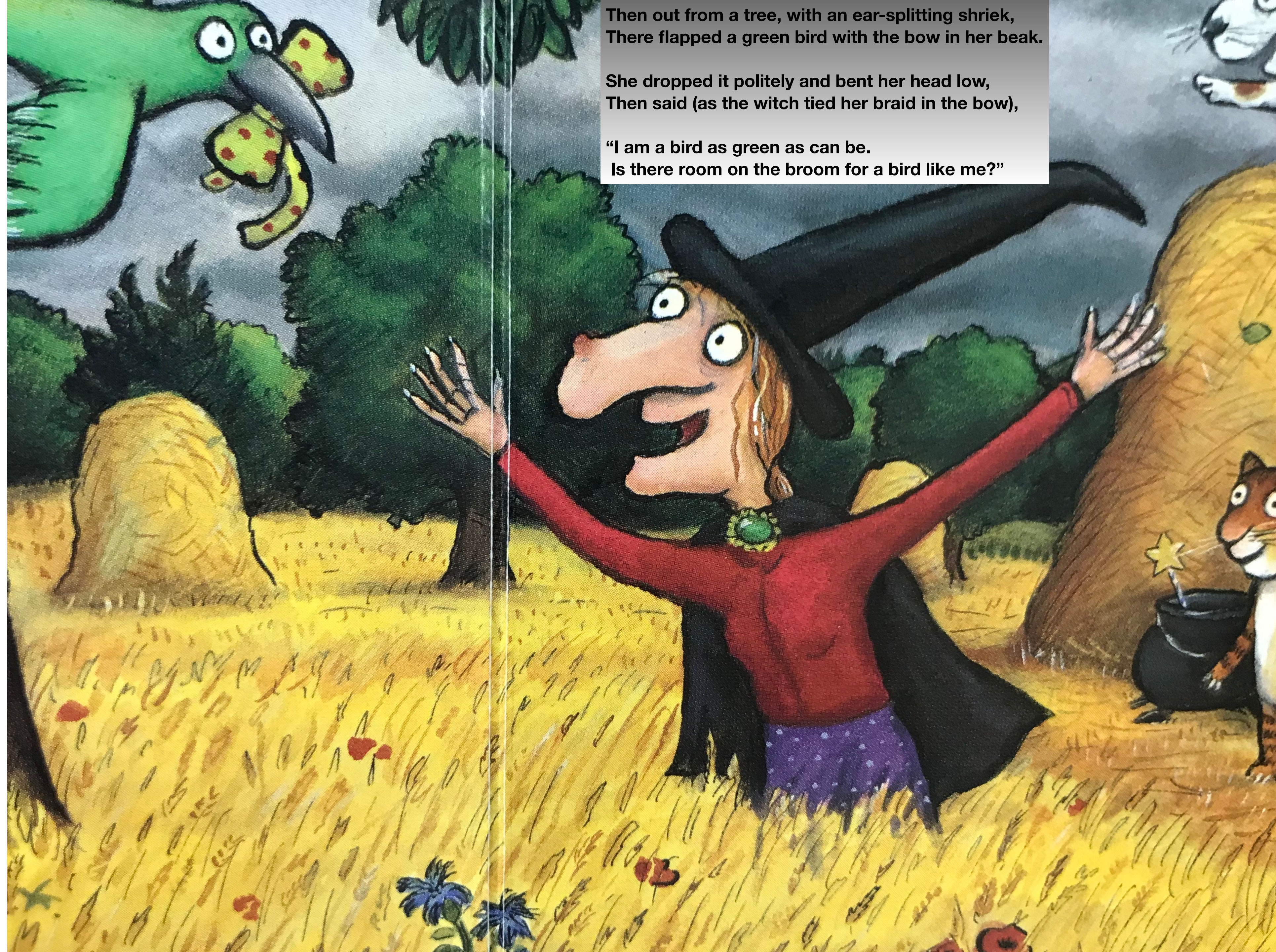
**They searched for the bow,
but no bow could be found.**



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 her braid in the bow),

“I am a bird as green as can be.
Is there room on the broom for a bird like me?”



**“Yes,” said the witch,
so 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—but 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 a pond,
Leaped 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 a 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, and the frog bounded on.
The witch tapped her 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 a dragon, as mean as can be,
And witch with french fries tastes delicious to me.”**

**“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 near with a glint in his eyes,
And said, “Just this once, I’ll have witch without fries.”**

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 the 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 pool for the frog.**

**“Yes!” cried the witch and they clambered on.
The witch tapped the broomstick and WHOOSH they were gone.**