

## Mavis the magical cat

Once upon a time, there was a cat called Mavis who lived with a farmer called Marigold.

Now, Mavis was just like any other cat and Marigold was just like any other farmer, except for one thing. They were both **MAGICAL!**

They worked together on the farm planting flowers and vegetables and looking after Sandy, the farm dog, and Beryl, the farm chicken.

Every morning, Marigold smiled a big smile and said, “Good Morning!” Mavis stretched out her long white claws and said, “Meow!”

Sandy wagged his short, scruffy tail and said, “Woof!” And Beryl fluttered her speckled brown feathers and said, “Cluck!” One winter’s evening, when the moon was as round as a giant marble, Mavis heard the strangest sound coming from Marigold’s room.

So, she padded up the stairs, pushed open the door and peered into the bedroom. There, standing by the bed was not Marigold the farmer but Marigold the ... witch! “Come on, Mavis,” cackled Marigold. “Time to get izzy, whizzy busy!” So, they jumped on the broomstick, tapped its long handle and held

on tightly as it took off down the stairs and out through the farmhouse door.

First, they zoomed to the turnip patch.

“Hmmm,” mumbled Marigold. “Not very plump. Time for magic, Mavis.” Read together.

So, Mavis wiggled her ears and twitched her whiskers and ZIP BAM BOO! There in the rich brown soil were the plumpest turnips Marigold had ever seen. “Good job,” cackled Marigold and off they went.

Next, they zoomed to the fresh flower bed. “Hmmm,” mumbled Marigold. “Not very colourful. Time for magic, Mavis.” So, Mavis wiggled her ears and twitched her whiskers

and ZIP BAM BOO! There, swaying in the breeze, were the most colourful flowers Marigold had ever seen. “Good job,” cackled Marigold and off they went.

After that, they zoomed to the corn field. “Hmmm,” mumbled Marigold. “Not very ripe. Time for magic, Mavis.” So, Mavis wiggled her ears and twitched her whiskers and ZIP BAM BOO! There, standing tall, were rows of the brightest golden corn Marigold had ever seen. “Good job,” cackled Marigold and off they went. Finally, just as the morning sun was peeping over the hill, they zoomed to the chicken house. “Hmmm,” mumbled Marigold. “No eggs. Time for magic, Mavis.” So, Mavis

wiggled her ears and twitched her whiskers  
and ZIP BAM BOO!

There, snuggled in the straw, was not one,  
not two but three of the freshest brown eggs  
Marigold had ever seen. “Good job,” cackled  
Marigold. “Time for home.” Later that  
morning, Mavis and Sandy and Beryl sat  
waiting in the farmhouse kitchen. At that  
moment, the door swung open and in walked  
Marigold the farmer, carrying warm boiled  
eggs for everyone. “Time to check the flowers  
and vegetables, Mavis,” she said, and off they  
went.