

# Room on the Broom



By Julia Donaldson



The witch had a cat  
and 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 widely  
it blew off the 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?”

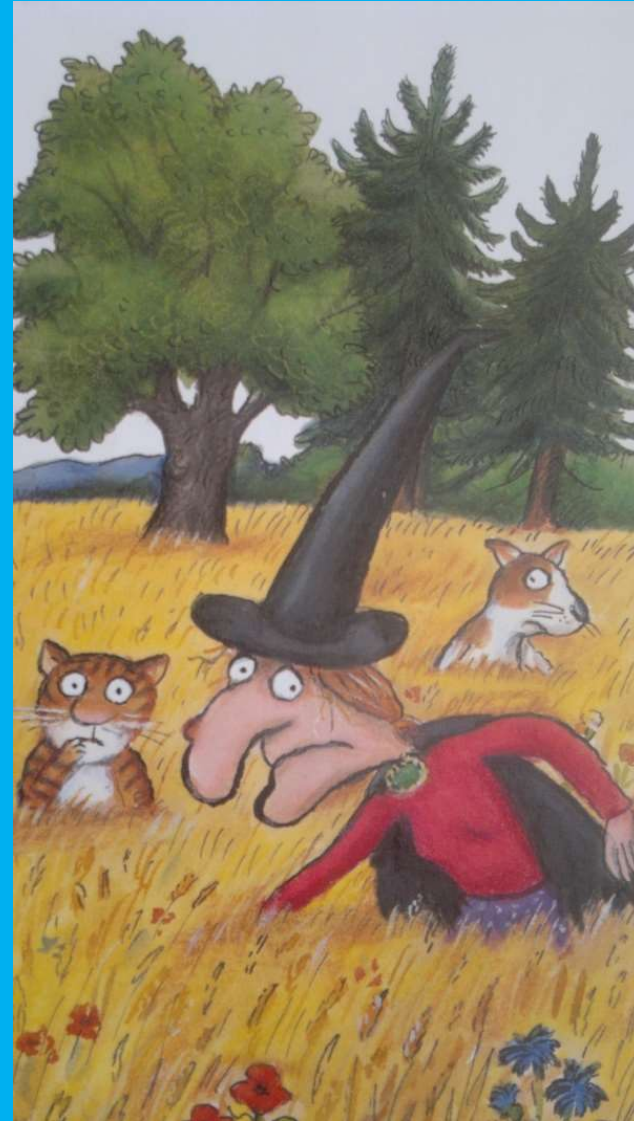


“Yes!” cried the witch,  
and the dog clambered on.  
The witch tapped the broomstick  
and whoosh! they were gone.



Over the fields and the  
forests they flew.  
The dog wagged his tail  
and the stormy wind blew.  
The witch laughed aloud  
and held onto 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 politely  
and bend her head low,

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





“Yes!” cried 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 the sudden  
from out of a 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 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, 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 a joy and...

...THE BROOM SNAPED 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 loud...



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

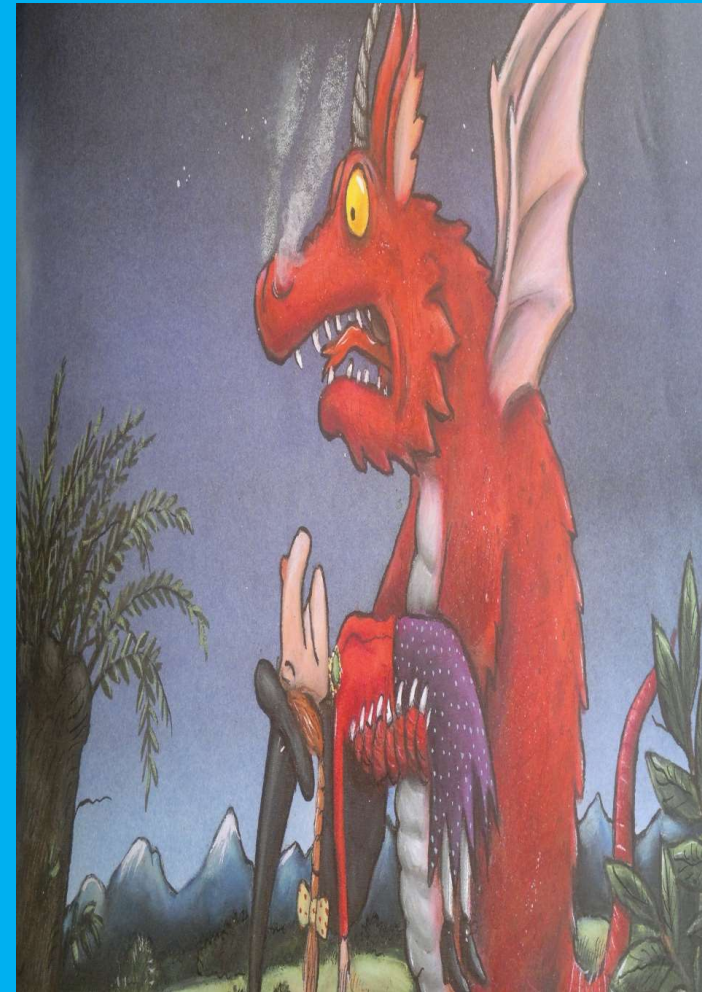
“No!” cried the witch,  
flying higher and higher.  
The dragon flew after her,  
breathing out fire.

“Help!” cried the witch,  
flying down to the ground.  
She looked all around  
But no help could be found.

The dragon flew nearer and,  
Licking his lips,  
Said, "Maybe this once  
I'll have witch without chips."



But just as he planned  
to begin his feast,  
From out of the 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!”



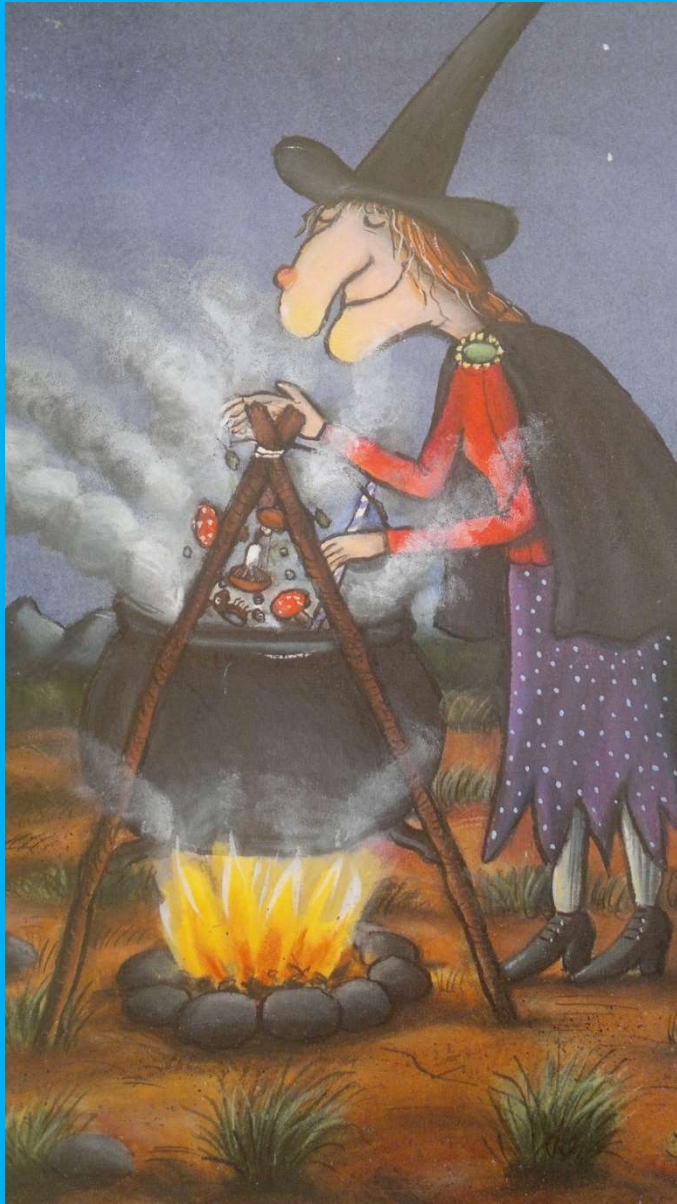


The dragon drew back  
and he started to shake.  
“I’m sorry!” he spluttered.  
“I made a mistake.  
It’s nice to have met you,  
But now I must fly.”  
And he spread out his wings  
and was off through the sky.

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 the 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.

“lggety, 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.

